"I WAS ON THE SPOT—WITH MARILYN MONROE"

PHOTOPLAY

JANUARY

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MOVIE MAGAZINE

TA and DICK
NA and LEX

DO HOT
TO LAST?"

ASKS
HEDDA
HOPPER

EEN-AGE
ARRIAGE
IS A
MISTAKE"

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MOORE
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Story by Laslo Vadnay • Directed by CHARLES WALTERS • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
AN M-G-M PICTURE
If most Hollywood didn’t have “preem-itis” this month, it wasn’t the fault of the studios which fancy-preemed two big pictures within a week of each other. One of these preems was followed by a large party. But there were other openings and parties that brought out the glitter-crowd.

Biggest event was the long-awaited opening of “The Robe.” I can’t remember seeing a bigger star and studio-brass turn-out. Most of the celebs who streamed into the theatre, sauntered over to Ronanoff’s later to sip, sup and dance to Freddie Karger’s divine beat. Jean Simmons, under Stew Granger’s beaming eye, took congratulations for her performance, wearing a lovely gown of draped white jersey, floor-length, topped by a long, white jersey stole banded in dark mink. Susan Hayward was in a light beige lace, ballerina-length gown; Betta St. John, so delightful as Miriam in the film, wore emerald green taffeta, trimmed in velvet; Joan Caulfield, a blonde doll in black crepe. Joan’s spouse, Frank Ross, who produced “The Robe,” is one of the best dancers in the world. The gals kept Frank dancing all day and the kudos kept him in a daze for days!

Surprise twosome at the same preem: Mona Freeman and Bob Wagner. Mona in a flowing, floor-length gown of white net, with panels of coral net hanging from shoulders to hemline in back. Arlene Dahl (in pink and white net) with Fernando Lamas (match); Marilyn Erskine, in white sequin-trimmed satin and net, was with Richard Gully—on account of Donald O’Connor was away; Ginger Rogers, plus much poutage—she’s more than plump; Barbara Stanwyck, in a short, strapless, full-skirted dress of rose and gray net, was on Gilbert Roland’s arm; talented TV actor George Nader; Debra Paget with her brother; Vic Mature; the Bob Mitchums; Joan Crawford, with Nick Ray, was a symphony in gray lace, gray mink stole—and hang on! She had her hair dyed gray to match!

Before the party, Joan had quite a hassle at the theatre. Seems she lingered so long in the lobby that when she got to her seats someone else was in ‘em—and wouldn’t get out! La Crawford was feuerous and left. Never did get to see the picture—not that night, anyway! And Bob Mitchum got into an argument with an usherette that had the gal in tears.

There were almost as many celebs a few nights later when “Mogambo” came to town. Clark Gable couldn’t be there (he was busy in Holland filming “The True and the Brave” with Lana Turner)—but Ava Gardner, looking gawdless, garnered enough sighs and applause for three stars. She was in a so-low-cut pastel satin gown, skin-tight from bustline to hemline and embroidered all over with beads, sequins and paillettes. Skirt was slit to the knee in front. A long stole of white fox set off her short, short hair-do. Ava’s appearance was rather a surprise. F. Sinatra had told me, just a few days before, she would be with him that same night—when he opened his act in Las Vegas.

Another preem, another party: Glamour galore showed up for the brilliant opening of Ty Power, Anne Baxter and Raymond Massey in their stage fling with “John Brown’s Body.” glimpsed were June Allyson (in pale blue taffeta with “I think forty-four petticoats,” said June) and Dick Powell; Clifton Webb and his ma; Mitzi Gaynor with Jack Bean (he’d been shopping for an engagement ring that day!); Jeff Chandler with his estranged mate, Marge. Jeff, not to be outdone by Gil Roland’s bright pink dress shirts, has taken to wearing pale blue ones with his tux. Brings out the color of his eyes like crazy! Tom Conway, Roberta Haynes, the Macdonald Careys, Sheila Connolly with Greary Steffen, were others on hand for this big-time evening.

Ty Power tossed a party at his home later that lasted until five ayem. Anne Baxter wore a pale gray jersey dress, with a draped bodice that criss-crossed up into a halterneck. The slim skirt too, was slightly draped. John Hodiak, who had come back-stage to congratulate Anne during the show, did the drearest thing at Ty’s place. When Anne came in the door, he ducked out the back!

I said previously that I couldn’t remember seeing a fancier turnout than that which greeted “The Robe” preem. True. Nor can I recall a café box that’s ever brought out as many stars as ringsided for Tony Martin’s return to the Coconut Grove. Aside from Tony’s terrific popularity, the even was dedicated to the benefit of the Denver Hospital—and Tony donated his salary, along with the Grove’s proceeds that night. Over $29,000 was raised, as Martin sang and sang.

Tony’s beauteous Cyd Charisse, breathtakingly lovely in a ball gown of white satin and white chiffon, hosted a tableful that included Corinne Calvet, in a strapless black velvet, trimmed with a garland of pale (Continued on page 86)
HERE COME THE GIRLS

Everybody will sing... “It’s Torment” • “Girls” • “Ya Got Class” • “When You Love Someone” • “AM Baba” • “Never So Beautiful” • “Heavenly Days” • “See The Circus”

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Technicolor

starring BOB HOPE • TONY MARTIN
ARLENE ROSEMARY DAHL • CLOONEY

Millard Mitchell • William Demarest
with FRED CLARK • ROBERT STRAUSS
Produced by PAUL JONES • Directed by CLAUDE BINYON
Screenplay by EDMUND HARTMANN and HAL KANTER • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

AND THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN THE WORLD!

BEAUTIFUL GIBIS IN THE WORLD!

starring BOB HOPE • TONY MARTIN
ARLENE ROSEMARY DAHL • CLOONEY

Millard Mitchell • William Demarest
with FRED CLARK • ROBERT STRAUSS
Produced by PAUL JONES • Directed by CLAUDE BINYON
Screenplay by EDMUND HARTMANN and HAL KANTER • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Everybody will sing... “It’s Torment” • “Girls” • “Ya Got Class” • “When You Love Someone” • “AM Baba” • “Never So Beautiful” • “Heavenly Days” • “See The Circus”
I'd like to do a story on Betty Grable, always a favorite with me. I never saw a queen step down from a throne with so much class . . . Bob Wagner plays gin rummy as if his fan club were watching . . . Tip to Joe Pasternak: Have a recorder operating in your office when you have a session with Esther Williams and you'll get some great Esther Williams dialogue for a movie . . . There's nothing worse than the commercials on the late-night movie on TV . . . I prefer Stewart Granger to Farley Granger because he's the Granger who has the Simmons.

Beverly Hills is a place where all the houses are lovely, and with ample grounds for divorce . . . Lana Turner has put on weight, but on her it looks good . . . Of all the new actresses, I go the most for Pat Crowley. And I have plenty of company . . . Ida Lupino always looks as if she might explode any minute . . . I believe Henry Fonda should play "Mr. Roberts." Anyone else in the role, even Marlon Brando, will seem like an impostor.

Fernando Lamas sleeps in only the bottoms of his pajamas, preferring to show his manly chest whenever possible . . . When Janet Leigh met her cameraman at a party, she said to him, "You should be home getting your sleep. You've got to photograph me in the morning." . . . Gloria Grahame adores the word adore . . . No actress is less actressy off the screen than Jean Peters.

Every time Ann Blyth sings in person I realize she is one of my favorite singers. But then I forget it until the next time . . . Gregory Ratoff, during a discussion with Jeff Chandler: "I'll admit I'm wrong if you'll admit I'm right." . . . I get the impression that Jane Powell and Gene Nelson are playing a scene together . . . I'm tired of watching kids with a hungry look. I'm ready for a movie with a kid who has a healthy American look, a la Coogan, Cooper and Rooney . . . Everyone on "Dragnet" talks like a telegram.

Shelley Winters can be as charming as any gal in Smogville . . . I can't see Gordon MacRae as Curly in "Oklahoma" . . . Hollywood is a place where success is like riding a bucking bronco. Even when you're up, where are you? . . . No one can play a Barbara Stanwyck role like Barbara Stanwyck . . . I've never stepped into a pair of footprints at Grauman's Chinese Theatre . . . Jerry Lewis appears in a hurry even when he's standing still . . . Terry Moore always takes-and holds—a deep breath before the photographer snaps her picture . . . Debbie Reynolds talking about her school days at M-G-M: "When I was bad, the teacher made me write, five hundred times, 'I don't deserve star billing.'" That's Hollywood.
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SOAP BOX:

... That Dale Robertson just makes me swoon, but he and all the other dreamboats in Hollywood had better watch out with Larry Parks coming back... Watch out, male stars...

Pat Mullins
Camden, Arkansas

Thank you so much for your invitation to the “Choose Your Stars” party. I am sorry to be so far away that I could not come... my thanks for the help you give to me and others like me who are making careers... in films.

I am just finishing “Mizar,” my first film in Italy... a really interesting story about the only underwater espionage girl of the war... I have found many friends here from Hollywood, Farley Granger and I had fun in Rome and he is now shooting in Venice... and I spent Sunday at Kirk Douglas’ lovely villa...

Greetings from ancient Rome.

Dawn Adams

... I regret that I could not attend the “Choose Your Stars” party... I am now an Ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve... Your note saying that I had been chosen a winner was one of the biggest thrills of my life and I am deeply grateful to all who voted for me. I plan to return to Paramount... when my tour of duty is finished. I would like to thank you and those who continue to write to me for making me feel that I have something to come back to...

Peter Baldwin

... Sunday night’s “Choose Your Stars” awards were handled beautifully. I find it difficult to express how I feel about winning the award, but perhaps the best way is to forget words and... continue to work hard... It is a nice feeling to know that I am one of the Photoplay family. Besides the honor, I am well aware of the importance... of being backed by such an honorable and well-thought of magazine... I should like to thank the fans who supported me and helped make me a winner...

Kathleen Crowley

In my opinion, Marilyn Monroe could improve her hairdo. It always looks so wiry and uncombed. Just to show you what I mean, just take a look at her picture in the November Photoplay... “Hollywood’s Lost Ladies.” She would look so cute in a nice new hairdo. After all, everyone can be improved—even Marilyn!

Carolyn Oxford
Montgomery, Alabama

Yesterday I went to New York City to see Shakespeare’s “Julius Caesar”... John Gielgud as Caesar and Louis Calhern as Calphurnius are wonderful, but in my humble opinion, Marlon Brando took the whole film for himself with his fiery acting and very beautiful voice. He is a perfect Marc Antony... one of the finest artists to come out of Hollywood in a long, long time...

Betty Gettler
Orelan, Pennsylvania

... Having just read the letter that Norma Sullivan of Mariette, Michigan, wrote in your column, my buddies and I decided to answer her question. Upon taking a consensus in our company as to what the boys in Korea would like, we came up with the three most wanted articles: movie magazines (including Photoplay), cookies (homemade) and a whole lot more mail.

Pfc. Robert Marsters
APO 86, c/o P.M. San Francisco, California

I’ve seen a lot of actors and actresses come and go from the days of Bill Hart, Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne and Theda Bara, right on up to the present-day constellation. I’ve never seen a better picture than “From Here to Eternity.” It rates an all-time Oscar for best cast, best acting, best story...

Sally Scott
John Day, Oregon

CASTING:

My favorite actress is the beautiful Lori Nelson... Why not star her in a young romantic picture with Dale Robertson, Rock Hudson or Tab Hunter? I’ve also heard she can dance. Why not let her try?

Janie McCall
Kansas City, Kansas

I would like to see the movie, “The Human Comedy,” remade. My ideas for casting an Homer, Bobbie Driscoll; Mr. Spangler, Scott Brady; Bess, Debbie Reynolds; Marcus, William Reynolds; Tobey George, Bob Wagner. I would also like to see Natalie Wood and Bobbie Driscoll in a picture together...

Sharon Irons
New York, New York

Was very sorry to read of the death of Milard Mitchell... When you see a real actor in quite a few pictures, you feel you know him. We saw him last in “The Naked Spur.” I wish MGM would make “A Tale of Two Cities” with Stewart Granger... Mrs. Vernon Chaucer
Screven, Georgia

QUESTION BOX:

Who were those dolls on the Olympic team with Jane Russell in “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes”?

Agnes Miller
Wichita, Kansas

They were (L to R) Herman Boden, Jaime Russell (no relation to Jane), Ron Nyman and Marc Wilder.—ED.

The crowd all think Jane Russell’s great!

Could you please tell me who played the young officer who was worried about... the possibility of meeting two separate icebergs in “Titanic”? Has he played in any other movies?

Helen Parvey
Rock Lake, North Dakota

That’s Britisher Edmund Purdom. He’s also in “Julius Caesar” and you’ll be seeing him soon as "The Student Prince."—ED.

Ricardo Montalban is the most gorgeous hunk of man that I ever saw... What is his real name? Where can I get an autographed picture?...

Lois Bartlett
Ottawa, Ontario

That’s his real name. Write him care of Columbia, Hollywood.—ED.

(Continued on page 11)
Yes, 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 just touch your hair after you’ve used Prell. See how much softer and smoother it is—so much "silkier"—yet it has 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—and it’s so handy at home or traveling. Try it tonight!
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Be sure to see it at department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.
... I know Bob Wagner uses his real name for movies, but could you tell me Tab Hunter's real name? ... Carol Frost
Jackson Heights, New York

I have just seen “Stalag 17” ... who played Price and Peterson (Blondie)? ... Mary Oliver
Montgomery, Alabama

Peter Graves was Price and Robert Shawley was Blondie.—ED.

... In the film “Scared Stiff” starring Martin and Lewis, was that the original Carmen Miranda of the older films? ... Mrs. Mildred La Barre
Toronto, Canada

The very one.—ED.

I saw a show not very long ago with Robert Horton, Barbara Ruick, and I think Julia Adams ... please tell me its name, also if Robert Horton and Barbara Ruick are married ... Marcella L. Viga
Richland, Kansas

It was M-G-M’s “Apache War Smoke,” only it wasn’t Julia, it was Patricia Tiernon. Bob and Barbara were married on August 18.—ED.

... Would you please give me some information ... on Richard Kiley who played Coke in “Eight Iron Men.” ... Fran Burke
Martin, Texas

Born in Chicago in March, ’22. He has brown eyes, brown hair, a wife and two children. Spent last season on Broadway.—ED.

I saw “Room For One More” and have just recently seen “Monkey Business.” What I enjoyed most about them was little George Winslow ... If he is in any more shows other than these I have mentioned, please tell me. Also where can I write to him? ... Sue Torrey
Grinnell, Kansas

You can see him now in “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes” and in “Mr. Scoutmaster.” Write him c/o Twentieth Century-Fox.—ED.

I’m inquiring about obtaining the address of Rick Jason. He is not only very good-looking, but his acting is tops ... Yvonne Baggett
Kilgore, Texas

A lot of PHOTOPLAY readers share your enthusiasm, as proved by “Choose Your Stars.” Write him c/o Columbia, Hollywood.—ED.

I had an argument ... about the little boy who played in “Shane” as Van Heflin’s son. Could you please tell me if he is Alan Ladd’s son ... I say he isn’t. ... Rosemarie Ganske
Schulenburg, Texas

He’s Mr. De Wilde’s son Brandon.—ED.
Hollywood Whispers

BY FLORABEL MUIR

WILL JOHN WAYNE FIND his career suffering as a result of the sensational divorce trial in which Mrs. Chata Wayne told the world her version of life with John? Will John's public believe his side of those domestic wranglings which went on almost from the time he and the Mexican actress were married? Judging from the attitude of those in the courtroom, Wayne lost none of his popularity while Esperanza was relating her story on the stand. When John testified that he never had struck her, the women in the crowd smiled their approval. The quick granting of the divorce pleased John, because he'd been afraid his children would be hurt by the proceedings.

Kathryn Grayson and her ex-husband, Johnny Johnston, are singing duets together again—recording the "Kiss Me Kate" numbers for RCA Victor. Kathy's doctor ordered a complete rest, but she interrupted her out-of-town siesta to meet Johnny for their singing stunt. When they first separated, there was much bitterness between them, but that seems over now. Speaking of rests, Jane Withers is feeling better, seems reconciled to a divorce from Bill Moss, and plans to renew her career.

Mickey Rooney's financial affairs are so tangled Hollywood wonders how he'll ever manage to get free of debt, what with the alimony he has to pay two ex-wives and the income tax Uncle Sam collects from the Mick every year. When Martha Vick-ers tried to have Mickey jailed for contempt because he failed to meet alimony payments, the judge ruled that the pint-sized comedian was doing the best he could. Mickey is in the same boat as several other well-known stars who can't get solvent in these days of high income taxes. Dick Haymes is in that plight too. No matter how much he earns, it will take Dick years to pay off Uncle Sam.

How will the Wayne divorce testimony affect John?

What has happened to the Ray Milland marriage after all these years? His is the second marital break-up involving personalities on his new TV show, "Meet Mr. McNutley." Phyllis Avery, Ray's wife on the show, is bidding goodbye to Don Taylor. Don told friends he wanted Phyllis to stay home and be a wife and mother.

IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

"since you're a Catholic," I said to Maureen O'Hara. "how can the stories be true that you will remarry after your divorce from Will Price is final? Doesn't the Church forbid that?"

"You've heard of dispensations, haven't you?" she asked. "Well, I am now in the process of having the matter of my separation and divorce brought before Church authorities, and it may be that I will receive a dispensation to marry again. But it'll be a long, long time, if ever. And then, if and when the dispensation does come, who knows? I'll probably say, 'It seems like only yesterday that I asked for it!' and forget all about getting married again! "In the meantime," she said, "I'm not supposed to discuss it with anyone, so I'll not have another word to say on that subject!" Her twinkling eyes were serious now so I knew she meant what she was saying. I asked no more about the divorce but tucked her remarks away in my head.

But do Maureen and marriage agree? Maybe she's not a gal to be wed. "Any woman would be telling a lie if she said she didn't want to be married and have a man of her own and children, lots of children," said Maureen. "What was it we used to say in school about love?—'Love is a thing shaped like a quiver, runs through the heart and tickles the liver.' That's a flippant, cynical way of putting it, isn't it, because love is wonderful and it does make the world go 'round and all that—but it isn't everything in life, not by a long shot! God and religion are the most important; married love is secondary. But it's natural, and therefore Godly for a man and a woman to be together."

Maureen has never been known to be rushed into anything. "It reminds me of the time we were making 'The Quiet Man' in Ireland. John Ford, the director, became ill and John Wayne took over. Well, Duke Wayne isn't exactly a model of patience, and one day he yelled at one of the members of the Irish camera crew to get a move on. The old duffer at whom Duke was yelling said, 'Son, God made time and He made plenty of it!' "Moral being," said Erin's Maureen, "don't rush things."
Mrs. Dorian Mehle of Morrisville, Pa., is all three: a housewife, a mother, and a very lovely lady.

“I wash 22,000 dishes a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!”

You and Dorian Mehle have something in common. Every year, you wash a stack of dishes a quarter-mile high!

Detergents make your job so much easier. They cut right into grease and grime. They get you through dishwashing in much less time, but while they dissolve grease, they also take away the natural oils and youthful softness of your hands!

Although Dorian hasn't given up detergents, her hands are as soft, as smooth, as young-looking as a teenager's. Her secret is no secret at all. It's the world's best-known beauty routine. It's pure, white Jergens Lotion, after every chore.

When you smooth on Jergens Lotion, this liquid formula doesn't just "coat" your hands. It penetrates right away, to help replace the softening moisture your skin needs.

Jergens Lotion has two ingredients doctors recommend for softening. Women must be recommending it, too, for more women use it than any other hand care in the world. Dorian's husband is the best testimonial to Jergens Lotion care. Even after years of married life, he still loves to hold her pretty hands!

Use Jergens Lotion like a prescription: three times a day, after every meal!

Use JERGENS LOTION - avoid detergent hands
CALAMITY JANE

The pioneers, if miraculously revived, would never recognize the old West where Doris Day romps. But chances are they’d enjoy her picture’s high good humor and rollicking songs as much as their descendants do. Doris’ portrayal of the half-legendary Calamity is broad as a barn door, a lively sketch of a gun-toting tomboy whose feminine heart languishes for a handsome Army lieutenant (Philip Carey). Of course, no fan will be fooled by Doris’ feuding friendship with Howard Keel (as Will Hickok), who thinks he loves Allyn McLerie. Allyn’s pert and cute in the role of a young hopeful who comes to Deadwood City masquerading as a famous stage star. The story is shamelessly reminiscent of “Annie, Get Your Gun,” but the picture is lighter and fresher than “Annie,” though the score—ballads and novelty numbers—doesn’t measure up.

Verdict: Disarming, frivolous Western musical (Family)

KISS ME, KATE

Bubbling over with popular hits, the long-run Broadway musical comes to the screen to pour out an extra measure of enchanting “show tunes” that may not be so familiar. Except for one introductory scene, it’s set in a theatre where Howard Keel and Kathryn Grayson, a divorced couple, are co-starring in a musical version of “The Taming of the Shrew.” Keel’s in his best voice and looks magnificant in the costumes of Petruchio, though his acting, like Kathryn’s, is on the stiff-jointed side. Another pair of “So in Love” sparring partners are dancers Tommy Rall and Ann Miller (who comes across with notable verve). Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore score as hilariously genteel thugs. Like other 3-D films of the month, this is also being shown in a 2-D version. If you’re seeing it in 3-D, better take a catcher’s mask; lots of objects get thrown at you.

Verdict: Lush, song-stuffed, spectacular (Family)

HERE COME THE GIRLS

Another of Bob Hope’s easygoing japes casts him in a typical role, as a braggart and coward who gets shoved into the spotlight and into mortal danger. On the turn-of-the-century musical-comedy stage, he’s “the world’s oldest chorus boy,” still yearning for his big chance, though he has a fine talent for ruining production numbers. His chance comes in odd circumstances. A mad killer (Robert Strauss, playing it deadpan) loves Arlene Dahl, luscious star of Bob’s show, and is out to murder any rival. Arlene’s real sweetheart is co-star Tony Martin, but she doesn’t want him to play decoy in the hunt for the maniac. In happy innocence, Hope’s shunted into Arlene’s arms and a starring role, while the cops wait for “The Slasher” to come after him. Rosemary Clooney’s almost wasted as the sweet chorine who loves Bob, but shows sparkle and sex.

Verdict: Light blend of giggles, suspense, music (Family)
LOBERT AND SULLIVAN

LOBERT, TECHNICOLOR

initely, this is a musical month. Even the English get the act, with a captivating caper about the lyricist-composer team that was the Rodgers and Hammerstein of last century. Always a first-rate actor, Maurice Evans is a new warmth to play Arthur Sullivan, wooed from sical music by the happy chance of his meeting with S. Gilbert. Robert Morley's a cheery, portly Gilbert, livan's devoted friend and partner until the inevitable ilry arises: Which is more important—tune or words? e D'Oyly Carte Company presents snatches from almost of the famous comic operettas, woven deftly into the ring. Peter Finch is seen as the original Mr. D'Oyly rte, Eileen Herlie as his wife, Dinah Sheridan as a snobby sweetheart of Gilbert's. Exquisitely soft color does dit to Victorian interiors and the mellow London scene.
dict: Gay, wistful, rich in harmony (Family)

ALKING MY BABY BACK HOME

AL, TECHNICOLOR

oved oldies like the title song enliven this off-handed sical teaming Donald O'Connor and Janet Leigh. These, along with plump comic Buddy Hackett, meet as mem-ers of an all-Army combo that winds up its service entaining in a hospital ward. Don wants to set up a civilian nd, but ex-Wac Janet walks out on him to join a minstrel ow, because she wants to avoid romantic entanglements h a boy whose wealthy family is socially far above hers. ritually wedded to jazz, Don's on the spot; his family s him he'll be an opera star, and in order to claim half-million-buck inheritance he must . . . Well, that's of that. The story's not the thing in this film. ieland classics, Don's expert dancing and Janet's quaint charm make the movie entertaining. Lori Nelson d pianist Scat Man Crothers are sympathetic.
dict: Nice jazz, nice people (Family)

ANY BAY

ANY, PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

an Ladd's voyage to Australia on a convict ship has its ments of excitement, but the picture as a whole won't like anybody forget "Mutiny on the Bounty." Alan's an erican sentenced to the 18th Century penal colony by English court for highway robbery. Actually, he was iving to recover his own money. As the ship's captain-nner, James Mason has a confusing role, at first gentle-ly if stern, then increasingly sadistic, so that the plots into a catalogue of atrocities. Patricia Medina's in similar fix, at first an opportunistic wench courting the pain's favor to get special privileges, then unexpectedly rutious, urging Alan to settle down in the new pioneer ntry, instead of escaping to America. There's a satis-factory flare of action at the finish, in Australia (a locale ggested only by one kangaroo and two koala bears).
dict: Seagoing adventure yarn (Family)

More reviews on next page

Bound for New York, Robert Morley and Maurice Evans tout their new show Donald and Janet make a happy dance team in a record-store jam session

On a grueling trip, Patricia tries to shield Alan from James' brutality
GUN FURY
(COLUMBIA; 3-D, TECHNICOLOR)
Rock Hudson looks imposing as that familiar action-movie hero, the peaceable man forced into ways of violence. Rock plays a Civil War vet settled in the West, waiting for his fiancée (Donna Reed). On the way to join him, she's kidnapped by a half-mad bandit, a former Southern gentleman. In this role, Philip Carey has to slow the action too much by philosophizing about his motives. Melodrama fans are usually willing to grant, for movie purposes, that some guys are just naturally ornery. As always, the backgrounds are an asset, and Roberta Haynes is decorative as Carey's scorned Mexican sweetheart.

Verdict: Okay outdoor thriller in fine 3-D (if your theatre uses it) (Family)

ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALENTINE
(B-R-C, TECHNICOLOR)
Glamour stars Robert Taylor, Ann Blyth and Stewart Granger in a saga of New England's brave old whaling days promise a generous measure of movie excitement. The promise isn't kept. New Bedford brides, as Ann does, once sailed with their captain husbands on two- or three-year trips around the Horn to the South Seas. But Ann and Bob are cooped up in narrow shipboard sets, looking out toward studio-tank splashes that won't fool anybody who ever saw a real ocean wave. A captain hero in even the pest Western isn't so confined. We do get outdoors when Bob finds Stewart, his renegade brother, on a Pacific island, recalling a romance with native girl Betta St. John. Since Stewart's an old beau of Ann's, fireworks threaten.

Verdict: Sea saga with handsome stars, but few thrills (Family)

THE GLASS WEB
(U-A, 3-D)
Against the realistically captured atmosphere of a TV studio, John Forsythe and Edward G. Robinson lead a highly efficient cast in an excellent mystery. As a gold-digging, blackmailing actress who is just asking to be murdered, Kathleen Hughes has her first important role, and does it with plenty of sock. Writer Forsythe and researcher Robinson, both secretly involved with Kathleen, work on a TV dramatization of the murder case. The identity of the killer's obvious, but the suspense tightens up steadily. While the movie will be satisfying if you see it in 2-D, the 3-D is used discreetly—to strong dramatic effect in one scene. Marcia Henderson's likable as Forsythe's wife.

Verdict: Smoothly written murder story with unusual twists (Adult)

TUMBLEWEED
(U-A, TECHNICOLOR)
Audie Murphy's at ease in a crisp, pleasing horse opera that appropriately co-stars a horse—the Tumbleweed of the title, a boneyard nag which demonstrates unexpected skill and valor. As scout for a wagon train, Audie leaves to attend a peace talk with attacking Indians. His efforts failing, he's called coward (pr posturist notion!) and almost lynched. On the lam, he seeks the white man who betrayed the pioneers. Lori Nelson makes an appealing heroine, and Chill Wills is a stalwart sheriff.

Verdict: Bright, efficient Western with splendid scenery (Family)

APPOINTMENT IN HONDURAS
(BKO, TECHNICOLOR)
Jungle wild life joins with moody Glen Ford and sultry Ann Sheridan to boost a standard action yarn. Around 1911 Glenn is a gun-runner smuggling mone for needed arms to a Central America patriot ousted by a dictator. Ann and Zachary Scott (in a familiar weakling husband role) are fellow passengers on Glenn's ship, taken as hostages on hi getaway and his thrust into Honduras. Also in the party are a group of ruffian political prisoners who believe Glenn lies that their landfall is a country where they aren't wanted men. Experienced fan will foresee what action lurks beyond each turn of the jungle river.

Verdict: Some exciting scenes in a routine melodrama (Family)

SHARK RIVER
(U.A., VIVID COLOR)
The lovely, dreaming vistas of Florida's swamplands excel a spell over this unassuming movie, slowing its pace. It's the old, familiar good-brother-vs.-bad-brother story. Steve Cochran's stuck with the role of the honest, too-forbearing farmer who helps his no-good younger brother (Warren Stevens) to flee the law, into the depth of the swamp. Coping with snakes, alligators and hostile Seminoles, they come upon the isolated homestead of a courageous Civil War widow (Carole Mathews), who supports herself, her little son and her mother-in-law by fur trapping. At its leisure, the plot moves to a bloody climax.

Verdict: Mild action taking place in a beautiful locale (Family)

FLIGHT TO TANGIER
(PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR)
With an intriguing air of mystery, this thriller shows us several oddly assorted persons waiting to meet a plane at the Tangier airport: Joan Fontaine, an American reporter; Jack Palance, a flyer with few scruples; Robert Douglas, a black marketeer; Corinne Calvet, his "partner." But the confusion gets worse and worse as the movie goes on. At the finish, everybody discloses hidden motives or identities without clearing up the situation (except by killing off most of the characters). If you don't try to figure out what's going on you may find the action exciting. Southern California doubles convincingly for North Africa, since the landscapes are similar.

Verdict: Muddled chase film (Family)

More reviews on page 75
ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF
that brings new hope to millions for
Lifetime Protection
Against Tooth Decay!

Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol*! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—proved this protection won’t rinse off, won’t wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!

Now you can get New Colgate Dental Cream—the only toothpaste with clinical proof of long-lasting protection against decay-causing enzymes! The only toothpaste in the world with amazing new miracle ingredient, Gardol!

LABORATORY EXAMINATIONS of hundreds of people have proved that New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol acts immediately to prevent the formation of tooth-decay enzymes—gives you the most complete long-lasting protection against tooth decay ever reported. Because Gardol’s protection won’t rinse off or wear off all day, just ordinary daily use—morning and night—guards against tooth decay every minute of the day and night!

CLINICAL TESTS on hundreds of people were conducted for a full year under the supervision of some of the country’s leading dental authorities. Results showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history—proved that most people should now have far fewer cavities than ever before! And similar clinical tests are continuing—to further verify these amazing results!

Yes, clinical and laboratory tests both prove it! Millions, who use New Colgate Dental Cream regularly and exclusively, can now look forward to a lifetime of freedom from tooth decay!

A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE! Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the only long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate’s with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

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SAME FAMILIAR PACKAGE! SAME LOW PRICES!
Large Size 27¢ Giant Size 47¢
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CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!
“MISS SADIE THOMPSON”

Aldo Ray, as Marine Sergeant Phil O’Hara, offers to take Rita away from it all

Rita arrives on the woman-starved island

All hands on deck—when she swings into action!

When Rita Hayworth comes swinging and singing onto the screen as Miss Sadie Thompson in Columbia’s re-make of the classic Somerset Maugham story, “Rain,” the shady lady of the south seas will pack a wallop like she never packed before.

Though the role of Sadie has been played, on stage and on screen, by many of the theatre’s greats, Rita brings the part a flamboyant extra something. And her dazzle is given added punch by the fact that the film was shot in 3-D Technicolor in Hawaii.

José Ferrer, as Alfred Davidson, the frustrated reformer who is driven to his death by the lady’s unsubtle charms, and

Aldo Ray, as the Marine Sergeant w offers her a chance to be respectable, set as brilliant foils for Rita and as exciting contrasts to each other.

In the film, as in the original Maugham story, the rain—pounding, incessant, maddening—plays a vital part in the development of plot and personality and sets the terrible mood of the tropics, slashing ominouslly through the swaying palm trees, being down constantly on the rooftops, hammering into the souls of the islanders.

For Rita, the role offers the widest dramatic range of her entire career. And she has never been more sensational!
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!

You see dazzling results after a Dial Shampoo — the natural brilliance of your hair comes shining through because it's so clean. Wouldn't it be exciting to shampoo a diamond sparkle into your hair?

Only Dial Shampoo gives this complete cleanliness because only Dial contains Hexachlorophene.

You get a complete cleanliness with new Dial Shampoo that you've never been able to get with ordinary shampoos. Because Dial Shampoo contains a new freshening agent, Hexachlorophene, that gives your hair clean-smelling freshness.

And your hair is so clean after a Dial Shampoo it has a diamond sparkle! You'll like the unbreakable squeeze bottle, too — it's so easy to use.
BRING HIM BACK ALIVE

By BEVERLY OTT

Bob attracts danger like a magnet draws steel. But is he worried? Not on his life!

When Bob Wagner's star first began to rise in Hollywood, the inevitable questions were asked: Can he cope with sudden fame? Will his hat size grow larger with each role? How soon will he "know it all"? How long before temperament begins to set in?

The wrong answers spell trouble, headaches, and ulcers. But, everyone was betting on Bob for the right answers. Mingling with Hollywood greats wouldn't change him; he'd grown up among some of the greatest. Sudden wealth couldn't go to his head. His family had always been well-to-do, and, most important, he understood that becoming—and remaining—a star involved hard work. An eager-beaver and perfectionist, he'd have no time for temperament. But no one realized that, being an eager-beaver and perfectionist, Bob Wagner goes almost everywhere the hard way.

Not long ago, for instance, Bob headed for Lake Arrowhead with a group of friends, Object: to perfect his skill at water skiing. He and one of his chums were skiing double when Bob took a tumble. His buddy whizzed by and his ski connected with Bob's car. Bob managed a faint cry for help before he found himself sinking.

Hauled out and revived, he ignored his aching ear and climbed back on skis. But, that evening while driving his friends down the mountain, he began to feel dizzy, pulled over to the side of the road and blacked out. He spent the next four weeks in the hospital having his eardrum repaired.

It was during that period that shadows fell upon the group of smiling faces at Twentieth, for this was the first inkling of the fact that Fox had a brand new problem—keeping its newest star in one handsome piece.

By the time he was up and around again, fall had set in and R. J. went out and bought several hundred dollars' worth of snow-ski equipment. He brought it all back to the studio to show to a friend; but that turned out to be a mistake, for he ran smack into an executive who expressed profound interest, "That's pretty nice stuff," the man said pleasantly. Then he added, "And so help me, if we ever catch you using it, that's all, brother!"

When Bob began to talk in tender tones of the new M.G., his was saying to buy, studio heads relaxed a little. "This is safe," they thought, "he's an excellent driver and a cautious one." But they didn't realize that with Bob in a car, gremlins move in.

The day after he acquired his new M.G., Bob found a crowd of co-workers admiring it. His producer was giving it a very thorough once-over. "They sold you an M.G. with a dented fender?" he asked suspiciously.

Bob explained his good fortune in having an M.G. with only a mere fender
dent. That morning, he'd been breezing along happily when a car turned into the wrong lane and headed straight for him. To avoid a head-on collision, Bob turned the wheel sharply. But rain and slippery pavements were against him. The M.G. slid toward a truck, which Bob avoided. But his car lurched the curb and stopped against a sturdy fencepost.

When he finally reached the studio, the hub cap fell off and rolled away. He stopped the car, replaced the cap and climbed back into the seat. As luck would have it, director Jean Negulesco happened to be rounding the corner, and Bob pulled out directly in front of him. Negulesco, who jammed on his brakes, was pretty well shaken—and let it be known.

"Yeah," said Bob, "but don't you think the M.G.'s a beauty? I'll bet it would really travel at Muroc!"

"Muroc?" the director repeated.

"You know—the dry lake. Used to race up there."

"I know the dry lake," said the gentleman, paling. "But what I want to know is do you still go in for racing?"

"That was when I was sixteen," Bob hastened to explain. "Had a souped-up job that went to a hundred-and-nineteen." At this, the man crept away into the sunset, wishing the horse and buggy had never been supplanted.

However, adventures such as these never bother Wagner. It's an old story to him. As he tells it, he was a healthy, happy baby who had an occasional tendency to tumble out of his high chair, which is not so unusual for any baby.

But his friends have another version. They're willing to bet that, as an infant, R. J. never actually fell from that high chair. They vow that he was attempting to execute a perfect leap, and they're convinced that he kept at it until he landed on his feet, even if he had to pause periodically and wait for his anklebones to knit.

The fact that Bob's an expert horseman is no accident. It's a series of them. As a youngster, his family sent him to a camp in northern Michigan. Bob developed a fondness for horses, but the horses didn't return his affection and kept throwing him. He was battered and bruised, but determined. So he spent the entire days on—and off—the horses and he wound up on top.

Bob has won a good many prizes for taking dives—into swimming pools. But not before he'd chipped a mouthful of teeth on the valves of the inner-tubes he insisted upon diving through for practice.

When time came for young Wagner to give serious thought to a career, he thought first of acting. But he did trek to Pittsburgh to consider the possibility of going into his father's business, the steel industry. Instead, he nearly went (Continued on page 69)
There's Cold Cream Now in Camay

Your skin will love it!

Wonderful new Camay with cold cream for complexion and bath!

Here's the happiest beauty news that ever came your way! Now Camay contains cold cream. And Camay is the only leading beauty soap to bring you this added luxury.

For your beauty and your bath—new Camay with cold cream is more delightful than ever. And whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay will leave it feeling beautifully cleansed, marvelously refreshed.

Of course, you still get everything that's made Camay famous... the softer complexion that's yours when you change to regular care and Camay, that foam-rich Camay lather, skin-pampering Camay mildness and delicate Camay fragrance.

Look for new Camay in the same familiar wrapper. It's at your store now—yours at no extra cost. There is no finer beauty soap in all the world!
An inkling that all was not well with Doris Day first leaked out when vague items began appearing in the columns that work on her next film; “Lucky Me,” was being delayed. Then came official word that her picture was postponed indefinitely. And Doris went into the hospital for the removal of a cyst. A minor operation, it’s true—but the Doris who returned to her home was different. The old happy glow had gone. And according to her closest friends, still has not returned. What is the trouble? Always, outwardly, Doris sparkled, was happy in her home and her career. She was pointed out as the exception to the sad rule that fame has its price. It is impossible to believe this was a pose. It may be that she was working too hard—that Doris’ popularity and the demand for her in pictures, the constant draining of her time and energies, have brought her to the breaking point. Certainly, “Calamity Jane,” her biggest picture to date, took a great deal out of her. We do not know how serious her illness is. It may just be she needs a holiday. If that is the case, all her friends and fans hope she will follow the doctor’s orders. And that it will not be long before there’s a healthy, happy Day again.
Mother, may I go out to swim? Debra Paget has one of lead roles in “Prince Valiant”

For newlyweds Rita and Dick, more problems—he’s singing those income-tax blues

Man Power: Studio headaches have nothing on those of a Hollywood hostess. Every time an unattached glamour girl receives a party invitation, she requests: “Can’t you arrange for Jeff Chandler to call for me?” According to Rocky Cooper, who is the town’s top social leader, Jeff’s the most eligible escort—and he couldn’t be less impressed!

Ripe Dates: Scott Brady and Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes who like to hit the night spots, finally got around to hitting them together . . . But Terry Moore, who was so thrilled when Rock Hudson invited her to “The Robe” premiere—got stood up! At the last moment his studio sent him to the
"Magnificent Obsession" location at Lake Arrowhead...Bob Wagner and Mona Freeman, rumored to have romantic interests elsewhere, made their first public appearance together at this same premiere. Yes, both have the same press agent!...Tab Hunter and Jeff Selznick (son of the producer) invariably try to date Debbie Reynolds on the same night. Now when it happens they flip a coin—and their wigs!

Baby Talk: It's a girl for Esther Williams, who was so sure she was going to have a third son she didn't have a name ready....Not so with the Tyrone Powers. Although Linda's astrologer predicted a boy, they had another girl whom they've christened Taryn. It's supposed to be a contraction of their names. We don't get it, either!...Once again Shirley Temple Black's reserved the same room in the Santa Monica Hospital where she was born. Her third child arrives next March....A tired Dean Martin went right from the plane (he had been on tour) to the hospital where his Jean presented him with their second son.

False Alarm: The tension in the room was almost suffocating. Elizabeth Taylor's mother along with M-G-M's top brass sat staring into space. Finally the phone rang, their long distance call to Copenhagen came in. "Liz is fine," Michael Wilding's voice assurred the anxious ones. "She didn't have a heart attack, as rumored, but she is tired and nervous from flying around Europe and sort of collapsed. Tell everyone not to worry."

Set Stuff: Instead of his name, "Golden Boy" was lettered on the back of the set chair Bill Holden received from Barbara Stanwyck the day they started "Executive Suite." It was quite a camera reunion, their first in fourteen years and since then Bill has indeed become the golden boy of the movies. At the box office that is!...What a set chore for Twentieth! For retakes, it had to duplicate the river and the raft which were used by Marilyn Monroe and Robert Mitchum on the "River of No Return" (Continued on page 74)
Jane Russell spreads sweetness and light in the manner of a volcano erupting, and loves to think the people she meets "hate me good"

BY RICHARD LEON

Is it true what they say about Russell? Is she really that sultry, sullen sexpot of a woman whose love scenes would melt a lead-lined camera? Or is Jane in the flesh, as more recent stories have suggested, a simple, over-pious girl who'd bore the average man with her namby-pamby ways? Religion has so mellowed her, say the latest stories, that if you were a picture on the wall of her dressing room on the set of RKO's "The French Line," you'd never hear anything but Jane spreading sweetness and light in soft, gentle tones. Or, if she weren't converting someone, you'd see her seated, eyes closed, in saintly meditation.

This is Jane Russell?

Uh, uh! In the first place, she hasn't just "got religion"; she has been a practising Christian all her life. What's more, she spreads her sweetness and light in the manner of a volcano erupting. And, finally, you'd never find yourself gracing Miss Russell's wall. That dressing room is her home on the RKO lot, and she's pretty particular about the pictures that are in it. The only ones in evidence are handsomely mounted portraits of her adopted daughter, Tracy, and of little Tommy Kavanagh.

You'd seldom see her seated anywhere; she has too many projects going. She'll help you build a house, paint walls, cover chairs—but be prepared for the fact that you'll have very little to do with it. Jane will make the decisions. She's too impatient to wait around while you make up your mind. Jane's impatience is notoriously her worst fault. Anyone with the poor judgment to stand near the door of the studio commissary at noon can count on being knocked off his props by Miss Russell, who rips through the dining room like an express train with no emergency stops. Well, on an exceptionally good day she might help the guy to his feet—but only provided he didn't attempt to use the incident as a springboard to conversation. By Miss Russell's definition, the commissary is a place to eat, not talk.

The people who are closest to Jane don't care much for the sweetness-and-light routine, chiefly because the tough Jane Russell legend is more fun. According to the legend, she takes her role of big movie star very seriously indeed. She's unpredictable, bossy, temperamental, hard to get along with. You'd be hard put to find anyone on the RKO lot who doesn't like her, but they all contribute to the legend so loyally that separating fact from fiction is difficult.

"That dame!" says the still photographer with a grimace when you mention her name. Then, in the next breath, he says with obvious pride and devotion, "I've been shooting Jane for ten years, and she's never given me a minute's trouble."

Jane, herself, doesn't make it any easier. If her beauty is remarked upon, she's honestly bored. If she's complimented on a job of acting, she tabs the speaker as a phony. If (Continued on page 78)
They say she's - BOSSY

- UNPREDICTABLE

- TEMPERAMENTAL
When a Los Angeles reporter was asked if he were going to cover Lana Turner's wedding to Bob Topping, he replied, "No. I'll wait and catch her next marriage." The reporter, like most of us, knew that impulsive, emotional Lana would more than likely have another marriage fling before too long.

Lana, a child of nature, is not overburdened with inhibitions. I've seen her pick out an attractive man at a party, walk up to him and say, "I'm Lana Turner. What's your name?" She gives so much of her emotional self that most of the men retreat in fright. No male wants to be completely ham-strung. Lord Byron must have had a woman of Lana's fire in mind when he wrote, "Love to a man is a thing apart. 'Tis a woman's whole existence."

But Lana, of the roving eye, can cast men off as easily as she takes them on. Fernando Lamas, a hot-blooded Latin with plenty of sexy ego, found that out. He took Lana to the party Marion Davies gave for the Johnnie Rays. All went well until that Turner eye caught a glimpse of Lex Barker. Soon they were dancing cheek to cheek, and the Lamas anger blazed. Enraged, he got Lana home; and 'tis said he left a few bruises on the famous Turner face to (Continued on page 84)

Rita and Dick jumped all hurdles in their mad rush to the altar—ignoring problems still ahead

Lex wanted Lana—and chased her all over Europe. Now he's caught her, is he the man to keep her?

HEDDA HOPPER ASKS ARE THESE ROMANCES

TOO HOT TO
Lamas is a passionate Latin who loves Arlene—and publicity. But is he the routine marriage type?

When Shelley storms, Vittorio remains impassive. But Shelley isn't shouting over nothing!

They danced themselves into a hot romance, but time will tell whether Gene and Jane must pay the piper.

They blazed their love across the country—but is it going into a deep freeze now for Ava and Frank?

LAST?
My Camera and I were in the Canadian Wilds...

On the spot
BY STERLING SMITH

with Marilyn!

- When Photoplay told me that I was going to Canada to shoot pictures of Marilyn Monroe, I wasn’t excited. After all, in my eight years with the magazine I’ve shot every glamour girl in Hollywood—Lana Turner, Jane Russell, Ava Gardner and the rest—so the idea of traveling 3,800 miles to take pictures of Marilyn Monroe didn’t excite me. Not much. Except that I almost forgot my camera.

I might just as well have left it at home, too, for all the workout it got. You see, Marilyn is still a little cross with Photoplay because of a story we ran last year.

Marilyn may not know until she reads this that the story she so disliked did a lot to win the women in the audience over to her side. No sooner had the issue hit the newsstands than we had thousands of letters suggesting that a gentleman shouldn’t write stories about his former wife, criticizing us for publishing it, and defending Marilyn to the last woman.

But I wasn’t the only photographer on the “River of No Return” location who wore a long face. By no means! The other guys had their fingers crossed, too. One morning we all arrived on the set at 8:30 A.M. to wait for Marilyn. At 10:00 A.M. we were told that she was getting ready for us. At 3:45 P.M. we began to shoot—and at 4:00 P.M. we had to stop because Marilyn had a studio call. That was it for the day. Man, were we overworked!

I did have one distinction, though; I was the photographer least likely to get an exclusive picture layout from Marilyn. She never said “No,” exactly, but she got the idea across. For instance, she always introduced the other boys as representatives of magazines that “did so much for me,” or have “always been so wonderful to me,” but I was just Sterling Smith, period.

When I came home from Canada, my wife thought I had a hangdog look. I did. And I got it from following Marilyn around. When Joe DiMaggio put in an appearance, of course, I was twice as busy following both of them around. Joe never ran around the bases at Yankee Stadium any faster than he ran from my camera and me while we were in Banff.

In the end, I got my chance. A night scene was being shot, and to Marilyn, I was only one more dim figure. She sat opposite a campfire, playing a guitar and singing softly in a warm voice; she looked little and lonely, as I squatted there, taking pictures to my heart’s content.

I had a fine vacation those two weeks, but I would rather have had my pictures. Marilyn had a heavy shooting schedule and an injured ankle, as well. That’s partly why photographers had it so rough. But she also had a mad on at Photoplay. I hope she gets it over soon, because I’d have walked that 3800 miles to Banff Springs just to shoot Marilyn.

Marilyn was so mad at me—us—that I had to hover in the shadows to get these shots. If she’d had an idea I was there, it would have been “no dice!”
A painter looks at beauty and interprets it with his palette; a musician, with his score. And most people think in terms of both color and music when they are describing a beautiful woman. For these two media capture as nothing else can, the mood, the subtle shadings, the personality of beauty. Both the songs we have chosen, the colors they are wearing, interpret, for us, the mood and individual appeal of these beautiful women of Hollywood.

GREEN GROW THE LILACS

Emerald green, shining and fresh, captures the springlike quality of Piper Laurie

ORCHIDS IN THE MOONLIGHT

Lavender, with its hidden reds, soft blues, expresses the rare and subtle beauty of Jean Simmons

in the mood...
**SERENADE IN BLUE**
The blue of midnight, serene and clear, reflects the quiet charm of Pier Angeli

**RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET**
The warmth of red that men love defines Virginia Mayo's direct, provocative appeal

**THAT LUCKY OLD SUN**
Vibrant yellows catch the sunshine sparkle of Doris Day's warm, glowing personality

**FLAMINGO**
Vivid, glowing pink is the color of Arlene Dahl, as intense as her femininity, as dramatic as her titian hair
AFRAID TO FALL IN LOVE?

They say he's a wolf. But Scott Brady has his own reasons why there's
Scott Brady glared. I had just asked him how come he was such a wolf about Hollywood.

"I'm not a wolf," he said. "A wolf is a guy whose phone rings day and night with dolls eager for his company. Or he's ringing dolls' phones all the time, eager for their company. Neither happens to be true of me. Just because I'm a bachelor, just because I don't get married..."

"That's exactly the point. Why don't you? You said, way over a year ago, the night you opened in the stage show of 'The Moon Is Blue,' that you'd marry Dorothy Malone the moment she'd have you. What happened? Now she's dating somebody else! Or what about Elaine Stewart? Or Anita Eckberg? Or Janice Rule? Or Piper Laurie? Or Yvonne DeCarlo? And what about those dates you had with Ann Blyth and that really love-tossed poetry you wrote to her?"

"Now get off my back," Scott said. "You know that every man who meets Ann puts her on a pedestal."

"Yes, but Dr. McNulty was the man who put the ring on her finger. Why didn't you?"

We were lunching at a little sidewalk cafe in Beverly Hills. It was an exquisite day, and there were still tourists in town. Every one of them who was feminine spotted Scott at forty paces, and sighed happily. A score of them came timidly round the hedge that separated the table from the street and asked for (Continued on page 87)
One UnenCHANTED Evening

Rosie Clooney met José Ferrer—and what happened? Nothing!
So she married the guy

BY JAMES HUNT
Last summer, the day after Rosemary Clooney became the wife of José Ferrer, a New York publicist stood on a loading ramp at La Guardia airport waiting to board a plane for Paris. His nose was buried in a newspaper, and he kept shaking his head in disbelief.

"Impossible," he muttered, "impossible... impossible..."

A companion looked over his shoulder. There didn't seem to be anything particularly unusual on the page. A story about a man getting a ticket for starting an argument with a policeman. A squib about an Iowa picnic. A few ads and fillers. And a photograph of half a dozen people with a lengthy caption. The companion was puzzled.

"What's so impossible?" he asked.

The gate opened and the passengers headed for the plane. The publicist threw the newspaper down on a counter and went aboard.

"Some day," he said to his friend, "when we have lots and lots of time, I'll tell you how incredible it all is."

The paper lay on the counter with the photograph face up. Included in the picture were Rosemary Clooney, José Ferrer, Olivia de Havilland and a few members of the cast of a musical José was appearing in at Dallas, Texas. The caption explained that it was a wedding party and that Rosie and José had been married the day before after a courtship of more than a year. This may not have seemed so impossible to most people, but it did to that publicist. He knew the whole story. As (Continued on page 88)
Those who knew him when, never could believe Dean Martin would be happy as a father. But he has the last laugh—and two full houses!

THE MORE THE MERRIER

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

Dean had been counting on a baby daughter, had the name "Gina" all ready for her. But Ricci convinced him he'd been looking for another son all the time.

Like his older brother and sisters, young Dino was happy to welcome a new brother to the fold. Before the baby's birth he'd told Jeanne, "No more girls!"

Gail, Claudia, Craig, Dena and Dean, Jr. (Dino) were all asking for a baby brother. "Now we're even, three and three," was the elated chorus they all voiced to their dad.
Nose to the glass, tired but happy, Dean Martin stood in the hospital corridor weakly eyeing his new-born. His pal, Mack Gray, and Jeanne's mother were standing, one on each side, for support. The three of them were speechless.

They'd all been so sure it would be a girl. They'd planned naming her "Gina," Italian for her mom. They'd been so sure. They had no name at all for this husky one.

For instead of the golden-haired, dainty little daughter they'd envisioned, there lay a very virile young man with a mane of black hair, and kicking like the home team really needed that extra point. Gina? He was "Kid Crocetti," this one. Dean's chest pressed the glass too. Out of six children, this was the first to look thoroughly like him. He was the spittin' image of his proud pop, and already a personality in his own right. No namby-pamby name would do.

"He's 'Ricci,'" Mack Gray said. A regular little character, they all grinned.

Then turning to Jeanne's mother Dean said, movedly, "That girl of yours gives me nothing but big healthy boys. I hope she won't be too disappointed." He was so sure Jeanne had her heart set on a girl. Still, when he told her, "We have a fine baby boy," he was a little unprepared for her vehement, "Oh no, we don't!" She was so sure Dean had wanted a daughter.

Actually they both wanted a son all the time. And the son they had, All man. And so they named him Ricci James—"Spelled R-I-C-C-I" they cautioned all who inquired, "After all, you've heard of people with sons named Jon—J-O-N." (Continued on page 80)
Exciting—new—Photoplay first! Hollywood gossip 
put through the wringer of intimate and honest reporting. 
You’ve heard the rumor. Now read the fact!

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

RUMOR: “Jane Powell and Gene Nelson can hardly wait till the time they’re both free—so they can get married . . .”

FACT: Absolutely inaccurate! Jane is enjoying her new freedom more every day. Her closest pals feel that by the time her divorce is final, she will like it so much she won’t trade it. This romance is still pretty warm, but cooling slowly. Look for a new man in Jane’s life before long—and the possible reconciliation of Gene and Miriam Nelson. The indications are that Miriam may never even file for a divorce.

RUMOR: “Elizabeth Taylor wishes her son would hurry and grow up a bit so she can have more time to work on her career . . .”

FACT: Which son? Liz is so much in love that she doesn’t give a hang about her career anymore. Sure, she’ll make movies. But they’ll be in between children if she has anything to say about it. She told a friend recently that she’s glad she had a baby while she’s young—and she wants a couple more right away. She feels she can get a family started and then act her head off, and Michael Wilding agrees. Oddly enough, M-G-M thinks Liz will be just as talented and beautiful five years from now and is willing to wait.

RUMOR: “Rory and Lita Calhoun have weathered five years of marriage without a quarrel.”

FACT: Man, what an understatement! It didn’t get into print, but a few weeks ago, Rory and Lita got into a battle and he slapped her three times in front of a handful of guests. She locked him out of the house, so he put his fist through a plate glass in their front door and had to have ten stitches taken in his hand. If this isn’t a fight, it will have to do till a riot comes along. You can look for a major disruption of this happy family any day now.

RUMOR: “Susan Hayward and Jess Barker will arrange a quiet property settlement. For the sake of the twins, there will be absolutely no public name-calling . . .”

FACT: It’s just possible Jess Barker and Susan Hayward will have been in court by the time you read this—and you’ll know how wrong this information is. This estrangement is as bitter as any we’ve ever encountered in Hollywood. The past several years of marriage between Jess and Susan have been studded with violent quarrels. Since they separated, Susan has had a guard to keep Jess away from the house and a court order restraining him from molesting her. Jess, angered because of his alleged “woman of the house” role during his marriage, has retained Sammy Hahn, the famed attorney to represent him. They say he will ask for his share of community property and possibly alimony. At any rate, Jess and Susan get along like a gopher and a snake—and don’t you believe anything else. We know nothing of blame, and Jess always appeared to be a good husband. However, the sympathy of their friends is all for Susan. The money involved in this case will amount to close to a million dollars. That’s enough to start a fight in church!

RUMOR: “It looks like the end is near for Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman . . .”

FACT: It might look like it, but it isn’t! Shell and Vittorio, no matter what you read to the contrary, are in love. Sure they fight. He’s Latin—and she’s Shelley Winters. But they expected to fight before they got
married. And they expected to be separated for long periods of time. And they expected the newspapers to make the most of it. In our opinion, even an announced estrangement wouldn't mean a thing. Vittorio, in true Italian fashion, is the master of his home and simply crazy about his kid. The real reason he takes off to Italy so often is that his salary over there is almost astronomical. Shelley is entirely in favor of his making money while they're both young. Shelley is the kind of a girl who would tell the world if she didn't like the way Vittorio tied his shoe laces. But she's made for him and he is for her. The only ending here will be a happy one!

RUMOR: "Marilyn Monroe is the happiest girl in town, what with her career going so well . . . ."

FACT: Rot! One of these days Marilyn Monroe is going to stage one of the most important sit-down strikes Hollywood has ever seen. She is most unhappy with her career. She feels she is being used as a freak attraction and is not being given a chance to prove her true talent as an actress. And as for money, she's sick about her income. She knows a girl has to (Continued on page 70)
This year Esther and Ben have a daughter, Susan Tenney, to help celebrate with Benjie and Kimmie

This Christmas, when Esther Williams "goes home" to Inglewood, she'll be carrying an extra bundle of holiday cheer. Not only will Ben and Benjie and Kimmie be there, but something new's been added — Susan Tenney Gagel!

Today Inglewood is a sprawled-out community of weatherbeaten bungalows and small business establishments, on the southern fringes of Los Angeles. As the crow flies, Inglewood is some thirty miles from a charming yellow early American farmhouse set among towering sycamores and live oaks in Mandeville Canyon — the home of Esther Williams, a swimming star who ran a swim suit into a fantastic career. But as glamour flies, Inglewood is a thousand miles from the heady razzle-dazzle of Hollywood.

Back in 1919 much of Inglewood consisted of waving alfalfa fields in which the spring showers flung up a myriad of wildflowers. There, from Salt Lake City came Lou Williams and his wife, Bula, and their four children searching for a home. Lou bought a lot of lumber and set to work building a tiny house far his brood on the outermost edges of the community.

And it was in that modest dwelling that Esther Jane, fifth and
The hushed accents of danger... keepsakes in a safe-deposit box...
red apples in a silver bowl... father's day at the zoo... lamplights
reflected on wet city streets... the inscription on a wedding ring

Photograph by G. Morris. Alan's in "Botany Bay" and "Paratrooper"
Restless feet on a polished floor . . . silk shirts and riding boots . . . nostalgic singing of cowboys under a prairie moon . . . Saturday night in a mining town . . . hurricane in harness
I can tell you straight from the shoulder

Teen-age Marriage Is a Mistake

by Terry Moore

• I often wonder how many of today's teenagers will give themselves the chance to reach realistic and happy conclusions about the romances they have so early in life. I think about it most whenever I receive a letter from a fan asking for advice on an affair of the heart or perhaps hinting that I might airmail her at least a small amount of encouragement to defy her parents and marry against their will.

As for advice, I'm Terry Moore. I'm not the last word. Still, if I think that anything I might say would be of help, I'd gladly speak up. As for this business of defying parents, I'm pleased to say that I've personally never really had an occasion to stage a large-type rebellion. The Kofords are great believers in free speech and we usually talk things out until somebody sees the light. And often as not, that somebody is me.

Talking things out is the best method I can recommend for reaching an understanding with anybody's parents. I definitely don't believe in defiance. Along these lines, I keep recalling the old story about the son who, while in his teens, thought his father was terribly stupid. At twenty-six, he was positively amazed to discover how much his old man had learned!

They say that the lessons that stay with you the longest are the ones that are learned the hard way. When you're young, you wonder if you'll ever get all your problems solved. And what happens if you marry too early and find your problems doubled? That's up to you.

I have a friend who, at nineteen, decided that he wouldn't wait to marry. And, as the saying goes, so they were wed. Now he's standing by and watching his buddies finish their college educations. You can't blame him if he's slightly envious at times. He had to get a job. He's had to stick to it. He can't shop around for something better because he has a wife and family to support. He hasn't been able to take the chances on furthering his career that he might take if he were free. And this places a burden on both the young people.

You can't dodge responsibilities. You have them all your life. But why get bogged down with them so soon? My friend loves his wife and I'll bet my bottom dollar they'll be together when their old-age pensions start rolling in. But a marriage like this one needs a lot of love and an extra-lot of courage on both sides to survive.

Perhaps I sound like a pessimist. It's just that ever since I can remember, I've contended that teen-age marriage is a mistake. Of course, I'm happy to admit that there are some teenagers fortunate enough to (Continued on page 63)
By Hollywood standards—and one must never, never minimize Hollywood standards!—Audrey Hepburn is flat-chested, slim-hipped and altogether un-Marilyn Monroe-ish. Her measurements are: bust, 32"; waist, 20½"; hips, 34. Nothing sensational there, is there? And yet, Hollywood standards or no, Audrey Hepburn is the most phenomenal thing that's happened to the film capital since Marilyn Monroe! Figure that out and you've got the answer to what makes Hollywood tick.

I met this new sensation in her dressing room at Paramount—it was once Dottie Lamour's dressing room, when Dottie was Queen of Paramount—on the smoggiest morning in the history of Los Angeles. It was also the morning when the critical reviews of "Roman Holiday," Audrey's first picture for Paramount, were just starting to break in the newspapers. The reviews were unanimous in hailing the performance turned in by this gamin from across the seas with surprise and delight.

My eyes were watering. The smog was a fiendish mixture of fire, brimstone, hatpins and feathers. Then Audrey Hepburn glided into the room and the cloud lifted and my eyes stopped watering.

She's exactly five-feet-six-and-three-quarter-inches high in her stocking feet, and she moves those five-
Her figure's too thin and her face—well Audrey Hepburn thinks it's awful. But the effect she had on this reporter is nothing short of sensational

WHO NEEDS BEAUTY!

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

“fashions—I love ’em”  “I’ll buy books and enjoy life”  “wolves? are there such things?”

feet-six-and-three-quarter-inches around a room like a cat—gracefully, proudly, a trifle arrogantly—and you sit up and take notice because her arrival is like a blare of trumpets. This is an actress in the grand manner: another Garbo, Bette Davis, Katie Hepburn, Greer Garson, Joan Crawford or who-have-you? This is it!

I had come prepared to ask her about the rumors linking her name romantically with Gregory Peck’s, her co-star in “Roman Holiday,” plus a lot of other personal questions. Instead, I sat and let her talk, mesmerized by that exquisite little-girl face, those hypnotic eyes, (Continued on page 72)
Jeff's Other Love

BY JANE CORWIN

Only a handful of Hollywood insiders are aware that deep in the secret hearts of Susan Hayward and Jeff Chandler a childhood love, like a tree, grew and flourished long ago in Brooklyn. In that inhospitable clime—compounded of noisome vapors from the nearby gas tanks and turgid waters of the Gowanus Canal—that tremulous romance of early adolescence withered. But its roots were entwined tightly in their youthful hearts and, intimates believe, it never died.

Two years ago, a filmland executive who grew up with Jeff and Susan in Flatbush said, "You know, it's too bad that Susan Hayward ever married Jess Barker. I've always felt the only real love in her life was Jeff Chandler. But Susan had no time for romance when she met him; she had a one-track mind and its ultimate destination was the Broadway stage. Her drive for success was unrelenting. The same went for Jeff. They were both unhappy kids, not so much because they were short of money, but because they were short of a satisfying prospect for the future. Life was grim and earnest, and love had to take a back seat. So their paths separated, and by the time they were both ready to consider marriage, he was a GI in the Aleutians and she was a rising young star in Hollywood.

"Maybe I'm an old sentimentalist, but I think it's tragic that they drifted apart. Because Susan (Continued on page 76)
THOSE IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

Audrey Dalton wasn’t being secretive. It was just that no one asked her if she was married

It was the night before Christmas, and all through the house, not a creature was stirring—not even a Hollywood columnist.

That was just a year ago, and pretty Irish Audrey Dalton and UCLA grad, Jim Brown, were decorating the Christmas tree at his parents’ home in San Francisco. The living room was warmly mellow with the multicolored lights and the flickering flames of the fireplace. Christmas carols echoed softly in the background as Audrey and Jim affixed the last glittering ornament to the top of the tree.

“And suddenly,” Audrey recalls dreamily, “Jim’s parents just sort of disappeared.” She didn’t know it then, but they had gone out to get a bottle of champagne so they could toast the bride-to-be.

“Quick,” she said, “let’s hurry and get the gifts we bought them, and put them under the tree.” Jim brought her the packages she’d asked for, and another—a tiny velvet box. Inside it was her ring.

She looked at it, her mouth opened and her eyes filled with tears.

“One look at the ring, one look at me, and she burst into tears,” Jim teases her now.

“We just stood there, both of us, crying together,” Audrey amends.

When Jim’s parents returned in a few minutes, they drank that toast. And then, “Because we wanted to start our life together right,” Audrey amends.

Even Audrey’s own family didn’t know of her marriage for a while. “They knew we were engaged,” she says, “so that eased the shock a little.” But she felt she ought to break them in gradually to the idea that she would be living happily ever after an ocean away from them. “But the (Continued on page 81)
Make bright winter wool jersey separates, exactly like those Jane Powell wears in Warners' "Three Sailors and a Girl." Turn the page and see how many moods you can give the outfit by adding and subtracting the multi-accessories. Give yourself a new wardrobe by starting with these separates designed by Moss Mabry.
CO-STARING ACCESSORIES

Midwinter needn't mean the doldrums for you or your wardrobe. One bright, new set of separates with these gay accessories to vary them, can mean three different outfits. Use the white skirt as a base (page 53) and change it three ways for three different times of the day or evening.

For day, wear the sew-them-yourself separates in red and white wool jersey, as Jane does. Then switch to the white lacy sweater, add the black stole, long or short gloves and a black bag. A touch of gold jewelry and you're ready for dining or late day-time fun. Another mood, for that wonderful dancing date is feminine, shining pink. You twirl in the newest in pink kid striping shoes; a bare satin camisole and pearl and rhinestone jewels. Of course, under all these, to look your very best you'll wear a good foundation, a well-fitted bra and a smooth white slip.

Try it all out yourself and see what a lift you and your wardrobe will get. These are the newest fashion color combinations. They will make you a new girl!
Gold link bracelet, $5.95.
Gold baroque pearl bracelet, $2.95.
Earrings, $4.95.
All Bergere.
Joseph Magnin, San Francisco.

Gold ball lariat, $6.00.
Cuff bracelet and matching earrings, $12.50, $10.00.
All Monet.
Bloomingdale's, N.Y.

Black jersey half-moon stole, Glentex, $5.95.
Arnold Constable, N.Y.

White lacy sweater, Tish-u-knit, $5.00.
Stern's, N.Y.
Rope necklace with loop tie balls, Monet, $10.00.
Bloomingdale's, N.Y.

Pink satin camisole, Juniorite, $7.95.
Wanamaker's, N.Y.
Indian sari-cloth hankie, Baar & Beards, $1.00.
Pink satin bag, MM, $5.00.
Dome crystal earrings, Kramer, $11.95.
Gimbels, N.Y.
Pearl and crystal mobile pin, $11.95.
Pearl and rhinestone bracelets, $5.00 & $10.00.
Both Richelieu.
Stern's, N.Y.
Doeskin shorties, Townes, $5.00.

Dawnelle's highrising gloves, $8.00.
Saks Fifth Ave., N.Y.
Slim, Italian handled umbrella, Krongold, $5.00.
Bonwit Teller, N.Y.

Iridescent pink kidskin shoes, Carlisle, $16.95.
Lord & Taylor, N.Y.

Pink satin bag, MM, $5.00.
Dome crystal earrings, A Kramer, $11.95.
MGimbel's, N.Y.
Pearl and crystal mobile pin, $11.95.
Pearl and rhinestone bracelets, $5.00 & $10.00.
Both Richelieu.
Stern's, N.Y.
Doeskin shorties, Townes, $5.00.
MID-WINTER LIGHTS


Necklace and bracelet by Schrager. Wear-right cotton shorties. Laurie's hair done by Caruso, N. Y.

SEE PAGE 68 FOR ADDITIONAL STORES WHICH HAVE PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS.
KIRK DOUGLAS

Cupid missed the mark in the Kirk Douglas-Pier Angeli romance. But we hear that Rome fell—meaning the fair signorinas—for the redoubtable Douglas, who grew the beard for his role as “Ulysses.” The ladies loved it—so did Kirk. As for the ladies in Paris, where he made the film, “Act of Love”—ooh, la, la! We wonder how he’ll like an apartment in Hollywood after his palace in Rome. Judging from reports, Kirk’s life abroad has gone to his head. Or should we say beard!
MONA and MONIE

Nowadays, Monie's mama is kept busy washing those rumors out of her hair. But in spite of the denials from both sides of the Atlantic, Mona Freeman’s back with Bing now he’s back from Europe. Is it love?
KATHRYN and PATTY KATE

Seems Patty Kate still isn’t used to Mommy as a blonde! Katie Grayson dyed for the Grace Moore story, “So This Is Love,” which did so well there’ll be a sequel. But you’ll see Kate in “Kiss Me Kate,” first
His TV, stage and movie career keeps Chuck going in one direction and his actress wife in another. But Lydia and the star of "Bad for Each Other" don't worry—they know they're very good for each other.
Clashing temperaments and career problems have upset many a marriage. But in spite of the predictions, Shelley and her Vittorio continue to fool the experts—and head for each other after every separation!
This is the life for Tab Hunter, whose skill on skates shows more than amateur perfection. But we hope Tab won’t desert the silver screen for the shining blades. The guy in “Steel Lady” is too good an actor
Janet’s going to need all that bouncing vitality when she starts “Living It Up” with Martin and Lewis. As the girl in their latest picture, Janet gets top billing. So let the bruises fall where they may!
When Audie went Western his fans loved it—especially "Three Were Renegades." No wonder Murph's feeling merry. He'll play himself in a film to be made from his own book, and he'll soon be a daddy again.
Look lovelier in 10 days
with
Doctor’s Home Facial
...or your money back!

The moment you smooth on this different beauty cream, you’re on your way to a fresher, prettier complexion. For you’ve taken the first step in the wonder-ful, new Home Facial, developed by a noted skin doctor.

This Doctor’s Home Facial uses Noxzema, the only leading beauty cream that’s medicated. See how this unique cream works for you — how fresh your skin becomes — how clear and satiny smooth it looks!

Follow Doctor’s Home Facial below. It’s especially beneficial to dry, rough or blemished skin. Noxzema supplies a film of oil and moisture that works night and day to help skin look fresher, prettier.

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier — helps you keep it that way, too!

If you aren’t entirely satisfied with your complexion here’s important beauty news for you!

A famous skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty routine — with a special beauty cream. It’s actually a new cleansing method and a wonderfully effective home beauty treatment — all rolled-in-one!

Why it’s so successful

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous greaseless formula is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. It’s medicated — aids healing — helps skin look clean and fresh! Here’s all you do!

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3. Make-up base: In the morning, ‘cream-wash’ again; then as your long-lasting powder base, apply Noxzema. It helps protect your skin all day!

Results are thrilling. Surveys show over a million women all over America have changed to this sensible beauty care. Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema’s quick help for dry, rough skin; *externally-caused blemishes; and especially for that dull, lifeless, half-clean look of many so-called normal complexions.

It works or money back! In clinical tests the Noxzema routine helped 4 out of 5 women with skin problems to have lovelier complexions. Try it for 10 days — if you don’t look lovelier — return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore — money back! Get Noxzema today — 40¢, 60¢ and $1.00 plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters.

NOXZEMA

skin cream
Teen-age Marriage Is a Mistake

(Continued from page 46) have a wisdom beyond their years. But how many, in all sincerity, make the mistake of interpreting their youthful confidences as reality?

When I was in my teens, caution was my first rule for romance. If I liked a boy well enough to think in terms of possible future marriage, I waited for him to wait for me, and it was well over a year. Marriage could wait, I vowed, until I was twenty—old enough to know my own mind and heart. It seemed like a wise theory. And true to it, I've waited to marry Glenn Davis until I was in my early twenties. But now I realize that even at the magic age of twenty-one I hadn't actually grown up. I'm afraid I was still emotionally immature. I'd play it cool, for the sake of my image. I think the majority of my friends were a group of unsophisticated boys and girls with whom I'd gone to school. I was still a teenager in my views.

Our marriage had seemed so right to Glenn and me at the time. As if it were just meant to be. Everyone else thought so. So did we. I was just a story-book couple. And we might have been, if we hadn't wanted such completely different things from life. But marriage is no fairy tale. There's no guarantee of a happily-ever-after. In fact, most couples (if many couples learn this through heartbreak).

Heartbreak is something that comes to everyone in one form or another. You can let it warp your outlook and ruin your whole life, or you can make it your teacher and your guide and your friend. And guide you toward an understanding of how they happened.

When you're a teenager I think you're inclined to have the idea that life owes you something. But as you grow older, you learn that you owe something to life, as well. And it's this realization that makes it easier to throw aside any ruinous resentment you might have, and do some straight thinking. I'm not certain this has happened to many of you yet. It certainly hasn't to many in my teens. How many teenagers can say that they do?

I saw this perspective in operation at a wedding I attended recently. It was of a kind of wedding that every girl should have. It was a fairy tale. It was complete with flowers and music, friends and relatives...and mother and father, smiling with tears in their eyes. It was the story of a fairy tale. But in the story, Jane and another quite like it. And Jane was as lovely as any bride who ever lived.

Later, at the reception, I caught her with a faraway look in her eyes.

"It was as though it happened sheepishly..." "...Remember Mike?"

Now this might seem like a strange thing for a girl to say when she's just married to a fine fellow named Robert. But although Mike had been as much a part of her live as she had been a part of his, she was never a part of him. She used to think she was the only word in Jane's vocabulary. And by the time graduation rolled around, she was convinced that life wouldn't be worth living if she weren't his wife.

But Jane's folks kept making noises that this was no time to marry. They were afraid Mike might change his mind or that Jane wouldn't be happy enough to care. Jane and Mike didn'telope—though they had discussed the possibility at great length. She agreed to go on to college for at least a year. That's where she met Bob.

And Mike? "How could I ever have thought that I loved him?" she asked me on her wedding day. She was really saying, "What if I hadn't waited to grow up?"

Speaking of marital mistakes, I've read a fascinating story. It's not to the effect that Hollywood has a monopoly on them. But I believe that statistics prove otherwise. And I'm certain that the divorces that have shaken our city would have been very much less if they had happened to the citizens in any small town, U.S.A. But in Hollywood—or anywhere—I wonder why the surprise when certain marriages floup. The majority of cases involve girls whose parents have planned a marriage for them, and the girls have had no say in the matter. For instance, a girl who has never done a great deal of dating. She's eighteen or nineteen when she finds her man and marries him. A few years go by and she discovers someone new. She realizes, unhappily, that he's the fellow she should have wed in the first place. And she might have—if she had waited.

I'm not going to name names of important Hollywood stars to prove this point. You know who they are as well as I do.

The press has a way of labeling youthful Hollywood marriages as "declarations of love,"

"virginity pledges," "effort by a logical enough analysis. Some parents lay down the law in no uncertain terms, seemingly unaware that an unhappy home—life can drive a girl straight to the marriage certificate. Some parents feel that marriage is by no means an escape. If she feels escape necessary, a girl can find a job and take an apartment by herself.

A teenager should think twice (at least twice) about it for a year or so, I might add) before saying "I do." Then perhaps she'll think herself right out of the idea. A happy marriage is every girl's goal. And I stress the word "happy." However, some will let in marriage, perhaps. May high-school graduation is drawing near and the lady thinks, "If I get a man, then I can relax."

That's sheer laziness. And foolishness. You may be on your toes all through life, married or single. Why not face it? And while I'm issuing warnings, I believe I should mention the immature male. He's the fellow who says, "Marry me now, or goodbye forever." Watch out for him. You may think you love him and still have every intention of letting a sensible time elapse before tying the knot. You might find, however, that he can't wait for you. And it's hard to say what he'll do, or, thinks she could come to care for, can really throw a girl off balance. Especially if it's the first ultimatum she's ever had.

The first time I heard the phrase, I took it seriously. "Well...goodbye," I said. Never expecting to see the gentleman again. I was amazed when he came back the next day—saying, "Oh, I thought you'd be waiting for me."

You may find it hard to hand a man his hat when he cries, "Farewell." But remember, if a fellow can say it and mean it, that things aren't going as well as they should. And if you do marry him, chances are that he'll be saying "goodbye forever" whenever you have a difference of opinion.

I recall hearing a story about a high—school class day speaker whose subject when addressing the seniors was somewhat less than inspiring. He said, in effect, "Poor kids. What a shame you have to go through this."

Numerous people think it's a dreadful shame, particularly as far as girls are concerned. According to popular opinion, the feeling seems to be that every girl should have a wedding. But opinions are something you can't do much about. People will talk. In small towns, you hear a girl mutter, "Everybody thinks I should get married, though all this is just one thing wrong. I don't love Joe."

So go look for a Jim, I say. You can't please everyone, but I know sensitive teenagers who have nearly wrecked their lives trying.

Opinions ride high in Hollywood, too, and they're accompanied by a spotlight. Lately, I've been accused of playing the field and of not being fair enough to anyone. And I'm often accused of running through all of the things! I do know a lot of men; some are in the movie industry, some are not. I enjoy being with them. I doubt if I'll get seriously involved with one of them for a long time. However, eventually I'll want to remarry. I've always had a happy family life and more than anything else I want a good marriage and a happy family. But will I ever be able to find someone to love?

Suppose I did confine my interests to one man? What would folks say? Probably what many of them said when the erroneous report of my forthcoming wedding to Bob Wagner was printed while we were at work on "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef" last April—that Terry was rushing foolishly into another marriage. Can you say so?

When you come to realize certain things. For instance, that you alone must make the final decision. That you must use your head as well as your heart. That marriage means giving up interests, even some friendships, and many problems. It also means sharing religious interests.

Don't lose sight of the fact that there is no such thing as selfishness in a happy marriage. You have to make sacrifices to keep this marital mistake. In their teens, few people have learned to give in. They've always been the center of their family group. Their family groups take care of themselves, and suddenly they're expected to take care of someone else.

Again I'll say that I think it's best to wait. And when the time does come, be absolutely certain that you live with a man who understands the man of your choice. You're going to live with him the rest of your life. At least you are if you've let your head and your heart work together!

THE END
Bring Him Back Alive

(Continued from page 21)

into the steel—head first. Watching the molten metal flow from the troughs, Bob decided to have a closer look. He tripped and but for the quick arm of a foreman, he'd have gone up in smoke.

Little wonder it's been said that just being Bob Wagner is a hazardous occupation in itself. And that holds in his professional as well as in his private life.

Now movie making involves a calculated number of risks for the sake of realism. In Bob's scripts, the studio has never spared the action. While any number of stunt men are ready, willing and well-paid to do the more dangerous assignments, Bob insists on doing them himself. Consequently, "Halls of Montezuma," and "What Price Glory?" found him in various and assorted trenches, surrounded by live ammunition. In "The Silver Whip," he was called upon to fall from a stage coach and crawl around between the thundering hooves of six horses. After that, they sank the Titanic out from under him. In "Prince Valiant," he fled across the parapet of a flaming stone castle, wound up with a real limp eluding his make-believe captors. And for his role in "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef," he went strolling around the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico.

Even the veteran divers were impressed with Bob's deep-sea diving in "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef." "It's no cinch," one of them said. "You're all by yourself down there. And the only thing between life and death is a little life line. If the air hose gets cut, you're a goner."

It was while Bob was in Florida making "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef" that one of Twentieth's more executive executives marched grimly into his office one Monday morning. Take a memo," he said to his secretary, "Rush!"

The memorandum was addressed to Robert Webb who was directing the picture. It concerned Robert Wagner. As you know, Bob Wagner is one of our most valuable star properties," the executive began. "It's extremely important that you keep an eye on him. For heaven's sake, bring him back alive..."

The secretary broke in, "This should have gone out last week," she said.

"Why? Her employer's voice trembled. She handed him the morning paper. In it was an account of how Bob had narrowly escaped drowning in Florida's Anclote River. The location company had been re-staging Greek Gold Cross Day. Along with several dozen local lads, Bob had dived into the river in an attempt to retrieve the cross. During the scramble, one of the divers had accidentally kicked him in the stomach and knocked the breath out of him. He was being carried downstream by the Anclote's swift current when he was rescued by an alert crew member.

"Never mind the memo," moaned the executive, "Make it a wire!"

Needless to say, R.J. was welcomed back from the sea by a studio full of relieved minds. And when he stepped by to thank the memorandum-writing executive for his concern, the man said, "There's something I'd like to know. How's your family taken this for all these years? Don't they worry?"

"Sure they do," replied Bob. "The way any mother and father worry. I can't run my whole life on the idea that I'm going to get hurt. A person can get hurt just walking through a door."

The executive nodded in agreement. The boy was right. If you're Bob Wagner you don't even need to walk through that door to meet danger—it'll come to you! But who can help worrying? The End

Are you in the know?

If a friend's ex-steady wants to date you—

- Grab the guy
- Get the facts
- Be sly

Secretly, you've been green-eyed about him—the way he said he was "mustn't touch." But they've broken up, and now you hear the "all clear" (you-th-e-en-k). Listen again. Get the facts—from Sally. Is she still torching for him? Then he's still off-limits, unless you'd like being the town's meanest moll! You're all clear, confidence-wise, when you count certain days' discomfort with Kotex. For softness unlimited, Kotex holds its shape.

He's the intellectual type—and you're smitten, but chatter-shy. Don't fret. Days before your date, start scanning the newspapers: get a line on world topics to show you're alert, save the conversation from bogging down. But on calendar days, you need never get a line—the telltale Lindy. Trust those flat, pressed ends of Kotex. And this napkin gives extra protection.

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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. Hints on diet, exercise, grooming...do's and don't's a girl should know. Send for your copy today. FREE! Address P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 1214, Chicago 54, Ill.
What's Valentine's Day Without a Man?

Photoplay brings you an entire album full of Hollywood's Most Eligible Bachelors in pictures in the February issue At your newsstand January 8

This Is the Truth

(Continued from page 41)

make it awfully fast in Hollywood and she sees her best years going unrewarded, except for expenses. As an indication, Marilyn's salary is now $750.00 a week. She collected something like $15,000 for 'Generlemen Prefer Blondes.' Jane Russell, her co-star, was no more important in the film, but Twentieth paid Howard Hughes, Jane's boss, $250,000 for the same picture. No, sir, Marilyn is not happy about her career right now!

Rumor: "Ann Blyth is lucky in having married a man who wants her to go ahead full blast with her career . . ." 

Fact: It's true that Ann is lucky in getting the man she did. No doubt of that. But, believe us, her career is and always will be secondary to her home and family. Ann will work only when it does not interfere with the bearing and raising of the large family she and Dr. Jim McNulty have already planned. She won't abandon the screen entirely until that family gets big enough to require her full time—but on that day she will quit. Ann likes to act, but her whole life has been a big wish for a husband and kids. That is what she really wants. So don't miss any of her pictures. There may not be too many more.

Rumor: "Pier Angeli seems to have gotten over Kirk Douglas very nicely and they are now the best of platonic friends . . ." 

Fact: Nonsense! It will take Pier and her family some little time to get over the flash-in-the-pan business with Kirk. They just don't understand what happened. It was the family's first experience with a hit-and-run-artist. Pier was really in love and, to give the devil his due, Kirk might have been, too. But while he had no real intention of marrying, Pier did. She is deeply unhappy and resentful about the whole affair and may very well crawl back into the shell she wore when she first came to Hollywood. The name Kirk Douglas in the Angelli household is poison!

Rumor: "Bing Crosby returned to the Paramount lot the other day looking fit as a fiddle. Bing has a long list of pictures he'll do in the next three years . . ."

Fact: Some time this winter, or in the early spring, you will pick up your paper and read that Bing Crosby officially retires from motion pictures. He will devote the rest of his professional life to occasional radio and television programs—and the private part of it to easy living and maybe a little romance. Actually, Bing is one of the richest men in America. He has been making films for years only to assure his brother and other members of the family a good income through Bing Crosby Enterprises. This company has now strayed far afield from movies, is deep in electronics for the government, and filthy rich in oil. The crooner doesn't have to croon the company's coffers full any more. Another thing is that Bing is a bit older than his public image— and it would be hard work for fun. His last objective was to secure the futures of his sons. Now they are all independently wealthy—and Bing's work is done. You'll read about it.

Rumor: "Judy Garland is once again back in tip-top condition and sailing along on a career that promises to be bigger and better than ever . . ."

Fact: It's too bad, but this is not so. Judy's personal life is happier now than it's ever been. She's very content with Sid Luft and they're just as compatible as a man and woman can be. However, professionally, Judy is still in trouble. Picture-wise, at least. Despite what you might hear to the contrary, Judy has been having a bad time keeping her weight down for "A Star Is Born," and when she has to reduce she's a victim of nerves. That halted her career at M-G-M, and it appears it might again. Some said "A Star Is Born" would never be finished. Others that it would be, but it'd take a long, long time, with frequent lay-offs for Judy. In any event, the grind may well convince Judy that films are not for her—and she may devote her talents to less grueling tasks from now on. We'd say a season on the stage each year, a few records and a bit of radio.

Rumor: "Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons have a wonderful lark shopping to get Stewart off to England for Beulah Brummel. They were pleased actually, at this vacation from marriage . . ."

Fact: The Stewart Grangers have the happy faculty of not paying any attention to what they read about themselves in the newspapers—and that includes divorce rumors. But they did not have the slightest bit of fun planning Stewart’s rapid exit for England. For a number of reasons, Stewart was very angry that Jean did not chuck it all and go with him. He just didn't want to leave her here alone. But a lot of money was at stake for Jean, so she went through with it. We have a feeling it will all work out nicely, but at the moment their tempers are not in what could be called a settled condition.

Rumor: "It looks like wedding bells any day now for Dan Dailey and Gwen Conner. But Donald doesn't care—he has Marilyn Erskine . . ."

Fact: This opinion is as wrong as a weather prediction. In the first place, Dan Dailey is married—over and out, and he said he wouldn't make much difference because he has sworn many times he'll never marry again. We believe him. And Donald O'Connor is not in love with Marilyn. He's just not interested in her any more. He gave her his best shots, and he's ready given her back to the field. Donald is, however, still in love with Gwen and, as his pals will tell you, carrying a blazer and biding his time. Our bet is that one day, if all and Gwen will marry again and have the joy of raising their daughter together.

Rumor: "The marriage between Lana Turner and Lex Barker was no surprise to their friends . . ."

Fact: Baloney! The relationship between Lana and Lex had been as shaky as a treed raccoon for more than six months. And their marriage was a spur of the moment thing that actually shocked their friends. As a matter of fact, Lana went to Rome to see another man—and Lex chased her. He apparently did a good job of talking. We can tell you that more than anything else Lana wants more children, so you can understand why it was hard to hear prompt fruit—if Lana and her tree-swinging hubby can get past the first few months without a major scuffle. A chap we won't name is carrying a heavy heart and an astonished expression because of Lana's sudden leap into matrimony.

Rumor: "Despite the announcement of a separation, the Gregory Pecks will try for a reconciliation . . ."

Fact: Forget it. It has been amusing to this writer that the press treatment of the Peck affair hasn't been more definitive. As you read a few weeks ago, Greg and his wife have been out of step since last January. When Greta went to Europe in 1952 to visit her husband she learned that his reported amours with other women weren't all exaggerated gossip. But she thought he'd stop when she got there. He didn't, so they had a long talk in a Paris hotel suite and they agreed that Greta would take the kids home and Daddy would come back this Christmas for a reconciliation. Greta wanted her and the kids. In the meantime, Greg continued to live like a bachelor and made no bones about his regard for Audrey Hepburn, with whom he had made "Roman Holiday." Greg will be back home for Christmas no more than likely, but he'll be busier talking to divorce lawyers than looking for Christmas trees. Only a minor miracle could save this marriage from crumbling—and for our money, miracles are out of season with the Peck family.
exquisite gamin face, those hypnotic eyes, the Ben-Gay on her hands said that Renée Jeanne-Marie’s, that smile like a rainbow after a summer shower. I thought: I should be more blase about meeting actresses—after all, I do see and talk to so many of them, and at times like this, in the fan zone and the Sunset Strip salons!—and yet here I sit staring like a hick from H Hicksville, and straining to hear every word Audrey uttered. That she, this highly mannered half-Dutch, semi-British Actress, said to miss even a fleeting expression in those constantly moving, uplifted eyes.

Rosemary Clooney, a Paramount dazzer in a round me, told me how shaken she had been when she first met Audrey: “It happened to me only once before, the day I met Bing Crosby for the first time. I had seen ‘Roman Holiday’ and was frightened to death at the prospect of meeting such a great artist as Miss Hepburn. And then, all of a sudden, we were being introduced! I wanted to tell her how much I had enjoyed her work in the picture, but instead, I was so nervous I couldn’t talk. I actually stumled—and then I fell out of the door of her dressing room!”

Well, I was feeling that way too. But despite my concentrated awe, I went to work with a few questions.

First of all, what about the Peck story? Audrey’s eyes twinkled and then she rubbed them and said, “So this is smog! Golly, the air over London never affected my eyes like this.”

“I persisted: “You must have read the columns and noticed they’ve been linking your name with Peck’s.”

“What the hell do you know all about those stories. Who starts them? And how could they be true, especially when I’m so friendly with Gregory’s wife, Greta? I saw her coming out of the hotel entrance the other day, and she asked me to spend next Sunday swimming in the pool at her home. Does that sound like I’m a ‘home-breaker’?”

“I agreed that it didn’t and then asked, “When is she going home and to Europe?” She said, “I don’t really know.”

I asked her to describe her first meeting with Peck and to tell me what she thought of him. Her eyes lit up as she replied: “I think it was the day ‘Holiday’ started shooting in Rome. It was a little cocktail party that Paramount gave for the cast and crew before the picture.”

She let me in on a bit of the first impression of him. Well, it’s awfully hard for a person to talk about movie stars, especially one as big as Gregory Peck whom I had seen and admired in so many movies. But I remember this: He’s even better-looking behind the screen than on it.

“I might have said hello to him when we were introduced—I think I did, as a mat ter of fact—although there were so many people I was talking to. But I don’t be sure. It seems to me now that I couldn’t speak at all, as though I were tongue-tied. It was just too much. You must rem ember I had just arrived in Rome and I was afraid of screwing up. It was like a star like Gregory Peck and a great director like William Wyler—oh, well, it was just more than I could bear!”

“I must say, though, that I was enchant ed with Gregory”—she seemed to caress the name as she said it—“because he was so marvelously normal, so genuine, so downright real! There’s nothing of the Hollywood version of a star in him. He’s down-to-earth, full of real simplicity, utterly kind to everybody, a gentleman and a real professional worker.”

Whew! Well, I had asked the question, and I had sure enough gotten an answer.

And she still had no idea of how the stories about a romance had started?

“None whatsoever!” she exclaimed. “What do you think started them?”

“Maybe,” I suggested meekly, “they may have cropped up when some other interviewer mistook your admiration for a romance with Gregory Peck?”

She batted her long, long lashes and said, very seriously, “That could very well be, and that was the end of that.”

She was twenty-four years old. Sometime her eyes are blue and sometime they’re green. On this particular smoggy morning in Hollywood, she wore only a splash of lipstick and no other make-up, a man’s watch and a pair of London pattern slippers. And she smoked Gold Flake Cigarettes—that’s an English brand—in a long filter cigarette holder. She wore the shirt very interestingly: it wasn’t buttoned at all down the front. They were gathered together, wrapped around her waist Mexican-style and safety-pinned in the rear. Shirts are so useful,” she explained. “All you do is wash and iron the shirt.”

“You wash and iron them yourself?”

“Mysel.”

She also wore Italian loop earrings and her hair was done in a very neat and tight bun. She told me it was after the actor who played the hairdresser in ‘Roman Holiday’ had finished chopping it off so recklessly. Although not related to Katharine Hep burn and to me, it was a bit of a shock to learn that she was common with Katie. Both are angular, lissome and toussle-haired. And both are talented! Audrey is causing the same kind of flurry that Katharine did with her first husband, a Frenchman. And she is well on her way to living up to the high-flew predictions that success will smile on her as sunnily as it has smiled on Katie. And like Katie, she is quite positive. She doesn’t say one thing and mean something else. She comes right out with what she has on her mind and the devil take the hindmost!

Well, long-minded about which questions she wants to answer and which she doesn’t. She’ll take just so much prying and no more. For instance, I asked what play she is going to do after she finishes the one starring William Powell. She said, “I don’t want to answer that.”

When I asked, “Why?” She said, Well, I’m superstitious about talking about a play before it opens. I get a lot of phone calls from the reporters and I get so nervous that I lose my appetite.”

“I respected her for that, although I must say I made a few phone calls after the interview and found out elsewhere that what she meant was that she’ll play the title part in ‘The Scarlet Pimpernel’ at the London’s first presentation of the London stage hit, ‘The Confidential Clerk.’

To get back to her physical attributes, her face is the most enchanting part of her—no, I’m not talking about the face of (Continued from page 49)

flashed to stardom on the stage in Broad way’s ‘Gigi’ two years ago, when she was a student at the Actors Studio. For several months in New York, she had flown to Italy to do “Roman Holiday.” She spent four months making the picture. Then she flew back to New York, rehearsed for the road tour of ‘Gigi,’ did eight months on the road, including a month in Los Angeles, finished it in San Francisco last May and then went back to England for a two-month siesta.

The story of Audrey’s American career. But she has had enough success abroad and it may be time for her to make a more successful start in the United States. She has been making her own plans for stage stardom abroad while Audrey was playing in “The Lavender Hill Mob,” with Alec Guinness, in “The Young Wives’ Tale,” in “The Secret People” and “I’m a Stranger.”

It was while she was on location on the French Riviera for “Monte Carlo” that Colette, the famous French novelist, saw her and wanted her for a role in his new film, which was to be called “Gigi.” Both Gilbert Miller and Anit Loos had been combining Broadway, Hollywood, London and Paris for a young actress capable of portraying the title role. The agreement was made, and as she watched Audrey do a scene in the lobby of Monte Carlo’s Hotel de Paris.

The part Fate played in bringing Audrey to stage stardom may partially account for her success, but it is not enough to carry her every step of the way to the future. She’s sure that if you do your best every day and learn all you can about your profession, big things are bound to come. But she does feel that the young actress must be a consistently good performer who knows all the angles of her craft. So she continues to work and study, with perfection as her goal.

So much and it happens to my career it won’t be the fault of any handling I’ve had,” she says, “because to start with, I have a wonderful seven-picture contract with Paramount, with twelve months off between pictures. That means I can do stage work, and I terribly much want to continue on the stage as well as in pictures. My bosses here at Paramount realize I may want to sing and dance myself from time to time, and that way because I feel I wouldn’t last long if I were to do pictures only. I have learned the little I know about acting from my stage work. I think I’ll continue to sing and dance as long as I can, and I adore the stage and would be very unhappy to leave it altogether.”

I reminded her that only a few months previously, while she was appearing here in “The Lavender Hill Mob,” she had released “Roman Holiday.” Hollywood columnists and reporters had been too eager to meet her. As a matter of fact, Paramount had had to cut down a number of requests for free tickets to see her in the play. She laughed, “It’s not very nice of you to remind me of that!”

But now she’s back in Hollywood, and in trouble living in a three-two-room apart ment on Wilshire Boulevard. “You won’t print my address, will you?” she asked— as though I would! I answered her question with another: “What’s the matter, afraid of Hollywood above anything?” and said, “Are there such things? Gosh, if there are, I’m no draw—because I just haven’t run across any.”

“What about New York and London wolves?” I wanted to know.

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"Look, if you really want to know, I think all men, at least all the men I've met personally, I've never yet had to fight off a man!"

I asked her about James Hanson, the thirty-one-year-old British trucking execu-
tive who some time ago had decided this was the wrong time to get married, she said, "I've told you my sched-
ule: a movie here in Hollywood, then back to the stage, then back to Hollywood, and then back to England. But this time I'm taking care of my business in England and in Canada. It would be very difficult for us to lead a normal married life. Other men have never worked so we decided to call it off. Oh, maybe sometime in the future—but not now, for a while."

Her childhood? She's of Scottish and Dutch parentage. Born in Brussels, she was sent to an English boarding school when she was a child. She speaks English, Dutch, French and a smattering of German and Italian. She's studied ballet, piano, music history and analysis, harmony, dance history and theory. Though she had no high-school or college education as we now it, she's had more than the equivalent from tutors.

Shortly before the outbreak of World War II, Audrey was taken to Arnhem, where her mother, Irena van Ufford Hepburn, and remained there throughout the war years. It was at ballet school in Arnhem in 1940, when she was eighteen, that her first public performance was in a show set up to raise funds for the Dutch under-
ring in its fight against the Nazis.

"After the war, the city was evacuated," Audrey continues, "and my mother and two half-brothers and myself were moved out into the country. And I was taught other young-
ters nearby to dance."

"Seven months after the big battle, Hol-
don was liberated for good, but mother and I had an awful time getting out of Hol-
don and from there to London. My father is Scott-
ish but mother had divorced him when I was six years old and I haven't seen him since. He lives in Ireland. Before that, I was married to a Dutchman, my father of his home town, Willem and Ian Quarles van Ufford. Anyway, we

had an awful fuss with the Dutch and Brit-
ish embassies over my Belgian-Scottish-
Dutch background. They want us to get visas and made it over to England."

"Why did you want to go to England? Well, my mother believed in my talent. She's a mother and I asked James, Audrey, if you want to badly enough."

"Don't misunderstand me about mother. She is anything but the 'typical stage mother.' Would you believe it, she has never been to Broadway! Other men have never worked so we decided to call it off. Oh, maybe sometime in the future—but not now, for a while."

They went from Holland to London to see Marie Rambert, who runs a ballet school. Their time was limited, because they had only ten dollars left to feed and keep themselves in a hotel for three days.

Now comes one of the great parts of the saga of young Audrey Hepburn, Rambert, recognizing her talent, took her into her own home and housed and fed and schooled her for six months.

"I was always short of money," Audrey explains, "although I modeled and clerked and did all sorts of odd jobs outside of school hours. My first class was at 10:00 A.M. and my last was at 6 P.M., so it was back to Holland, back to the streets at night.

Then came the chance to audition for 'High Button Shoes' and, although I had trained as a classical ballet dancer, with the full classical pulled-back hair, it was very freeing. And then I went down the street, I landed in the chorus of the musical comedy. I had been in London six months before I was discovered and had the chance of a lifetime beginning: I'm paying Marie back now."

"Then I asked, "Are you planning to re-
turn to Europe soon?"

"If that play materializes, I will go back to New York, and if it goes on Broadway. If not, I'll probably go to London and do one there. Or I may even do another picture."

Audrey is loyal, to her friends and to her family. Her family is her mother, one character. "I was doing a scene with him in Monte Carlo when Colette saw me for the first time," she said. "And I'm so thrilled because Marcel is in 'Sabrina' with the right people."

She told me about her half-brothers, Alexander and Ian, who both live in Indo-
nesia. "They keep sending them books," said Audrey, "but Indonesia seems to be very short of books. I am trying to talk Paramount into finding a script about Indonesia so that I can go over and make a picture there and visit my brothers there."

I asked her what she's going to do with all the money she's bound to make in her new status as a top Hollywood star. Her answer, "I haven't a clue. I have no money, no security of my mother and myself. And with what's left over, I'll buy books."

Her mother didn't accompany her to Hollywood, although she seemed to give a littleขยาย when they arrived. "She's trying to keep up with modern living," Audrey says. "She's trying to be her own mother.

I asked about hobbies. "I like to read, play records, swim and sunbathe," she says. "I would love to have a real hobby because I'm a stranger to the world."

"I think I'll have to develop one, a really interesting one—one like shrinking heads! But my trouble is I'm almost always working. I've never had both money and time."

On the question of how it feels to be one of the hottest actresses in Hollywood since Garbo, Audrey says: "Now, really, that's like asking a man with a name like his wife's."

She added, "Seriously, I can't say that I feel any different within myself. This sounds as though I'm not being grateful for all the thrilling things that are happening to me. It's true that I'm extremely happy about my success and very grateful when I think about its effect upon all those wonderful people who have helped me: my mother, my ballet and music teachers, the producers and directors who have worked with the people who have put me under contract, the agents who have guided me so wisely, the other ac-
tors and actresses who have advised and helped me—the people like Gilbert Miller, William Wyler and Gregory Peck.

"But I don't mean I am satisfied—that would be fatal! I know that, now that I've given up that little dream, I'm told I'll have to work. I'll be expected to do at least as well, if not better, in my next picture, I want to be ready to meet the challenge.

The interview was drawing to a close. What more could I ask her about—clothes, perfume, books?""
location in Canada. Between takes, while the world series was playing, an assistant rowed out to the raft with a portable radio—so Marilyn and Bob could listen! . . . Never a dull moment with Bing Crosby around. The day they started "White Christmas," he made quite an entrance. The groaner rode through the huge sound-stage door on the back of Rosemary Clooney's Great Dane, "Cuddles"!

Wishful Thinking: Someone at M-G-M got the bright idea of dusting off "Sally, Irene and Mary," an early-day Joan Crawford movie. The re-make would star Lana Turner, Ava Gardner and Rita Hayworth, if a miracle could get them together for one picture! . . . And Twentieth is still holding out hope that Bette Davis, in Massachusetts and well again, will realize Hollywood salaries have nose-dived. The studio wants her to play Queen Elizabeth I" which she also wants to do—but at her price, not theirs.

Are We Ambitious! "If you want something, go after it," says Terry Moore, which is exactly what she did. The second Shirley Booth arrived in town to make "About Mrs. Leslie" for producer Hal Wallis, Terry appeared in his office and begged to be in the film. . . . And Barbara Stanwyck, who rushes from job to job, says she'll only make four pictures this year instead of her customary six!

It's True That: Debbie Reynolds, who has done such tremendous good-will work for M-G-M and the industry, wants more money. Her small salary has never been adjusted since she started at the studio. . . . Piper Laurie has been voted "The Redhead of the Year." Good voting; her titian-tresses do not come out of a bot-tle. . . . Joanne Dru's three children! Dick Haymes were christened in a Presbyterian church recently. And school, the oldest girl insists on going under the name of "Pigeon" Ireland, because she is so crazy about step-father John Ireland. . . . "Choose Your Star—winner Pat Crowley isn't the sexy type at wishes Paramount would lay off the cheesecake. . . . Rita Hayworth and Dick Haym realize the power of a good press. After their wedding they recorded an interview with famous columnist and Photoplay writer Shelagh Graham. Then the engine cracked the record! The pair came back and re-recorded it.

Welcome Mat: June Haver who gave up $3,500 a week for life in a convent—back in Hollywood again. She loved the religious life but lacked the physical strength to perform her duties. An Blyth's flowers and words of cheer were the first to arrive. Thousands of sympathetic letters pour in daily, for everyon knows June's decision was a hard one.

Lost Laugh: About five years ago an unknown actor tested with Joan Crawford for a top role in "Flamingo Road." Wirning it would have made him famous Alas, he was so inexperienced, director Mike Curtiz stopped the test before it was finished. Today the same actor is starring with Joan in "Johnny Guitar," his first Western. She was thrilled to meet when they signed—Scott Brady! . . . After twelve years in Hollywood, and a re-curr lull in his career, Van Johnson is coming back strong. His tough-guy role in "The Caine Mutiny" has him in the running for all things, Westerns.
Finally, Tab Hunter gets a part with a reasonable amount of dignity, though his isn't really the lead. Rod Cameron heads an expedition scouting for oil in the Sahara, with Tab operating the radio and other instruments. Richard Erdman provides wisecracks and John Dehner moments of unease, as a morose alcoholic. A sandstorm puts their plane out of action, but they're saved when the same wind neatens a tank left by Rommel's retreating men. This, "The Steel Lady," carries him toward civilization—and into a brawl with Arabs seeking gems stolen by Nazis.

Verdict: *Wild adventure story that moves at a fast clip*

(Family)

**GENEVIEVE**

(Bank, U.S.; Technicolor)

The wacky ways of the hobos are in keeping for a British comedy that ranges from sly marital sidelights to farce to tapsticking. Affable John Gregson, a lawyer, is a passion for ancient automobiles—a nanita not shared by his wife, lovely Dinah Sheridan. But, to keep the peace, she eschews the annual jaunt to Brightton board his 1904-model car, fondly named Genevieve. Also in the cavalcade are fel¬

enthusiast Kenneth More and his late-

sister, Kay Kendall, the action winds up in a wild race between vintage vehicles.

Verdict: Feather-light foolishness done with considerable charm

(Adult)

**MURDER ON MONDAY**

(Mayer-Kingsley)

Wholedum fans addicted to the leisurely British style should enjoy this England-

amed movie. Thanks to Ralph Richardson, both director and star, it's acted with the relaxed skill, in every detail. But the lot is long ragged-out, and it contains the glaring flaw. Richardson's a quiet clerk who, through amnesia, loses a day out of his life. During the missing hours, murder was committed, and even Richardson considers himself a logical suspect. Wife Margaret Leighton and family doctor Jack Hawkins help in the search or the truth.

Verdict: First-rate acting in a slow-paced English mystery

(Family)

**THUNDER OVER THE PLAINS**

(Warners, Warnercolor)

The Texas of the carpet-bag era becomes the scene of a good Randolph Scott Western. Southern by birth, but a Union Army vet, Scott heads an occupation force and combats both Yankee plunderers and the Texans who form vigilante-like out¬

banks. The discontent felt by the hero's genteel breed wife (Phyllis Kirk) in his wild country furnishes a secondary theme. Lex Barker, as Scott's rash sub¬

ordinate, hinders him and covets his wife.

Verdict: *Lively Dixie Western*

(Family)
Jeff's Other Love

(Continued from page 51)

and Jess Barker—no matter what they say—they aren't happy. And neither are Jeff and Susan. Jeff is incredibly inventive, and speculates on what would have happened if they'd kept that boy-meets-girl flame from flickering out. But it's too late now.

It was then, but now it isn't. For when Jess Barker married Susan, violently that Sunday night, their marriage—as of that moment—was over. And, curiously enough, at almost the same time, Jeff and Marjorie Ebinger's divorce had been declared. That their two-year-old attempt at reconciliation hadn't worked.

So it was natural for that handful of informed insiders, even though none of them were privy at the time, to divide the scene and two together and arrive at four.

Nothing now stood in the way of a revival of that long dormant romance.

One thing must, however, be made crystal-clear. Their teen-age Brooklyn romance had absolutely nothing to do with the breaking up of these two marriages. For when the Mordern affair was over, when he was separated from Marge for the first time in 1851, became somewhat of a minor Casanova for seven months—siring such important children as Ann Sheridan, Linda Darnell, Joan Crawford, Laurie and many others—no one ever saw him with Susan. Never has that glamorous Brooklyn redhead allowed a wisps of scandal to appear in print. And for a reason.

In the star-spangled city, a curious custom obtains. The moment film personalities cut themselves from the confining yoke of marriage via a statement to the press, they are on the open market. So it was merely routine for columnists to scribble that six-foot-four Jeff was offering Susan his mammoth Brooklyn shoulter to shy on, that murder melodrama actress, acknowledged to be one of the town's finest. But the greatest acting she ever did over the years was in her press interviews when she'd vow, again and again, "Jeff and Susan: Our marriage is the best thing about us."

Naturally, during this present unhappy period of waiting for Jess Barker to accept the proposal—because Susan refuses to accept, Susan is understandably careful about anything which might influence him in the divorce negotiations.

But recently, quite by accident, an incident occurred which may have been more than just a bear to Susan's protestations. The columns reported that Susan, an avid Dodger fan, was off to see the World Series in New York, accompanied by her twin boys and her hairdresser, long-time friend, Emmy Eckhart. As it happened, I was seeing my sister off on the same plane at the Los Angeles International Airport. Jeff happened to spot her.

Of course, the long arm of coincidence might have been working overtime and he might have been seeing someone else off. But he was chatting with a woman I recognized as Emmy Eckhart. Obviously Jeff, who has a well-developed eye for the ladies, wasn't out there to wave good-bye to middle-aged Mrs. Eckhart. In fact, come to think of it, it's odd that he should even know her.

The book took place not long afterwards. A Hollywood column carried a report based on a conversation with Susan immediately after her return from New York. According to Jeff Chandler called the columnist in the source of the news, "Is Susan back from New York already?" he asked forthrightly, "I want to call her."

Susan and Jeff stopped making a secret of their dates, began to be seen together in public.

They have much in common—these two: a background of poverty geared to the heights of glamour. And Jeff, the adjustment to life's seamer realities, which has resulted in emotional maturity for both; an overwhelming ambition to perfect their acting; a desire for security; a raising in uncomfortable closeness to actual malnourishment during their early Hollywood days. They have both known the heartaches and the torments of broken marriage as well as that split-second decision that would make them whole.

Susan, then Edythe Marren, part-Irish, part-French and part-Scottish, was born in Flatbush thirty-three years ago. Her father was a clay molder who had earlier been a copper miner. Her grandmother was a famous Irish actress, Kate Harrigan; and her mother was an intensely emotional and dramatic woman. The boy whom the young Susan cared for with husband by extending her arm and saying "Go on, break it, break it ..." Jeff Chandler, born Ira Grossell thirty-four years ago in Brooklyn, was son of a Jewish tailor. It was that small boy who, after a_moment of rounds, decided that he was a Russian factory worker. When he was barely three, his parents, after constant bickering and quarrelling, went to live with her parents while she tried to earn enough to support the son whom she loved above all else. Finally she opened a tiny candy store and Jeff helped her run it.

"That's why," he once explained, "I couldn't join the Footlighters, a dramatic club, when I was attending Erasmus Hall High School. But being that, in 1918, I noticed this intensely feminine and moody little girl with a flaming mop of curly red hair. Already Susan gave promise of her future exquisite beauty and great promise. By the time Susan was a standoffish quality kept her from being popular, though admiring glances were frequently turned her way. Jeff's deepocket brown eyes already bore the trace of that which he later would call the quality of animal magnetism he was later to exploit so successfully.

"I wanted more than anything to be an actor," Jeff recalls, "but I didn't know how to go about it. "Then the teacher gave me a part in a minor scene from Shakespeare. I felt more than a little confident. But when I had to brandish a pointer and pretend it was a sword, I was very silly and she died inside when the kids laughed. But I noticed one girl staring big-eyed, not smiled at the belligerence, and there I felt desperately in love with her. Another boy would have wangled a seat near her in the classroom. Not I."

"The idea of going up to Jeff and nerve to talk to her after school that afternoon. 'You didn't laugh at me,' I told her. 'No, she whispered. 'That's because I'm going to be an actress on Broadway when I grow up, and I know how you feel.' I'm going to be an actor, too," I told her. 'But sometimes I think maybe I ought to be a commercial artist. Mama says it's easier to make a living.' Art is the thing I love second best, too," Susan said. "But no matter what or how, I want to be an actress. So I want to make enough money so I can have a car and take my mother for rides on Sunday in the park. I want to earn $75 a week."

"That's a lot of money," I said.

Susan said her answer ready: 'Daddy always says a person has got to go for whatever he wants. You've got to be like a seminarian. If they hit you, the higher you'll bounce.'"

Jeff carried some of that same philosophy home with him. Susan was already playing leads in school plays, strongly encouraged by the teachers, and Jeff was determined to be in them too in order to be near her. "I know now," says Jeff, "that the reason I pushed for class presidency several times, and won several times, was to make insatiable yearnings to perform."

Jeff tried out hopefully for a school musical. Susan had already been cast in the part of a Jewess, and Jeff, that was the part that would keep him near her. "I began to sing," he says, "but that was the day my voice decided to change and I was an alternating tenor and a bass. Miss Rappaport had the girl in mind for the role of love, had to give the part to another boy.

But all was not lost. I was made stage manager, and during the performance, Jeff told me that she had a headache. I ran three blocks to the nearest drugstore and spent my full week's twenty-five-cent allowance for a bottle of aspirins. Susan was overjoyed, fell in love with the medicine, and wrote a very bad poem about the lidded green of her eyes.

Susan and Jeff's romance, Flatbush fashion, did not include genteel dancing school soirees or ice-skating parties. The pavement was their lovers' lane; the brownstone stoops, their parlor for serious discussions of the future. Jeff, hurrying to work in his mother's store, sometimes walked Susan to the "day-old" bakery where she picked up the family supply of bread, saving pennies and buying her withdrawals both kept closed. I kept out for pop bottles which they turned in at the market for hard cash. That cash was hoarded for weekly visits to the neighborhood movies. Jeff, however, was usually pushed to认购 a job—the only girl with a newspaper route for the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

"When I was a kid," Susan once said, "I always figured, 'No, we can't have that. This is too good. You're only going to lose anything over a quarter.' Except once a year. And that was for my birthday cake. I bought it at Ebinger's bakery and I was silent on Christmas, with the fantastically huge sum of sixty cents.

Susan went on to girls' Commercial High (now called Prospect Heights High); Jeff, to Erasmus Hall High. Then for her, It was a short step to the college where she worked at a job she hated, while Jeff was studying drama on a free scholarship. And when Susan joined the army of hopefuls brought to New York, to fill the roles of Scarlett O'Hara, Jeff was working for ten dollars a week in a little theatre outside of Chicago. At twenty-two, he entered the army; at twenty-seven he emerged.
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The Russell legend features, among other things, a terrible temper, and Mr. "Shotgun" Britton carries the ball on that. One of his favorite sports is to precede Jane on the set and warn everybody concerned that she is in a snit. "Just stay clear of her today," he cautions. "She's really feeling mean!"

It is a joke assured of success. Miss Russell is notably uncommunicative in the morning, her mind on drapes she wants to make or a decorating problem, and she is naturally sullen of expression. People are very conscious of her after she has warned that "Shotgun" gives the alarm, logic gives way to jitters. By the time they see Jane stride in, silent and unsmilimg, everybody else on the set is walking on eggs. In fact, the only person on the entire lot unaware that her mood is allegedly lacking in tranquility is Jane; her thoughts have progressed to an antique shop she means to visit or a friend in need whom she wants to help, and the sound of knocking knees doesn't even penetrate.

Sometimes, by midafternoon, she becomes aware of the pall that hangs over the lot, but she has long since given up hope of doing anything about "Shotgun's" mischief. If she should suddenly begin to smile and exude charm at a company expecting an explosion, it would make things worse, not better, for her. So Jane does nothing—and three days later, when she flips her lid over some real irritation, they nod wisely at one another and say, "You see? That 'Shotgun' really knows her!" Miss Russell is known by many names on her lot—the Queen, Hard John (Bob Mitchum's contribution), the Damad—but or her, spoken in a kind of jargon, never means anyone else.

That 'Shotgun' really fixed things fine at Fox, Jane said a few weeks ago, "Going over there and telling them what a witch I am, on the set of 'Blondes' and cleared my throat, and you should have seen them scatter!"

She leaped to her feet, demonstrating the agitation she had caused, and Steffie Garland said sharply, "Sit down."

Miss Russell glared at her hairdresser. "Steffie, I'm trying to tell a story!"

"And I'm trying to get your hair ready for the next scene," Steffie answered with equal nobility. "So sit down and be still!"

"What's all the commotion?" bellowed a new voice, and "Shotgun" Britton appeared, stomping his feet and pounding the door frame with his fist. If the Madam wanted noise, he was happy to oblige.

"'Shotgun,' get out of here!" Jane was now getting maximum performance out her vocal cords. "When I want you around, you know it is!"

"Aw, right aw right," he matched a decibel for decibel, "I'm goin'!" And he did, slamming the door behind him.

Know what they were doing? Havir fun. Playing at the legend that Jane Russell is the most temperamental actress in Hollywood.

"Why's everybody always talking about my shoutin'?" Jane asks. "I come from long line of shouters. I have four brothers and they all shouted. My father did it, did both my grandfathers. My grandfather on my mother's side was just like the kind of character Lionel Barrymore always plays, loud as hell. I was raised in Hollywood, but always hiding it by shouting at people in an irritable way. I loved that old guy.

She's a study in contradictions, the Russell dome, even apart from the legend. On the screen, she doesn't like to reflect about herself is that she's shy—which is. Let it also be known that she considers herself quite an analyst of human nature; she's curious as a squirrel about any society much too shy to examine him openly.

By her own admission Jane has been walking all over people since childhood. She has heard of anyone who is afraid to stand up to her. Professionally, that is. At home, Robert Waterfield rules the roost, as he has since they were married ten years ago. The person who tells Jane what she is or isn't is Jane Russell—her husband's word is the law, and she wants everyone to know it.

The big movie star who has become a legend of sound and fury is the world's most docile wife when she returns to the house high on a hill.

She has been built up as a synonym for sex, for sexual freedom, for anything—but by her own admission shows affection not by a kiss but by a solid punch that would rattle the bones of a 200-pounder.

Her thinking, her way of expressing herself, is as strong as her feminine—and yet the motif of her home which is another form of self-expression, is Oriental, hence exotic and elaborate. In a similar vein, Jane habitually wears short ears enough money to match the world's most docile wife when she returns to the house high on a hill.

She spends most of her time worrying over and doing things for other people, but a suggestion that she wants to mother the whole world bowled her over. "Who, me?" she asks. "That's the silliest thing I ever heard!"

As a youngster, Jane controlled her four unruly younger brothers by the simple measure of clobbering them—but she needed a cure for the hard cases when they realized that they had outstripped her physically. Now she can say "Please" very prettily to the guy who's bigger than she is.

Is she as tough as she looks? Well, she only has one handsome football hero of a husband, only two beautiful children, only one castle on top of her personal hill. She only gets one new Cadillac a year, only enough money to match the world's most docile wife when she returns to the house high on a hill. She has no sense of humor, she has no sense of humor, she has no sense of humor. If you were
As for the temperament, it's all bluff—and the day she knows that you know it is the day you become friends with Jane Russell. Her own opinion is that it's ridiculous for people to quake at her approach, and she's absolutely right.

They love to tell the story, on the RKO lot, of the writer who got the full legendary treatment. He knew Miss Russell only by reputation, he said, and he wanted to do a story on what she was really like.

Her crew greeted this statement with derision, but the writer assured them all that he wouldn't water the story down, whereupon they took him to the star's dressing room and gleefully, outrageously maligned her heroine. In the beginning they told him facts, gave examples of her thoughtfulness and generosity—but then the Madam put in an appearance.

Fixing the group with a fishy eye, she said, "I guess this was the only place you could find to do your gabbing!"

Nobody was impressed except the writer, who was ready to take to his heels. The crew simply fell into the pattern set by her introductory crack. While Jane sat, silently applying make-up, they continued to brief the man who would be a witness to the star's behaviors.

By now he had gotten the idea that they were only playing, albeit a little rough; he had seen the faint smile lurking in the corners of Jane's mouth. "I'm going to cut you up into quivering little bits," he said.

The crew took over again, then, relating further facts in great detail, and Jane said nothing until she had completed her make-up job. Then she suddenly slammed a comb down on the dressing table and roared, "I'm surrounded by idiots!"

On her way out of the dressing room she paused before the writer. From where he sat, she looked a mile tall. "Say," she asked, "what was that you said you were going to cut me up into?"

There was a silence, during which the writer's entire life passed before him. "Quivering little bits?" he offered.

Jane gave him a brilliant, beautiful smile. "Yeah," she said, "That was it."

As he prepared to leave the set of "The French Line," Jane was taking her little catlike strides toward the stairs on which she would do her next scene with Gilbert Roland. Somebody spotted beloved character-actor Arthur Hunnicutt on the other side of the set and yelled, "Hey, Arthur, come over here a minute."

He nodded amiable and was picking his way over equipment when Miss Russell wheeled and whipped her fingers at him. "Stay where you are," she ordered. Hunnicutt froze in his tracks, and over her shoulder Jane winked broadly at the writer. "You see?" her expression aid. "Temperament!"

All in good time Arthur joined the little group of watchers. He didn't say anything, though, until Jane was within earshot. Then he grumbled loudly, "I don't know where she gets off! Way she orders people around, you'd think that she was the star of this picture and I was the one who got forth billing!"

Out of the corner of his eye he looked at Jane Russell, who was smiling broadly. They were having a ball. The End
The More the Merrier

(Continued from page 39)

well, this is Ricci, spelled R-I-C-C-I." For as the James, anyone could understand that, they feel.

They excitedly past the bassinet to see
him, the other children—Craig, eleven,
Claudia, nine, Gayl, eight, Dena, five, and
two-year-old Dino—were thoroughly
delighted. They'd ordered a baby brother
and they'd ordered a baby girl too. And
Jeanne, being very definite about it, before
the baby arrived.

"He's cute!" his sisters chorused.

"I've seen three and three," said Craig
with relief.

They're a good group, thought Dean,
eying them fondly. The four older ones,
children by Dean's first wife, Betty, live in
a spacious four-story home two blocks
away from the French Colonial place in
West Los Angeles shared by Dean and
Jeanne and Dino and Ricci—and a great
deal of the time by the other children, who
are so young. "I've got them on a quick
pick-up song for them all, of all them. Dino Crocetti, the barber's son from Steubenville, Ohio, is only grateful and humbly happy that
today he can.

The domestic picture of the older Dino,
homemaker and family provider, lovingly
surrounded by an even half-dozen well-
honed children, has been a shocker for
some of the staid citizens of Steubenville,
who early predicted that nothing good
was in store for him. He was too "racy,"
they thought; he was considered to be a
good boy and a good son, and that was
right," Dean says. He certainly wound up
with a full house—in fact, two. One thing
is sure: he is one of Hollywood's warmly
devoted fathers always. And Jeanne, who
specializes in laughter and lullabies.

Today all Dean Martin has to do is to
look at each of his older children and he
remembers vividly the lean days of a few
years ago. Of his large brood he says, "Others may swear on their word of honor,
but I swear on my children."

His eldest, freckle-faced Craig, was born
when Dean was just beginning his profes-
sional engagement. "I was singing with
Sammy Waters' in Cleveland, and we
had it plenty tough trying to meet ex-
spenses. I couldn't raise the hospital bill.
Finally I got a check from Grace Moore.
Nobody but a gambler would have pre-
dicted any kind of a decent future for
Dean in those dys.

Dark-eyed Claudia, nine, was born when
they were in New York. She was working in
Walker's Cafe for forty dollars a week,
and my friends kicked in to help
pay the hospital bill. Gail, eight, was born
in Philadelphia. Money was really scarce then. When he was working in New York when
I was working, and Betty was staying with
her mother in Philadelphia. I couldn't get
a regular job. Everyone thought I was trying
a personal Sinatra. I did hold my
mike like Sinatra.

Five-year-old Dena was born in Los
Angeles. "I was doing better then, Jerry
and I were playing in Slapsie Maxie's. I
had a quarter of a million dollars. We
were the best-dressed men in town with
four suits—law suits—pending."

When mounting friction and unhappi-
ness strained their relationship past any
reasonable point, Betty presented the
issue of divorce. But they have always
stood together through their marriage. And later while playing at
a night club in Miami, Dean Martin met
the pretty blonde who is now a mother of
two sons—and the warm understanding
stepmother of Dino Crocetti, who now
live with their mother just around the
corner from them.

Sunny-haired Dino, Junior age two,
has his mother's big blue eyes and his
dad's easy-going disposition. "Daddy, sing,
Daddy, sing," he says, which means for
someone to start the record player going.
Two-year-old Gayl, the fourth child, has
picked up by it, climbs up and listens with his
dad close to the disc as he can get it. And for
his pop this is an understandably devas-
tating thing.

He has a familiar singing approach when he
comes home at night has Dino charging
for a first down at the front door. Far from
being jealous of Dino, Junior, the older
child, he is happy, and he thinks they are
the greatest. Ask them for something
other than "Mambo Italiano" and they say
prudently, "Five." For now they cut little Ricci
in too.

Now, two children they might think, their
home life isn't confusing. Dean says, "They
get real affection and a lot of it. The biggest
trouble, I believe, in a broken home is
telling the kids all about it and leaving
them to find their own way out. Craig and I
had a long talk when his mother and I separated. He asked ques-
tions and I answered them for him.

As a quiet-spoken and seeming casualness,
Dean Martin is the most con-
cerned of fathers. He long ago thumbed
down a swimming pool for either home.
This was, in fact, a stipulation in the di-
vorced agreement he signed with his former
wife. That she wouldn't get a house with a
pool. "Just too dangerous there where are
so many small children," he says. One of the
Dino Crocetti's greatest pleasures is that he's
never gotten a divorce. And his doctor was too unconcerned about diag-
nosing what was wrong with the baby.

"He got so mad—I thought he was going
to throw the baby at me," says the father.

A thoughtful and generous father, Dean
insists he lays down the law too. "When
they've needed discipline, they've gotten
it," he says. "Such as the time Craig set fire
to a window curtain and burned up
the whole room. We were living in
New York in a little apartment on 106th Street.
He was three years old. He was going
through a phase then, he wanted to be a
fireman—and he was practicing up."

Asking only that they all remain un-
spoiled and good little citizens Dean was
very much like the average father, dean
of the public school they all attend in
the neighborhood, none of them ever tries
to impress the other kids. They speak of
Dean simply as "my father," and never
spread rumors or stories. And he's a home
and television star. A school chum who
dropped by the house with Craig once
afternoon not long ago stopped in his tracks
when he saw Dean. Then, as realization
dawned, turned to him with an amazed
"Say—is he your dad?"

"They're nice kids—all of them," Dean
says warmly now. "Gail's a talented dancer. Plays the piano well too. Claudia
is a good guy. And Dena, she's
delightful. Dena is five. She just hangs around—but you know
she's there."

Neither Dean nor Jeanne see anything
extraordinary about both households being
headed by males. "It's a question of fact," as
Jeanne says, "That's one of the reasons we
got this place. To be in the same neigh-
borhood. We try to keep close together. It
doesn't matter. It's not so much in pictures, television, radio, and making
records, Dean doesn't have too much time
to spend with the family. It's much more
convenient this way."

"This makes it much easier and nicer,"
Dean says. "The children are in and out of
school about the same time I leave the
house—and they turn in and have a
plug of milk with me."

While Jeanne takes no credit for the
feeling so welcome, saying, "They're suc-
cessful people. They've made Dean
warmly of her, "She's the greatest. SI
plays with them. The girls bring the
little girls friends over and 'try on' Dean's
Jewelry and dress and skirt and
model her costume jewelry around
her. She's just wonderful with them. And
brings no pretense either. She really
loves them. Sometimes when she takes them off
for a riding lesson they bring a few friends
along. One morning there were nine
them. Looked like the whole cavalry."

The children are Dean's eager fans or
ritics. "They tell me what they like and
what they don't. They want to know what
I sang such and such a song. Also usual
'Did you really kiss that girl?'"

Dean was a little startled recently when he asked
what Craig wanted to be when he
was grown up and his son said thoughtfully
"I'd like to be a waiter at the Brow
Derby."

"Relating it now, Dean laughs, 'Told him to just forget the whole thing.

If you work long enough and hard
enough and save your money,
you are old, you can have
the things that young people enjoy.

JOE F. BROWN

Despite the fact Martin and Lewis are
now starring in a picture called "Living
Up," Dean insists they're living down.
In the future we hope not to work as hard:
We're gradually slowing down now.
Now it's summer vacation in Copacabana.
We're through playing thee
r. No more long tours. That's my deci-
sion. The movies are here, radio's
new television, golf courses, and I want to
stay here watching them grow up in photograph.
Jeanne faithfully sends when Martin and
Lewis are out on tour. "One of my children
called me 'Friend' the last time. I got
letter, 'Dear Friend—How are you?'"

Although with today's responsibilities
he can't slow down too much. 'I've got
to keep working. Don't ever let them tell you
I'm too old. Do the best job I can for it—they're not even half right.'

Of the children's future Dean says, I
just want them to grow up good. And I
have security, of course. They're the rea-
son I'm such a success. If I don't work
just turn the job in for a new model now
and then. They're well provided for now.
Outside the $3,200 monthly alimony Betty
gets, the kids have a $1,600 monthly
nut. They all have his name on their
shares, and they still have theirs. And they'll always have
home with their mother or they can
live with us. We'll always have room.

Blessed so generously, Dino "Punchy
Crocketti still can't figure out what he's
done to deserve today. 'I'm the luckies
guy this side of East Liverpool.'

The End
Those Irish Eyes Are Smiling

(Continued from page 52)

ager I waited," she says, "the harder it was to tell them, the more I wanted to--and my mother became bouncing high over. She likes Jim, of course, and I just couldn't be happier--all of us."

Jim's home-town paper in Los Altos did carry an announcement of the event at the same time. And so did the London Times, but they had been married five months before Hollywood discovered the igpy news, and by then another happy event was on the way.

The fact that they so thoroughly scooped Hollywood with both news items, Audrey did Jim explain simply: "Nobody asked me anything--I just knew...I'd have loved telling them."

They had been married a month before you managed to see the story of their engagement. They were celebrating their fifth wedding anniversary when the news finally oke that they were married. And Audrey was finishing her last scene in "Casanova's Big Night" with Bob Hope, when Hollywooy discovered--six months later--that she was expecting a baby in December. She wonders, with a merry glint in her eye with her Irish eyes, "Do you suppose our baby ill be in school before anybody knows it has arrived?"

But Jim and Audrey do admit that they're still a little surprised themselves how swiftly and unexpectedly--and surprisingly--the whole pattern of their relative lives has changed.

Certainly, Audrey Hepburn, whose father, in charge of film distribution for Sam Goldwyn in London, had no thought of personally cementing American-American relations when she made her plans to cross the Atlantic. "It was determined," she said, "that I wasn't going to be talked into marriage by my American man. I didn't want to get married until I was just getting over being engaged--or getting steady, as you say."

I was fancy-free, and I had every intention of staying that way. I was going to make my pictures and go home!"

For Billie Holman, from brown, twenty-three and free, as a breeze, he was expecting to graduate from UCLA. His ideas were concentrated on motion picture art, and he had no set plans for the future. He had no intention of staying free.

"Then there she was--right out of the air," he says.

"Out of the green, dear," his Irish bride osserted merrily.

Jim says he wanted her to talk that evening, but she seemed a little shy. And when Audrey raised her lovely brows at that comment, he quickly says, "Well--I got the impression, honey, that you were a warm, lovely listener anyway."

Audrey found herself listening a lot after that--and loving it. She was entranced by the handsome Jim with his breezy charm and his gentle kindness. "I thought he was the most thoughtful, sweetest person I had ever known," she says.

Jim, who loves to reminisce on the subject, says, "I was amazed from the first at how much we had in common." They found, for instance, that they were both "intoxicated" by the same kind of music, and Diexiland. "We'd drive through all the heavy traffic to downtown Los Angeles to hear Kid Ory's band--real Creole jazz."

But it was the same with so many things. With the arts, too.

At that time they had lived an ocean apart. But we might have been next-door neighbors, for all the ideas we shared."

"Even," twinkles Audrey, "to eating lamb with a cocktail sauce--now." At first, their drink tastes did differ. Audrey seasonal everything. She cooked and cooked and cooked some ideas with more care than many Italian cooks. And Jim--like most American men--seemed to want everything seasoned with garlic.

But while she was picking up some of his American tastes, he was finding her Irish "catching" too. Audrey says "ba-nanna! simple banana," he laughs. "One night, we were having dinner at Chante's, and I heard myself saying, "I'll have some banana cream pie.""

Just about this time, he wrote a letter home, which said that something was "smashing!

"What's this 'smashing' thing?" his parents wrote back.

As it developed, it was love--the garlic, the bananas, the whole smashing thing! Just about the most memorable during the Christmas holidays, they were married in the Parish Church in Los Altos. The bride wore filmy pale pink and a veil of tears in her sparkling blue eyes.

She says, her happiness was really complete when she discovered she was going to have a baby.

To be a bride incognito in a town inhabited by newsmen and gossips is something of a challenge--other women to-do--that's sensational! By all the rules, impending motherhood is self-revealing. But Audrey was in her sixth month and had been working almost every day on the set of "Philadelphia Story." The film, "The Night," the "new" finally broke. "It was the strangest thing," Audrey puts it. "I finished the picture--and suddenly, I bloomed!"

When Paramount announced that Audrey would go into the picture, she had just returned from Rome. The doctor had just confirmed her and Jim's fondest hopes. She had yawned so for the chance to play a featured role in a movie with her idol, Bob Hope. And, with the baby coming, she was afraid she'd have to turn down the chance.

"I didn't know what to do," she says. "I wanted to make the picture so badly. She took a chance on the camouflage possibility offered by the fact that it was a costume film--and went ahead.

Going to and from the studio, she wore blue jeans and a flapping shirt with the tails hanging loose. And that," she says, "didn't make me conspicuous. So many girls wear them that way here."

Every once in a while, during filming, the wardrobe girl would comment when she was fitting her, "You seem to be putting on a little weight." And Audrey would reply, "I guess I had a potato too many
Esther Williams’ Wonderful Christmas

(Continued from page 43)

last child, was born on August 8, 1923—

"in the parlor," recalls her mother, "be- cause right then isn’t any other place avail- able. And a few minutes later, the fat little pink bundle was placed in the arms of her twelve-year-old sister, Maureen, secondary mother until I was strong enough to help her. With five children to bring up there was much to do. And I’ve always felt that the sharing of family responsibilities was a privilege and blessing to Esther and me and helped the children gladly gave it. Our little house began to bulge at the seams and Dad began to add rooms."

Today that simple, vine-clad house— still the home of Mr. and Mrs. Williams is a symbol to Esther of all that is good and lovely in this world. Though she has recently signed a ten-year contract with her studio which will pay her a staggering sum of money; though she is among the top ten film personalities in drawing power and has, with her hus- band, Ben, a host of vastly successful business interests, she has never been happier than when she is sitting in her own back yard listening to the throaty voice of her brother Kenji. She has always known her brother as "Kimmie" and she has always loved him."

And Esther safely home after only four days in the hospital, continued to be radi- antly happy. "Ben and Mother wanted me to stay longer but I can rest better at home."

"Esther’s room is on the having with her from the first. She’s truly ma-terial and doesn’t believe a new-born baby should be exiled in a hospital nurs-ery." With six months to wait the time I went to see Esther she was radiant and told me again that childbirth is the greatest experience a woman can know."

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board and create a whole family of paper dolls for the house.

Every Christmas Mr. Williams added innovations and refinements to that magnificent structure. He would light up the street with electric lights in each room.

And it is still a great family treasure—right now, says Esther, “My sister Jane’s daughters have it, but I’m serving notice on them that I’m ready to take it back.”

“When I was a child the spirit of Christmas descended on the Williams clan a couple of months ahead of schedule. We couldn’t afford a Christmas tree, but instead we painted tree decorations, and so we used ingenuity in making and inventing all sorts of things. When funds were scarcer than usual we didn’t have a real Christmas tree, but instead we lit up the one which Daddy wired together to make the most beautiful Christmas tree in town. My gift to him every year was a supply of shaving soap—and that was all I wanted!”

Time moved just as quickly in the Ingleswood home, for every holiday and birthday party was an event of great importance. Easter eggs were dyed and bunnies were baked. Fabrics made from colored paper were a special delight of sister Maureen who would gather the brood early for wildflower-picking expeditions to the field behind the Ingleswood home. Maureen, also, who organized camping trips, beach parties and taught the youngsters to swim.

And when the community decided that a playground and swimming pool would be a good idea, all the Ingleswood women (except for Mrs. Williams, a handsome, graying older edition of her talented daughter, Esther.) “Es was in the first grade,” Mrs. Williams remembers, “and she was in heaven because she didn’t have to share the pool with wavy-haired children like some of the other girls. Would you believe their hair is still wavy? And they still have two left feet!” Her hair was a real crisis and though I was in the midst of cooking and ironing I dropped everything, went to school to show them how to cut her hair. But as she grew older, she turned to the choir and the church in a Christmas operetta at school. The leading role was portrayed by a sweet little singer who had been home-schooled.

One Christmas, Esther Williams first splashed onto the nation’s screen and became an overnight star. And she has remained top box office ever since. As a Christmas gift Esther and Ben presented the school with a big and beautiful Swimming Pool—enough to make her outlook probably than any other Hollywood star.

Could this be because of her wholly normal upbringing? She is, those who know her, the most wholesome, wholesome, wholesome, wholesome. I’m not talking about her surroundings as it is possible to be. As Esther explains, “I have always had to have people in my life whose love, strength and religious faith were absolute.” She is one of those who do not dive in and be my self at first. It was my family. Then I found Ben. Then I found a love of children from large and happy families like the Gages of Evanston, Illinois, and the Williams of Los Angeles make the best marriage material. What I’ve learned from my childhood home I’ve tried to pass on to my children. Ben and Billy and Betty are really enjoying growing up with the mother’s in bringing up our family: ‘Not to have too much money is the most fortunate thing that can happen to children.”

As Esther Williams has played a big role in the Gage family life and will continue to do so. There the true spirit of Christmas lingers long after the mistletoe is dry and the tree has lost its tinkle, the parents’ furniture is a charming Christmas reminder on the wall—a green felt Christmas tree, where the children can hang their gift from daughter June. Little circle cut out in the tree are filled with tiny portraits of the whole Williams clan. As yet they haven’t added the newest one—Ben and Esther’s Susan Tenney. But at the 1953 celebration, the baby’s picture will be there. And so will the baby.

For Esther Williams, in the deepest spiritual sense, has never really lived.

The End

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START TODAY! Rid your skin of ugly pimples and blackheads of Acne. Send for this amazing scientific discovery

ACNETROL "A" is united. A TREATMENT NOT A MASK. Treated dermatologists are saying that it is well worth your way to new beauty!

ACNETROL "A" was developed by one of the country’s foremost dermatologists and used in his daily practice with tremendous success.

ACNETROL "A" costs only 35¢ a DAY! Just clip the following coupon and send it once for a liberal supply. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Send promptly to

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Personal
To Women With Nagging Backache

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Don't neglect your kidney. If these conditions bother you, Try Don's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully for over 50 years. Offered without obligation. 

(Continued from page 28)

remember him by for a few painful days. After his break-up with Lana, it was ironical—or just human nature—that Fernando should latch onto Lex Barker's ex-wife, Arlene Dahl. Of course, hot publicity on the couple started. But it is my belief that Fernando will return to his ex-wife, after he's firmly established in Hollywood.

A split-up between the two wouldn't break Arlene's heart. She showed how her heart fluctuates when she quit Lex Barker on the eve of their highly publicized wedding, and dizziness was the result. Arlene left from New York with canceled marriage plans; then flying back to join him at the altar a few days later. Of course, Lex proved himself just about as stable when he followed Arlene and lured her back to becoming his bride. The marriage lasted just a speck over a year.

Then Lex, as a bachelor, became like a little boy in a candy shop. Eligible men in Hollywood are few, and beautiful girls are plentiful. Lex had a field day until Lana snared him, hook, line, and sinker. That match is still inexplicable to Hollywood. At the start, the flame between husband, Dr. Minor Lindstrom, and wife, Nora Bergman, was a big one. But why?

There are many aspects to this marriage that are, in a way, reminiscent of the Ava Gardner-Frank Sinatra hassle. And whenever expected that to last as long as it has?

But now, after all the spats and reconciliations, it does look as if it's over for good. You don't talk to lawyers for fun. But Ava has a talent for marrying temperamental men. First it was Mickey Rooney. Then Artie Shaw. Artie succeeded in confusing her mind with his pseudo-intellectualism and temperament. When that marriage ended, Ava had had it. She knew her feminine strength, and she was tired of being kicked around by men. Then along came Frankie; and Ava was ready for him. Her hot blood and hot temper more than equalled his. And that was the trouble! The tragedy of Ava's life is that she wants children. She even had an operation to increase her chances of having a baby.

But Rita Hayworth has had children—and look at her hectic love life! In the beginning she worked diligently to get into showbusiness. Once established, however, she took a downer on indifference toward her career. Rita flouted convention by cavorting all over Europe with Aly Khan before he married her. After their wedding, she gave up her career to become a princess. But since Rita was not born to the purple, royalty became tiresome. She didn't know how to behave. So she returned to Hollywood, resumed her acting, and took to making slightest affluence of all by marrying Dick Haymes.

I could never see Dick as a lady-killer, but he must have something—and it isn't money. Nora Eddington told me her marriage to him was full of surprises. Not the least was the fact that he neglected to tell her she was his third wife. Seems he'd completely forgotten wife Number 1.

Ingrid Bergman started the recent cycle of mad passion among movie people with her completely unorthodox affair with Rossellini. When I interviewed her in the old days, she'd ask me to refrain from bringing her name up, because her ex-husband, Peter Lindstrom, because that kind of publicity was considered unethical in medical circles.

Then she spread her name over the world when she deserted him for Rossellini. When I asked: "What is it that still exists?" I wouldn't know. They have three beautiful children; but friends of mine who visited them in Rome told me they seemed bored with each other.

I wish I knew what success had had a sobering effect on Kirk Douglas. But it hasn't. When I first met him, he was a modest family man worried about a budding film career. The came a "Champion." Overnight Kirk was a movie star. Suddenly he was "somebody," and he began living the new role to the hilt. He separated from his wife and later divorced her. Taking a small home in the Hollywood hills, he became a veritable bear of a bachelor.

But Kirk's emotions didn't linger. No girl lasted with him very long until Irene Wrightman entered his life. And thereby hangs a tale. Kirk, the son of immigrant parents, missed many of the joys of youth. Irene was raised in the lap of luxury. She became a fascinating subject to the newly-born star; and many thought he would marry her and settle down. But the call of the wild proved too appealing.

Then he met a new kind of girl—Pier Angeli. Though aged beyond her years by...
living in war-time Italy, she still remained as fresh and beautiful as a morning rose. When I saw them together in "The Story of Three Loves," I was horrified. It was obvious that they were in love with one of the biggest wolves in Hollywood. What broke up their romance, I don't know. I'd like to think it was a latent gallantry on Kirk's part.

Anyway Kirk went off to do "Ulysses," and there he really continued to blossom as a celebrity. In Hollywood, his small house was so untidy that even his intimates apologized for it. Clifton Webb tells me that Kirk finally moved in Rome, and the guy has taken over a veritable palace. The beauties still soar around him like moths around a flame.

Gene Nelson, by no stretch of the imagination, is a Kirk Douglas. I had always thought he was as solid as the earth. Even on the screen he doesn't register as any kind of exciting personality, except when really in love with his wife, Miriam. He should have been. After they married, she gave up her career to further his. It was she who helped Gene work out his dance routines, only to see another do them with Gene on the screen.

Jane Powell was regarded as an All-American girl, a happy wife and mother. But Metronome happened to loan her "The Three Sultans and the Girl," in which Gene also appeared. Before they knew what hit them, the solid citizen and the All-American girl were head over heels in love in Hollywood.

It developed that Jane was not the happy wife and mother. She was the working girl and Geary Steffen, the playboy. With such a situation something had to give. At first, Jane wasSpecific, and he found himself on the receiving end. I'm not saying he ducked or that Jane made the advances. But there was a strange chemistry between them. Here was a mixed-up young lad, a film star, and a leading man—an old Hollywood story. Perhaps, Gene, bored with many years of marriage, was only too willing for Jane to lean on his shoulders.

Marty Melcher used to have an office next to mine. He, like Geary, was a fun lover who I thought would never settle down. Marty did have his share of raving His life was a tempestuous one; but his marriage to her was brief. Patti adored him. Marty was ready to take his turn at playing the field again when he started going out with Doris Day. There were no emotional fireworks. They fell in love and married without fanfare. On their way to Burbank to get their marriage license, Doris got hungry and Marty had to take her to an old friend of his, Coop. While the hullabaloo that went with the Lana Turner-Bob Topping or the Elizabeth Taylor-Nicky Hilton marriages, and you may come up with the answer.

Both Lana and Jean have divorced and re-married. Doris and Marty were never more steady. He has an appreciation for her ability. She has faith in him.

Joel McCrea did the right kind of thinking about getting out of Hollywood and moved to a ranch far from tinsel town years ago. As a young man, Joel was as naive as he was good looking. I took him to his first major social function, a Marion Davies costume ball. All the fabulous costumed girls were packed in a large room in a plain linen suit, and I had to disguise him as a South American by pinning a few ribbons around him. Joel didn't have a clue about anything. It was a costume ball meant for fun. But scarcely half an hour had arrived, when a top feminine star pushed me to one side and asked, "Who's that big, handsome lug you've got with you?"

Joel just thought that I'd go for a horse. But he's revealed the qualities of an excellent husband. When he finally said, "I do," it was for keeps.

Now that's the kind of guy I'd go for, but I don't need such animals left in this neck of the woods. The End
Hollywood Party Line Continued from page 4

Agent Henry Willson, the actor who's given some of your favorite males such names as Rory Calhoun, Tab Hunter, Rock Hudson, Race Gentry, etc., in place of their own monickers, busted out with a nice cocktail-through-midnight party at a new home of his own in Bel Air. Setting was his celluloid-enclosed patio, charmingly lighted with hurricane candle lamps — and a beautiful view of the huge sycomore trees (also lighted) lining the hillside of his property. Rock Hudson was there with Terry Moore in a strapless cocktail dress—Terry, that is! And talented George Nader, as busy with movies as he is with TV these days; Miriam Nelson; the Keith Andes; Touch Connors and his Mrs.; John Smith (whose name used to be Bob van Norden!).

Odds and Ends: Gene Nelson—of all people—was emcee for the Diane hand-knit fashion show at Mocamo. Need I add that Jane Powell was one of the many star-models whose outfits Nelson had to describe? . . . Denise Darcel wrote from Paris that the newest craze in that high-fashion town is to carry a "sweet Beaste"—a little stuffed monkey, turtle, bear, etc., made of the same fabric as the costumes it's to be carried with . . . But the French gals have nothing on Janet Leigh, who was seen leaving Teitelbaums wearing leopard skin toreador pants!

Terry Moore started a fad with an ermine patch over the eye that had been bothering her for weeks. Shelley Winters, who was having a little orb trouble herself, adopted the "style." Shelley really has gone fashion-conscious. Before she went to Las Vegas for her night club debut, she rounded up a group of girl friends and modeled her fabulous PA gowns. Such sweeps over the flames and gold and white brocade numbers she pours herself into!

**WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?**

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

**ACTRESS:**

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**I want to read stories about:**

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

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(Continued from page 35)

autographs. Scott flashed his friendly smile and dashed off his signature, and when the ladies couldn't they were bedazzled.


"Now you look," said Scott. "Practically

as I was describing the difficulties of Hollywood girls and one of the troubles with them is that they never give you time enough to fall in love with them.

So I came here—but after all I was only seventeen when I went into the Navy, and right after I got out, I came West. I'd had one special girl back home in Yonkers, and I did call her, when I got back. We hadn't been too serious, just sort of at the hand-holding stage. I hadn't written to her too much, I'm afraid, but I still thought she'd remember me. So I called her up, asked her how about coming over for a visit. She said she didn't see how she could make it. She said she and her husband wouldn't know where to find a sitter on such short notice.

"So then I hit upon the idea of having to meet Hollywood girls. What a surprise I was in for! These girls are so sane they're completely unromantic. The first girl I dated out here was typical. I won't tell you her name because now, but I'll never forget that date. First of all, she wouldn't drink, because that was bad for her complexion. Then she would only nibble on a salad, and a meal was bad for her figure. And she had to be home by nine o'clock because she was due on the set next morning by eight."

Scott paused. His eyes became serious.

"The first girl I dated out with was a guy off his rocker. They have the most beautiful faces, and the best figures—but they never relax. Never. I like driving around with the top up on my car—but not these girls. That will never do. I don't own a tax, but these girls would eat up if they took you on an every-night date that required a black tie. And this threw you. You get a sense they're not out with you for the pleasure of it, but for the publicity.

"Oh, now, that can't be true of all the girls in Hollywood!"

"No, of course not. There are some exceptions. Take Dorothy Malone, for instance. There's a wonderful girl, and a beauty and a fine actress. Maybe I played in Dorothy longer than I did in any of the others because she laughed longest at my jokes. But she's got a thing; she has to be a big girl back in her home state of Texas. Couldn't stand pictures and just relax? No, she has to be doing something every moment. Once we were in San Francisco together. Could she just have any fun? No, she had to play every hospital in the city. It was a good deed. Terrific. But romantic? No! I think Dorothy would make a terrific mother, if she'd settle down. But she's always moving, always looking for something new."

"Maybe the trouble is that Hollywood girls have to dramatize everything. Yvonne DeCarlo, for instance, is a very fine girl—she takes it too big. I'm a pretty good cook myself, and you can settle for a steak anytime. But you get a glamour girl in a kitchen and nothing less than a four-course meal will satisfy her and you starve to death while she's out putting those special touches on it.

"What about the very, very important bachelor girls around town?" I asked.

"Girls like Joan Crawford."

"The Great Bountiful circuit?" said Scott.

"Oh, that's too big for me. I haven't got that dignify thing. I don't want to go to the smartest restaurants every night and play the distinguished young devil. First, I couldn't get away with it, and next, I like laughs.

"The first thing I have to find out about any girl is if she can take a joke. Why, the first time I had a date with Anita Eckberg I went up to her door and it was her own on. That was an accident, and I didn't know it was her own. I'd come home from the studio and I was all undressed and ready to shave when I discovered I was out of razor blades. The idea of getting all dressed again, out into my car and to the drug store, then back and undressed and redressed seemed just too much. So I put on my things, put the razor in my pocket, and went to Anita's.

"When she answered the bell, I went right in past her. 'T'll be for a few minutes,' I told her, and I walked into her house, I tossed off my coat, found her bathroom and went in and shaved. She laughed like crazy and that made us friends from the start.

"I pulled a stunt like that on Jane Nigh once, too. I had a late afternoon date with her and she told me she was going out for dinner that night with a business-man. She said she had to be on very formal behavior, said that seemed a shame, for such a fun-girl.

"So, just before I was due to leave, I slipped out into her kitchen and left the kitchen door ajar. Then I said goodbye, walked over the door, and drove my car just far enough down the street so she couldn't see me from her windows, but where I could keep a head on her door. Pretty soon, the business-type drew up in a big car. I waited, and when I was sure they were just settled down to talk, I slipped in through the kitchen door. I tiptoed upstairs, took all my clothes and turned on the shower. Jane came tearing up and pounded on the bathroom door. 'Who's there?' she screamed. I wrapped a towel around me, stepped out and said, 'Yes, dear?' She was a real great sport and I must say, so was the guy.'

Scott's eyes were dancing with mischief.

"Of course, she married someone else," he said. 'Not me.'

"And of course," I said, 'you know if you had pulled a stunt like that with Ann Blyth. Ann's Uncle Pat would have killed you.'

"What are you saying?" Scott asked.

"Nobody could think of a stunt like that around Ann. Why, Ann is like that dream of girls you have when you are a kid. She's perfect, and she's beautiful, and she has a great talent. Girls like Ann happen only once in a century, I guess."

"So it was your mother you brought along with you to Ann's wedding reception,"

"Yes," said Scott, "and Ma nearly chewed my ear off for it. She kept asking me what the matter was with her three boys, none of them making her a grandmother. I tried to calm her down. I pointed out that Pat was married for two years even if he is divorced now. And I told her that though I couldn't speak for Larry, I could say for myself that the moment I fell really in love..."

"I'd marry you!"

"The trouble with me," Scott went on, "is that whenever I meet a girl, and start to get serious, I begin to think beyond her beauty. I get thoughts like if I were married to her, she'd probably hang freshly washed stockings in the shower, and leave combs in the washstand. I'd start to dress and she'd say, 'No, dear, don't wear your checked coat. Wear your plain one.' And she would insist that I eat more salad and..."
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AT ALL DRUG STORES

One Enchanted Evening

Continued from page 37

a matter of fact, he was the fellow who introduced them. And he was the chap who had bet a hundred to one just a few weeks before that they’d never marry.

It all started about two weeks after a few days after the release of Rosemary Clooney’s big record “Come-on-a My House.” It was better cold in New York, and Rosemary was sticking close to the phone, waiting for sales reports on her record. A lot of friends had been dropping in all day and Rosemary sat cross-legged on the floor chatting with them when the publicity man dropped in.

“I just left Joe Ferrer,” he said, “and he was telling me how much he admired you, He said he’d like to meet you.”

“Joe Ferrer?” Rosie retorted with a laugh. “You mean the actor—writer-producer-director—genius star of stage, screen, radio and everything else? When was he to find the time?”

“He’d make it,” the publicity man asked to arrange lunch or something.”

“Ian’t this genius married?”

“Well, yes … and no. They’re not really working at all right now.”

“I think,” said Rosie, “he’s too talented for your little me. Tell him to go find a pretty girl. I’m just an ugly Kentucky singer.”

There was a lot more talk about José Ferrer that afternoon, very little of it too complimentary. Not vicious. But the idea of Ferrer, the cosmopolite, and the Ken- tucky band singer was just too ludicrous a combination. At least that’s what Rosemary thought. And then they spoke of other things.

It was a couple of weeks before Rose- 

mary heard from Ferrer again. It was from that publicity man again. He was associated with Ferrer in the production of a play, “Twentieth Century.” He telephoned Rosemary.

“Look,” he said, “Joe and I are giving a party at Sardi’s after the opening to-night. Why don’t you come?”

“This the same Joe?” asked Rosie.

“Oh, course. He says he’s just got to meet you.”

“I don’t understand it,” said Rosie, “but I’ll come. Can I bring a couple of friends? We’d just like to catch this kid’s act.”

That night, after the theatre, Rosie and a couple of pals went to the party. The usual Broadway crowd was there—the actors, agents, musicians, press and rival producers. Rosie and her friends took a table—and José was suddenly there, as though someone had rung for him. There was no空气—and Rosie didn’t suggest he get one.

The man has charm and he used it, but Rosemary, fully aware of the business she was in, not only noticed him. And when he was called away from time to time to visit with other guests, Rosie and her chums had great laughs at his expense. In simple language, it was a coup. At last.

For a month at least, following the Sardi’s party, the publicist, now anxious to drop the entire matter, was prevailed upon repeatedly by José to call Clooney and arrange that lunch date. It wasn’t public knowledge at the time, but José and his wife were on the verge of divorce— and said he was lonely. But Rosie wouldn’t cooperate.

Finally, Joe abandoned his contact man and set about his own courtship. Now nobody claims that José Ferrer is even close to being a romantic. But anyone who knows him will tell you that the little fellow can fascinate any woman of any age out of her bridgework.

The first time the Ferrer flowers arrived Rosalie was flatter. Too many flowers for one person. The next day it became a problem. Where to put them. The third day she was sore. The roses were a burden. And then she began to wonder what kind of fellow this Ferrer was. Hundreds of expensive flowers all over the place. Rosie got more flowers from José in a week than she had had in her entire life. And then one was either nuts or he really liked her.

Up to this point in her life, Rosie had never had a real boy friend, except for one year of long-distance romance with Dave Garroway. This was an odd affair, which consisted mainly of Garroway’s phoning from Chicago at intervals and telling her his symptoms. Garroway is just as offensive in real life as he is on television. Once every few weeks they’d meet at some half-way point between Chicago and New York, and by the time Dave got finished telling her his problems they’d have to part. It wasn’t a very ful-

filling romance and pretty one-sided. Gar-
roway didn’t even think to send flowers.

The posey operation was the right approach.

Joe’s inevitable phone calls, vaguely amused at first, later on with a slight antici-
pation and finally with eagerness. And when finally the actor did ask her to meet him, she just said, “Where? When? What time?”

Rosemary Clooney was a gone goose before the soup was gone. She had never known anyone like José before. The men in her world spoke only of “platters” and “arrangements” and “new sounds.” Ferrer talked of the theatre, philosophy, languages and horticulture. He even arranged an office door (for “Cyrano de Bergerac”), had one hit play on Broadway, two more opening and a head full of cultural plans for the future. And he spoke about all these things as though they were to be shared by Rose.

The next day Rosemary’s friends were astonished to find a large picture of José in front of the morning’s flowers. Somebody made a small joke—but it fell flat.

Ferrer’s courtroom of Rosie Clooney was completely dignified, if a little “Pygmalion” in style. The actor, because of his situation with his wife, was more emotionally involved now than ever. Mrs. Ferrer was the comfort of the singer. She gave it willingly. And the odd arrangement soon became the talk of Broadway. Her personal circle just couldn’t figure it out. Ferrer hadn’t been seen with Rosie, or, for that matter, what he saw in her.

Then Rosemary was called to Holly-
wood. This had to be the end, her friends thought. José headed for Paris, and eight thousand dollars a year, an Oscar as a door stop (for “Moulin Rouge”), just the way they were to be shared by Rosie.

Rosemary Clooney’s romance was the one thing that worried her new bosses at Paramount. Ferrer was a married man. Though the word was out, of course, that his wife, who might fall for a Princeton kid, who couldn’t in a million years be as coxswain as the coxswain in a divorce suit. The best talkers in the plant went to work on her—and a deal was finally made. If Rosie would delay her play until the Ferrer could get into court the studio would treat her to a trip abroad with all expenses paid. It was more than likely common sense that made Rosie change her mind (not the promise of the trip but she did agree to wait—and everyone breathed a lot easier.

During this period of tension the only person who felt entirely certain that this was all a joke was the publicist. He was asked one day if he thought José would marry Rosemary. “Absolutely,” he said, “positively not!”

“But what about all this attention?” he was asked.

“Ferrer must have this to live,” was his pat answer. “Like you must have bread, Joe must have a woman who will listen to him, a woman to jump when he cracks the whip. But I won’t marry again. Not in a million years!”

Other Ferrer acquaintances, however, had a different story to tell. Zsa Zsa Gabor, who had worked with him in “Moulin Rouge,” complained when she got back to America, “Some men fall in love and are still sensible, but this man is impossible,” she said. “He is all the time on the telephone to Rosemary in Hollywood. He wouldn’t even look at me.”

The way the story ought to go from here on is familiar to all readers of romantic fiction: the man comes home, his wife and matters are settled quickly in an attorney’s office and the pair live happily ever after. But it wasn’t that way at all. José came home, asked his wife for a divorce and she told him she thought about it. Then she got the wind up and in a flash the whole situation was reversed, with Rosie in the driver’s seat. José begging for time, and Rosie telling him to get the matter settled. Jose Ferrer found himself unable to master the situation with a few well-selected quotations.

The next time they met, Ferrer was furious about the whole thing. She’d get a divorce when she was good and ready. Solicitors for José went to her and told her José was in love and likely to lose his lady unless she got a divorce but fast. Her comments added up to something like “Wouldn’t that be a pity.”

And Rosemary was adamant. Marriage was a thing of the past. “I am single, or will be. If necessary, I will marry José in the future, and an important person, I don’t wish to marry at all.” Ferrer father came to California to see her and bolstered her attitude. So there came a period of waiting for Rosie—and a period of sweating it out for José. There were times when he couldn’t realize this was really José Ferrer in this muddle. The lover, the suave one who had made practically a profession of loving and leaving was now in the position of having to apologize to one woman for dumping her and to another for keeping her waiting.

They say it cost José a good deal in self-esteem and money, but finally his attor-
neys arranged a settlement with his wife—and José was in the nick of time for Rosie was just about to call the whole thing off. Joe was in Dallas, Texas, appearing in a play when the news came. Mrs. Ferrer had flown to Mexico and had divorced him and remarried. José Ferrer was a free man. He picked up the phone and called Rosemary for the first time in many days. She was hard at work in “Red Garters,” but she took the next plane to Toluca.

Two days later they drove the ninety miles to Durant, Oklahoma and Rosemary and José were married at long last. Back in Hollywood they posed for a picture with the cast of José’s play—and it was printed in the New York tabloid that the publicity man saw.

The José Ferrers are a local couple in Hollywood now. They own a fine house on one of the hills and they plan to raise a farm. They don’t mix much in Hollywood circles, for Rosemary has developed some of the Ferrer aloofness and José is interested in the quiet life of the hoochie that goes with being a movie star. Rosemary, they say, is the boss of the family, but you can’t be sure. The day after they moved into their home three flowers began coming again. They’ve come every day since. The End

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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 14.

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 tailor boy (Jean Simmons) with stage yearnings, Spencer Tracy scores as Dad. (F) October

ALL AMERICAN, THE—U-I: Tony Curtis looks plenty attractive in a college story, as a reluctant grid star. Lori Nelson. (F) November

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—U-I Technicolor: Rock Hudson defends Lori Nelson in a lusty tale of dirty doings in the far North. (F) December


BEGGAR'S OPERA, THE—Warners. Technicolor: Picturesque, ironic music-film, with Laurence Olivier as a dashing highwayman. (A) October

BLOWING WILD—Warners: Flamboyant yarn of oil-drilling in Mexico. Cooper, Stanwyck and Quinn are involved in a triangle. (A) December

BLUEPRINT FOR MURDER, A—20th: Stock shoddy. 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 coaxes 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 Celia Johnson, sexy Yvonne DeCarlo. Paradise ends as the zabs rebel. (A) November


CRAZY LEGS, ALL-AMERICAN: Republic. Likable Elroy Hirsch of the L. A. Rams retracts his grid progress. With Jean Woot. (F) December

DECAMERON NIGHTS—RKO. Technicolor: Three skirmishes in the battle of the sexes, presented handsomely and wittily by Louis Jourdan and his Beauties (F) December

DESPERATE MOMENT—Rank, U-I: Hackedney 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 con; Virginia Mayo wastes her love on brutish Steve McNally. (F) November

EAST OF SUMATRA—U-I. Technicolor: Gandy action yarn. Jeff Chandler's a mining engineer; Anthony Quinn, an island chief. (F) November

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 lives. (A) October

GOLDEN BLADE, THE—U-I. Technicolor: Affable Persian horse opera. Rock Hudson wields a magic sword to save Bagdad and Piper Laurie from George Macready's evil plots. (F) November

ISLAND IN THE SKY—Warners: Stirring tale of flyers' fellowship. John Wayne and his ATC crew are downed in frozen wilds. (F) October


LION IS IN THE STREETS. A—Warners. Technicolor: A strong idea's fumbled. James Cagney overplays a Deep South demagogue. (A) December

LITTLE BOY LOST—Paramount: Lovable drama done with unusual grace, Bing Crosby's fine as an American newsmen in France to seek his son—may he be Christian Pourcade. (F) November

LITTLE FUGITIVE—Burston: Enchanting picture of childhood in a big city. Richie Andrusco hides out in Coney Island. (F) December

MARRY ME AGAIN—RKO: A lightweight farce. Marie Wilson's a Cinderella whose sudden fortune alienates proud beau Bob Cummings. (F) December

MARTIN LUTHER—de Rochemont: Yvoll McGin- nity's movingly portrays the founder of Protestantism in a splendid religious film. (F) November

MOGAMBO—M-G-M, Technicolor: Africa and Ava dominate a lively, laugh-trimmed thriller, with Gable playing mighty hunter. Gardner adventurers, Grace Kelly restless wife. (F) December

NIGHT IS MY KINGDOM, THE—Davis: Jean Gabin's a blind man in a predictable but touching French film (English titles). (A) December

99 RIVER STREET—U. A. Tough, implausible suspense story. John Payne's a cabbie framed for the murder of wife Peggie Castle. (A) November

PARATROOPER—Columbia, Technicolor: British raids by Alan Ladd, Leo Genn against Nazis are exciting; the love story isn't. (F) December

PLUNDER OF THE SUN—Warners: Distinctive mystery in a vivid locale. Glenn Ford, Pat Medina hunt ancient Mexican treasure. (F) October


ROMAN HOLIDAY—Paramount: Entrancing romance of Newman and Gregory Peck, princess Audrey Hepburn. Eddie Albert adds laughs. (A) October

SABRE JET—U. A. CineColor: Impressive shots of jets in Korea; shallow human drama involving Bob Stack, Coleen Gray. (F) December

SECOND CHANCE—RKO; 3-D, Technicolor: Fast-paced, eye-pleasing. Gunman Palance trails Linda Darnell; Mitchum defends her. (F) October

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—RKO: Weak hoopteen comedy. Bob Mitchum is a country doc; Jean Simmons, a foolish philanthropist. (F) September

SO BIG—Warners: Honest sentiment, expertly done. Jane Wyman's fine as the wife and widow of farmer Sterling Hayden. (F) December

TAKE THE HIGH GROUND—M-G-M, Ansco. Color: Familiar comedy-drama of draftsmen's training, freshened by good acting; Widmark as a sarge; Russ Tamblyn, others as new GI's. (F) November

TANGA-TIKA—Monson-Long, Eastman Color: Re- quiring if slightly crude romance, shot on lovely Tahiti with a mostly native cast. (F) December

THREE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE—Paramount; 3-D, Technicolor: Nice musical of early Alaska. Rhonda Fleming, dice stars. (F) December

THREE FORBIDDEN STORIES—Ellis: A suave, well-built Italian film (English titles) close-ups girls with the wrong men. (A) December

THREE GIRLS FROM ROME—LEF: Amiable, rambling close-up of Italian working girls and their loves. Lucia Bese is a real beauty. English dialogue, dubbed in smoothly. (A) November


TORCH SONG—M-G-M, Technicolor: Jean Crawford does a brassy case study of a neurotic star. With Michael Wilding and music. (A) December

VEILS OF BAGDAD, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Lots of action (Vic Mature) and unrelieved beauty (Mari Blanchard). (F) December

VICKI—20th: Chippy, standard whodunit, with Jean Peters as victim, Jeanne Crain her virtuous sister, Richard Boone detective. (F) December


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 Stock fights Indians, thirst, mutiny. (F) October

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JRNANDO MAS-HERO OR HEEL?

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By Fab Hunter

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PHOTOPLAY

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Cover: Elizabeth Taylor, M-G-M star, is now in "Rhapsody"
Portrait by Ager. Hat by Mr. John. Mink stole by Teitelbaum.

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FEBRUARY, 1954

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GUESS WHO

This year’s Hollywood Press Photographers’ Ball was a dilly. Even the guests couldn’t guess the identity of some of the characters there. See if you can guess these. We’ve hidden a clue to their names in each caption.

A. To clue hunters—Janet's pals are married

B. Cooper and Brady go for dancing daughter!

C. She dates with Tab—he dittoes Debbie

For the correct answers turn to page 14
NOW COMES

BURT LANCASTER
IN HIS ROLE OF ROLES AS

"His Majesty O'Keefe"

AUTHENTICALLY FILMED AMID THE FABULOUS
SPECTACLE OF THE FIJI ISLANDS! THE LOVE STORY OF THE
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WARNER BROS.

'It is my father's wish that I love you..."

WITH JOAN RICE ANDRE MORELL ABRAM SOFAER
SCREEN PLAY BY BORDEN CHASE AND JAMES HILL PRODUCED BY
LAWRENCE KLINGMAN AND HAROLD HECHT
MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DIMITRI TIOMKIN

FROM THE BEST SELLER BY
LAWRENCE KLINGMAN AND GERALD GREEN
DIRECTED BY
BYRON HASKIN WARNER BROS.
DO'S AND DON'TS OF DATING: NO. 1

EXIT CUES

It's great to be modern and independent. But if you're a gal, you can carry your independence too far. And there's nothing that annoys your date more than the feeling he isn't needed. Don't be the fragile little flower. But do let your escort be masculine and gallant. He wants to think of you as something special—and prove it!

Bob Francis and May Wynn, a couple of Hollywood's brightest young newcomers, who are playing the young lovers in Columbia's "The Caine Mutiny," posed for these pictures to show you the ins and outs of exits. May likes to have Bob swing those portals wide for her. And Bob—as you can see—loves doing it!

Leaving a room—or a building—the man opens the door, and holds it open while the lady walks through it ahead of him.

In a car, the lady isn't impatient! She sits still, while her escort walks around to her door and swings it open.

He then offers her his hand, which she's happy to take, and she steps out of the auto gracefully. Then on to the evening!
Listerine Antizyme shows actual laboratory proof—
stops the major cause of tooth decay 12 to 24 hours every time you brush

Why, despite regular brushing, does your child still have so many cavities?

How many mothers have wished they could do something about their children's teeth. Maybe the answer is closer than you think! The tooth pastes you have been using in the past, protect you and your child only for minutes after brushing.

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Listerine Antizyme, the tooth paste used in these tests, is the only tooth paste which contains this anti-enzyme.

No other kind of tooth paste . . . regular, Ammoniated, Chlorophyll or part-time anti-enzyme . . . gives this continuous protection.

ONLY ANTIZYME has shown proof of its effectiveness right on the teeth, in Acidometer tests on hundreds of people who had been plagued by cavities.

ONLY ANTIZYME Tooth Paste contains the research-approved long-lasting anti-enzyme, sodium dehydroacetate.

A Product of The Lambert Company

NO OTHER KIND OF TOOTH PASTE SHOWS ACTUAL LABORATORY PROOF LIKE THIS

WITHOUT Antizyme—Temporary Protection. People susceptible to tooth decay brushed their teeth, in tests, with dentifrices of all kinds.

1/2 hour after brushing, they were given a sugar rinse. In almost every case the Acidometer showed the presence right on the teeth, of dangerous tooth decay acids (below pH 5.6).

WITH Antizyme—Continuous Protection. Later, people used Antizyme Tooth Paste for one week.

12 to 24 hours after the last brushing, they again rinsed their mouths with a sugar solution. In 9 out of 10 cases, the Acidometer indicated "no harmful decay acids" on the teeth.

Listerine Antizyme TOOTH PASTE
If your hero's cronies leave you cold—

□ Hold your fire □ Demand a showdown

Though your new Sigh Man's old friends may be sterling characters—seems to you they could do with plenty of polish? Of course, you could ignore the guys. Yet wouldn't it be nicer to try winning them over, for his sake? (You'll boost your rating!) And win yourself an A for "assurance" at problem time, with the comfort of Kotex. For Kotex is an old friend you trust for softness that holds its shape; absorbency that saves panicky moments.

How to cut a gabby phone belle short?

□ Drop dead □ Disconnect □ Thank her

Connie's got you hooked—for hours. Just when you're expecting a Very Important Call! Wriggling off the line would be easy, if you knew her better. But try this: At the first semi-blunt, thank her for calling; say you'll see her soon. To free yourself from calendar dilemmas (such as which absorbency of Kotex to choose)—try Regular, Junior, Super. You'll find the very one you need.

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1. Cleanse your face by washing with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and diet disappear after this 'cream-washing'!

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It works or money back! In clinical tests Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 with skin problems have lovelier-looking skin. If you don't look lovelier in 10 days—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—money back!

Look lovelier offer! For a limited time you get the 80¢ size Noxzema only 29¢ plus tax. Get this trial jar, then get the economical 10 oz. size for only 80¢ plus tax at all drug, cosmetic counters.

Laughing Stock

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

Lovely character actor Charles Coburn turned down an invitation to join a group who, every Friday night, play dance records and do a lot of fast mambas and Charleston with, "No thanks, these things bore me. I never know what to do with myself while they're changing records."

Joan Davis and Jim Backus were discussing a child actor. "He's terribly precocious," said Joan, "I'm certain his mother just dotes on him."

"Does on him?" yelled Backus. "Why, she keeps him in a duck press every night."

A bebopper's wife, concerned about his behavior, coaxed him into seeing a psychiatrist. After an hour with the patient, the doctor emerged from his office and said, "Madam, I must tell you that your husband is crazy."

"I know that," said the wife. "But what's wrong with him?"

Overheard at Ciro's: "She has a new husband."

"No kidding, What?"

In Hollywood, says Ed Wynn, it's difficult sometimes to tell the difference between a genius and a guy in the midst of a nervous breakdown.

While writing the script of "Road to the Moon," the next Bing Crosby-Bob Hope comedy, writer Ken Englund and his wife went out for an after-dark walk.

"What a pretty moon," observed Mrs. Englund.

"For heaven's sake," snapped Ken, "stop talking shop."

Ozzie Nelson's twelve-year-old Rickey was pop-eyed when told that he paid $26,000 income tax on earnings from his TV acting. "Gee," he said, "how much money is that?"

His sixteen-year-old brother, David, had a quick answer: "It's about five Cadillacs' worth."

Overheard at Mocambo: "He dances like his wife drives."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.*
The Greatest Hit In Entertainment History

20th Century-Fox presents The Robe

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THE MODERN MIRACLE YOU SEE WITHOUT GLASSES!

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From the Novel by LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

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I dreamed
I was an eskimo in my maidenform bra

Guess whose figure is going around in Arctic circles!
It's mine and it's marvelous —
so sleek and smooth, so fabulously curved —
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CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BAD FOR EACH OTHER—Columbia. Directed by
Irving Rapper; Dr. Tom Owen, Charlton Heston; Helen Curtis, Elizabeth Scott; John Lasher, Dianne Foster; Mrs. Mary Jean, Mildred Dunnock; Dr. Jim Crowley, Arthur Franz; Dan Rouseman, Ray Collins; Mrs. Roger Nelson, Marjorie Rambour, Dr. Flower Cleaver, Lester Matthews; Ole Sorensen, Rhys Williams; Rita Thorburn, Lydia Clarke.

CEASE FIRE—Warner, Paramount. Directed by

DIAMOND QUEEN, THE—Warner. Directed by
John Brahm; Jean Tetratrix, Pernell LeMans; Mary, Arlene Dahl; Baran Paul de Cahabnnas, Gilbert Roland; Great Mound, Sheldon Leonard; Geiger, Jay Novello; Jumla, Michael Ansara; Gabriel Tetratrix, Richard Hale; Dance Specialty, Sujata & Asoka.

EASY TO LOVE—M-G-M. Directed by
Charles Walters; Julie Hollister, Esther Williams; Ray Lloyd, Vol Johnson; Barry Gordon, Tony Martin; Eink, John Bordenfield; Nancy Parent, Edna Skinner; Ben, King Donovan; Mr. Barnes, Paul Bryar; Clark, Carroll Baker; Band Leader, Eddie Oliver.

ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO—M-G-M. Directed by
John Sturgess; Capt. Roger, William Holden; Carlo Forester, Eleanor Parker; Capt. John Marsh, John Forsythe; Campbell, William Demarest; Cobot Yancy, William Campbell; Bailey, John Lupton; Lt. Beecner, Richard Anderson, Alice Owens, Polly Bergen; Col. Owens, Carl Benton Reid.

FORBIDDEN—U-A. Directed by Rudolph Maté;
Eddie Darrin, Tony Curtis; Christine Lawrence, Joanne Dru, Justin Kent, Lyle Bettger; Cliff Chauncey, Marlin Miller; Allan, Victor Sen Yung; Barney, Alan Dexter.

GOLDEN COACH THE—M-G-M. Directed by
Jean Renoir; Camilla, Anna Magnani; Don Antonio, Ondaro Spadaro; Isabella, Nada Fiorelli; Hilarissa, Dante; The Vicereye, Duncan Lamont; Felice, Paul Campbell; Raman, the Bull Fighter, Ricardo Rial; The Inklepper, William C. Tubbs; The Bishop, Jean Debucourt of the Comedic Franceaise.

GREATER DIAMOND ROBBY, THE—M-G-M. Directed by
Robert Z. Leonard; Ambrose C. Park, Red Skelton; Maggie Drummond, Cara Williams; Ruhl, James Whitmore; Lyle, Kurt Kasznar; Emily Diamanoff, Dorothy Stickney; Duke Farqhuar, George Mathews; Bandbridge Gibson, Reginald Owen; Herb, Harry Bellaver; Blanche, Connie Gilchrist; Van Cooney, Steven Geray; Mr. Shubert, Sig Arno.

HONDO—Warner. Directed by John Farrow;
Hondo, John Wayne; Angie, Geraldine Page, Buf Falbo, Ward Bond; Vittorio, Michael Pate; Lennie, James Arness; Lt. McKay, Tom Irish; Johnny, Lee Aaker; Mayor Sherry, Paul Fix.

HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Jean Negulesco; Polo, Mariette; Monty, Viveca; Loco, Bette Grable; Schatzie Page, Lauren Bacall; Freddie Durward, David Wayne; Libby, Rory Calhoun; Tom Brockenman, Cameron Mitchell; J. Stuart Meredith, Alex D'Arcy; Wea Broxter, Fred Clark, J. D. Hanley, William Powell; Mike, Elevator Man, George Dunn; Benton, Percy Helton.

COMING SOON

(Continued on page 14)
RITA HAYWORTH
JOSE FERRER

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"The Heat Is On"
"Hear No Evil"
"A Marine, A Marine, A Marine"

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Casts of Current Pictures

MONEY FROM HOME—Wallis, Paramount. Directed by George Marshall; Honey Talk Nelms, Dean Martin; Virgil Yakab, Jerry Lewis; Phyllis Leigh, Maric Millar; Antonna Claypool, Pat Crowley; Bertie Society, Richard Haydn; Seldom Seen Kid, Robert Strauss; Marshall Pecaton, Gerald Moly; Jumbo Schneider, Sheldon Leonard; The Pogo, Romo Vincent; Short Boy, Jack Kruschen.

OTHELLO—U.A. Directed by Orson Welles; Othello, Orson Welles; Iago, Michael MacLiammoir; Desdemona, Suzanne Cloutier; Roderick, Robert Coote; Cassio, Michael Lawrence; Emilia, Fay Compton; Bianca, Doris Dowling.

PERSONAL AFFAIR—Mak, U.A. Directed by Anthony Pellicer: Ray Barlow, Gene Tierney; Stephen Barlow, Lee Gruen; Barbara, Glynda Johnson; Henry, Walter Fitzgerald; Evelyn, Pamela Brown; VJ, Megs Jenkins; Headmaster, Michael Hordern; Mrs. Usher, Thora Hird.

PROJECT 117—Raub, U.I. Directed by Anthony Asquith: Lydia, Phillis Calvert; Heshkley, James Donald; Sam Scagran, Robert Beatty; Alice Leon, Herbert Lion; Caroline Carter, Mariel Pavlov; Dennis Ford, Noel Willman; Sir Charles Craddock, Walter Fitzgerald; Brian Jackson, Patric Deonan; Carrington, Maurice Denham.

THREE SAILORS AND A GIRL—Warners. Directed by Roy Del Ruth; Penny, Jane Powell; Jones, Gordon MacRae; Twitch, Gene Nelson; Joe Woods, Sam Levene; Porky, Jack E. Leonard; Ross, George; Givot, Faye Faux, Veda Ann Borg; Webster, Archer McDonald; Morone, Raymond Geene.

W.A.R. ARK—U.I. Directed by George Sherman: Elaine Corwin, Maureen O'Hara; Major Howell Brag, Jeff Chandler; Friz, Suzan Ball; Col. Jackson Monds, John McIntire; Lake Schremphorber, Charles Drake; Pino, Dennis Weaver; Augustus Wilks, Noah Berry; Mcgara, Henry Brandon; Capt. Neil, Steve Wyman; Capt. Corwin, James Bannon; Santanta, Jay Silverheels.

WICKED WOMAN—U.A. Directed by Russell Rouse: Billie Naun, Beverly Michaelis; Matt Bannister, Richard Egan; Charlie Berg, Percy Helton; Dave Bannister, Evelyn Scott; Mr. Loney, Robert Osterloh; Gus, William Phillips; Mr. Porter, Frank Ferguson; Mrs. Walters, Bernardine Hayes.

WILD OVE: THE—Kramer, Columbia. Directed by Laslo Benedek: Johnny, Marlon Brand; Kathie, Mary Murphy; Harry Bleeker, Robert Keith; Chico Lee Marvin; Sheriff Simon, Jay C. Flippen; Mildred, Peggy Maley; Charlie Thomas, Hugh Sanders; Frank Bleeker, Ray Teal; Bill Himmeg, John Brown; Art Kline, Will Wright.

Answers to

“GUESS WHO”

(See page 4)

A. The frightening team who are making like Frankenstein’s Monster with Janet Leigh are Jeff Hunter and wife, Barbara Rush

B. The sassy lady with Scott Brady and Ben Cooper is Joan Crawford, whose name’s spelled glamour since “Our Dancing Daughters” in ’28

C. The two who also date Tab Hunter and Debbie Reynolds are Lori Nelson and Hugh O’Brien
PICK UP THE BRA THAT LIFTS YEARS AWAY!

CIRCULAR STITCHES MOULD YOU AND HOLD YOU
Circular stitching that lifts you with gentle insistence, moulds you with youth’s beautiful separation... a tailored band-bottom that won’t cut or bind or shift... no wonder this stitched bra runs rings around every other! In white broadcloth $1.50. In white or black nylon $2.00. A cup, 32-36. B cup, 32-40. C cup, 34-42. Sold at fine stores everywhere.

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You can be part of Hollywood's most glamorous event of the year! You can attend Photoplay's annual Gold Medal Awards Dinner on March 3! Remember last year's party? Stars galore! Excitement! This year, you too can be there—and as elegantly dressed as the stars themselves in a fabulous "Bella Darvi Evening Gown" (Bella's the star of "Hell and High Water") created especially for you by Charles LeMaire, the genius who dressed the stars for "How to Marry a Millionaire."

This is your chance to win a free trip to Hollywood—transportation, hotel, escorted visits to famous night spots, a visit to a film studio. PLUS a place at the Gold Medal Dinner. PLUS that evening gown, PLUS a complete wardrobe of evening accessories, packed in a handsome train case. PLUS a two-day holiday in the Arrowhead Springs Hotel where the stars vacation, AND EVEN MORE: Your own story of your experiences and your picture will appear in Photoplay.

What do you have to do? Just this: See if you can pick this year's Photoplay Gold Medal Award Winners—the actor and actress the movie-going public will decide have given this year's most popular performances. (Last year, the winners were Susan Hayward for "With a Song in My Heart" and Gary Cooper for "High Noon.") Then write a letter telling which stars you've picked—for what performances—and why.

NOW READ THE RULES CAREFULLY—AND GOOD LUCK!

1. Name the actor and actress, and the performance for which you think each will win a 1954 Gold Medal Award. In fifty words or less, write your reason for your selections.
2. Write or type on one side of the paper only.
3. Your entry must be accompanied by the coupon below, and by a photograph of yourself suitable for publication.
4. Mail your entry to Photoplay Gold Medal Party, P. O. Box 1568, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. It must be postmarked no later than midnight, January 25, 1954.
5. The winner will be selected on two bases: first, the accuracy of the selections; second, the quality of the letter.
6. No letters or photographs will be acknowledged or returned.
7. The decision of Photoplay's editors must be accepted as final.
8. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications.
9. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
10. This contest is open to everyone with the exception of employees of Macfadden Publications.

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INTRODUCTIONS
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THE STARS

Plus...
MANY OTHER
EXCITING
BONUS
PRIZES!
June makes her first public appearance at a dinner in honor of her ex-boss, Darryl Zanuck. Her escort, Joe Campbell, has been a close friend for years.

WELCOME BACK, JUNE HAVER

When June Haver announced last February that she was turning her back on her movie career and entering a convent in Hollywood, at first, was stunned. But those who knew June best applauded her courage. She had made her decision boldly, having struck out in search of the peace of mind she’d needed for so many years.

And when, some months later, she left the Kansas convent in which she had been a novice, her intimates understood that the second decision was in many ways even more courageous than the first. For now June had to face the skeptics with their doubting eyes, the scoffers. Those private griefs which had long ago set her on the path of introspection were to be aired publicly again. Her motives were to be examined under the callous microscope of gossip. And the peace for which she yearned was to be more than ever denied.

Yet, to June, this was a trial which must be faced. For her heart had told her that she could not, after all, serve her God as a nun. And her body had faltered under the rigorous life of the convent.

June trembles now on the path of indecision. Like a fledgling bird, she is gradually stretching her wings, gradually learning to fly in the open sky again. Little by little, she is returning to the life on which she had turned her back. From time to time, she goes out in public. And no longer is she again donning the glamour dress which spells Hollywood so clearly. But these are only outward manifestations. They do not prove that June, as yet, is ready for the life she left behind.

If she chooses, she can, of course, return to her film career. This is the work she knows and the work in which she has found—if not happiness—then at least many of the symbols of it: creative achievement; admiration; wealth.

Whether or not these will be enough to fill the life of the new June Haver remains to be seen. But of one thing she can be certain: If she wants to come back to the public, her public wants to take her back.
YOU'RE probably the shyest girl
Hollywood, aren't you, Mitzi?"
Brassy Mitzi Gaynor almost fell off
her seat when I asked the question. We'd been lunching at Scandia, on the
set of "The Blue Veil," and Mitzi had been rattling
off a mile a minute about everything
under the sun—her boy friend, new-
comers, Oscar contenders, plans for a
night-club appearance in Las Vegas—
absolutely everything except this startling, out-of-
the-way matter of being shy.

"How in the world did you ever
overcome it?" she asked right
back. And her question was just
as fair as mine. Mitzi has a reputa-
tion in Hollywood for being
anything but shy. Remember the
dance she did in "The I Don't
Care Girl" and the sexier one she
did on the stage in "Jollianna"? You'd
think that no one with even a modicum
of shyness could dance like that!

"I remembered how bashful you were
when I met you for the first time on
soundstage at Twentieth, back in '39," I replied, "when you were still
Mitzi Gerber. It was your first movie
part and the picture was 'My Blue
Eyes.' It's no guess on my part, Mitzi,
I've known your secret ever since."

"Such a foolish little secret, too,"
used Mitzi. "And it all started from
something very unimportant and child-
hood.; Most phobias do seem to start that
way, don't they? I was sixteen at the
me. I spotted an old schoolmate of
mine at a party, and ran up and greeted
her. She cut me dead. It was as though
she had plunged a knife into my heart.
from then on I was timid and shy."

I asked how she had overcome it
and become one of filmdom's brightest
and-dance stars in spite of it.

"It was a long, terrible struggle, and,
as you've discovered, I'm not really sure
in it yet," says Mitzi. "It took
a long time after that snub
before I could even say hello to any-
body, and even then they would have
(Continued on next page)
She has a tremendous beauty advantage—she uses

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Impertinent Interview
Continued

Does Mitzi Gaynor look shy and frightened?

to greet me first. I had to force myself to go to parties. I would sit in corners. If anyone tried to talk to me I would look away. People would say, 'What's ailing you? I saw you last night and you wouldn't even say hello.' I'd make up stories about being nearsighted."

Jack Bean, her fiancé, is one of the people who helped Mitzi crack the shell.

"There's never a dull moment with Jack," she says. "Through him, and a few good friends, I've learned to pay more attention to other people and less to myself. It's like giving a party: If you have a good time at your own party your guests will feel it and have a ball."

"It's contagious. I love to sing as well as dance, you know, and I discovered when I was doing 'Jollyanna' at the Philharmonic here that if I sang the living daylights out of every song the audience went right along with me. But if I dogged it they were apathetic. Life's like that too. If you enjoy living life and the people in it will enjoy you."

For no reason except that it was a beautiful day and Jack Bean was waiting to take her someplace, Mitzi got on to the subject of big church weddings:

"I'm not knocking big weddings, mind you. But if you don't invite anybody, it's simple. People you just might have forgotten to ask aren't going to have hurt feelings. Anyway, weddings are strictly for brides and grooms, not for professional wedding-goers!"

Mitzi was so vehement about it that several diners turned around to stare at our table. Mitzi blushed, shyly, like she used to back in '49. "Let's go," she whispered. And we left.
More women use Angel Face than any make-up—it flatters like nothing else!

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Newsiest—It's creamy-smooth powder and foundation—all in one! Angel Face! So easy, so flattering!

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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 use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected underneath your make-up.

For mild, fragrant Dial washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. And there's nothing else as good. It clears the skin of unseen bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

Until Dial came along, no soap could remove these trouble-makers safely and effectively. These photomicros prove it. No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left on skin after washing with ordinary soap. (So when you put on make-up, they're free to cause trouble underneath). No. 2 shows how daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of them. And Dial's AT-7 clings to your skin, so it continually retards the growth of new bacteria.

When you first try this beauty-refreshing soap, you'd never guess it gives you such benefits. Doctors recommend it for adolescents. With Dial your skin becomes cleaner and clearer than with any other type of soap. Let mild, fragrant Dial protect your complexion—ever under make-up.

P. S. Shampoo a Diamond Sparkle into your hair with new Dial Shampoo.
Premieres and night-spot doings had it all over private shindigs for excitement and glamour this month. In fact, there was a paucity of parties. The most glittery wingding was the opening of "How to Marry a Millionaire." And if ever a gal could call an event her very own, it was Marilyn Monroe that night! One of the other top gals in the picture, Lauren Bacall, was there (in royal blue, sequined sheath, with tiny shoulder straps), but Betty Grable stayed home and said, "Seeing my own premiere would scare me to death. I've never even been to a premiere!"

The Monroe gal, who came to the theatre alone, just plain joked everybody for a loop! When producer Nunnally Johnson helped her out of the studio limousine, the crowd held its breath, then busted out in wild cheers. The studio had M.M. really done up for her big night. She was poured into a strapless white lace over nude crepe that clung to her—right to the floor. The lace was embellished by thousands of tiny opalescent sequins that shimmered every time she breathed. She wore long white gloves and her wrap was a "mile-long" stole of white fox. Marilyn had asked the studio make-up department for platinum polish on her nails, "I want to be all platinum and white tonight." She was!

Terry Moore came to the preem with Rock Hudson. Terry was in white, topped with a dark mink capelet. Debbie Reynolds, with Bob Neal, wore her favorite light blue taffeta, strapless and full-skirted, and a silver-blue cape stole. Mitzi Gaynor, a glimmering mermaid in all-sequin dress with coat to match, was with fiancé Jack Bean; Susan Hayward, in bronze satin, on the arm of Ned Marini; Joanne Gilbert with Danny Arnold; Lori Nelson with Tab Hunter; Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunter; the Bob Mitchums (she in black, ballerina-length damask taffeta); Anne Francis, whose bodice almost fell down when her arms went up! Shelley Winters in white and gold (another sheath); Charlotte Austin with Richard Allan; June Allyson and Dick Powell were just some of the celebs in the crowd.

More than a hundred glamour-pusses showed up at the "Carriage Trade" opening of "So Big," and this preem turned out to be unique—all the stars arrived in elegant, highly polished old, old automobiles, some of which went back to the bustle era! The Dan Duryes were in a bright red, 1909 Ford; Ursula Thiess and George Nader stepped out of a 1905 Buick; Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger in a bright yellow 1932 Auburn, Supercharger. Many new twinklers arrived with the oldtimers; Debbie Reynolds, Barbara Ruick, Joan Evans, Steve Forrest (a hit in "So Big"); Nancy Olson. The ex-Mrs. John Wayne showed up with Steve Cochran in an ancient Packard.

The night "Julius Caesar" had its gala bow was really wild! Not only for the glamour turnout for the plushy preem—but for the simultaneous openings of Johnnie Ray (at Ciro's), and highly-touted songstress, Eartha Kitt (at Mocambo) later the same night! The Sunset Strip was jumpin' with famous faces dashing to both places between 11:00 p.m. and 2:00 a.m. Stars who enjoyed the picture were Ann Blyth, with husband, Jim McNulty; the Ronald Reagans; the Mickey Rooney's; Roberta Haynes and Tom Morton; Marilyn Erskine (this time she was with Tab Hunter); Elaine Stewart (obliging the autographers); Shelley Winters and Dawn Addams, both on the arm of Kurt Kasznar and both wearing pale mink stoles. In fact, there were so many mink stoles, you'd have thought they'd been given away!
JANE POWELL IS STUBBORN, but you'd never guess it from her soft-toned way of speaking. . . There's one thing I like about Piper Laurie: No matter what I write about her, she never complains. . . I often confuse Barbara Rush with Barbara Bates, and Jeff Hunter with Tab Hunter. For the record, Barbara Rush is married to Jeff Hunter and Barbara Bates doesn't even know Tab Hunter. Corinne Calvet sleeps in a frilly nightgown or in the raw. "I can't go to sleep angry with my husband. I have to kiss and make up," she says. "Then I'm happy all over." . . . Ask a movie actress her age and nine times out of ten she'll guess wrong!

Lana Turner believes a pretty smile is a woman's best asset. I've got news for Lana: Even when she isn't smiling, she has assets . . . Robert Wagner is not a pal of mine, but whenever we meet, at the studio or at a party, we talk to each other as if we were buddy-buddy. . . Elaine Stewart looks like the type who would enjoy an Elaine Stewart movie. . . Marlon Brando's opinion of Hollywood: "It's just like any other place, only more so." . . . I can't understand the career of Yvonne DeCarlo. In London, she's considered an actress and makes a picture with Alec Guinness. In Hollywood, she's considered a decoration and is tossed into those "bosom and sand" Technicolor pictures. . . Hollywood is a place where a vicious rumor can circulate that an actor is getting along very well with his wife. . . Judy Holliday is the best comedienne in pictures. Cary Grant is the best comedian in pictures. I'm for co-starring them.

Burt Lancaster refers to himself as the athlete who wandered into the library. . . My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, said, "Don't say anything against me, unless it's complimentary." . . . I think Debbie Paget is just as smart as Debbie Reynolds. . . Jimmy Stewart is a word saver. If he can get by with "yes" and "no" in a conversation, then that's all he'll say. . . I wouldn't like to have Susan Hayward real angry with me for long. . . To me it seems that Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell go with each other for laughs, but I must be wrong—others tag it a romance.

I was on the set one day when the script girl shouted to the assistant director: "Do you have Terry Moore's phone number?" "Who wants it?" asked the director, "Terry Moore," called back the script girl. . . I often find myself fondly recalling that third-wife sequence in "Letter to Three Wives" . . . I think Swedish beauty Anita Ekberg could have been one of the screen's leading glamour dolls, but she fumbled it. . . The studio should give Susan Cabot a chance to sing in a movie. . . I marvel at Gilbert Roland's current screen popularity with the young movegoers because Gilbert was around in the silent picture days of Norma Talmadge. . . In an interview about keeping your figure, Janet Leigh said: "Gals who eat sweets develop big seats." . . . My idea of a great recording is Nat King Cole's "Lush Life." And Ava Gardner agrees with me, because she often phones a disc jockey early in the morning to play it for her. . . The most beautiful and the most under-rated sex bundle in Hollywood is Maureen O'Hara.

I never believe Joan Crawford is a girl from the other side of the tracks, even when they put the house there. . . Jane Wyman likes pajamas better than nightgowns, but confesses she wears a gown when she wants to feel utterly feminine. . . Tom Jenks insists that the trouble with Zsa Zsa Gabor's personality is that it's too much like her. . . I know an actor who said to his tailor, "I'd like a suit with shoulders like Esther Williams." . . . Marie Wilson, at a Hollywood Chamber of Commerce luncheon, said, "I hope you celebrate another Fiftieth Anniversary real soon." And that's Hollywood for you!
Here's the wildest chase, the craziest race, the funniest pace that ever rocked you with laughter!
HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE 20th; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

WWW Rollicking across CinemaScope's super-wide screen, Marilyn Monroe, Lauren Bacall and Betty Grable spin a thoroughly entertaining fable about girls on the hunt for rich husbands. The personalities of this terrific trio are in neat contrast, and their teamwork is irresistible. Lauren's the brains of the outfit, a crisp-spoken dynamo who sublets a penthouse apartment as a show-case. Marilyn's a near-sighted honey who goes around colliding with furniture, under the ridiculous delusion that specs would ruin her chances with men. And Betty's a slightly slow-witted type whose humble tastes and warm heart keep tripping up her fancy ambitions. The men in the case—Cameron Mitchell, Rory Calhoun, David Wayne, William Powell—play second fiddles harmoniously. Spectacular Manhattan views and gorgeous gowns add a lush touch.

Verdict: Rich, gay, star-bright comedy (Family)

MONEY FROM HOME WALLEY, PARAMOUNT; 3-D, TECHNICOLOR

WWW Glorious in Technicolor for the first time, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis step out in a giddy, giggle-loaded tale focusing on a steeplechase race. Dean's in hock to a big-shot gambler, and in order to square his debts—and, incidentally, save his life—he's instructed to see that the favorite in the race does not run. Along with cousin Jerry, a veterinarian's assistant who has a way with all dumb animals, Dean takes off for Maryland. But romance soon changes the plot. Marjie Millar, a sprightly blonde newcomer, is the favorite's owner, who wins Dean's heart. And pert Pat Crowley, also a newcomer, is the girl of Jerry's dreams—a lady vet. The topper among all the ingenious gags is a Cyrano de Bergerac routine, with Dean doing the voice-dubbing for Jerry's serenade. Shot in 3-D, this picture may also be shown in 2-D; check your theatre.

Verdict: Hilarious, lively-paced farce (Family)

FORBIDDEN

WWW Tony Curtis proves he can handle action stuff, as the somewhat shady hero of a melodrama set in the colorful city of Macao. Tony's racketeer boss has sent him across the Pacific to find Joanne Dru and persuade her to return to the United States. Once Tony's sweetheart, she married a gang- leader on the rebound—and now, a widow, she still knows too much about the gang's activities. When Tony realizes that his mission is actually to lure Joanne to her death, he makes rescue plans, trying to elude the gunman despatched to check up on him. He has a further problem: She's become involved with a second unsavory character, night-club owner Lyle Bettger, whose obvious crookedness she refuses to recognize. The plot sometimes gets a little confusing, but suspense and violence build up steadily, and Tony and Joanne make a handsome pair of lovers.

Verdict: Romantic intrigue in an exotic locale (Family)
THE MOVIES

with Janet Graves

THREE SAILORS AND A GIRL

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ A short-lived offscreen romance gives an extra tang to this tune-film, though in the movie Jane Powell is Gordon MacRae's love interest, and is Gene Nelson's dance partner in only a couple of scenes. Gordon's a studious gob who plans to make a Wall Street killing with the pay he's saved during a long cruise. His fellow submarine-crew members give him their pay to be invested, too. But Gordon, Gene and Jack E. Leonard, a portly night-club comic cast as the third sailor, get tangled up with showbusiness. Sam Levene, a shoe-string stage producer, persuades Janie, leading lady of the musical he's putting on, to charm the boys into backing his show. From there on, it's a constant struggle to keep the show from folding. Song and dance numbers are nicely done, though ballads and jump tunes might have been alternated more often, to speed the tempo.

Verdict: Pleasant, light-weight musical (Family)

ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO

M-G-M, ANSCO COLOR

✓✓✓ Using the popular theme of the Civil War's impact on the frontier, this big-scale, hard-driving Western plays off North against South to dramatic effect. William Holden's the tough Union officer dominating a desert prison camp. But Holden, no slouch of a picture-stealer himself, gets some of his own medicine from John Forsythe, completely sympathetic and attractive as a Southern officer plotting a getaway. Eleanor Parker looks lovely in her costumes, playing a visitor who comes to the fort to give secret aid to Forsythe, her fiancé. During her maneuverings, her affections become divided—romantically, that is. Richard Anderson and Polly Bergen share a secondary love interest. The climax is breathtaking, with Indian archers using almost the methods of modern artillery to zero in on trapped whites—North and South fighting as a unit.

Verdict: Smooth, fast-moving outdoor thriller (Family)

EASY TO LOVE

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Esther Williams' cheerful, healthy charm and water-sport skill are again on display in a big, amiable musical. In the picturesque settings of Florida's Cypress Gardens (already familiar through newsreels and Cinemascope), Esther is condemned to a strictly-business existence. The Gardens' high-pressure manager (Van Johnson) keeps her busy every waking moment, either bouncing around in water shows, posing for ads or serving as target for tourists' cameras. Rebellious as she is, she has a secret yearning for Van, tries to make him jealous by encouraging muscle-man John Bromfield. On a fiving for New York, she acquires another suitor, night-club singer Tony Martin, and the quadrangle's juggled merrily. The score includes sure hits, and the finale features the most colossal water-ski exhibition ever filmed, with shots from a helicopter!

Verdict: Aqua-extravaganza with laughs, music (Family)

More reviews on page 95
SOAP BOX:

Our company saw “Forever Female” . . . and the most sensational movie star of the future . . . Wish her the best of luck from C-151 First Marine Division F.M.P. c/o F.P.O. San Francisco. Pat Crowley sure made a hit in Korea.

PFC. ROBERT W. HARPER

The Marines cheer Pat Crowley

Last week our neighborhood movie palace . . . did its best business in years . . . seats were filled continuously . . . The name of the attraction? “Stalag 17.” No gimmicks. No 3-D, no Stereophonic Sound, no Wide Screen, not even Technicolor. Nothing, in fact, but superb writing, acting and direction.

DAVID R. MOSS

Los Angeles 4, California

I have just seen “Pickup on South Street” and I just had to write and tell you what a wonderful picture it was. I would also like to congratulate Richard Widmark on the wonderful job he did . . .

CAROL MCCOSTLIN

Brooklyn, New York

. . . Saw “Latin Lovers” . . . Lana Turner has never been more lovely and Ricardo Montalban has never been more romantic . . .

CAROLYN JONES

Anniston, Alabama

I read Cindy Carson’s letter in which she criticized Sheilah Graham for her article “Come Out of That Star Spin.” . . . Surely a reporter who sees and talks with stars . . . knows a great deal more about filmland personalities than does a fan who sees them only at her local theater. Sheilah is my favorite movie columnist. She makes stars seem like the real live people they are. When she slaps down a big name, she may be doing that person a favor . . .

MILDRED HAWKINS

Yuma, Colorado

We want more of Montgomery Clift . . . big colored pictures and stories . . . Monty is the ideal star for looks and acting ability . . .

R. D’AMICO

Mahanoy City, Pennsylvania

I don’t think your readers could have made better choice in your “Choose Your Stars Contest when they chose Audrey Dalton . . . would love to see her teamed up with Dewey Martin . . .

JOSEPH L. WIS

Cleveland, Ohio

QUESTION BOX:

. . . did John Bacot frame Johnson’s brother, Lute, in “Law and Order”? If not who did? . . .

P. H. AND J. B.

Frosser, Wisconsin

Alex Nicol played the part of Lute—ED.

Please print a picture and some information on that magnificent hunk of man, James Arness so terrific in “Island in the Sky.” What other pictures has he made? . . .

JANET RAE WINTON

Los Angeles, California

A fine specimen of American manhood, Jimmy is 6’6”, weighs 225 lbs., has red-blonde hair and blue eyes. Not quite thirty-one, he’s married the father of three. He was “The Thing” in the picture of the same name. You’ll see him in “Hondo” and “Her Twelve Men”—ED.

I would like to know who played the part of Dorian Gray in the film “The Picture of Dorian Gray.” I’ve made a bet with my sister that I wasn’t Louis Jourdan . . .

ALICIA ARBITTI

Buenos Aires, Argentina

Hurd Hatfield played Dorian Gray—ED.

Is Rhonda Fleming’s hair really red, or is it dyed? What is her real name? . . .

N. L.

St. Louis, Missouri

Rhonda is a real Red Pepper and her real name is Marilyn Louis—ED.

. . . Could you please tell me if it was Richard Carlson who played opposite Barbara Stanwyck in “All I Desire”? . . .

AGNES HEATH

Vienna, Virginia

Yes, Richard Carlson did co-star with Barbara in “All I Desire”—ED.

I read your magazine each month and in the August issue I saw that Virginia Mayo and Zsa Zsa Gabor should play sisters . . . Arthur Franz and Glen Roberts should play brothers . . .

MARY LOU WILLY

Detroit, Michigan

. . . “South Pacific” . . . would make a beautiful movie co-starring Doris Day and Gordon MacRae . . .

MIKE DeVITA

Towson, Maryland

I recently saw the movie “The Sword and the Rose.” My friends and I thought it was so good we stayed and saw it twice. We think Glynis Johns and Richard Todd played their parts magnificently . . . they should star in another movie . . .

MARTHAHIE PEDDE

Augusta, Maine

. . . I think Hollywood should “break down” and co-star Marilyn Monroe and John Wayne in a sizzling, rugged drama based along the same line as “Ruby Gentry” . . .

THE CITIZENS OF GREATER TORONTO

Toronto, Canada

Every magazine I pick up, please, won’t you give that space to . . . Stewart Granger . . .

Gwen Mitchell

Tennessee, Pennsylvania

. . . We should see more of Robert Wagner and let’s have him in love stories. He and Debra Paget were perfect together in “Stars and Stripes Forever” . . .

S. M.

San Saba, Texas

I don’t know what Hollywood is coming to. All I read about is that the stars are separating or getting divorces . . . If stars like Esther Williams, Jane Russell, Alan Ladd . . . can stay married, I can’t see why the others can’t . . .

BONNIE S.

Freeport, Long Island

. . . being of the sentimental type . . . may I say we should see much more of that delightful boy, Rock Hudson? . . . Since Ralph Edwards showed his love on “This Is Your Life,” he was taken to our hearts and now we want to see him in more good pictures . . .

MRS. L. B.

Detroit, Michigan

CASTING:

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Jim Arness: Some hunk of man!

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AGNES HEATH

Vienna, Virginia

Yes, Richard Carlson did co-star with Barbara in “All I Desire”—ED.
I would like to know if Barbara Rush and Piper Laurie are related. They look alike. 

Ida Marie McGee
Folsom, California

They are in no way related.—ED.

Could you please tell me where I can get a picture of that handsome young actor Richard Jaeckel? I think he's tops.

J. B.
Victor, Iowa

You can send your request for a photo of Richard Jaeckel to Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd.—ED.

Could you please tell me the name of a recent film which included Yvonne DeCarlo and Ricardo Montalban ... could you also tell me if Vittorio Gassman was in it?

Yvonne Spangle
Redwood City, California

The picture was "Sombrero," and Vittorio Gassman was one of the stars.—ED.

Please tell me ... what has become of Kay Francis? ... She was always so delightful to see ... in movies. Last I heard ... she was doing stage plays.

Mrs. S. League
Hickman Mills, Missouri

Right. Miss Francis has been touring with stage plays in the East.—ED.

Received my October issue of Photoplay and in it you said that "Those Sisters from Seattle" and "The Moonlighter" are in 3-D . . . these two pictures were shown in Newark, but in 2-D. Would you please explain this? . . .

Eileen Malanga
Newark, New Jersey

Many theatres throughout the country have been showing 3-D pictures in 2-D versions. Photoplay, in its monthly features, "Let's Go to the Movies," and "Brief Reviews," suggests that you check your local theatre to see which version is being shown.—ED.

My girlfriend and I are both certain we are correct about one of the actors who played in "City Across the River." She says it was John Derek and I say it was Tony Curtis . . . who is correct?

Betty Bobula
Montreal, Quebec

It was Tony Curtis. Matter of fact, this role was the one that brought Tony to the attention of moviegoers.—ED.

My friends and I have a bet on. I say that Vera-Ellen and Gene Kelly did a dance to the music, "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," in the picture, "Words and Music" . . .

A Reader
Jersey City, New Jersey

You win!—ED.

Rob Roy struck back at tyranny to save his name, his honor and his people—a true story that became a deathless legend.

REBEL, LOVER, OUTLAW—that was Rob Roy, chief of the fighting MacGregor clan. Fearless Highland warrior, he outfought armies. His true exploits dwarfed the deeds of fiction, kindled the flame of freedom in oppressed men. The story that stirred imaginations for two centuries now becomes a spectacle of rugged grandeur—supreme entertainment!

Richard Todd
Glynis Johns

An All Live-Action Picture

Produced by Perce Pearce • Directed by Harold French
Screenplay by Lawrence E. Watkin
Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures
COPYRIGHT WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

Torn from his bride on their wedding night, Rob Roy risks the vengeance of his captors to return to her arms.

Rob Roy" A Walt Disney Production
Mrs. Jane Carlsan of New York City is a busy wife and mother, and as pretty as a picture.

"I use detergents 2500 times a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

Six years ago, pretty Jane Carlsan had never even heard of "detergents." Now she uses them (just like you) thousands of times a year!

Detergents are a blessing when they dissolve grease and grime. But when they dissolve away natural oils and softness from your hands, they're a problem!

But Jane's hands stay so smooth and lovely, you wouldn't believe she ever touched a dishpan or mop. How does she do it? After detergents - after any harsh soap or cleanser, Jane puts pure, white Jergens Lotion on, right away.

A few drops help replace necessary softening moisture. Jergens penetrates instantly, doesn't just "coat" hands. It contains two ingredients doctors use for softening. (That's one reason why it's the world's most popular hand care.)

For Jane, the best proof of Jergens Lotion care is the flattery her hands get from her husband.

Detergents are here to stay. Make sure your hands stay pretty, too. Keep Jergens Lotion and use it regularly after each chore. You can do a housewife's job, but it's nice to have a sweetheart's hands.

Use JERGENS LOTION - avoid detergent hands
For the sake of the children

In the corridors at the Children’s Court of Conciliation, light bulbs flashed as Susan Hayward and Jess Barker posed with Judge Georgia Bullock. Jess’ smiling face reflected his hope that this attempt to reconcile with his estranged wife would end in success. But Susan, dry-eyed and expressionless, gave no hint of what she was thinking. She had consented to this meeting only because “I love my children.”

An unexpected court drama temporarily halted proceedings when the couple found themselves trying to patch up a misunderstanding between Mrs. Margaret Harpstrite, the domestic relations conciliator, and her superior, Judge Bullock, as to who should hear the case. Putting aside her own problems, Susan gently consoled their conciliator and finally succeeded in ironing out the difficulties.

But the misunderstanding between Susan and Jess could not be patched up so easily. Years ago they had drifted apart, then reconciled. But this time Susan had filed for divorce. “It is unfortunate our marriage turned out this way,” she said. “And I’m terribly sorry. But I no longer love my husband.”

There was a heart-breaking finality to the words. The court gave Susan temporary custody of the twins, Timothy and Gregory, and although it set up another, later hearing, few in the courtroom felt it would be of any use. It now seems that not even the children they both love can bring Susan and Jess together again.
Cal York goes to an exciting party ...

INSIDE STUFF

At this year's "Choose Your Stars" party, established stars presented the winners.

Party of the Year was Photoplay's celebration to announce and honor your choices as winners of 1953's "Choose Your Stars" contest. The party was held at the Beverly Hills Hotel, and mistress of ceremonies was Barbara Stanwyck, who represents to the fullest the stature toward which this year's newcomers might well aim. With an established favorite—Jeff Chandler, Joan Fontaine, Bob Wagner, Piper Laurie, José Ferrer, among others—presenting each newcomer to the invited guests, the room was filled with a dazzling array of talent and splendor seldom equaled even in Hollywood! For each of the winners, this represents a beginning of dreams come true. And they all express their thanks for the confidence of Photoplay's readers.

Inside Hollywood: Because her name is news, press agents keep linking clients with June Haver. But she's gone out only with her agent and with a few old friends ... Describing his two-and-a-half-year exile as "a nightmarish experience," Larry Parks is back in pictures. Cleared by the House Un-American Activities Committee and so grateful for a second try, Larry asks...
for your tolerance and understanding.

"Gene Nelson and I have decided it's the best thing at this time not to see each other," was Jane Powell's surprise statement to the press. Insiders insist, however, they're more in love than ever and hope this measure will move Gene's wife to divorce him! ... Donald O'Connor was dining at Marilyn Erskine's house when he tuned in the radio and heard the report that the two are no longer speaking to each other!

News About Twos: Those printed reports that Rock Hudson is Number One in Joan Crawford's life are really intriguing to Rock. He's never had a date with the lady, but he's finally caught up with Terry Moore ... While Tab Hunter was (Continued on page 102)
Doris is back at work—but there's an unfamiliar sign on the door — "No Visitors"

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." William Shakespeare said it, and a thousand Hollywood stars—stars who have gloried and trembled, triumphed and wavered—have known this deep uneasiness. In those hours between midnight and dawn when inky blackness gives way to grey, cold light, many a troubled star has watched the approach of another day with weary eyes.

Doris Day—fun-loving, vibrant, radiant—finds today that the crown which she has worn so admirably for nearly five years is growing heavy on her head. And in those hours when the mantle of gayety no longer warms her, when she must dare to face herself alone, accompanied only by her own fears, hopes, desires, are there tears instead of laughter?

The buoyant Doris is disturbingly subdued. When the shooting of her current film, ironically titled "Lucky Me," was postponed again and again, her family and friends wondered—and worried. And Doris, normally the most communicative of people, would say nothing about what was troubling her. Whatever her problem, she was keeping it to herself, brooding over her own dark thoughts.

What exactly has happened to her?

This, only Doris herself—and perhaps her husband, Marty Melcher—can say. But the known facts can, in part, speak for themselves:

A short time after the completion of "Calamity Jane," Doris went into seclusion. To all appearances, she was merely "between pictures." But the starting date for "Lucky Me" came and went. Again and again, it was pushed back on the calendar.

Finally, it was announced that Doris had undergone surgery for the removal of a small, benign cyst. Veiled rumors, however, insisted that her illness was far more

For years she's spread the sunshine of her smile. Now something has happened to dim that Day sparkle. You can help bring it back

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE
There can be no half-way for Doris. She throws everything she has into the career she

complicated than this. Doris, for probably the first time in her movie career, could not be reached for comment. And her studio released only the information that their singing star would rest a few weeks—on the advice of her physician—before beginning the film.

But the rumors went on—nagging, insistent. One columnist reported that Doris was in a state of collapse and that it was doubtful that she would resume work before the end of the year. Another said that she was under the care of a psychiatrist.

Finally Marty Melcher broke the tense silence. "The report that Doris Day is in a state of collapse is not true," he said. "It never was true. The history of Doris proves it isn't true. It was a simple illness from which she has recovered. She's up and will begin work in about ten days." And the psychiatrist? "There isn't any!" Marty stated emphatically.

And Doris Day did return to work—but not the Doris Hollywood had known. Her sets, in the past, had been alive with her own special kind of radiance. They had bus-
loves—and into life itself

Although her role in “Calamity Jane” was exacting, she loved every minute of it—even the mud dousing. But it was right after this that she became ill.

Behind those dances with Ray Bolger is the spirit of a girl who once thought she’d never dance again.

Say their friends: “Thank heavens she has a wonderful guy like Marty to see her through.”

Although her role in “Calamity Jane” was exacting, she loved every minute of it—even the mud dousing. But it was right after this that she became ill.

Please get well Doris

best wishes

from

Let Doris know you’re thinking about her. Address this “get well” message to her, P. O. Box No. 3097, Olympic Station, Beverly Hills, California.
Fernando Lamas has been accused of using women to further his career. Here are the facts and the testimony of the man himself.

Fernando Lamas — Hero or Heel?

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

“Women,” says Fernando Lamas, “are the greatest assets in the world.” And the record shows that Fernando Lamas’ assets have never been frozen. For Fernando, like a cool-headed Wall Street investor, seems always to operate with his head and not his heart.

The handsome caballero from the Argentine, has been accused repeatedly of using women to further his film-acting career. It is the aim of this story to weigh the evidence and to arrive at the verdict: Is Fernando Lamas really guilty of cold-bloodedly using women in general, and two beautiful movie stars in particular, to break his way into the Hollywood stratosphere?

A prosecuting attorney would remind the jury of these facts: Fernando was happily married when he left Buenos Aires for Hollywood three and a half years ago. Then suddenly came the announcement of a separation from his wife, Lydia. By an ironic coincidence, the studio announced at just about the same time that the actor, then comparatively unknown in this country, would co-star with Lana Turner in “The Merry Widow.” Then Lana startled Hollywood by letting Lamas get away with most (Continued on page 76)
She's a happy-go-lucky character

When I first met her, she left me slightly speechless.
She still does!

News travels fast in Hollywood. One morning recently the ring of the telephone nearly blasted my ear off. At the other end of the line was a columnist. “Understand you were out with Debbie Reynolds again last night,” said the lady.

“That’s right,” I replied.

“Well . . . is it a romance? Tell me, how do you feel about her?”

“I’ll be glad to tell you,” I said. “Set aside a couple of days to listen.”

Well, about an hour later we finished our conversation. Or perhaps I should say, I finished my monologue. For somehow when I begin to talk about Debbie, I can’t call a halt after only a few sentences.

This strikes me as pretty funny, considering that when I first met her, she left me slightly speechless. It was one of those lavish opening nights at the IceCapades and we’d have had to toss a coin to decide which were the most blinding—the Klieg lights anchored to the sidewalks or the collections of diamonds that went floating into the auditorium.

My girl and I were double-dating with a buddy of mine, and his date was a little actress for whom everybody was predicting stardom. (Continued on page 97)
Ideal!
What's Leslie Caron's trouble?
Don't meat and marriage mix?

Is Johnny Johnston the cause of Kathryn Grayson's blues?

THIS IS THE

Intimate! Honest!
Here are the facts
behind the rumors you read—brought to you
in an exciting
Photoplay exclusive

BY
GEORGE ARMSTRONG

RUMOR: "Shelley Winters goes to Rome this winter to make a movie with her husband, Vittorio Gassman, and her ex-boyfriend, Farley Granger. This should be fun to watch..."

FACT: It certainly should be, but there is not a word of truth in it. This was just something that popped out of the unpredictable Shelley's mouth when she was stuck for a story to give the press. In the first place, Farley would have no part of such a movie. He is a serious-minded young man when it comes to his work, and he most decidedly would not participate in so strange a triangular gimmick. Shelley denies there is any jealousy between her husband and former fiancé (?), but we rather gathered from speaking to them both that they don't share common interests at all. As a matter of fact, we believe that Farley would appreciate it very much if the Gassmans would forget about him entirely. Shelley may go to Rome, but it will be a social and not a movie-business call.

RUMOR: "Paris reporters got quite a shock the other night when they saw Kirk Douglas and Leslie Caron out on a date. Is something wrong with her marriage? . . ."

FACT: Yes, there is something wrong with Leslie's marriage, but probably not what this columnist implies. It's all based on the choice Leslie's faced with: being a ham on the screen, or being the wife of a ham packer in the Middle West. Ever since she married George Hormel, eldest son of the meat packer, George has been resisting his family's pleas to come back to the factory and take over. He has resisted because his wife is an actress and loves it—and because he himself prefers music to meat. George is in the Coast Guard now and when his hitch is up, in about a year, he will have to face the decision. If there's no indication that he can be really successful in the
musical world, he's honor-bound to keep an old promise and go into the packing plant. Then Leslie will have to choose between acting or homemaking. But that day is still in the future. The reason she is in Paris now is that George is on a six-months' tour-of-duty cruise for the Coast Guard—and it's a good time for her to visit her old home town. The date with Kirk Douglas means nothing. Absolutely nothing.

RUMOR: "Peter Lawford canceled his reservation to fly East with Judy Holliday when he learned photographers would snap them as they boarded the plane. . . ."

FACT: Peter Lawford avoids photographers like kids avoid the Good Humor man. And for good reason: He has nothing to hide. There has been much printed about Peter and Judy in the past few months, most of it completely inaccurate. Unless they are much more subtle than seems possible, their relationship is about as platonic as a relationship can get. In the first place, Judy is married and, according to every indication, plans to remain so. Peter is an avid showbusiness fan, as his trotting about the country with Martin and Lewis and other acts proves. He thinks Judy is one of the greatest, and when she suggested last summer (after they had worked together so successfully in "It Should Happen to You") that they dream up a nightclub act, he could think of nothing else. That was what the "romance" was all about. We suppose someday the elusive Peter will marry someone—but not Judy Holiday.

RUMOR: "The Robert Mitchums are feuding again and it looks as though this time it will end their marriage. . . ."

FACT: Not in a hundred years! If you ask Robert Mitchum if he thinks he is a good (Continued on page 100)
He used to laugh at the gag "father's doing fine!" But after what he went through, Mike's convinced that

BECOMING A FATHER'S NO JOKE!

BY TONI NOEL

I had no idea I was going to wind up holding Mike O'Shea's hand in a hospital corridor when I called that morning to ask how Virginia Mayo was feeling. It was just a few days (we thought) before the baby was due.

Virginia, Mike said, was "fine, just fine." Then he issued that strange invitation: "Hey, why don't you go to the hospital with me when I have to walk the floor? I'm gonna need some moral support!"

I was flattered, of course, and I was very much touched.

"Any hour of the day or night," I answered. That's when the vigil began.

On the whole, Virginia had a quiet pregnancy. Astonishingly so, when you consider that her house rang with the pounding of hammers and the brrrrr of electric saws almost the entire nine months; they were building a second story for the O'Shea heir. Happily, Virginia isn't one to be more than moder-
ately disturbed by necessary evils. The house was in chaos—so it was in chaos. She couldn’t see why the fact that she was pregnant should give her cause to complain about it. As for the pregnancy itself, as far as she was concerned it was all a slow but natural process which was undeserving of fuss.

The day the baby was born, Mike had something to say on that subject. "A lot of women," he put it, "use their condition to get extra attention. They have to have special things; they get temperamental, and if you don’t indulge every whim they dissolve into tears. So many of 'em use it as an excuse that now everybody says isn’t Virginia terrific because she doesn't. So what’s terrific? She’s just being completely natural, the way she’s always been."

For once the O'Shea missed a trick. He missed the fact that remaining completely natural, while becoming a top star or a mother for the first time is kind of terrific. But that’s the way his wife is.

According to the best medical calculations, Mary Catherine O'Shea was to have been a trick-or-treat girl, born on Halloween. But she missed that deadline by a week. And then by another. And in that second long week, while her friends and family waited with baited breath, Virginia casually let it be known that she’d just as soon

CONTINUED
the baby wasn’t born for a while longer. Mike having said off-handedly, “Baby on the way, guess the old man will have to get out and go to work,” was up to his ears in assignments. During the next few days, he made the pilot film for a thirty-nine-week television series. He rehearsed and filmed a play for the Schlitz Playhouse. And, on the weekend, he made appearances on two live TV shows, one local and one national. And Virginia said firmly, “I don’t want to have the baby now. Mike would be too worried to do his best work.”

She got her wish. The baby obediently stayed put while Daddy brought home the bacon.

That local TV appearance of Mike’s took place on a Saturday night. Watching the program, I was amazed, to put it mildly, when Master of Ceremonies Peter Potter excitedly waved a message and shouted, “Mike, you have just become the father of a nine-pound, six-ounce boy! Congratulations!” If you happened to see that program, you have already witnessed color television, because Mike O’Shea turned at least six shades of green.

As it happened, the message turned out to be some anonymous practical joker’s idea of wit. And Virginia, it seems, when the phony announcement was made, was sitting at home, watching the program and laughing uproariously.

It was a cold, bleak Thursday morning, the 12th of November, when I checked in with Dorothy Jeffers, the O’Sheas’ girl Friday, and asked her if she thought there ever would be a baby.

“Oh, I don’t think there’s any question about that,” she laughed. “She’s going to have a baby, all right—but heaven only knows when! Mike is taking her to see the doctor this afternoon, and I believe that if nothing has happened by the weekend, they’re planning to put her in the hospital anyhow. I’ll sure call and let you know.”

She did. In a matter of minutes. “Can you get to the hospital right away?” Her voice was urgent. “Mike asked me to call.”

“Wah?” I asked stupidly.

“Hospital. Right away,” she repeated and hung up.

I fumbled into some clothes and bolted for the car. I was heading down Wilshire Boulevard toward Santa Monica when a most unpleasant sound penetrated my numbness: police siren. Impatiently, I pulled over, hoping they’d get their offender in a hurry so that I could be on my way. They did.

The officer was courteous. “Morning,” he said cheerfully. “See your driver’s license, please?” He saw it. “I suppose,” he went on in a conversational tone, “you had a good reason for going fifty-five in a thirty-five-mile zone?”

“Yes, sir,” I stammered. “I’m on my way to St. John’s Hospital in Santa Monica. The baby’s finally coming, and I’ve got to hurry.”

He gave a long look at my waistline, and his pleasant smile vanished. “Lady,” he said as he handed me the ticket, “that’s a very flimsy story!”

When Virginia and Mike drove up, she, of course, was calm. She let herself out of the car, gently told Mike to go park it somewhere, and came smiling up the hospital steps. “Hi,” she said to me. “Are you going to miss any PHOTOPLAY deadlines on account of all this?”

At that moment I couldn’t remember what a deadline was. “Are you all right? Was the drive bad?”

“The drive was fine,” she answered. “Except that Mike got confused and started to drive to Beverly Hills. . . . I wonder what I’m supposed to do now? Register, I suppose.”

The nurse at the receiving desk was horrified. “Why, Mrs. O’Shea, I’m so sorry!” she said. “I thought surely someone had registered you before you got here.” The look she gave me was a scorcher.

So it was Virginia, herself, who filled out the necessary form. She thought she might as well, since she was there and Mike hadn’t come back yet.

Mike was a little pale when he did walk in—and elaborately casual. He was urbane, glib, jocular. Not at all nervous. The only trouble was, you couldn’t get with him. His eyes were remote, except when they rested on Virginia. And once we reached the maternity floor, once she had gone away under the solicitous hand of a nurse, Mike didn’t track very well. He jumped from one conversational item to another. In the waiting room he sat down, shot up, walked to the hall, to the window, and back (Continued on page 86)
“IT’S BEEN THREE HOURS. HOW MUCH LONGER?”

“IS THE DOCTOR AROUND? AM I—is she?”

WORTH WAITING FOR IS MARY CATHERINE O’SHEA, JUST ELEVEN DAYS OLD WHEN SHEPOSED FOR PICTURE WITH NURSE
To be Bing Crosby is automatically to make headlines. This has been so ever since he first crooned the mellow note that was heard around the musical world. But never, in all his years of success, has the public cared so much about his personal life as it has since Dixie died a little over a year ago, leaving him an eligible and elusive widower.

He is a catch, possibly the biggest marital catch in the business, and a lot of pretty caps have been set at their most fetching angles in frank efforts to make Bing a married man again. But if he’s interested in another trip to the altar, he hasn’t made it clear.

Actually, he’s dated very little since Dixie died. And every time he has, the news has
Can a new romance bring back the old Bing?
His friends doubt it. For today, he is like a ship without a rudder, drifting dangerously close to disaster

BY
JAMES HUNT

practically pushed such items as Russia's latest rumbles right off the front page. Bing has been begged and badgered, teased and taunted for the answers to a pair of simple questions: Will he marry again? And, if so, who will be his bride?

One reason he's been so evasive about those answers is a simple one: He probably just doesn't know them himself. That certainly appeared to be the case when he was surprised into a statement on the subject not so long ago.

Cornered by an enterprising young reporter when he was autographing copies of his book, "Call Me Lucky," in a Los Angeles department store. (Continued on page 83)
Spoil the Brute!

BY JANET LEIGH
Her fellow working wives may call Janet Leigh a traitor to her sex. But, says Mrs. Curtis, if this be treason make the most of it. This gal makes plenty of sense!

• I'm an old-fashioned wife who holds the currently unpopular opinion that a husband should be picked up after, catered to, babied, waited on and made comfortable. For instance, if a husband likes to do oil painting at night and leaves everything in a mess because he's exhausted and sleepy, I believe that it's a wife's part of the bargain to straighten up that mess before she goes to bed, to leave clean brushes and painting cloths ready for the next evening's painting—and to see that a piece of oilcloth is spread under the easel so gobs of paint won't dry on the rug.

Twice, though, I'll admit this picking up after Tony got me into trouble. One day I snatched up a bunch of his clothes from a bedroom chair to sort for the laundry—and suddenly I collapsed to my knees. I thought I'd suffered a heart attack. But it was only Tony's 100-pound weight (which he uses for lifting exercises) tangled in the clothes! Another time I was straightening his sport vests in his closet when bang—a small object in tissue paper fell out of a pocket. It was a cigarette lighter engraved "To My Love." My normally hazel eyes turned Technicolor green. That night I confronted Tony at the door with "And just who did you buy a gold lighter for?"

"You snoop, you!" he gulped, when he recovered. "Just for that you're not gonna get it." And I didn't—not until Valentine's Day. And by then the engraving had been altered so there was no doubt about the identity of Tony's "Love."

My whole attitude on this subject was crystallized the other night when I got home from the studio before Tony did. Ida May, who comes in daily to clean and cook, was preparing dinner. I gathered Tony's mail in a neat little pile, set his chair before the TV set, and on the coffee table arranged cigarettes, magazines and the eatables he loves—a plate of caviar, chopped onion and thinly sliced pumpernickel and a jug of cold root beer. Kind of an odd combination, I admit, but Tony likes it. It doesn't do him any harm, so (Continued on page 79)
THE LATE SHOW

ELIZABETH TAYLOR
For two guys named Mike,
Lis Taylor's a dream.
In the palest of pinks, this
Mom's on the beam.

ELAINE STEWART
A form-fitting black
is the robe she prefers,
But who'd want to hide lovely
lines like hers!

ELAINE'S IN
"Take the High Ground"

MITZI CAYNOR
No pastel shades for this
almond-eyed miss.
She enlivens the night scene
In colors like this.

MITZI IS IN
"Three Young Texans"

Piper's nest is
"Johnny Dark"

PIPER LAURIE
When Piper wears robes
of a delicate hue,
The night, need we say, is
no longer blue.

Piper's in
"Elephant Walk"
Pardon us for peeking into milady's boudoir— but who wouldn't be interested in what the stars wear in the privacy of their homes? Some like pastels, others turn into birds of paradise, but each star makes an evening at home enchanted

Lingerie worn by Terry, Mitzi, Donna and Jane by Joel Park

**TERRY MOORE**

It's sheer provocation but Terry can wear 'em.
Her Moore-ish ensemble's right out of the harem!

ARLENE DAHL

No tailored robes for her— femininity's her theme.
In frills, bows and furbelows
This Dahl's a dream

Terry's in "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef"

**JANE RUSSELL**

A sultry figure in bright flaming red,
Says, Good Night Ladies
—and so to bed!

Donna's in "Gun Fury"

DONNA REED

At home, in her boudoir, she sheds her screen self
And dressed in pale yellow's
a provocative elf

Jane appears in "The French Line"
He can't stand avocados and champagne
Is crazy about hot dogs and strawberry ice cream
Believes in vacations from marriage
BY JOSEPH STEELE

When Stewart Granger was a boy, he was as bashful with girls as a cowboy hero in the heroine's presence. He never wears a hat—or garters. Incompetence and inefficiency drive him crazy: "People who don't know their jobs should be doing something else." First couple of days on a new picture, he always has a fine case of camera jitters.

Marital vacations are a great idea, he thinks—"but not the planned kind. Those that happen in the natural course of events are a good thing." (He and Jean Simmons had an unplanned marital vacation recently, when M-G-M sent him to England to make "Beau Brummell," and RKO refused to let Jean go along.)

He can't stand avocados, garlic, champagne, hamburgers or air travel: "My head aches and my ears pop." When he's working, he usually breakfasts on grapefruit and tea, has a light lunch, smokes about fifty cigarettes a day. When he isn't working, he puts away a sturdy bowl of porridge each morning. He gets terribly seasick, though he was brought up beside the sea. "I used to fish on one side of the boat and get sick on the other."

He is punctual, but not fussy about details, and definitely not the neat type around the house: "My room always looks as if a tornado had just ripped through it." He's inclined to obey his impulses. (Continued on page 90)
Liz Taylor says there are a lot of things in life she isn't sure about. But of one thing she's positive: Wherever she goes, baby goes too. She learned—the hard way—that she needs little Mike, as well as his father, with her all the time.

In July, when the Wildings decided on impulse to close up their California house and dash over to London to show off their young son to Mike's parents, they intended to enjoy a continental trip—that honeymoon they hadn't had—without him. But it didn't work out that way. Liz couldn't stand it. A few babyless weeks in Spain and Scandinavia were all it took to convince her. “When we were in Copenhagen, we heard that he had cut a tooth,” Liz says unhappily. “We hated to think we'd missed that tooth. And when the doctor advised me to rest for a couple of weeks, we had nightmares thinking what else we might miss. So we sent for him.” “He's got four vicious fangs now,” his father says proudly.

In mid-November, after the family swing around Europe, Liz started work on "Beau Brummell" at M-G-M's Elstree Studios, a few miles outside London.
Spain courted them with sunny skies, Scandinavia with its crystal charms. But something was missing for Liz and Mike. Until Junior joined the party

Honeymoon with baby

BY ROBERTA STREET

She has reduced her working life to a rigid routine so she can spend as much time as possible with the baby. Thanks to him she can get up these days without an alarm clock. For Mike Junior wakes up at six and lets everyone within earshot know it.

Work was the last thing the Wildings were thinking about last summer when they decided to go to London. “I thought it was time my parents had a look at little Mike,” said big Mike. “And Liz and I had made up our minds long ago to have him baptized in England. This seemed like the time to (Continued on page 93)
For the love of Ava, Frank risked his career, almost ended it with his stormy marriage. Today he's back on top of the world. But alone, it's an empty victory.

He had the world by a string. But tonight, he was too tired to care. He had neither the will nor the heart.

The papers were reporting that Ava Gardner was going through with the divorce—but carrying a tall torch. If so, wherever she was, it must have been taller than ever tonight.

When Frank Sinatra had said, “I have a career too,” intimating that the basic problem between them lay in adjusting to two careers, his was an understatement. Tonight that career was really closing in. Motion pictures. Television. Radio. Records. Night clubs. Pick his own spotlight. Write his own ticket. This should have been making him feel great, for just a year ago the wiseacres were writing his ticket for him—only one way.

But tonight, it all seemed an empty victory. He seemed too drained, physically and emotionally, for any of it to matter.

We asked how he’d been. But he didn’t have to answer. Everything about him—his tone, his look—showed how he felt. “Oh ... busy,” he said. “Having a few laughs and ...” he stopped short, breaking it off. “Laughs!” he said, in a voice indicating he’d had anything but—

He was rehearsing in Hollywood’s El Capitan Theatre, for NBC’s “Comedy Hour” show, and he didn’t have a laugh in him. Nor a song. He seemed far away. Far from the frenzied bustle of a (Continued on page 87)
Jane's high strung. Fred's even-tempered. Together they make wonderful music.

“How normal a life can you possibly have?” someone asked Mrs. Freddie Karger.

“Well, I'll tell you,” and Jane's eyes sparkled. “My kids are so tall they should be sixteen, when actually Maureen's under thirteen, Terry (Fred's daughter) is a year younger, and Mike's only nine. They're way over-sized, my poodle's way under-sized, and I have poinsettias blooming in June!”

It was exactly the sort of answer you'd expect; for Jane Wyman, in her long career as a star, has been consistent in one thing only: inconsistency. She has been called "a Hollywood rebel," but this isn't true. She has always felt that Hollywood's been wonderful to her, extended helping hands all along the line. She's just a rebel, period, an individualist who has learned what she wants out of life. And what she wants doesn't include fancy clothes, or jewelry, or sharing her life with the public.

When Jane and Fred got married, they did it so quietly that no columnist had even linked their names. "If you're going to get married," Jane says, "you don't need opinions. You have your own. You're building your life and that is something you must do quietly, privately, without distraction."

Actually, this is the first personal story that Jane has agreed to since their marriage. All the world has wanted to know what goes with the Kargers; but first Jane wanted to know herself. She wanted the freedom to find her way in privacy, and she's found it. She and Freddie haven't even had a honeymoon yet; they haven't had time. They've been at home in a house filled with youngsters and filled with music. When they do manage time for that honeymoon (any minute now), they'll probably just toss their golf clubs in the back of the car and head up the coast, staying at motels and playing all the excellent golf courses along the way. And there won't be any photographers along for the ride.

In the early days of her career, Jane had a different slant on publicity. "When you're first kicking up your feet, of course you (Continued on page 91)
Photoplay Fashions

TURN THE PAGE FOR DETAILS
Look what's happening to the sweater, girls!

Now it's a dress, a blouse, an evening top or even a coat! A dress-up specialty of interesting textures and blends, the sweater has arrived as an important figure in fashion—and no matter what shape it takes, it's here to stay. On these and the following pages you see a variety of knits for all occasions and hours. Most are packable, many are washable, and all are wearable and smart. Add an important jewel, a little fur collar or a good leather belt and you have a wardrobe for any hour of the day or night. Knits are a good investment. Have one! Have them all! All at popular prices!

ON THE PRECEDING PAGE:


ALL FASHION PHOTOS BY PHIL STEARNS
Elasticized cotton—newest sensation in sweater tops! It gives and stretches to fit your figure, is just as lovely with skirts as with these handsome natural gabardine Bermuda shorts worn here by Geraldine Brooks of TV fame. Man-tailored with self-belt and fly front. We've added a belt by Calderon, jewelry by Capri. Top by Beldoch Popper. $3.95. At Russeks, N. Y. Shorts by Peter Pan. Sizes 9-15, 10-20, $5.95. At Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

It shapes to you as it does to beauteous Martha Hyer, for it's Sea Nymph's new woven wool and lastex glamour suit with a special inner bra that molds the figure and stays put with or without the benefit of the trim, narrow straps! What's more, it dries in a jiffy, is flattering for sunning as well as practical for swimming. Your choice of grey, black, white or navy in sizes 32 to 38. $14.95. At Arnold Constable, New York. Martha will be next in United Artists' "Riders to the Stars"
1. A striped cotton cardigan to wear now with skirts, later with play clothes. White with black, pink or powder blue. By Smartee. $3.98. Sizes s-m-l. May Co., Los Angeles, Cal., Wanamaker's, Philadelphia, Pa.

2. Perfect year-round jacket. It's the new hip length with two utility patch pockets and wide self-cuffs. White, navy or red popcorn stitched wool-knit. Sizes 34-40. By Select Sportswear. $17.95. Stern's, New York

3. This short-sleeved cardigan is made of vicara and nylon and washes like a dream! It has a Peter Pan collar, comes in white, blue, pink, maize, navy. Sizes 34-40. By Gotham Sportswear. $5.95. Bloomingdale's, N. Y.

4. Here's a scoop-neck camisole that can be worn tucked inside or out. It's a ribbed cotton sierra knit, sold in oyster white trimmed with navy, pink or green. $2.95. Sizes s-m-l. By Jantzen, at Burdines, Miami, Fla.

FOR MORE STORES WHERE YOU CAN BUY PHOTOCOPY FASHIONS, SEE PAGE 82
He's saving his money and shopping for a house. But it will take a smart girl to get him in the marrying mood, as Bob's in love with his career. However, when you add up his assets—looks, charm, social background, plus the $52,000 a year he now earns—you can hardly blame the girls for trying.
Scott Brady

He says he wants to get married but can't find "the girl." With all the unattached beauties around, Scott must be looking in the wrong direction! This temperamental Irishman loves the outdoors, so the girl who goes after him should be a good sport.
RICHARD ALLAN

He sings, plays the piano, dances like a dream and has no intention of staying in his $200-a-week bracket. A handsome six-footer who keeps in trim at the gym, this year’s “Choose Your Stars” winner looks like a good bet for stardom—and marriage.

Dick's last was "Niagara"
Although he dresses as if he didn't have a cent to his name, Marlon gets $150,000 per picture and invests most of it in cattle. He's financially sound but while he can be charming on occasion, most girls don't go for his moods and unconventional behaviour.
A big, happy, good-natured guy, Rock's fun to be with and probably would be fun to live with. Hollywood experts think marriage would be good for his career. At his salary—he makes $1,000 a week—he could afford it. But Rock likes playing the field.
CARLOS THOMPSON

A south-of-the-border charmer with Viking good looks, he had two leading stars fighting over him the minute he landed in Hollywood. But this guy's as discreet as he is devastating. And now the girls are wondering: Did he leave his heart in Argentina?

BYRON PALMER

He doesn't have to call the girls—the girls call him. Married and divorced, he has a way with women. But he seldom dates the same girl twice. His heart belongs to his young daughter. With Byron, it looks like a case of "Love me, love my baby!"
CLARK GABLE

Brute force? Virile charm? A lot of people have tried to analyze Clark’s amazing hold on female affections. Right now, a certain Parisian model seems to be the leading contender for his heart. But don’t give up, girls. Clark’s unpredictable!

JEFF RICHARDS

Girls who turn green in a boat wouldn’t do for this man—he’s an ardent sailor, spends most of his time on the water. And he’s mighty entertaining with the guitar. Another thing—his wife would have to be a good cook. He loves to eat.
FARLEY GRANGER

Love in a cottage would never appeal to this fellow. He likes to travel, prefers sophisticated girls, especially the Continental type. Right now he's having a ball, dating dozens of girls in Europe. Farley earns $90,000 a picture—enough to support a wife in the style to which he's become accustomed. A man of moods, he's charming, somber or gay. But don't take him too seriously. He's not quite ready for marriage.

MONTGOMERY CLIFT

A girl would have to take the initiative with Monty. But she'd better be subtle—or he'll shy away. Monty has the reputation of being a lone wolf—but the story is that he once was really in love. When he falls in love again it will be with the same kind of intensity you see in his acting. He has no problems financially—he gets $150,000 to $200,000 a picture—and professionally, Monty's career is solid as a rock.
"I used to hate the way my skin looked!—peppered with coarse, dark pores—and so dull!"

"What a heavenly change! My skin actually looks clear... so much finer, I can hardly believe it!"

You can almost make your skin over!

The simplest, easiest, surest of daily treatments can make an amazing change in your skin—this very week!

For the fact is—your skin is incredibly sensitive. You know how quickly it reacts to heat and cold, sun and wind. In the same way, it reacts to the kind of daily care you give it.

The unsuspected cause of most "poor" complexions is hidden dirt. Dirt that goes deep into pore openings, where it hardens—making your skin look dull, pore-y, coarse.

Refines by clearing deeper

Pond's Cold Cream is specifically designed to get right down to the deeper dirt that ordinary and less effective cleansings simply skim over. Its unique oil and moisture formula actually softens and floats out embedded, water-resistant dirt... makes your skin fastidiously clean.

Replenishes oils and moisture that keep skin looking young

Every day—skin softening oils and moisture are stolen from your skin by dry indoor heat and outdoor exposure, normal tensions and fatigue. A velvety Pond's Cold Creaming gives back to your skin softening oils and moisture—helps keep it velvety-smooth, supple, young-looking.

1. Every night, circle fluffy fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream briskly from throat up to forehead. This circle-cleansing releases embedded dirt. Stimulates circulation. Tissue off well.

2. Now, "rinse" with fresh fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly—leaving invisible traces of Pond's to soften and protect your skin.

The Marchioness of Queensberry says: "I've found the surest way to a smooth, fresh skin is a thorough Pond's Cold Creaming every day."

Start tonight to use this world-famous beauty care. Get Pond's Cold Cream in the large jar... nicer to dip into, and compared with the smaller jars, you average a third more cream for your money!
Fernando Lamas—Hero or Heel?

(Continued from page 39)

of the close-ups in the picture. She had a
good feminine reason; she was in love with
him. The studio announced that they would
star together again in "Latin Lovers," and
Lana announced to her palpitating friends
that Bob was the #1 in the world. But Topp-
ing and Fernando got his freedom, she
would marry her leading man.

But Lamas wasn’t quite ready to discuss
marriage, it seems. This attitude was un-
understandable to the tenor of the lovers.
And the tension flared into a public fight
at the Marion Davies wingding for Johnnie
Ray. For weeks afterwards, columnists be-
rated Fernando as being a dish he was like
such remarks as "A man in this town has
put his career first." He made it clear that
he had no intention of getting hitched to
the girl he had courted so assiduously,
or even of thinking about it until she went
to Las Vegas to get a divorce. When that
time came, he didn’t even bother to go up
there to help her while the waiting away.
Lana and her friends called him a heel.

Came a new dawn and Bingo! Fernando
was at it again. His publicity, which had
lain dormant for a week or so, flared to
a bright glow once more in the company of
beautiful redhead Bell Dahl. She had
just kicked Lex Barker out of her con-
nuial bed, and Lex, meanwhile, had latched
on to the lonely and lovely Lana. Once
again it was the distaff section of the
Lamas combination who was rattorous.
Arlene told everyone who would listen, "I
love him. He’s wonderful."

So Hollywood waited this past fall un-
til October 15th, when Arlene’s divorce
from Lex Barker was final to see what
would happen. Nothing did. There’s a poss-
sibility that something may have, by the
time you read this story. But, as of going
to press, there was a coolness in the air
that had nothing to do with the weather.
And again there was talk that Fernando
was merely repeating himself—using the
name of a prominent movie actress to keep
himself in the public eye prints.

I’ve seen quite a lot of Mr. Lamas in the
past five years, and even though, by North
American standards he does sound rather
conceited, I personally have never found
him unattractive. To the contrary, he was
hostest in his replies. He’s very frank—some-
times embarrassingly so. Like the time he
told a reporter, “Arlene’s so beautiful
and warm—if you know what buttons to push.”

Can you imagine any man you know say-
ing that?

When I spoke with Fernando, we dis-
cussed love—naturally. “It’s all a question
of timing,” said Fernando, with the posi-
tive air of a man who knows his subject
thoroughly. “How can you walk into a
house,” he put it, “unless someone opens
the door for you?” As I say, he sounds
a little bobby soxer.

But Arlene admits freely that, to use
Fernando’s phrase, she couldn’t wait to
open the door. So how could he be using
her when she wanted to be used so badly?

And wasn’t I just saying that Fernando
was the only one of Arlene’s conquests
who was a woman with woman, a very fascinating
way, Arlene, who certainly should know
says, “Any woman who has ever loved
Fernando can never get over him. And
that includes his wife.”

When Fernando was in New York with
Arlene not so long ago, someone asked him
if he was having a good time in the big
city. He said he was, but this slipped out:
“I can’t wait to get back to California
to see my wife and child.” Now what exactly
did he mean by that?

Brides-To-Be and Married
Women Should Know These Facts

The modern woman fully realizes how
necessary douching is for intimate cleanli-
ess, her health and married happiness.
Another survey showed that of the mar-
rried women asked:
83.3% douche after monthly periods.
86.5% douche at other times.
The important question is what is the
best product to use? Certainly you’ll want
to use one that is so highly recommended
among nurses for a cleansing, deodoriz-
ing douche. That product is ZONITE!

ZONITE Offers Powerful Hygienic Protection
ZONITE immediately combats germ-life
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posits. It completely deodorizes. Never
leaves any lasting telltale odor of its own.
No other type liquid product for the
douche of all those tested is so powerful
ly effective yet absolutely safe to body
issues as ZONITE. It is positively non-poisonous,
non-irritating, ZONITE may even be swal-
lowed accidentally with safety.

Be sure to buy ZONITE for
your douche. Inexpensive—
costs only a few pennies per douche.

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nurses
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douching
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FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

76
Only NEW DESIGN MODESS gives you the luxury of a new whisper-soft fabric covering . . no gauze . . . no chafe.
Once again the editors of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE bring you Photoplay Annual. This year Photoplay Annual is more glamorous than ever! It is a treasure-mine of information about the stars...a real Who's Who in Hollywood. This book is a collector's item. A book that you should have in your possession. Here is just a brief description of this truly glamorous book:

HOLLYWOOD STAR ENCYCLOPEDIA—Vital statistics and pertinent information on more than 550 stars—their roles and lives in 1953. The addresses of the leading studios. Now you will know where to write your favorite stars.

BEST LIKED MOVIES OF 1953— Captivating scenes from the greatest movies of 1953—where are movie memories you will want to keep—forever!


EVENTS OF THE YEAR—The parents of 1953 pictured with their youngsters—memorable weddings of the year—divorces of the year that made headlines—the final curtain, death robbed us of some of the nation's entertainment greats.

THE YEAR'S NEWCOMERS—20 new stars that made their mark in '53. Pictures, as well as a thumbnail description, of these newcomers. See and read about them here, and then follow their exciting careers.

PORTRAIT GALLERY—Thrilling full-page pictures of Charlton Heston, Ann Blyth, Tab Hunter, Rooney Calhoun, June Allyson, Ava Gardner, Jeff Chandler and Susan Hayward.

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This valuable collector's item sells out every year. Send for your copy at once and be the first in your neighborhood to possess a copy of this thrilling book. It contains everything you want to know about the stars.

It's a fact, and something I hope Arlene understands, that women in many countries—especially countries south of the border—are regarded as something inferior to men, and this could account for the undertone of coldness in Fernando's attitude towards the fair sex. He likes women. I think fact he even loves them in his fashion. But with him, first things come first, and women are not first.

Take the ranch he is planning to buy in the Valley and the apartment house he's buying in town. "I want an apartment house in case I don't continue in the movie business. The whole thing's like a balloon of gas—it goes up and down, and you don't know what it's going to do next," he said. "I want to live on the ranch. The house will be small with some land, swimming pool and some horses. I love cars and horses. (This is the first time, except in talking about his horse, that he used the word 'love.' ) I broke nearly every bone in my body riding horses. But I love to ride. What else is life except these few things you love and the people you like?"

I wanted to talk about Arlene, Marlowe and life on the ranch. I wanted to know. Somehow I can't see the cream and peaches red in the wide open spaces. Fernando grinned. "She hates horses," he told me. But the fact remains that whether she does or doesn't, the man she loves is buying a ranch and horses.

If Fernando hadn't landed so solidly in the "Merry Widow," he might have returned to his wife, Lydia, and to his career in Argentina. And this could, no doubt, have been the best thing that could have happened for Lydia and Lana. The next few months will tell whether or not it has been good for Arlene too.

FINISH
I explained that I want to make my homemaking a little more special. Tony—just a place to hang his hat. My joy is Tony's happiness. Having him wait on me doesn't contribute to my happiness. Since a wife's responsibility is running a house, who is she running it for but her husband? I'm a working member of a partnership, a helpmate; and I want to contribute my share—not just greedily take as much as I can from it.

I know there are working wives who will consider me a traitor to my sex. They'll probably try to hide this magazine, with its heretical ideas, from their husbands. I know these gals believe that household duties should be split down the center exactly—half for the husband, half for the wife. I don't. And I'll be sorry if this gets me thrown out of the Working Wives' Union. I still remember the morning of my birthday the first year Tony and I were married. Tony (who loves his sleep) got up early to surprise me by making breakfast. I was touched, but the results convinced me that man's place is not in the kitchen.

Tony served me orange juice, which was very good. But he'd spilled most of it on the floor and let it squirm all over the organdy kitchen curtains. The toast was burnt; the eggs were pure leather; the bacon was mostly raw; the coffee, of which I'm very fond, well we'd better not go into that.

If I'm being too critical, it's because I got my own training in housekeeping long ago. Mother and Dad both worked, and after school I kept house and cooked. Mother's a "fussy" housekeeper—and she says I'm even worse. Disorder drives me frantic; I've always been a perfectionist about housekeeping. In those learning days, I had to be efficient and thorough and still have time for my high-school studies and fun with the gang. So I discovered how to budget my time and get rid of waste motion. And, believe me, it came in handy when, at nineteen, while attending the College of the Pacific, I married a student. I worked part-time to help with expenses, continued my senior studies, housed two student boarders, cooked and kept house for the four of us and acted as business manager for my husband's college band.

But even that was just duck soup compared to my present existence: Two busy movie careers in one family; continuous picture-making with no time-off between; location and personal-appearance tours; benefits and army-camp entertaining; a home to keep up; a full and varied social life. Tony and I started out in furnished apartments. Now we're living in our first house, also furnished. For the first time we have a patio for outdoor living, room for all of Tony's hobbies, a lovely, formal provincial dining room and almost as many closets as we need.

I'd finished "Prince Valiant" just before we moved, and I expected to have everything in apple-pie order before joining Tony on location. But what happened? I was offered a part in the new Martin and Lewis picture, "Living It Up," and it was such a wonderful role that I just couldn't turn it down. The moment the cleaners left the house, I began to pack the previous tenant's linens and china and items we wouldn't need and then proceeded to get our clothes and possessions put away. Mother suggested that I hire somebody to do it. But with me that's no good. I must know where things are. I like our personal effects neatly arranged, because then they take on the look of as much room and you can find what you want immediately. So I stayed up all night getting things in order, and in the morning left to join Tony.

I felt better knowing that we wouldn't return until we came back from a long, tiring trip to find the house looking like a rummage sale. If I know there's a lot of unfinished business, I can't go to sleep thinking, "Well, I'll do it tomorrow." There is no tomorrow. When it comes, it's today. It has still more duties and responsibilities. So I've found that for me the best system is, "Do it now." That eliminates mental wear and tear. Once everything is under control, I can relax. And I have plenty of time to be Tony's wife.

And if I have a household motto it's "A place for everything and everything in its place." Canned goods, household supplies, hobby materials are arranged conveniently so a busy person can find them instantly. I'm against putting anything away just to get it out of the way. When I take a dress off, for instance, I air it and then hang it in the closet. But if it needs pressing or mending or a trip to the cleaners, it is not put away. Consequently, everything in my closet is always ready to put on.

All this saves time—and time is what we mortals are shortest of. In the same way, I never do one thing when I can do two things at the same time. While I'm on the
The girl you used to...

Phone, I brush my hair, oil my nails or do limbering-up exercises. I make up my lips (a fifteen-minute job) while my hair is being set at the studio. Hairdressing is a time-consuming daily necessity, and I spend the time phoning my parents, friends and business associates. Or I may have my manicure or pedicure (if I need one) or study my script while my hair is drying.

Between scenes at the studio, I read fan mail and note the anticipated expenses and responsibilities and satisfies us both. At first, Tony didn't have a very realistic attitude toward money. He'd have bought me a bauhier if somebody said it would make me happy. I'm of Scotch descent, and I firmly believe that a penny saved is a penny earned. We were both very poor during our childhood, but the experience left me with a healthy respect for money and left Tony with the idea that money was something he didn't want to think about.

Like most women, I've always liked to mull it over while I make purchases. But Tony used to shop in a whirlwind—and then, many times, regret his purchases. When I first met him, he made me shudder with this story! One day he went to a supermarket with his mother, shortly after the family came out from New York. While she bought groceries he went to a furniture store next door and bought living- and dining-room furniture, including all the lamps and end tables.

Tony needs lots of sleep—as much as fifteen hours if he has fifteen hours to spare. I'm a six-hour girl, up with the rooster at six o'clock, and slightly groggy; I'm cheerful and ready to go. I like quick showers; he likes relaxing baths. It's all a matter of metabolism, of life habits. But early in our marriage Tony learned to exercise a certain amount of caution that I take more readily. I'm naturally cooperative, ambitious to do all I'm asked to do, outgoing and gregarious; and I hate to pass up any social activity that sounds like fun. This has subjected him to falling down or risk my health. One day at the studio, without knowing why, I burst into tears, then collapsed. The doctor diagnosed it as exhaustion and the skin rash on my arms as shingles. Tony was right, and I took his advice.

I've taken his advice, too, about clothes. Now I never buy anything except on appointment. By nature I'm inclined to be a little over-enthusiastic and to talk too much. "You scream and holler and whoop it up if I tell you something exciting while we're in a theater, or go topsy-turvy and risk turning people around." But he's exaggerating. Maybe twice people have looked around, but mostly they go out of their cars and over to one of our joints to begging his lady. Anyway, I've learned to control my tongue, at least while he's reading.

But not when we go into our louey routines—schtick-look—meaning crazy acting which is the slightest provocation. Sometimes we don't even need provocation. We're both volatile, high-humored characters with over-developed funny bones. We both enjoy impromptu nonsense acts as an escape value. That's why we've collected a zany group of friends, with Jerry Lewis as the leader.

We've given keys to our house to all our friends. And that explains why, when we come home from the movies, we might find a group of them waiting for us, quite at home. Tony will say, "You know my wife—Janet Blair. And I'll say, 'You're most welcome—Janet Blair.' And then we're off on one of our routines.

Life is good for Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis. And I don't think it's just coincidence that custom puts "Mr." first in that combination.
Amazing effects right away

Chapping clears quickly . . .
Redness fades away . . .
Palm calluses reduce . . .
Rough elbows soften, whiten . . .

Not just a "cosmetic" lotion—Different from other hand lotions, new Angel Skin by Pond's doesn’t just "smooth over" the surface of chapped, red skin. It goes deep—actually heals chapped skin.

Quick penetration—no sticky "coating!" Angel Skin can't leave a sticky or greasy residue on your hands, because—unlike other lotions—it contains no gummy "filler." All its fragrant, creamy-pink richness goes into your skin at once.

Housewives report amazing improvements in dried-out "detergent" hands! Angel Skin by Pond's is the only hand lotion specifically designed to neutralize the harsh chemical action of today's powerful new detergents. Get a bottle of deep-softening Angel Skin—at cosmetic counters now. See how quickly it clears chapping . . . how much smoother, whiter, younger your hands become.

For a "Prove-it" sample of Angel Skin—Send name, address and 10¢ to cover postage and handling to Pond's, Dept. G-42, Clinton, Conn. (In Canada: Pond's, Dept. G-42, 791 St. Clair W., Toronto, Ont.)

Keeps all of you silky! Angel Skin softens and whitens elbows and arms, smooths chapped legs and heels so nylons don't "snag"
Nothing Out-Wears--Out-Shines--Out-Glamours Cutex

HERE'S POSITIVE PROOF!

U. S. TESTING CO. PROVES*: Regardless of price, you can't beat Cutex for lasting wear! Case-history results of tests made by this impartial laboratory prove that even expensive 60¢ nail polishes don't outwear the sensational new Chip-pruf formula brought to you by Cutex!

THE REASON—ENAMELON! Only Cutex, world's largest selling nail polish, contains this miracle ingredient that prevents chipping and peeling... keeps fingertips lastingly beautiful!

WHY PAY MORE? When Cutex gives you long wear—prettier colors—plus the safe Spillpruf feature, not available in the 2 tested polishes!
Bing Walks Alone

(Continued from page 49) he couldn’t tip his hat and walk away when she asked him point-blank if he intended to marry her. But he could parry her question with another: “Who would have me? I’m getting on, you know, and hard to live with.”

While he said he was sure that he would marry Mona, he didn’t confirm it either. Anything, he said, could happen to an old codger like him.

And Mona, when interviewed several days later by the surprising reporter, was equally noncommittal.

She and Bing, she said, had not discussed marriage. “But speaking in generalizations—not particularly applying to Mr. Crosby—of course, it would like some day to marry again,” she said frankly. “But I’m a Catholic. And I am divorced. I never could get an annulment of my first marriage. If I marry again, and I repeat, this is a good statement, I’d have to give up my religion. Therefore I’d have to give any marriage a lot of thought.”

The same obstacle would confront Crosby, of course, is the decree of his church to marry a divorcé person. Like Bing, however, Mona would not deny outright that there is a chance of their marrying some day. She first stated that she had been a seventeen-year-old Paramount starlet, and began to go out with him some time after Dixie’s death.

“I see him now and then,” she said. “I’m sure he goes with other girls, but I don’t know who. Really, you just don’t ask your date those things.”

You may remember the pictures taken of Bing Crosby at the funeral of his wife, Dixie, on November 4, 1952. He wasn’t the youthful figure you’d always seen. He looked old, and he leaned on the arm of one of his sons, his face striped with grief. His wife’s thirty-six odd years was gone. He hadn’t been the most hearth-bound husband in the world, but he knew on that day that Dixie had bound him to his way of life, that she had become his strength and he wasn’t sure he could go it alone.

One thing had been a trade-mark with Bing Crosby since his first days in the movie capital, an attitude of cockiness. He was a singer, then, in a trio with the famed Coconut Grove. And each night, playing to tables filled with the celebrated of the movie business and the tycoons of Los Angeles, he stood loudly beside a grand piano and, his eyes expressing amusement and unconcern, crooned a stock parcel of tunes to the customers.

He had no more voice, according to academic standards, than a train caller, but he had two things going for him. A man named Rudy Vallee had started a vogue for crooning and you didn’t need pipes like Caruso to do it. And an instrument called a microphone had come into use, and a fellow could murmur into it for a couple of hours a night with absolutely no strain. The crooning and the velvety and intimate. It seemed as though the singer was whispering his ballads into the ear of every dame in the joint. For a long time Crosby never gave a thought to the fact that another microphone was pipping his lyrics by radio to a million or so other women for a hundred miles around. It wouldn’t have made any difference anyway. Many dollars were out of pocket was a lot of money. The hours were great.

Anyone who knew Bing Crosby in those days will tell you that he was a man without ambition. His hori-

zon was pay day. The one night Dixie Lee, a young actress at Twentieth Century-

Fox, which was just Fox Studio in those days, came into the Coconut Grove. Several things happened. Crosby stood up tiptoe and straight. He lost that unconcerned look. He sang so many encores that nobody got to dance. Then he hung around the back of the room like a waiter until somebody asked him to sit down at Dixie’s table and introduced him. And once there, he didn’t want to get up to sing again.

That night ambition was born in the Crosby heart, Bing’s idea of living up to that point had been to sit around a table with a bunch of the boys. His only domestic concern had been to get his laundry out regularly. Now he began thinking of red-roofed stucco houses, and how nice the name Dixie Lee Crosby would sound.

During the many years he was married to Dixie, Bing gave the impression of being just a lazy, lucky, easy-going guy. He never seemed to work hard. Never tried to get publicity. Never seemed to care if he made money or not. Appeared to take his marriage and growing family as a matter of course. But a look at the contracts he made with Decca Records and Paramount and the radio networks would show that he was a very astute business man all along, fully aware of what he had to sell.

The minutes of his meetings with his producers and exploiters would show that he was a canny showman. And he watched over his kids like the head of the Swiss Family Robinson.

There was Dad, who moved to Los Angeles from Spokane after Bing became a star. Bing gave him an important job in his expanding Enterprises. He put him in a fancy office and assigned him the duty of signing all the checks. Brother Everett was the manager. It is true that Everett’s efforts got Bing rolling in radio and pictures, but soon after the money came tumbling in, it was Bing who made the decisions.

Everett made a good career out of negotiating, and Bing saw that he kept busy at it. Brother Larry was the promoter and press agent. He was Bing’s contact man with the press. Only Bob played it out of the family and made his way without the help of his famous brother. And there was Mother Crosby, who had them all, except Bing, scared to death of her. Bing let it stay that way.

There was plenty to attend to in his own home, too. The raising of four lads is not a weekend proposition, and despite appearances, Bing never played it as though it was. He was a tough man with a report card and a strict disciplinarian. He insisted on the boys’ absolute respect for their mother’s wishes, and for the dictates of their religion. When it became apparent that being the sons of Bing Crosby might work against the boys’ chances to live normally in Hollywood, Bing bought a huge ranch in Nevada and set his sons to working on it all day, except when they were away at school.

Although Bing was never lax, he was always something of a rover. His recreation was golf and his interests were varied. He travelled a good deal and became something less than a perfect husband. Proof of this, and of Dixie’s discontent, was in the separate maintenance papers she signed just a year before she died, but never had served.

That was a real crisis. Brother Bob was putting it lightly when he announced to his pals that, “Bing’s wife has become a golf widow.” That’s why she’s going to leave him. I’m putting away my irons before it happens to me.”

The restlessness that Bing Crosby tussles with today began maybe five years before Dixie died. At that time, he had every-
thing he had ever hoped to have. He'd have quit then if it hadn't been for his family. Dad, Everett and Larry, and now a large family of employees, needed income and occupations. Bing was the corner-stone on which their careers were built. For himself, he had more money than he could ever use. But he was like a white mouse on a treadmill. To keep the Enterprises going—and the family busy—he had to keep the name hot.

Once he quit. Rumor said that he was washed up with Dixie. He moved to New York bag and baggage, and spent most of his time turning down guys with good ideas and denying that he was in any ill. He took off for Paris, but they knew him there, too. One afternoon a couple of gendarmes picked him up for napping in a public park. The world figured he'd opened one too many champagne bottles and neither the world nor the Paris cops believed him when he said he was just tired and wanted to lie down.

They say he came home reluctantly, mainly because of the kids and because Dixie was ill. He got back and began re-reading the mill again.

The restlessness grew considerably, however, a few months after Dixie's death. For while there were obligations to claim Bing's attention. The boys, pretty big now, had to have a home and Bing chose Elko, Nevada as their future base. After their school and college programs were mapped out, there wasn't much left for Bing to do for them. There was a little difficulty over an inheritance tax on some $10,000,000 which was said to be Dixie's estate. But that was only money. What does a man in his prime do with himself when his sons are raised and amply provided for, when he's had fame and fortune until he's sick of them and there are no rungs left to climb on the ladder? Does he give it all away and start over? Sit and whittle? Marry and start another family?

A man of such fame has no private life that is not subject to public scrutiny. He can have no casual companions, because each companion is given a special significance when he walks with a king. There can be no Saturday night binges, no blue Mondays, no tears that people can see. And when he has a problem that problem is everybody's—not his alone.

Bing was reminded violently of this at five-thirty one morning not so long ago. On his way home from a party, his car crashed into another. Quickly, as it was a small boy in big cities, the injured were whisked away and the questioning of witnesses completed. The sleepy onlookers went back to bed. For them, the accident was a thing of the past.

But not for Bing Crosby. He was driven home by two Los Angeles policemen, and as he sat slumped in the seat of the car, he knew that his private misadventure would inevitably become public property, that it would have reverberations far out of proportion to the seriousness of the accident itself. And he was right.

The kind of public appearance that accident forced him to make was certainly as unpleasant an ordeal as any Bing has ever gone through. In answer to a summons from the attorney of the three injured occupants of the other car, Bing trudged down one of the main streets in downtown Los Angeles, flanked by an impressive legal staff of his own, and presented himself for examination. The entrance to the building was alive with reporters, photographers and newsreel and television cameras.

From the look of him, you'd have thought he was the calmest man in town, but his confidants say he was terribly nervous. He held his chin, and wore the famous grin and his walk was unhurried. But he refused to comment for the newsmen and forced the photographers to get their pictures on the run.

In fact, the trio released by the suing lawyer, Bing was said to have answered questions about the accident candidly. He claimed the other driver was at fault, denied he himself was drunk or over-tired, and said he was willing to assist in the investigation. He refused, however, to answer questions about the party he had attended before the accident, except to state that he had been with Mona Freeman. They will be more in court about that accident. The injured trio has sued for a million dollars. But that, too, is only money. The important thing is that Bing was shaken up. He sat slumped forward in the seat of the police car as he was driven home and thought maybe of the things they say a drowning man thinks about as the water closes in on his life. Not since the night Dixie Lee walked into the Corner West Grove has Bing looked so earnestly into the future. Not since then, has he wanted so little to be in the public eye.

Bing finds some comfort on the golf course these days. He feels as if he is in the company of men with a kindred interest. And even if it's only to see if he can whack a little white ball around a pasture in less whacks than somebody else, it's a competition. Maybe the only one left to him, the Big Winner.

There is a picture still playing around which stars Bing Crosby called "Little Boy Lost." It's possibly the best picture he ever made, but Bing is looking for a future, and a man looking for something he lost a long time before. It's not at all a parallel to Bing's life, but the problem of the little boy in the movie is the same as Bing's. He, too, is looking for a future.

He's looking—as he hasn't looked since the early days—for the man who was lost along the way. —The End

HELP...
... police find the fugitive criminal named and described on the "True Detective Mysteries" radio program every Sunday afternoon.

$1000.00 REWARD
... is offered for information leading to the arrest of any one of these criminals. There's nothing to buy; no box-tops to send in. Hear the details about this $1000.00 reward on "True Detective Mysteries."
SKIN SPECIALIST DEMONSTRATES HOW TO Rinse Away Your Blackheads

By CLAIRE HOFFMAN

A leading skin doctor today showed an audience of men, women and skin-troubled teen-agers how to clean oily skin and shrink their enlarged pores with a 10-minute home medical treatment he has perfected. Then to the amazement of young and old, he demonstrated how you may rinse away your filthy blackheads, and dry up whiteheads and adolescent pimply skin eruptions!

Before our very eyes the doctor selected a 36-year-old woman with typical blackheads around her nose. Enlarged pores and whiteheads visible to the naked eye. To this woman's face, the doctor applied a cream. Within moments it formed into a plastic-like crust around her face with water, and handed her an ordinary washcloth to rinse the cream from her skin. To her utter astonishment, clinging to the washcloth, were not only princi black streaks, blackheads, enlarged pores and pus formations which had marred her beauty for years.

As we stared at the washcloth in disbelief, the doctor explained to us and said: "You have just seen what looks like a miracle. Yet, what has just happened to your skin, you can do at home just as easily. But to understand how this medical treatment works, this may be skin troubles you must first knock out of your head some silly notions most of us have about their complexes."

The Truth About Cosmetics

Has it ever occurred to you that you lavish more care on your face than any other part of your body? Have you ever noted, that the most effective looking pimples, blackheads, blemishes and enlarged pores of all of your friends were the more noticeable defects of your skin. Nine out of ten women simply don't or won't understand that if they have oily skin, blackheads, pimples and enlarged pores of body, they do not only have a cosmetic problem but a medical problem as well.

Why is this so? Shocking as it may sound, the answer is a normal or oily skin, your face is always dirty! Why? Because 24 hours a day your skin is being bombarded by dirt, dust, smoke, smoke, dirt, car exhaust, coal dust, mucus from other gers and all sorts of dirt that floats in the air. It clings to the natural oils on your skin.

Your skin becomes choked and clogged. Your natural oils are stopped up and harden into blackheads or pimples. They try to escape, forcing your pores to open wider and wider. Once this condition starts (especially in teenage years when glandular disturbances make your skin extra oily) the condition usually grows worse as you get older. And when this happens, isn't it obvious that it may become impossible to correct unless you start to change your complexion immediately?

Do This for a Clearer Skin

If you want to rid your face of ugly blackheads, enlarged pores and external spots, here are the three things you must do.

First, you must soften the hardened filth and oils that may have accumulated in your pore openings, not only for days but for months. Second, you must remove that filth (but don't squeeze it out). Squeezing only forces part of the pus deeper into the skin and spreads the infection. And third, you must try to tighten your skin with shrinking and antiseptic agents, not only for beauty, but to guard against re-infection! And unless you were prepared to do all things it's likely you will continue on wasting your time and your money the rest of your life looking for "miracle cures!"

What Happens When You Apply This Doctor's 3-Way Formula

1) First, to prepare your skin for treatment, simply soften and loosen the buried filth cemented in your pores by using a cleanser which is part one of this famous skin doctor's treatment. The cleanser you have never ever used in your life, regardless of soaps you can afford to pay. And here is how you can prove it on your skin.

Take your doctor's scientific pore cleanser. Tissue it off! Now, look at the tissue! You see the dirt and filth pouring out on that tissue . . . when you see the infectious filth and impurities that may have been causing your skin eruptions since adolescence . . . then only the wisdom born of experience will tell you why you need a drastic change in complexion care.

2) The second part of your doctor's treatment is a medical cream designed to get at those ugly blackheads, enlarged pores, whiteheads and pimples which cause you so much misery. One of the newest for your face with your fingertips as you would any cream. A little thicker around the "danger zone" of your nose, lips, eyes and cheeks.

The first 3 or 4 minutes you will feel a burning sensation. This is the massaging action of the medical ingredients going to work on your skin. The doctor will tell you that it is cold. You will like it. Your face will feel refreshed. It is like a massage. The sensation brings fresh, purifying blood to your face to draw off the poisonous wastes in your skin.

After 3 or 4 minutes this hot and cold sensation passes away and a wonderful relaxation of all your ten, overworked facial muscles sets in. Your face will feel warm, you will be so relaxed you feel a great tendency to fall asleep. In another moment, you will feel your skin getting tighter and tighter. What is happening is this. A wonderful medical ab- sorbing agent that picks up and dries up the moisture in your skin is drying on your skin. It is turning the cream on your face into a firm, plastic-like mask. You get a pleasant drawing feeling, a relaxing feeling, there is a corrective action, there is an astringent action and an antiseptic action. You feel the drawing on the pus-heads. Everything it touches it draws into itself, including the hardened dirt, the waste matter, the fatty acids, whatever filth is buried in the pores, and the living matter of the glands, perspiration and pus given off by the skin.

Now Apply Step 3 Of Your Treatment . . . the Astringent.

This is not merely a perfumed astringent that dries up your skin a few seconds. It's medicated. It penetrates into the skin openings, kills bacteria lurking there. And even more important, leaves an invisible germ-destroying film on your skin that kills germs for hours. You cannot feel it, you cannot see it, but it is there to help guard you against re-infection.

Now Look Into Your Skin Analysis Magnifying Mirror With Your Treatment!

Some of your blackheads should be gone with very first treatment! Look for softened pimples and whiteheads that may break down in your next treatment or two. Look for the corners of your nose, around the corners of your nose, around your mouth, your cheeks! See how your enlarged pores have diminished! Your skin will feel alive! And you will be glad to see the acne marks gone . . . and this fresh, buoyant, youthful effect will last for hours.

Is This For "Normal" Skin, Too?

Certainly, simply because this is a doctor formula doesn't mean you have have a "sick skin" to use it. You may be a woman past 30 and have a realistic skin problem, but who finds her complexions marred by occasional blackheads, whiteheads, enlarged pores or periodic skin eruptions. You may be a man who suspects that your skin is not as beautiful and as fresh-looking as it could be . . . if you have acne or tiny blackheads, your skin will be younger, your skin will have a beauty that one or two treatments can give you.

On the other hand . . . if you have an adolescent, broken-out skin, it is easy to see who is trouble-some with "Normal" skin eruptions, or a "sandpaper skin" and you are sensible enough not to be embarrassed by a so-called "normal skin" treatment in the privacy of your own home. If you are a woman who has abused her complexion with improper and inadequate preparations . . . then this is vital.

We promise you dramatic improvement in just 10 minutes at home. Your magnifying mirror will show it to you, and we promise you further good improvement for the next 14 days. After 14 days, you will discover whether you want to keep this treatment or to park it. Your improvement every day, once a week, or once a month, depending on how fast your complexion begins to clear.

Try This Skin Treatment In Your Own Home Without Risking a Penny

The name of this 3-way doctor's treatment is the Queen Helene Skin Treatment. It is named in honor of the nurse who worked at the doctor's side for 15 years while this formula was being developed. Your Queen Helene 3-way formula, enough for 42 home treatments, includes your

In addition to clearing away dirt and impurities, the patentwise formula of 3-way treatment also delivers:

1. SCIENTIFIC CLEANSER
2. MEDICATED MASK CREAM
3. ASTRINGENT.

plus my free skin analysis enlargement mirror.

I will pay post man low trick plus tax for free post and taxation. If I don't see dramatic improvement in my skin just after 10-minute treatment, I promise to do my skin everything you cost is $3.98 . . . less than 10c a treatment. Yes, less than 10c for a skin specialist's 3-way skin and beauty treatment.

With your order, you also get a professional skin analysis, enlargement mirror, at no extra charge. Follow your daily progress in your mirror and after each treatment. If your Queen Helene treatment does not do for your skin everything we have led you to believe it will do, if you don't see dramatic improvement within just one 10-minute treatment, if you don't see a faster improvement each day for the next 14 days, return the unused portion. We'll thank you for trying it, and refund your full purchase price. But keep the enlargement mirror as our gift to you.

Mail No-Risk, Free Trial Coupon Today!

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NEW HELP FOR 4 "YOUNG SKIN" PROBLEMS

If your skin is acting up—it's just nature saying you're growing up! All at once the oil glands begin to overwork. The skin turns lazy—can't throw off its daily pile-up of dead cells. Soon these flakes build a layer over the pore openings. Then "pores" enlarge, blackheads begin to show.

—now—if you are tormented by oily skin, large pores, flakiness, blackheads—you will find real help in Pond's special greaseless corrective! Hundreds of girls with "Young Skin" problems said they saw a real improvement in less than 2 weeks!

Becoming a Father's No Joke

(Continued from page 46)
to his chair. "I'm not nervous," he kept assuring one in particular. No one had even asked.

In a little while, we left the hospital briefly—but only because Virginia's doctor had suggested it. He and Mike held a lengthy conversation in the hall. And in the hours con-

lated words like "change" and "test" being audible, which ended in the physician's urging, "Go on out and get a bite to eat, Mike. You aren't going to be able to see her for an hour or so."

The O'Shea walked over briskly. "Let's go have lunch," he said. "Man, I'm starved! And who wants to hang around this joint all day?"

But his mind never left that joint and the girl who had to stay behind. "First time I ever saw my old lady, I asked her to marry me," he said as soon as we had ordered our food. "I'd have to be a fool to do 'Up in Arms' with Danny Kaye, somebody else got the part, and there she was, doing a bit in 'Jack London' with me."

"I'd been working with nothin' but these bearded fellows and when I saw her standing on the set all by herself, it was like a breath of spring. So I walked over and said, 'You're the most beautiful thing I've seen around here in many a moon. Why don't we get married?'"

"And she said?" I prompted.

"She said, 'You talk like an idiot.' Well, I am an idiot and I told her so, but I said 'Let's get married, anyhow.' And we did—five years later. I went back to Virginia in a few minutes; somebody else got the part, and there she was, doing a bit in 'Jack London' with me."

When we got back to St. John's, Virginia was asking for her husband, and Mike went into her for what seemed an eternity. He came out looking preoccupied, working at his knuckles as he has a nervous habit of doing. He told me afterward that the baby was in a particularly difficult breech position which, unless it corrected itself within an hour or two, would make a normal delivery next impossible. Mike himself had known this for some time, but he hadn't told Virginia—nor, any member of the household—for fear it would slip out "No need for her to worry," he said. "At least I can do that part of it."

Became worried in the next six long hours. Time and again I watched him straighten his tie, smooth his hair, and throw his shoulders back to walk jauntily into that room where Virginia lay waiting the most primitive battle of all. She wanted him there. Time and again he came out, his face mirroring the helplessness he felt, his body slumping with fa-
tigue. No change to report. Nothing.

If the baby had not been born that afternoon, the father, waiting in blissful ignorance of what went on, it would have been bad enough. But he was being as much a part of this birth as a man can be. Moreover, he was a famous face—famous for having a baby, and everyone in the ma-
ternity waiting room wanted to elaborate on the bond they shared with him. They called him O'Shea, we im-

timately, compared the progress of their respective offspring, and made lame jokes.

Inexplicably, there was a bumper crop of babies born that November 12. Perhaps all of those laboring women were like the wife of the apologetic little man we heard talking to his physician. "I told her it wasn't due till tomorrow," Doc, he said desperately, "But she said she didn't care when it was due—she wasn't going to have any baby of hers on Friday the 13th."

It didn't even smile when he heard that. There didn't seem to be a smile left in him. His nerves were wearing pretty thin. After the first three hours had elapsed, he didn't want anyone asking how Virginia was doing. And as the hours con-

inated to drag by, he stopped coming back to the waiting room where he left Virginia. Once I saw him standing back in a little alcove in the corridor, out of the sight of people, sitting in a hall where there was no traffic. He'd have gone anywhere to be alone; the O'Shea was spooky as the sixth hour of his wife's travail came near.

End of a万科er entirely. A nurse said, "They're taking her up now, and Doctor sent Mr. O'Shea down to her private room to wait for word."

To wait .... It was quiet in the hospital. The corridor was as silent as if the trolley cars had been put away! Mike O'Shea blackened with the weight of the night the people at whose faces we had stared all day were gone—tired, to rejoice, to eat—and nothing was to be heard except the whisper of rubber-soled shoes, the tired wheels, of rubber-soled shoes, of starched uniforms passing in the corridor.

Seven-thirty—and Mike O'Shea came down that long, long corridor. His gait was almost shambling and his face was expressionless, but his eyes were strangely bright and feverish. I stood up, started toward him and stopped; after all, a man doesn't want to meet people indiscriminately shar-
ing in his anxiety and suffering.

A century or two passed while he stood there—and then you never saw a sweeter Irish smile. "It's a girl. Born at 7:21. The doctors were worried about her. Virginia was a little pink—standing, hands and feet waved in the air. Then she turned the little pink bundle toward the window and uncovered a tiny foot so that we could read the anklet which said "O'Shea."

Mike prodded the tiny bundle to reveal the tape on which was written, "11/12/53. O'Shea. Girl 7 lbs., 3 oz. Length 21 in." She unfolded the incredibly fragile and beautifully shaped hands. Smiling, she stretched the tiny bundle toward me. Then finally, she upended Miss Mary Catherine O'Shea to show her father that she was in-

deed a girl.

Even after she had been placed in her bassinet, Mike O'Shea shushed his daughter in silence for a full minute or so. Then he turned away, saying roughly, "Ah, I'll belt her on the head! I'm goin' to see my old lady."

A long, long time later, we stood on the street corner as Mike O'Shea's hands were characteristically deep in his pockets, his head was back as he looked at the stars and sniffed the cool night air. "She's in great shape," he said. "Tickled to death—but the baby bein' a girl. She's goin' to have the baby for awhile now."

Suddenly he laughed and shook his head. "My old lady .... When we came back after the baby was born, she asked me where we'd eaten. I told her. Then she asked what I had for lunch. I knew she just wanted to get her mind off things, so I told her I had steak and saus-

and spinach and pie."

"Four hours later I'm there in the tenth time and she's really having it rough. Know what she said to me? 'What kind of pie? My old lady!'"
A year ago tonight, they'd landed in Nairobi, Africa, just in time to celebrate their first wedding anniversary. The memory of that day had come back to him, and he'd sailed into Nairobi for a long time to toss their anniversary. And Ava had arranged a surprise party in advance. She gave Frank a platinum cigarette lighter. He gave her a diamond ring.

And in this strange land, thousands of miles away from the home they meant to have some day, a radiant Ava, in a white strapless evening gown, gazed at the orchestra to keep Frank from getting lost.

“T'm going back to New York,” Frank was saying now in the broadcasting studio. “T'm going to leave right after the show.” Ava knew he was tired. “I just want to get away.”

And Ava, at that time, was telling Frank she had no immediate plans for a trip. To drive to San Francisco. Just to get away. Then go aboard—probably to Rome—to make another picture.

Again, they were going in opposite directions. But this time, Frank was going home and Ava was going to Rome. As though lengthening the distance between them would help them get away from their own memories.

To two people, magnetic people who've lived and loved so vividly, the statement which had officially dissolved them a few days before their second wedding anniversary must have read like a gold script. But Ava had "exhausted every effort to reconcile their differences," it said. They could "find no mutual basis on which to continue their marriage. They both expressed regret, respect, etc., but decided to separate."
Soda serves more ways than any other household product

Baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) saves you time, work and money 101 ways. Keep a box in the kitchen to lighten household chores and in the medicine cabinet for first aid, dental and medical care.

Lemon and Soda for Colds!

The juice of a lemon and 1/2 tsp. bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) in 1/2 glass of water is an excellent neutralizer...helps reduce acidity...Liquids are important in easing cold discomforts, so take lemon and soda several times a day. See if it doesn’t help you feel better!

Soothing Gargle and Mouthwash! Bicarbonate of soda used as a gargle is another effective measure against colds. To cleanse the throat and help remove accumulated mucus, dissolve 2 tsp. soda in 1/2 glass of water. Makes a cleansing alkaline mouthwash, stops bad breath that originates in the mouth.


A Household Treasure

Why buy a number of different products to do a number of different jobs when baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) does them all and costs only pennies a box?

called Frank in Las Vegas and said, “This is it. I’m going through with it.” And Frank, wondering angrily why she went ahead and talked to an attorney when she had insisted, “I’m not going to do anything until I have my talk with Frankie,” sailed right through Hollywood for Palm Springs.

To those who view the whole adventure of living less Spiritedly than Frank and Ava do, their problems have been fairly difficult to follow. As Ava once put it, “Frankie and I are both high-strung people. We explode fast, maybe faster than most married couples. But they have never had troubles.”

One big difference is that every hassle the Sinatras ever had has made headlines.

Hollywood would have to dig really deep to dream up a story with all the conflicts and triumphs of this couple, who together thought they’d finally made it, and who, in their own way, feverishly tried. And Hollywood couldn’t possibly have cast it better.

Ava, the beauty from Smithfield, North Carolina, one of five children whose widowed mother ran a boarding house, and who rose from obscurity and poverty to a $35,000 a week salary in Hollywood.

Frank, the Hoboken kid who was first a twenty-five-dollar-a-week crooner in a small Jersey roadhouse, then a band singer, and finally, explosively, the musical phenomenon of the century. Who arrived in Hollywood ten years ago, a thin young fellow with tousled, dark curly hair, holstered by a voice that blazed like an explosive, created a warm animated smile. Who wore a tan gabardine suit and a red, polka dot tie, and stood in the doorway of the train in Pasadena looking out at a solid sweater faced audience, and said, “When I whispered a surprised ‘Gosh!’ as fifteen policemen shepherded him to safety.

That night, tired but happy, Frankie said, “Well, boys—I finally made it.”

And he repeated that same phrase on their wedding day.

They finally made it—the story of their lives—almost. Today, with Ava’s acclaimed performance in “Mogambo,” and Frank, another Academy Award winner for his straight dramatic role in “From Here to Eternity,” they’re both at the peak of their careers.

Not that Frank himself expects an award for “Eternity.” As he was saying now, “Oh, no, I’m not looking for any Oscar,” shaking his head. Sure it would be great if it happened. But he certainly didn’t think one would be forthcoming for the things he thinks are so important.

Frank had had one frustrating glimpse of “Eternity” before that. He tried to see it with Ava in a small projection room in London. "But the sound track was all off. You couldn’t tell anything about it.

Ava, however, told everybody about it. On the set of “Knights of the Round Table,” the next day, she raved about Frank’s performance.

Friends of both believe they’re still in love with each other. And that Frank’s entry into a New York hospital for “observation” shortly after their parting was definitely brought on by his grief. Many felt that they might actually even go back together. But that they’re just not temperamentally suited to be married. The blame is laid on jealousy and constant clashing temperaments. Too many arguments. As Ava told a friend, “We have some little argument that doesn’t matter, but it keeps on building—and then WHAM—it does!”

Friends also point out that their difficulties have been magnified by the print-ed word, the mis-printed, and by the fact that they’ve had to do so much living via international telephone lines. And all the conflicting accounts of the “why” behind their actions hasn’t helped either.

As for the rumor that a third party—feminine—was involved in the break-up, when Ava was asked point blank, she said, “Not that I know of.” The actress in question has laughed at the rumors. As much as Frank’s anguish during his enforced separations from Ava. He kept the local Western Union boys goggle-eyed wiring poetic cables to Ava throughout the making of “Eternity.” And he could never stop talking about how much he missed her. How crazy he was to get back to London to her. "Funny," he once said, “but I couldn’t convince anybody this was the real thing. When we were married, nobody would believe me." Maggio was so lonely to see Ava Gardner, he was about to blow his top—before Fatso killed him off and he could get back to her.

When he wasn’t cabling her, he was phoning her. Every evening when the company got in from location and started down to dinner, he’d say, regular as clockwork, “I’ll catch up with you later—after I talk to my old lady.” One very meaningful incident took place in Honolulu that never has laugh in the papers. As much as Frank wanted Maggio, as hard as he worked, as much as this performance could mean for him, he was, at one point, about ready to blow up the whole works. He thought he’d lost a ring Ava had given him. He was pretty sure it was in the pocket of some trousers which were going to be picked up by the cleaners. The company was on locust thorn distance from the hotel. Frank asked for a company car so he could go back and have a look at the cleaners came. An assistant on the picture refused. They might need him; they might get his scene. Honor words ensued. Frank took the car anyway, rushed back to the hotel, and rescued the ring.

When his last scene was finished, he Clippered back to Hollywood ahead of the
company. He couldn't wait to get on over to London and see his "old lady" again.

Foremost in the minds of Ava's close friends now are what the failure of her third marriage could do to her. They recall her once saying, "If this one fails, I'm going to wash my hands of marriage altogether. They know her as a girl who didn't particularly want to be a movie star — and still doesn't — and who's happiest in blue jeans and flat heeled and no make-up, dreaming out loud about her husband, the home they would have, and the child she longs for. "We figure on two years, before we can settle down," she said, when she left for Africa on location.

Her friends say recalling her great feeling of insecurity, her fear of failure, her candid admission that her greatest tragedy had been her unsuccessful marriages, "I felt these failures were a reflection of my immaturity, she said..."

Just how important is the conflicting-career problem in her rift with Frankie, her friends wonder. They point out that she was better off for it. "Eternity," and she urged him to stay in there and pitch for it. Not long before their separation, Ava said, "The rumors about Frank and me sure do get in my hair. What do people expect? If I'm long time away from Hollywood? He couldn't be with me all the time. He has his own career.

Frank's friends are quick to point out that his career suffered greatly only in the past two years, when he was trying to accommodate it to Ava's and following wherever hers led. He made two trips to Africa to try to live in the art of acting as long as he could, until he had to rush back, once for club dates, once to test for his role in "Eternity." He's deeply concerned about the future of his three children, Nancy, Frank, Jr., and Tina, ambitious to see all of them through college. "I feel I've been out of the picture myself," he's said in the past, "that didn't get the chance. But they will.

He talked about his career — his role in 'Pink Tights,' the urge he had to do a movie made with Irving Shaw's "and how he didn't put much spark in it. As we left the rehearsal, the group of songwriters and song-pluggers and sidekicks that usually hang over him, were missing. He didn't want to be part of a crowd tonight. Not if he could help it. He was with his friend and only his good friend, Hank Sanicola, his good friend of eighteen years' standing who used to give the teenage Frankie free music lessons when he hung around the publishing house where Hank worked, helped him pick his tunes, pitched for band jobs for him. And tonight—another milestone, Frank's second wedding anniversary. Hank was there.

We walked along Vine Street, just a block from the old theatre where ten years ago a gay "Voice" wearing a polka dot tie, made them swoon with those long low trotting notes.

Today, ten years later, he was on top again. And finding his success easy. "It will turn out all right, Frank." "I suppose so," he said, slowly, not putting his money even worse.

But Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner are as heart-strong as they are head-strong. And when two people can make each other this mutually dependent, the song may not be ended for them.
(Continued from page 55)

He doesn't believe in fortune tellers—but if they tell me anything that's going to make me—I'm in spite of myself. He doesn't have a passion for driving fast cars, but he'd as soon tinker with an engine as try to dismantle an atom bomb—so he's equally vague about the way both contraptions are put together. "If I get into the car and press the starter and it actually works, I'm amazed and delighted."

He never whistles. He has no singing voice. But if the Grangers' car whizzed past you on the road, you'd be likely to hear them close-harmonizing "On Top of Old Smoky." Granger occasionally wears glasses for reading. He's not very com- fortable or happy when he has to wear white tie and tails. He changes his brand of hair tonic every week. He needs it?

His hair is thick and brown, graying at the temples.

He's a rebel at heart, ready to put up a fight if anybody threatens to fence him in. He's a worrier. He's a pretty sorry corre- spondent, admits that he usually puts off answering letters: "I tell them that I don't answer them they'll somehow an- swer themselves. And when it comes to writing to my children, I get awfully de- pressed to realize suddenly that they're so far away."

He's a first-rate horseman and a crack shot with a rifle. He dances a mean rhumba and tango. He wishes he could play the piano. He plays and enjoys all kinds of card games, but is "not specially lucky" at gambling: "Lord knows, I've lost enough!"

He's very fond of Gorgonzola, hot dogs, Camembert and a British dish called "bubble-and-squash." He's not very com- fortable in cold potatoes, cabbage and bacon fat. (Sounds revolting—until you've heard Granger give the recipe, with positively poetic enthusiasm.) He's a good cook.

He has a hair-trigger temper. When a career problem comes up, he makes his own decision, but he'll take advice on financial affairs, because he doesn't think he's much of a businessman. He despises double talk and people who fawn on him. He never forgets a name, but his memory for faces is "appalling." If he felt like taking a stroll and he could be miracu- lously transported to any place in the world, he'd choose either Bond Street in London or the Champs Elysées in Paris.

He thinks the Houses of Parliament—"as seen from the far bank of the Thames"—are the most beautiful buildings that he admires most; he has read some of Hemingway's books six times. He likes coloratura sopranos, bullfights and lively prizefights. Modern wrestling bores him; so do most superstitions. He's a rabid baseball fan; won't miss a World Series if he can help it. Opera's okay by him—unless it's by Wagner. He hates surrealism in any form; among painters, he prefers the early Picasso and the French Impress- ionists. He's mad for kippers—"so much so that they smell up the whole house.”

He has called Jean "Baby" ever since he first met her; she calls him Jimmy, as his close friends also do, because his real name's James Stewart; her honeymoon pet name for him was "Chubby-Chops"; his sister calls him "Jimbo." Everywhere he's gone in the United States, he's been most deeply impressed by the high fellow-
well-met relationship between people in all walks of life—"the warm, easy infor-
mality. No inferiority complex, no matter how lowly the station. I like it tremen-
dously."

He sleeps in the raw. He'll eat onions only if they're cooked. He drinks a lot of milk, but doesn't like beer. He prefers county to city life. His childhood idol was silent-screen star Wallace Reid. He still doesn't like barbecue sauces or pre-
pared seasonings: "It's a crime to tamper with the flavor of a good steak." He orders his steaks medium-rare. He has to watch his diet.

He's outspoken, generous to a fault and well-equipped with the gift of gab. When a group of new portraits was recently sub-
mitted for his approval, he studied all the lavish retouching that, according to studio custom, had been done on the Granger face. Then he exploded: "What are you trying to do? Make me look like a twenty-
one-year-old juvenile? It took me forty years of living to look like this! And I don't want to hide a single year!"

The End

"It Opened Up a New World of Hope"

say so many grateful listeners to radio's "My True Story," For this real-life program pre-
sents emotional problems of real people. Any time you tune in, you may hear your very own problem being solved—or that of some one dear to you. These vivid dramas of love, hope, fear, jealousy are taken right from the files of True Story Magazine and have brought peace and happiness to countless people.

Tune in

"MY TRUE STORY"
American Broadcasting Stations

"REEFER PARTY"—the sensational story of teens lured into the dope habit—is "must" reading in February TRUE STORY MAGAZINE, at newsstands now.
Noted Beauty Authority Advises

"Don't Fool With Pimples"

by MARCELLA HOLMES
(Former Beauty Editor of "Glamour" Magazine)

"As a beauty editor many people have asked me, 'What should I do for pimples?' I always answer, 'Try just anything on them!' Acne-type pimples are a serious condition that if neglected can permanently mar your looks. So use a medication specifically developed for pimples, a multi-purpose skin creams or ointments that are claimed to be 'also good for pimples.'

'No general purpose cream or ointment provides in a fast-drying greaseless base the specific medical ingredients so necessary in the treatment of pimples. Fortunately, today, there's a modern, scientific medication developed especially for pimples—actually tested and proven by leading skin specialists. This medication is called CLEARASIL.

New-Type Greaseless "Base"

'The specific medications in the CLEARASIL formula are contained in a new-type oil-free 'base.' This new 'base' material is not only greaseless but is also oil absorbing. Thus this new scientific formula may be said to actually 'starve' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

CLEARASIL is antiseptic, stopping growth of bacteria that may cause and spread pimples. And since it is non-greasy, stainless, it may be left on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Skin-Colored—Hides Pimples

'This new CLEARASIL medication is skin-colored to hide pimples while it works, and to end the embarrassment of pimples instantly.

'So again I advise, don't fool with pimples. General purpose creams and ointments have their proper uses, but don't depend on them for treatment of pimples. Treat this specific condition with a specific pimple medication.

Proved Effective By Doctors—Guaranteed

In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved. And when 3002 nurses tested CLEARASIL, 91 out of every 100 nurses reporting said they preferred it to any other pimple medication. CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you as it did in the doctors' and nurses' tests or money back. Only 59¢ and 98¢. At all drugstores. Get CLEARASIL today."

WHEN NERVOUS TENSION—
INTERFERES WITH YOUR SLEEP . . .
. . . SPOILS YOUR GOOD TIMES
IRRITATES YOUR FRIENDS

Those occasional nights when you're so nervous you can't sleep—those days when a tense nervous feeling makes you irritable and jumpy—let Miles Nervine help you relax. Follow the label, avoid excessive use.

Get Miles Nervine at your drug store, liquid or effervescent tablets.

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HERE'S WHY... Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!
thing.” They didn’t really know each other. What Jane knew was Freddie’s music; and when she went to Columbia to make “Let’s Do It Again,” she asked for Fred as music arranger on the picture. It was no personality matter; she knew what a fine arranger he was.

They worked together closely, day after day for weeks under tremendous pressure. This was Jane’s busy season of the year. There were benefits to play in, addition to work on the picture, and Fred played for her benefit rehearsals. One day, Jane asked him if he’d “condescend” to accompany her at a benefit. He was delighted. From then on, there were many after-hours shows, and dinner together and time to talk. In nothing flat, they were in love and Jane was thinking of exactly what she’d planned never to think of again—marriage.

“I’m not going to tell you anything about that,” laughs Jane. Suffice it to say that high-strung Jane found peace in this even-tempered musician. It was a pleasure to work with him. On a set, where pressure was tense, there were no blow-ups with him. There’ve been few in their personal relationship. “He doesn’t test my temper.” She won’t analyze him, but this much she will say: “He’s a serious man with tenderness and a great sense of humor, a composite of everything.”

But when it came to marriage, Jane had to stop and realign her values. But it didn’t take her long. Certainly they’ve had adjustments to make. What married couple doesn’t? For a while last winter, there was some fairly serious Rock, friction that was enough for the creepengers to say in ghoulish glee that the Kargers were separating. But Jane and Fred weathered that. They’re both adults who’ve been married before, who know what they want out of life, and who know how to compromise.

In the past, says Jane, her house was just a place where she and the children “hung our hats. We’ve always drifted as gloriously as any star in the business. Her clothes are exquisite; but those are her “work” clothes. But when the search lights aren’t focused on her, Jane’s clothes are the kind she’d wear if she were Jane’s trim secretary.

She has no jewelry except her wedding band, a string of pearls and her watch. She did once have a fabulous collection of jewels. She didn’t wear many of them often, but there they were. Then, about a year ago, her home was robbed and all the jewels that she was saving for Mau- reen and for Mike’s bride some day were gone. And the burglars replaced them. I’m far more relaxed without them.

Practical isn’t the word for Jane, but realistic is. She’s realistic about her career, about her time, her money and her family. Her likes are violent. She likes to live ... to love ... to make movies ... to paint ... to make her family happy. Her dislikes are violent too. But there’s only one thing that mệnhers her: of those basic likes. She’s worked hard for her happiness. Let anything move in on the freedom that underlies that happiness—and watch her rebel! The End

A Hollywood heartbreak story you can’t afford to miss.

In the March issue, Photoplay gives you the dramatic truth about **GUY MADISON’S MARRIAGE**

Order your copy now at the newsstands, on sale February 5.
Honeymoon With Baby

(Continued from page 57)
do it. At the moment, we were both free.

Negotiations to make “Beau Brummell” were completed after the Wildings arrived in London. And so the doting grandparents got a bigger treat than they had counted on. They were on hand for baby Michael’s first Christmas. “The most wonderful Christmas in years,” says Mrs. Wilding.

On his first trip across the Atlantic, Michael behaved like a perfect little English gentleman until about an hour before the aircraft touched down at London airport. Then he set up a howl that could be heard all the way back to New York. “I felt sorry for the other passengers on the plane,” his father reports shamefacedly. “Michael is usually very good, but when he gets tired you can’t stop him crying.” Later, in his mother’s arms and facing a battery of cameramen, young Michael’s disgruntled cries shook the customs hall.

Then up rushed Yvonne Lang, a pretty young nurse, took the baby and soothed him in a minute. “It’s the proper touch,” says Liz. “How is a mystery to me, but she can always quiet him.” Young Michael now adores Miss Lang, who was hired by the studio to care for him while Liz is working. “She is simply wonderful with him,” Liz says. Miss Lang returns the compliment by declaring that Michael is “a model baby in every respect.”

But her enthusiasm is only a pallid copy of his grandmother’s. “He’s the sweetest baby in the world,” Mrs. Wilding declares categorically. “He’s friendly and good-tempered and he’s got eyes just like his mother’s. He’s very intelligent, too.”

For the first few weeks after their arrival in London, the Wildings lived in a sub-let furnished apartment near the U. S. Embassy, on Grosvenor Square, later moving to the nearby Dorchester Hotel. Liz prepared the baby’s formula and cooked.

It was in September, after giving Mike, Junior a chance to get acquainted with his grandparents, that the Wildings left the baby in London and set off on what they thought of as their “real” honeymoon.

“When we were married,” says Liz, “we had exactly eight days of skiing in the French Alps. That was all! Then Michael returned to London for a film and I flew back to Hollywood for ‘The Girl Who Had Everything.’ Without Michael, I didn’t feel much like the girl in the title.”

And without little Mike, it was put out on this trip, she felt even less so. Her loneliness added no extra joy to her reaction to her first bull fight.

“A few minutes I fled,” admits Elizabeth. “We had just arrived in Madrid, and Michael was anxious to see his first fight. He didn’t want me to go, but I insisted. I was so excited about Spain, I wanted to see everything possible. As soon as we sat down, the Matador came to our box, bowed, and threw his cape over the railing. I was pleased and flattered. But a few minutes after the fight started, I fled!”

Liz both looked and felt fine until they reached Copenhagen. “That’s when I really came down with the flu,” she says, “and the newspapers made such a to-do about it having a nervous breakdown.

“Nervous breakdown! Nonsense! I’m too happy to be having a nervous breakdown. Of course I was tired after ‘Rhapsody,’ and then the excitement of traveling, changing of climate, and whoops—I caught a cold!”

“When the doctor told her to rest,” Wilding added, “we decided it was a shame to be away from the baby so long. So we sent for him.”

After the prescribed rest of a couple of weeks, the Wildings returned to England for four furious days of fitting and make-up.
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up tests and for one very important event.
On the afternoon of October 13, baby Mike
was christened in Grovenor Chapel, May-
fair, the favorite church of American
Troops in Britain during the war.
Grandfather Henry Wilding was delight-
ed with the act put on by his grandson.
"In the middle of the ceremony," he
chuckles, "Mike reached up and grabbed
the clergyman's spectacles." The dignified
eld man managed to retrieve them and
continue the service. But Michael, Junior, was
in a good mood and had no intention of al-
lowing his fun to be spoiled. So he tried to
pat the reverend's nose. Just as the cere-
mony ended, he decided he didn't think
much of it after all and began to cry.

At the end of four days in London, the
Wildings continued their European tour,
this time accompanied by Miss Lang, the
baby's cot and a folding peram-
bulator. It was their intention to fly by jet
airliner from London to Rome, but they
missed the "plane. "Usually when we're late,
't's Liz's fault," says Michael. "But
this time it was a mixup with cars. I
wasn't very happy, 'cause that Comet, too."

They were enchanted by Rome with its
mixture of modern sophistication and old
world greatness. And the Italians loved
them—"Liz in particular. They wouldn't
let her alone. Every morning, a black-eyed
mother and her two little black-eyed boys
strolled past the hotel singing and strum-
ing a trio of mandolins. The affection,
according to the star, is mutual.
"Yes, we love Rome," she says. "And we
were extremely lucky because Vittorio
Gasman was there when we were here.
He and I had just finished working together
in 'Rhapsody' when Michael and I left for
our vacation."

"With Vittorio, we saw parts of Rome
not on the regular tourist route. Of course,
we covered that too—St. Peter's, Vatican
City, The Forum, the Colosseum. But when
he took us into the tiny cafes in the old
part of Rome across the Tiber, that was
really exciting. One place, the Cisterna,
in Trastevere was built centuries ago over
part of the catacombs and over an old well
which is still used now."

And that's Elizabeth Taylor talking to-
day—a more mature youngster than the
laughing-eyed minx of "National Velvet"
and a happier young woman than the
troubled teenager of a few years back.
Prettier than ever, her eyes sparkle with
happiness in her romance with Michael.
Shopping has been an exciting part of
the trip for Liz, especially for clothes, in
Rome. I'm right back to my normal
weight and this was the first big shopping
expedition since the baby came," she says.
She bought several new dresses—"I
couldn't resist the silks"—some "beautiful,
hand-made Italian shoes" and got herself
a new haircut—short, shaggy and straight.
"Cute, too," adds her husband.

Liz is wildly extravagant and she ad-
mits it. "I shouldn't be let out alone," she
says. Michael, Senior agrees with her. One
day she came in loaded with expensive
looking parcels and, bubbling with enthu-
siasm, began to show her husband one
exquisite baby garment after another.
"Lizzie," Mike said sternly. "Where did you
get these things?" Liz timidly men-
tioned an exclusive London shop. Then she
added hastily; "They're only on approval,
darling. But just look at that smoking!
All done by hand!"

One thing is sure, she'll be combing the
shops for Paris fashions for tots. But gifts
or no, she has no intention of spoiling her
son. "I haven't any great theories on child
raising," she admits, "but Mike and I
think the baby should be with us as
much as possible."

She admits that in the beginning they
"thought it unfair to the baby to drag him
all over Europe," but after one attempt to
be without him, they decided it was unfair
to parents to leave him behind. Miss Lang
and Liz have a firm understanding about
the position his mother occupies in his life.
It's simply this: Mother has prior rights
and doesn't propose to be shoved around
by a nurse. "I was scared first that a nurse
might come between me and the baby,"
Liz admits. "So when I hired one before
Michael was born, I told her: 'It will be
my baby and I don't want to have to make
appointments to see him.'"

"Big Mike's mother and father are both
impressed and enchanted with Liz's ma-
ternal devotion. "Those parents just adore
that little thing," Mrs. Wilding says. "I
wish all babies could get that kind of wel-
come when they arrive. When Michael and
Elizabeth are away from him, they can
hardly wait to get back."

And Liz herself has never known more
pure happiness than that she reaps from
her two Mikes. Her career, today, she says,
takes second place. "It's just a job that
I enjoy very much while I have it. I could
give it up tomorrow. But try to imagine
life without Michael and the baby—that,"
she says, "is quite impossible."
HONDO
(WARNERS; 3-D; WARNERCOLOR)

A simple, vigorous Western provides John Wayne with a role right up his alley. He's a hard-bitten scout who can understand both sides in the war between settlers and Apaches, since he has happy memories of life with an Apache wife. He falls in love a second time, with a courageous pioneer woman deserted by her worthless husband. Geraldine Page accentuates the tenderness of these scenes. Not a pretty girl, she, has a pleasing, characterful face. Of course, action scenes are the heart of the picture, done in rugged style against the wild scenery of Chihuahua, Mexico, where the troupe located. Though the 3-D effects are impressive, the film may also be shown in 2-D.

Verdict: Straightaway Indian-fighting story, with action and warmth (Family)

CEASE FIRE
(WALLES, PARAMOUNT; 3-D)

Shot entirely in Korea, featuring genuine servicemen rather than actors, this story of a patrol on a dangerous mission achieves remarkable realism. Most of the action is staged, though genuine battle footage sometimes appears in long shots. But the forbidding Korean hills and the unassuming manner of the soldiers—notably Capt. Roy Thompson, Jr., as leader of the patrol, and Cpl. Henry Gloskowski, as his sergeant—make you feel close to real combat. You'll find the 3-D technically good, if your theatre uses this version.

Verdict: Simple, believable, inspiring picture of modern war (Family)

WICKED WOMAN
(1, A.)

A sordid, quietly convincing drama casts statuesque Beverly Michaels as an opportunist, without a conscience. Just arrived in town, she gets a job as waitress at a tavern run by Richard Egan and wife Evelyn Scott. Promptly, Beverly makes a play for the boss, while secretly encouraging his wife's tendency toward alcoholism. Finally, she works out an ingenious plan whereby Egan may sell the tavern and run away with her and the proceeds. Well-acted throughout, the film never glamorizes this hussy.

Verdict: Neatly underplayed, suspenseful bit of realism (Adult)

BAD FOR EACH OTHER
(COLUMBIA)

The story of a doctor's dilemma casts Charlton Heston as a Medical Corps veteran who, over the objections of his mother (Mildred Dunnock), turns his back on his native coal-mining town to set up a society practice. Elizabeth Scott, playing a neurotic heiress, is chiefly responsible for luring him from his duty, while his nurse (Dianne Foster) keeps reminding him of it. The conflict's a familiar one, but some
provocative questions of medical ethics are raised, including "ghost" surgery.

**Verdict:** Absorbing problem drama (Adult)

**WAR ARROW** (U-L, Technicolor)

✓ Jeff Chandler, Maureen O'Hara and Suzan Ball are as pleasing to the eye as the scenery is in this actionful Western. As an Army major, Jeff's sent to Texas to stop the raids of the Kiowa tribe. His plan is to enlist the aid of the Seminoles, exiled from Florida. His superior (John McIntyre) sneers at the idea, but Jeff proves that his shaggy Indians can become a fast mobile force, expert at surprise attacks. Meanwhile, he woos Maureen, supposedly an Army widow, and is pursued by Suzan, an ambitious Seminole maiden.

**Verdict:** Brisk horse opera (Family)

**THE DIAMOND QUEEN** (Warners, Cinemagic)

✓ In their second co-starring movie, real-life romancers Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas move to 18th Century France and India. Fernando invades the latter mysterious realm to find a great diamond for the French king's crown. Along with nobleman Gilbert Roland, he meets native queen Arlene, who leads them to the jewel they seek. But its owner, mogul Sheldon Leonard, is a treacherous type who drives a hard bargain and has a hold over the unhappy Arlene.

**Verdict:** Offscreen lovers in a modest adventure yarn (Family)

**THE GOLDEN COACH** (A.E.K., Technicolor)

✓ Here's a strange, flavorful tidbit for very special tastes. Though Italian-made, it's the English-language debut (not dubbed) of Anna Magnani, one of her country's top actresses. A mature and handsome woman, sumptuously female, she's more subdued than usual, playing the leading lady of an Italian vaudeville troupe. In one of Spain's South American colonies, during the 18th Century, she's courted by a young nobleman, a bullfighter and the governor. The slender, mostly comic plot is handled gracefully. Thanks to the locale, to a score drawn from music of the period and to beautifully composed photography, the picture has a remote, dream-like air.

**Verdict:** Odd romantic comedy (Adult)

**THE WILD ONE** (Columbia)

✓ Marlon Brando has the title role in the rather weird account of a small town's ordeal. He's the ringleader of a group of motorcyclists that invades the town, bullies the citizens and wrecks property for a whole day. Brando's cryptic performance and the brooding camera-work create a haunted, almost frightening atmosphere. But the whole incident's explained. The cyclists' behavior suggests only that there's been a mass breakout from the local booby hatch. Mary Murphy's appealing as a girl implausibly attracted to Brando.

**Verdict:** Racy science thriller (Family)
Why Debbie’s My Ideal!

(Continued from page 40)

I don’t know what I expected of an up-and-coming starlet.

The pictures of us stepped out of the car and just stood there for a minute, watching mink stoles go by. Taking it all in, our starlet, Debbie, glanced down at her cloth coat in mock contempt. Then she gave her date a nudge and poked in the ribs with her elbow. “Where’s your bad luck?” she teased. “I could have worn furs. My cat’s got to die sometime!”

Did I say I was speechless? Shock, I suppose. There was our starlet reminding me of my best friend’s kid sister.

That was four years ago and a lot has happened since then. Debbie Reynolds did become a star. And now I have to pinch myself to be sure I’m not dreaming when I take her out. But not because she’s famous. Because she’s Debbie.

However even a near stranger—when he finds his voice—can tell you that she’s something special in the Hollywood world. Take my brother, Walt, for instance. He’s rarely at a loss for words. I remember the time he’d just come home from the Navy. I’d been racking my brain for days trying to figure how to show him a good time. “Let’s go at it from this angle,” he said finally. “What would you like to do?”

“Well, unpack your swimming trunks,” I told him. And a few minutes later, we were in the car heading for Burbank.

After a half-hour battle with afternoon traffic, we turned into my favorite street. I stopped the car in front of one of the unpretentious little houses that stand there in such a neat row. Walt looked bewildered. “The pool’s in the backyard,” I said.

As usual, half the neighborhood was also in the backyard. Hamburger were being distributed by the barrel—had we arrived and when we finally worked our way through the crowd, I introduced Walt to Mrs. Reynolds. Then I nodded toward her daughter who was sitting on the diving board. “That’s Debbie,” I said.

“Huh?” said my brother eloquently.

It was quite an afternoon. We swam for awhile, and ate and talked beside the pool. And when it grew cool, we adjourned to the living room. Someone sat down at the piano and the Reynolds gang proceeded to sing their lungs out. We could have been a million miles from the Hollywood glamour that Walt had pictured a neces-
sity for a movie star. “I certainly didn’t expect Debbie Reynolds to be like that,” he told me later.

After the Coney Island, introduction, you’d think I’d have learned never to jump to conclusions as far as Debbie is concerned. But I did it again—some time later, when I called her for a date. Having checked a bank balance, I reached the conclusion that I might as well live recklessly. Living recklessly means a dinner date which, more often than not, means that you silently say goodbye to a dollar every time the waiter comes in with another dish. It’s worth it, if you’re solvent—and it’s what a great many girls expect.

And Debbie? She happened to know I wasn’t working. And so? She’d love to have dinner, she told me. But wouldn’t it be more fun to cook it ourselves? She’d be very happy to bake a cake.

How thoughtful can a girl be? If I’d ever wondered, now I knew. But then I promptly drew another mental picture—one of the domestic Miss Reynolds, girl—chef extraordinary. I was fooled again. She’d volunteered that cake so casually that I was certain it wouldn’t involve any more effort for her than stepping into the kitchen to say, “Frosto!” I learned later that she slaved for hours. It was a beautiful cake from a distance. Close up, I noticed that one side sagged slightly in route to the fried chicken at my place, we ate most of the frosting. It kept dripping down the sides and we’d scoop it off the plate so that it wouldn’t go running all over. But I’m not sure I couldn’t lick the haunted Miss Reynolds assured me. “It just wasn’t my day for desserts.”

Frankly, I have my doubts. Because I’ve attended some of the Reynolds’ afternoon candy sessions. Debbie walks up to the pots and pans with all the assurance in the world. She sets out the ingredients with an air of authority, and then in a small voice calls out, “Mother, how much sugar do you use in the fudge?”

Because she’s such a happy-go-lucky, smiling character, you rarely see her serious side. But actually she has great feeling—she really cares for other people. I was never more aware of it than the night we went to the Jane Powell opening at the Grove. Janie sang her heart out and, when she was bombarded with flowers while taking her bows, she began to cry. It was

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In the March of Dimes, says Deborah Kerr, lies hope for all polio victims never had much homelife.

Mrs. Reynolds had the meal on the table when I walked in. We ate—then I got cleaned up and away we went. Now that was a fine party. And you could tell how the guests felt about Debbie—and vice versa—when she went up to accept the award for Bobby Van. She stood at the mike for a minute, grinning at the crowd. I glanced around and saw a room full of people grinning back at her.

I might say that Debbie is completely unaffected. But I never say it to her. I tried once ... making the comment as we were leaving a party. She promptly tossed her coat over her shoulder with a magnificent gesture. "Oh, reeeaally, Tab, dear? You recollect don't think I'm affected?" and swept regally out the door.

In closing, I think I should mention that Debbie has a mind of her own. Just the other day, I called to check on our dinner date at the Jeff Hunters'. Everyone's going to bring a special dish. "I'll bake a cake," Debbie announced.

"Please don't," said I.
"Well ... I'll have Mother bake a cake," said Debbie. "Don't. I'll buy one.
"Mother will bake it," said Debbie firmly. "Or on the other hand, maybe I will.
"I'll buy one," I repeated, just as firmly. I have a hunch we'll have homemade cake. I don't know who'll bake it. But I'm certain of one thing. I'm delighted to be the lucky guy who's going to help eat it.

Debbie is in "Give a Girl a Break" and Tab is in "Steel Lady.")
Biographies

It's beginning to look as though Robert Taylor has finally given his longtime girl friend, Ursula Thiess, the gate...

Fact: Vice versa! At long last, Ursula has decided that marriage with Bob is not a likely wind-up for this amour, so she has taken her heart to market. She has been constant only because both Bob and Ursula don't like to play the field. It has been simple for them just to go out with each other and not have to bother making friends, and eventually swirls hearts, of other men and women. Ursula has never denied that marriage was what she eventually wished for. But she is now convinced Bob will never take an altar walk with her. She put it bluntly the other day when, after a couple of years of waiting, she was given a good part by RKO. "I will no longer," she said, "have to ride around on Robert Taylor's coat tails."

Rumor: "Now that Zsa Zsa Gabor is free of George Sanders, she will more than likely pick up with, and possibly marry, Porfirio Rubirosa..."

Fact: Not at all likely. In the first place, George's exit was the biggest shock Zsa Zsa has had since somebody accused her of being a made-up old lady with a grown daughter. She always felt that George, who has the temperament of an over-fed, sometimes surly St. Bernard, would always be around no matter what she said about him as a mate or how many other men she had her name linked with. It's sort of like having your cat lock you out of your own house. She was more stunned than anything. But now that she's had time to think it over, she feels real pangs of loneliness. Their pals will tell you that George is finished. But that could be all wrong. George is very unpredictable. At any rate, Porfirio is just a playboy to Zsa Zsa.

Rumor: "Cy Howard is so attentive to his girl friend, Gloria Grahame, in London, there is no telling a picture and he is writing a play, that their friends say the wedding day is just around the corner."

Fact: In this crazy business, anything can, and often does happen, So it's possible that Cy Howard and Gloria will marry. But we'll say it has the same chance of happening as a plow horse does of winning the Kentucky Derby. In the first place, Cy Howard would just as soon stick his head in a furnace as marry anyone. He keeps everybody thinking that, but nobody believes him. And, Gloria, although she thinks pretty close to Cy for laughs, is still in love with her exhusband, director Nick Ray. She carried a blazing torch for a long time and many people are sure she still does.

Rumor: "The minute John Wayne's divorce from Chata is final, he will get a license and marry Pilar Palette."

Fact: This is unlikely. Maybe John Wayne was in love with Pilar when he first met her, but she was lonely and crushed by his rejection at the hands of Chata. But the terrible experience he went through during the months he prepared for his divorce trial and during his weeks in court have spoilt him altogether on the institution of marriage. It is not at all likely that he will give a serious thought to another wife for a long time. During the past several months, Pilar has been quite ill and Wayne, a very loyal man, has been her more or less constant companion. He has faith in her acting ability—and will launch her on her American career. The End
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 33)

dating Debbie Reynolds, that ol’ soft-shoe man, Tom Morton, deserted Mamie Van Doren long enough to take Tab’s place with Lori Nelson! . . . The added weight on Lana Turner everybody is talking about just may turn out to be a new addition to the Barker household a few months from now . . . Hollywood admires Rita Hayworth for defending Dick Haymes, but everyone’s amused, too, because she’s never been exactly a glib girl in the past. Now those startling, strong statements credited to the ex-princess make her sound like a state senator . . . Even their close friends are gasping over the switcheroo in the Tyrone Power marriage. No one now believes there will be a divorce. And how things have changed! In the past it was Ty who catered to the capricious Linda’s every whim. It’s just the other way around today.

Seen and Heard: Not to be outdone by Cornel Wilde who walks around Hollywood with a parrot perched on his shoulder, Zachary Scott startled the natives by introducing one pierced ear oboe threaded with a thin gold loop! . . . The long and short of it: Big Jeff Chandler dancing a rumba at a Hollywood party with tiny June Allyson while Dick Powell watched on the sidelines . . . Rosemary Clooney’s Great Dane, on the set of “Red Garters,” and Shirley Booth’s miniature poodle are carrying on the most ridiculous flirtation in all Hollywood. Rosie and co-star Guy Mitchell take turns watching Shirley’s poodle for fear the Great Dane will smother her with affection.

Just for Laughs: Bob Mitchum eyeing Guy Madison’s huge, hunk-of-gold-nugget cuff links, as he cracks: “They’re peachy-keen, Guy, but can you get Channel No. 5 on ‘em?” . . . Jane Russell to Vincent Price: “The only thing that’s important about a girl is what she has in her head!” Vincent to Jane: “Not when the head is on your body, honey!” . . . Audie Murphy in the U-4 комиссар: “I’m always reading that top dramatic stars want to make a Western. Do you suppose I should go in for something by Noel Coward?”

Cal Wonders: Why Dale Robertson looks annoyed when questioned about his first marriage . . . Why Jean Peters, who is one of the most amusing conversationalists, is never invited to parties where the usual people are obviously so bored with each other . . . Why Montgomery Clift always walks as if someone were tailing him . . . Why Piper Laurie still insists she and Tony
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Curtis have such friendly feelings for each other, when he makes statements that say otherwise?

New Loves for Old: All in one day, Bob Taylor announced he was tired of travel-
ing; ended his romance with Ursula Thiess; took Barbara Stanwyck to dinner! And George Nader who often escorts Barbara—switched over to Ursula . . . Now that John Wayne's divorced and not seriously attached to anyone, his name is high on the estranged Mrs. Gary Cooper's preferred party list . . . Film cutter Stefan Arnesten is helping Mrs. Gregory Peck forget the tall boy who didn't come home for Christmas.

Studio Stuff and Things: Pitiful poor Jean Simmons who didn't dare accompany Stewart Granger to Europe where he's making "Beau Brummell" with Elizabeth Taylor. Jean isn't working, but without RKO's permission, the trip would have cost her her five-figure salary . . . Debra Paget, now twenty, visited court for the ninth time for option approval . . . And M-G-M is making such fantastic overtures to Van John-
son, he may sign that new deal after all . . . It was a surprised Mario Lanza who received a polite refusal to his of-
er to return and make "The Student Prince" for M-G-M. The studio is that excited over replacement Edmund Pur-
dom!

According to Ca! Kathryn Grayson has no San Francisco romance. It's strictly a publicity dream-up! . . . Be-
fore she left on location with Martin and Lewis, Janet Leigh stayed up all night to get the new home in order for Tony Curtis . . . For once in his life, Burt Lancaster was really scared! He met his mother-in-law for the first time when she visited the Lancasters. But merely fell in love with her!

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national selling Star-Brite handshines rub-
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ing lesions. Siroil's doesn't scratch or bed linen. Offered on two weeks satisfaction or money refunded basis, 21 years of successful results. Write for free booklet.

My thanks to—

AT ALL DRUG STORES

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. M-71, Santa Monica, Calif., 103
Help Doris Day Get Well

(Continued from page 37)

The fantastic arsenal of energy upon which she has drawn over the hectic years of her career may have begun to diminish. For Doris has always worked and played an active hard life of all of herself. But this is unlikely. Such natural vitality as hers is not easily snuffed out.

It's much more probable that when she underwent surgery (for stitches in herself), she had something she had not known for years—time to think, to review her life, to evaluate. She had time to ask herself how long her happiness could last. And in all the days of her struggle, her youthful heartbreaks—and perhaps to tremble a bit in retrospect.

Since her marriage to Marty Melcher, Doris has known real peace of mind and body. She said in an interview, "I do not have the illness she said, "Today, I'm just about the most fortunate and happy person alive."

I've treasures that are beyond all price to me: my husband, my mother, the work."

And then she added, "But there have been times in my life when I didn't see how I could go on any longer—when I felt I'd never really laugh again."

Have those times come back to haunt her now?

Doris' very success today is the result of a tragic accident when she was fifteen which broke both her legs and ended her dreams of dancing. It was only then, when her career plans were brutally blasted, that Doris discovered she could sing. And during the fourteen months she was confined to her bed, she planned a new life. And discovered? She never let her on the world. Still on crutches, the courageous youngster found employment in Cincinnati radio stations. Soon she was heading for the Big Time. She was singing with Les Brown and Jerry and married Al Jordan.

Doris promptly gave up her job and settled down as a housewife in Cincinnati. But something went sour and even Terry's arrival in our marriage together.

Doris and Al were divorced in 1943. Terry went to live with his grandmother and his mother began her painful struggle for stardom. She had to make good, it was hard, but hard, but hard. Marlene's actually gives lovely spring curls and waves with each shampoo and set. Clairol, really beautifies, saves time, money. You can have that shampoo your hair anyway, so next time try Marlene's.

Drug and cosmetic counters everywhere. Also available in Canada.

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Your child's photo may bring you as much as $500 from publishers. Big demand for girls under 5 years and girls 6 months to 18 years old. Will pay 25% of Royalty on sales!

1. One small photo for our approval (One Only). Print child's full name and age and parent's name and address on back. Picture returned in 60 days if not accepted.

SPOTLITE PHOTO DIRECTORY

needed that so," a grateful Doris said later.

With her first film, "Romance on the High Seas," Doris found success. At last, she was able to buy a house for Terry and her mother and give them a real home. But could she ever be sure of lasting happiness and security? Of the personal serenity she needed so? Each time she had thought she had them within her grasp, they had vanished cruelly.

And then she found Marty Melcher.

Now, in this period of waverings, you hear a phrase again and again: "The bank heavens she has a wonderful guy like Marty to see her through."

With the happy bounding of both her career and her marriage, Doris discarded the somber cloak she'd worn so long. The change was not gradual. It was sudden—if anything, too sudden. Doris determinedly remade her life. She seemed to become immune to sorrow, to the fear of failure. Apparently nothing could hurt her.

Doris Day was the happiest girl in the world. One writer, who paid several visits to her sets, was amazed. The director would work with everyone and pull off to the side to rest. But Doris. She kept going—joking, rehearsing, singing. Other people could blow their tops right and left. But nothing seemed to annoy this girl," he said with astonishment.

Photographers could always count on her for happy photographs. Magazines could count on her for happy stories. And the public could see her films and go away whistling.

Doris' new-found philosophy was not devised entirely for her own benefit. "When I first started making movies, I had represented security. It meant that I could take care of my son and my mother and myself," she said. "Now I see it is my duty to entertain people and keep them in the last place in life... and if I can bring a little joy to all kinds of people, my mission is complete."

But can such natural feelings as irritation and anger be entirely ignored? Never allowed to come to the surface? Is it possible suddenly to cast off all unhappy memories? Or are they likely to be revived again through something no more serious than, perhaps, a pimprick of unpleasing gossip? Like the completely false but widely circulated story that Doris was selling photos to her fans. This, to a star who, with her mother's help, has conscientiously stored away everything one of the 15,000 letters she receives each month is handled personally, can carry a sting of cruelty far out of proportion to its importance. Particularly at a moment when, physically, she is not at her peak.

"Some people take keen delight in knocking down reputations," said Marty when the story reached his ears. But what malicious intent to masquerade as the story that may have reached its mark more surely than its unknown instigator dreamed.

"Doris is a normal girl," Marty put it at the time. "She doesn't claim to be anyone supreme. She has faults. So does everybody."

This perhaps is the key to the Doris Day illness. She is normal. She is human. It's possible that the very same people who unwindingly helped build the legend of Doris Day have just as unwindingly begun to tear it down. It is a legend that, for Doris' own good, should never have been created... for living it twenty-four hours a day could easily have proved too much, even for a Superwoman. And Doris is human—flesh and heart.

As she said, "And that's how I feel, I'll never forget Curtiz' kindness and understanding during those other bleak days, encouragement means so much to her. Now she needs it more than ever— from you to whom she gave so much. You can help still her fears. You can help Doris Day get well!"

"Gorgeous Marquise CLUSTER RING"— 5.75 carats for Sale. 50% off retail price. Only 5/8 of a bottle. Any girl—young or old—will love this ring made of 3/4 14kt. Gold. Solid gold. Great value. Certificate of authenticity. Order now. Send $1.50. Send Money. NO MONEY.

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TALL GIRLS. For an absolute reward of styles, colors and prices.

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Doris Day of Hollywood has said: "I've never forgotten the kindness and understanding that Doris Day gave to me during those other bleak days. Encouragement means so much to her. Now she needs it more than ever—from you to whom she gave so much. You can help still her fears. You can help Doris Day get well!"

FREE CATALOG—MONUMENTS FROM $14.95

Monuments of rare beauty and artistic perfection are now solid by mail at astounding savings. All carving, polishing and finishing operations are done in the modern Rockdale plant. Exclusive sale by mail direct to the consumer guarantee lowest prices. Prices include inscription and Rockdale pays the freight. Write today for free illustrated catalog of over 50 monuments. No obligation. No obligation. Rockdale Monument Company, Dept. G36, Joliet, Ill.
ALL AMERICAN, THE—U-I: Tony Curtis looks plenty attractive in a college story, as a reluctant grid star. Lori Nelson. (F) November


APPOINTMENT IN HONDURAS—RKO, Technicolor: Gun-runner Glenn Ford, Ann Sheridan and weakening husband Zachary Scott brave the jungle. (F) January

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—U-I, Technicolor: Rock Hudson defends Lori Nelson against dirty doings in the far North. (F) December


BLOWING WILD—Warners: Flamboyant yarn of oil-drilling in Mexico. Cooper, Stanwyck and Quinn are a triangle. (A) January

BOTANY BAY—Paramount, Technicolor: Alan Ladd, Pat Medina endure James Mason's brutality aboard a prison ship. (F) January

CALAMITY JANE—Warners, Technicolor: Doris Day's a two-gun gal in a rip-roaring musical, opposite Howard Keel. (F) January

CAPTAIN'S PARADISE, THE—Loew's: Unusual farce. Alec Guinness is wed to both prior Celia Johnson, sexy Yvonne De Carlo. Paradise ends as the gals rebel. (A) November

CINERAMA—Cinemascope—solutions-color: No story, plenty of excitement. Amazing technique with huge curved screen. (F) January

CRAZYLEGS, ALL-AMERICAN—Republic: Likable Elroy Hibach of the L. A. Rams retraces his grid progress. Joan Vohs. (F) December

DECAMERON NIGHTS—RKO, Technicolor: Skirmishes in the battle of the sexes, presented handsomely and wittily by Louis Jourdan (as Boccaccio) and Joan Fontaine. (A) November

DESPERATE MOMENT—Rank, U-I: Tired chase sharpened by real German backgrounds. Dirk Bogarde breaks jail to find a killer, gets help from Mai Zetterling. (F) November

EAST OF SUMATRA—U-I, Technicolor: Action yarn. Jeff Chandler's a mining engineer. Anthony Quinn, an island chief. (F) November

FLIGHT TO TANGIER—Paramount, Technicolor: Chase film gets Joan Fontaine, Jack Palance into confusing intrigues. (F) January

GENEVIENE—Rank, U-I: Technicolor: Nice British comedy about antique-car fans. With Dinah Sheridan and dashes of sex. (A) January

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—U.A., Technicolor: Robert Morley, Maurice Evans play the light-opera kings in a gay musical. (F) January

GLASS WEB, THE—U-I, 3-D: Smooth who-dunit set in a TV studio. John Forsythe and Edward G. Robinson both score. (A) January

GUN FURY—Columbia; 3-D, Technicolor: Rock Hudson saves Donna Reed from a half-mad bandit in an okay outdoor thriller. (F) January

HERE COME THE GIRLS—Paramount, Technicolor: Songs, gossips and suspense mix as chorus boy Bob Hope plays target for a murderous maniac. With Rosemary Clooney. (F) January

JULIUS CAESAR—M-G-M: True-to-Shakespeare film of the dictator's death and the assassins' fate. Brilliant acting by James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando. (F) September

KISS ME, KATE—M-G-M; 3-D, Anseco: Howard Keel, Kathryn Grayson are feuding, loving co-stars. Topnotch music. (F) January

LION IS IN THE STREETS, A—Warners, Technicolor: A strong idea's fumbled. James Cagney overplays a demagogue. (A) December

LITTLE BOY LOST—Paramount: Drama done with unusual grace. Bing Crosby's fine as an American newsmen in France to seek his son—who may be Christian Fourcade. (F) November

LITTLE FUGITIVE—Warners: Enchanting picture of childhood in a big city. Richie Ansdrus flees to Coney Island. (F) December

MARRY ME AGAIN—RKO: A light farce. Marie Wilson's a Cinderella whose sudden fortune alienates proud beau Bob Cummings. (A) November

MARTIN LUTHER—de Rochemont: Niall MacGinnis portrays the founder of Protestantism in a splendid religious film. (F) November

MOGAMBO—M-G-M, Technicolor: Africa and Ava dominate a lively, laugh-trimmed thriller, with Gable playing mighty hunter, Gardner, adventurers, Grace Kelly, restless wife. (F) December

PARATROOPER—Columbia, Technicolor: British raids (by Alan Ladd, Leo Genn) on Nazis are exciting; the love story isn't. (F) December

ROBE, THE—20th; Cinemascope, Technicolor: Bible-inspired drama, amazing new process. Richard Burton, Jean Simmons are Roman aristocrats; Maurice, a Christian. (F) December

SECOND CHANCE—RKO; 3-D, Technicolor: Fast, eye-pleasing, gunman Palance tramps Linda Darnell; Mitchum defends her. (F) October


SHE HAD TO SAY YES—RKO: Home spun comedy. Bob Mitchum is a country doc; Jean Simmons, a foolish philanthropist. (F) September

SO BIG—Warner's: Honest sentiment, expertly done. Jane Wyman's fine as wife and widow of farmer Sterling Hayden. (F) December

STEEL LADY, THE—U-A: Wild adventure yarn. A plane crash strands Rod Cameron, Tab Hunter in the Sahara. (F) January

TAKE THE HIGH GROUND—M-G-M, Anseco: Comedy-drama of drafties' training, freshened by good acting: Widmark as a sage; Russ Tamblyn, Jerome Courtland, others as new GIs. (F) November

TANGA-TIKA—Monson-Long, Eastman Color: Beguiling if slightly crude romance, shot on Tahiti with a mostly native cast. (F) December

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE—Paramount; 3-D, Technicolor: Musical of early Alaska. Rhonda Fleming, disc stars Guy Mitchell and Teresa Brewer. (F) December

THREE FORBIDDEN STORIES—Eills: A suave, well-acted Italian film (English titles) close-ups girls with the wrong men. (A) December

THREE GIRLS FROM ROME—I.F.E.: Amiable story of Italian working girls and their loves. Lucia Bose is a real beauty. English dialogue, dubbed in smoothly. (A) November

THUNDER OVER THE PLAINS—Warners, Warnercolor: Randolph Scott fights vigilantes and carpet-baggers in Texas. (F) January

TITFIELD THUNDERBolt, THE—Rank; U-I; Technicolor: British whimsy about amateur railroaders. Stanley Holloway. (F) December

TORCH SONG—M-G-M, Technicolor: Joan Crawford in a case study of a neurotic star. With Michael Wilding and music. (A) December

TUMBLEWEED—U-I, Technicolor: Crisp, pleasing Western, Scout Audie Murphy, accused of cowardice, flees lynchers. (F) January

VEILS OF BAGDAD, THE—U-I, Technicolor. Lots of action (Vic Mature) and unvelled beauty (Mari Blanchard). (F) December

VICKI—20th: Chippy whoodunit, with Jean Peters as victim, Jeannie Crain, her virtuous sister, Richard Boone detective. (F) December

WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME—U-I, Technico; Donald O'Connor strives for success in the band business and in romance with Janet Leigh. Lots of nice jazz. (F) January

WAR OF THE WORLDS, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: A Martian invasion with stunning special effects, negligible human angle. (F) June

SOME 3-D FILMS ARE ALSO BEING SHOWN IN 2-D VERSIONS. CHECK YOUR THEATRE TO SEE WHICH IS BEING USED.
IF WE SEND YOU A STUNNING $10.98 DRESS WITHOUT 1¢ COST

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we want every woman in America to see our lovely dresses!

We have discovered that no amount of advertising can sell our dresses half as well as our dresses SELL THEMSELVES! It's impossible to show in pictures the rich quality of fabrics, the appealing styling, the fine needlework, and the wonderful value we put into our dresses for the moderate prices we charge. So we're being DIFFERENT—we want the women in every community in America to see our actual dresses. What's more, we don't want them to see these dresses on professional models. A style shown that way never gives a woman a true picture of how it will look on her. We want our dresses to be seen on average women of all ages, shapes, and sizes.

So we have perfected this wonderful Introductory Plan, and we want from 2,500 to 3,000 women to wear and show our dresses to their friends and neighbors!

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Through this excitingly different plan, you can get your own dresses—a complete, beautiful wardrobe of them—as a bonus, WITHOUT LAYING OUT A PENNY OF YOUR OWN MONEY! You'll have over 150 glorious models to choose from. When your friends and neighbors admire the exquisite styles on you, they'll want to know where they can get these dresses. When you tell them, you'll be helping us in the best way possible to advertise our lovely styles.

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It costs you absolutely nothing to investigate this remarkable offer, and you will be under no obligation whatever. Just put your name, address, age, and dress size on the coupon below, paste it on a postcard and mail TODAY! Everything will be sent to you promptly WITHOUT COST! But hurry—we expect a tremendous response to this offer!

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smokers
by the thousands
now changing to
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... enjoying the one cigarette that's
low in nicotine, highest in quality
And remember, only Chesterfield has this
proven record with smokers. No adverse
effects to the nose, throat and sinuses from
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CHESTERFIELD - A ***** SMOKE

"In movies—on the stage—wherever
I am—you'll see me enjoying my
Chesterfields—best for me,
best for you."

Deborah Kerr
STARRING IN THE BROADWAY HIT
"TEA AND SYMPATHY"

STARRING IN THE BROADWAY HIT
"TEA AND SYMPATHY"
Ah, what a wonderful feeling—when you touch and feel your hair after your first Prell Shampoo! It's so soft and smooth—so shining-bright and aglow with that 'Radiantly Alive' look! Why, in actual radiance tests, Prell leaves hair more radiant than all leading cream or soap shampoos. No more "fly-away" hair either—Prell leaves hair obedient even right after shampooing. You'll love Prell's convenience and economy, too—there's no spill, break, or waste. Enjoy a luxurious Prell Shampoo tonight!
No dentifrice can stop all cavities — but... you can reduce tooth decay up to 60% with new Ipana® containing Anti-Enzyme WD-9

Easy directions on every package.
Based on 2-year clinical tests.

If you are one of the many people who have been confused by recent promises of tooth-paste “miracles,” here are two facts we think well worth knowing:
1. No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay. This includes our new Ipana with WD-9.
2. But if you want to have far fewer cavities, no other dentifrice—tooth paste or powder—has ever been proved more effective for helping you.

And you can be sure of this:
Two-year clinical tests showed that brushing teeth after eating can reduce tooth decay up to 60%. This means when you use new Ipana with WD-9 this way, the Ipana way—you can expect the same results.

What’s more, if you do this, there’s an excellent chance that you will never have to worry about excessive cavities again.

The way most dentists recommend
We make these statements confidently because the benefits of the Ipana way were proved by two full years of clinical testing. Most dentists recommend this way (ask yours). And the directions are right on every Ipana package.

Important to new Ipana’s effectiveness is its anti-enzyme ingredient, WD-9. In stopping the bacterial-enzyme action that produces tooth-decay acids, WD-9 is one of the most effective ingredients known.

Children enjoy new minty flavor
As you know, your youngsters don’t like to use a tooth paste if it doesn’t taste good. But Ipana has a wonderful new minty flavor so that children will enjoy using it. It has new built-in foaming and cleansing power to reach “danger spots” the tooth brush doesn’t touch. For refreshing your mouth, we think you’ll find that no other tooth paste is quite like it.

Don’t forget your gums
Ipana with WD-9 does much more than help reduce tooth decay. Brushing with Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges of teeth helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles. And as for bad breath, a single brushing stops most unpleasant mouth odor as long as 9 hours.

When you can get a tooth paste that does all this without paying a penny extra for it, why not make your next tube Ipana?

Reduces Tooth Decay up to 60%... Stops Bad Breath All Day

ALL IPANA NOW ON SALE CONTAINS ANTI-ENZYME WD-9
NEW MUM WITH M-3 KILLS ODOR BACTERIA ... STOPS ODOR ALL DAY LONG

Amazedly effective—just use 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.

No waste, no drying out. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. New fragrance. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near.

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

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LUCILLE BALL • DESI ARNAZ

For the first time on the BIG, BIG screen since they took America by storm! Now in M-G-M’s howling, hilarious comedy!

"THE LONG, LONG TRAILER"

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It’s fun on a honeymoon with Lucy and Desi driving a house-on-wheels into hilarious adventure!

Screen Play by
Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich

Based on the Novel by
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Directed by
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Produced by
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AN M-G-M PICTURE

30th Anniversary Jubilee
HITS AND HISSES

When Hollywood's women reporters decided to award those apples, even they underestimated the power of the press

I was the one, way back in October of 1941, who originated the idea which has subsequently caused more cat-calling, more name-throwing, more general mayhem than almost any other little factor in Hollywood.

As president of the Hollywood Women's Press Club, I was the hapless one who suggested that our organization should give an award to the most co-operative female and most co-operative male star of the year. Since the Club was then, and still is, composed entirely of working press women, plus working feminine press agents, I thought it would be nice for us to say thank you to the stars who had been most gracious in granting interviews, sitting for photographs and being all around helpful.

If I had left the idea at that, the award would probably have passed quite unnoticed in the welter of other complimentary awards made every year. But no.

I was foolhardy enough to suggest that we also name the most un-co-operative stars of the year. The motion was duly seconded. The vote was passed—and all I can say now is that we, as a Club, didn't know our own strength.

Not then—or not now. For we rock under the blows we get yearly from the particular studio that houses the particular star or stars who receive our sour-apple award. We seldom get thanked by the studio whose player wins our golden apple—that is, the award for being most co-operative. But how bitter are the cries from the criticized camps!

This year was no exception. Esther Williams, who, for the second time, was tagged the least co-operative actress is, for the second time, protesting violently. She offers what she considers a perfect alibi for being less than helpful to the press. Says she, "I've made a picture and had a baby. How could I have had time to be more co-operative than I was?"

That sounds like a reasonable enough response—until you consider the case of Virginia Mayo. This year Ginnie was (for the second time, too) the runner-up for the most co-operative award. And she was hardly loafing. Despite making two pictures and having her baby, she was always able to manage time for an interview or a photo sitting—never too busy to talk with a reporter personally.

And the pair who took the golden apples home—Dale Evans and Roy Rogers—have, possibly, one of the fullest schedules in town. They have a house full of children. They do pictures. They do radio. They do TV. And personal appearances. And benefits. The press demands on their time are almost unbelievable, what with reporters and photographers of not just one medium, but three, besieging them constantly. Yet, they somehow always manage to be gracious.

The same holds true for almost-winner Jeff Chandler. He chalked up four pictures last year and, in addition, was deeply entangled in a morass of domestic problems. But none of that stopped him from working generously with the ladies of the press.

His attitude is at the opposite extreme from that of Dale Robertson, who was handed the sour, sour apple. Although his studio, Twentieth, is obviously not happy about this award, it has not complained for it understands the justice of our choice.

I remember the first time I ever talked with Dale professionally. He was brand new then, and I interviewed him together with Mitzi Gaynor, who was equally new. Dale shocked me at the time by saying, "I'm in this business only for the money it earns me." Mitzi was even more shocked than I. "Oh, Dale," she said, "you know you have to be madly in love with this business to endure it. You have to give to it as well as take from it—and you know it."

"Not me!" said Dale: "I'm after the dough. That's all."

And, sadly, that does seem to have been all so far. The sour-apple award is just one evidence of a point of view that can prevent Dale, no matter how talented and handsome he is, from being the top star he ought to be.

He has not, incidentally, made a single objection—at least not one that we have heard of—to his prize. He probably knows that he really deserves it.

His silence on the subject reminds me of the only amusing reaction the Women's Press Club has ever had to its sour-apple award. It was back in 1944 when we pinned the least-co-operative tag on Sonja (Continued on page 6)
IT'S A PLEASURE
YOU'LL BE ALL SMILES
AND SINGIN' WHEN YOU SEE
THESE WONDERFUL YOUNG
STARS IN THE YEAR'S
HAPPIEST, NEW MUSICAL!

RED
GARTERS
Color by
TECHNICOLOR

starring

ROSEMARY GLOONEY
JACK CARSON
GUY MITCHELL
PAT CROWLEY • GENE BARRY
CASS DALEY and introducing
JOANNE GILBERT

Produced by 
Directed by 
Written by 

PAT DUGGAN, GEORGE MARSHALL, MICHAEL FESSIER
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The most likeable young

cast that ever was corralled! And in the warmest
musical story ever to come gallopin' out of the
old West. More whoopin' and hollerin' than at a
Saturday night Wyoming steak fry... More
romancin' than on a Sunday Picnic Grounds in
Iowa... An unusual story that's bigger than all
of Texas! And it's in the kind of beautiful color
that you never, never see in real life, darn it!
It's the sort of happy show you call wonderful,
'cause that's how it'll make you feel!!

* PLEASURE: (Webster) State of gratification; delight; enjoyment and joy.
“Doctors’ tests reveal this new chlorophyll derivative CHECKS WOMEN’S Special ODOR PROBLEM!”

reports
Registered Nurse MARY L. RHOAD

As Nurse Rhoad explains: “Even women scrupulous in hygiene habits suffer from this embarrassing problem. It has defied elimination until now.”

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 1 or 2 “ENNDS” Tablets every day—up to 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. Trial size only 49¢. Larger sizes save even more! Also available in Canada.

For free booklet, “What You Should Know About Menstruation” (mailed in plain envelope), write “ENNDS,” Dept. TS, P.O. Box 222, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N.Y.

SAFE EYE-GENE EYE-OPENING TEST THRILLS MANY!

Dale Robertson won’t bother to co-operate

Henie, and, as a result, were confronted directly by her boss, the witty William Goetz, then head of International Films.

Before I go on, let me explain that our golden apple is really solid gold, a lapel pin for the girls, a golden script marker for the men, all duly engraved with our happiest sentiments and the winner’s name. But we don’t give anything as a memento for the un-co-operate award.

“Doesn’t Sonja get a thing?” moaned Bill Goetz. “Can’t you give her a scroll or something, so that I can hang it up in the studio lunch room where all of us can enjoy it?”

Bill was just being more forthright than Paramount, who will now admit they felt delighted when we leveled out at Joan Fontaine in 1943. But they didn’t say so then. Joan was at the top of her form in those days. The smash success of “Rebecca”! an Oscar for her work in “Suspicion,” were just behind her; and the equal smash success of “Frenchmen’s Creek” just ahead of her. And she was, as stars so often are under those circumstances, feeling her oats.

She was, in fact, Miss Big. She had people fired right and left.

On our part, we had to get news of her—and we couldn’t. So we gave her the knock—and I must say, she listened. She’s smart, this Fontaine. When she saw the miles of unwanted published words the sour-apple title got her, she reversed herself. As a matter of fact, she went so completely out of her way to be gracious that we gave her the most co-operative award four years later.

The studios that yell loudest when their stars win the sour apple, try to imply that it is the Hollywood Women’s Press Club who damage their stellar property. But they really know, as we do, that our award only reveals the stars’ unwillingness to give any “plus” of their personalities to the public. These stars have come to the point where they no longer want to be known as human beings but as something special—“artists.”

I’ve yet to see a star reach that point and recover from it completely. All of us who make our livings in Hollywood understand what produces it, and what’s more, I’m sure that in the same spot we’d find it tough to resist succumbing to it ourselves.

It is a combination of too much adulation, too much money—and often, too little background. That it doesn’t happen to every star is a miracle. Take two of our standard pets—Martin and Lewis. They’ve had more fame, more adulation, more money than probably any two people since Napoleon.

Yet, somehow, these two kids have kept not only their heads—but their hearts. They work all the time—but they are never too busy to talk to any reporter, or pose for any photographer who comes on a legitimate mission. Jerry and Dean realize that our requests have nothing to do with us personally. We are acting on orders from our editors, who, in turn, are acting in response to public demand. When a star turns down a legitimate request from a reporter or photographer, he’s actually turning down the public.

Bette Davis never got too big for her fame. Nor Bob Hope. Bob was our first winner, in 1941, as Bette was. He won again in 1943. The same is true of Alan Ladd, our winner in 1944 and again in 1950. And of Joan Crawford who won in 1945 and 1946 and could win every year, as far as we are concerned. That she hasn’t been a winner in the last few years is only because we’ve had fewer requests for stories on her.

This question of requests is vital in our voting—and it means that both our winners and losers will always be top box-office (Continued on page 103)
At last all the might and magnificence of The Unconquerables and their Seven Days of daring that forged the American Frontier.

WARNER BROS. TELL IT AS IT CAN BE TOLD ONLY WITH THE SWEEPING SPLENDORS OF CINEMASCOPE

THE COMMAND

IN WARNERCOLOR AND THE ENGULFING REALISM OF STEREOPHONIC SOUND
Because Eddie Cantor is more than just the world’s greatest living entertainer, this is more than just his fabulous show-business story. Here’s Cantor the man—the showman, the human—who carries almost as big a torch for America as that Liberty Lady in New York Bay. Rub the black grease-paint off that eye-popping face and he’s all red-white-and-true-blue underneath.

Warner Bros. present

The Eddie Cantor Story

Color by Technicolor

It's big and bright as those banjo eyes!

A one-in-a-million entertainment that spans the fabulous fun career of America's one-in-a-million guy!

Starring Keefe Brasselle, Marilyn Erskine

Watch him soar to stardom’s heights— as Eddie Cantor!

Screen play by Jerome Weidman, Ted Sherdeman and Sidney Skolsky

Musical direction by Ray Heino

Directed by Alfred E. Green

Produced by Sidney Skolsky

With Alene MacMahon and Will Rogers, Jr. as his dad

Musical numbers staged and directed by LeRoy Prinz
GASTS
OF
CURRENT
PICTURES

BENEATH THE 12-MILE REEF—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Robert D. Webb: Tony Petrels, Robert Wagner, Greysmith Ryba, Terry Mill, Petrels, Gilbert Roland; Soh, J. Carroll National; Thomas Ryan, Richard Barry; Mama, Clark; Arnold, Peter Graves; Simon, Jay Novello; Sofaie, Jacques Aubuchon; Penny, Gloria Gordon; Griff, Harry Carey, Jr.; Carol, James Harkins; Charles Wagenheim, Fat George, Marc Krahl; David Rhy, Rush Williams.

BORDER RIVER—U-I. Directed by George Sherman: Claire Maxtone, Joel McCrea; Carmelita Currais, Yvonne De Carlo; Arturo Armendaries; Newland, Howard Petrels; Anna, Erika Nor din; Captain Parsons, Alfonso Bedoya; Baron Von Holstein, Judson; Timshel, Johnny Leona; Fletcher, George Wallace; Anderson, Lang Chandelier; Crowe, Charles Horvath; Lopez, Nacho Galindo.

BOY FROM OKLAHOMA, THE—Warners. Directed by Michael Curtiz: The Boy from Oklahoma, Will Rogers, Jr.; Karl, Louis Jackson; Nancy, Olga; Crazy Charlie, Lon Chaney; Barney Turlock, Anthony Caruso; Wally Higgins, Wallace Ford; Pop Foy; Clem Bennett; Steve, Merv Griffin; Paul Evans, Louis; Jean, Heidt; Pete Martin, Sceh Woody; Shorts, Slim Pickens; Bitty the Kid, Tyler MacDuff; Joe Downey, James Griffin.


EDDIE CANTOR STORY, THE—Warners. Directed by Alfred E. Green; Eddie Cantor, Keefe Brasselle; Ida; Marilyn Erickson; Grandma Esther; Elma MacAmany; Mrs. Harts, Arthur Frana; David Tobias, Alex Glenny; Rachel Tobias, Greta Granstedt; Rochy, Gerald Maher; Zepfie1d, William Forrest; Durante, Jackie Barnett; Eddie (Age 13), Richard Monda; Cleo Abbott, Marie Windsor; Leo Raymond, Douglas Evans; Lilian Edwards, Ann Doran; Gus Edwards, Hal March; Ida (Age 11), Susan Olin; Boy Harris, Owen Pritchard; and Will Rogers, Jr. as his dad.

GLENN MILLER STORY, THE—U-I. Directed by Anthony Mann; Glenn Miller, James Stewart; Helen Miller, June Allyson; Don Hecox, Charles Drake; St Schirman, George Tobias; Chinnia MacGregor, Henry Morgan; Peter, Betty Watson; Millie, Stanley; Miller, Irving Bacon; Mrs. Miller, Kathleen Lockhart; Gabriel, Leon; Burton MacLaury; Peggy, Kraven; Sue Ryan; Joe Becker, Phil Garris; Mr. Burger, James Bell; Mrs. Burger, Katherine Warren; and Frances Langford, Louis Armstrong, Gene Krupa, Ben Pollack, The Archie Saxophone Dancers, The Modernaires.

GO, MAN, GO—U-A. Directed by James Wong Howe: Abe Saperstein, Coke Clark; Sylvia Saperstein, Patricia Breslin; Lucien Jackson, Sidney Skirtier; Jack Leader, Edmon Ryan; James Wilshongby, Ira D. Neuman; Fako Saperstein, Anatoli Wingradoff; Mama Saperstein, Celia Goodlin; Pay Safar, Carol Sinclair; Sam, Ellsworth Wright; Slim, Slim Galliard; Apprentice, Les, by Dinner; James Jackson, Baby Doe, and The Harlem Globetrotters.

HEIDI—U-A. Directed by Luigi Comencini: Heidi, Elisabeth Riegler; Grandpa, Heinrich Greter; Peter, Thomas Klameth; Aunt Dete, Elsie Attahuser; Brigitte, Peter's Mother, Margot, Rainer, Pastor, Fred Tanner; Klang, Ira Gunther; Mr. Sebe man, Willy Bigel; Miss Rastenmeyer, Anita Mey; Doctor Clasen, Karl Werry; Sebastian, Theo Lingen.

HIS MAJESTY O'KEEFE—Warners. Directed by Byron Haskin: His Majesty O'Keeffe, Hunt Lancaster; Debby, Joan Rice; Alfred Telen, Andre Morell; Fatnameh, Abraham Sofazer, Boeguirose.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

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The Story of a Love that made Wonderful Music!

Hear these memorable Glenn Miller Hits...

MOONLIGHT SERENADE
LITTLE BROWN JUG
IN THE MOOD
PENNSYLVANIA 6-5000
STRING OF PEARLS
TUXEDO JUNCTION
CHATTANOOGA CHOO-CHOO
and many, many more!

Universal International presents

JAMES STEWART JUNE ALLYSON

The GLENN MILLER STORY

color by Technicolor

with CHARLES DRAKE - GEORGE TOBIAS - HENRY MORGAN
and these Musical "Gents" as Guest Stars:

FRANCIS LANGFORD - LOUIS ARMSTRONG - GENE KRUPA - BEN POLLACK - THE MODERNIERS

Directed by ANTHONY MAIN • Written by VALENTINE DAVIES and OSCAR BROOKLEY • Produced by ARNOLD ROSENBERG

Casts of Current Pictures

Continued

Archie Savage; Mr. Chou, Benson Fong; Kabulof, Tessa Fridergast; Injif, Lloyd Berrell; Bubba Hutto, Charles Horvath; Siu Tang, Philip Ahn; Weber, Guy Dolman; Lt. Brenner, Grant Taylor; Harris, Alexander Archuleta; Friedlander, Harvey Adams; Garcia, Warwick Ray; Beldon, Paddy Mul-ly; Rice, Jim Crawford; Benson, Mr. McLardy, Singh, Niranjan Singh.

LIVING DESERT, THE—Disney. Documented
by James Algar.

KING OF THE KYBER RIFLES—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Henry King; Capt. King, Tyrone Power; Susan, Terry Moore; Brig. Gen. Mustad, Michael Rennie; Lt. Heath, John Justin; Karam Khan, Guy Rolfe; Lt. Baird, Richard Stapley; Major MacAllister, Murray Matheson; Ali, Noor, Frank de Kova; Lafi, Argentina Brunetti; Native Girl, Suzan; Ahmed, Frank Lackteyn; Officer of the Week, Gil Chadwick; Paul Sturgis, Karan Dhillon; Ishmael, Aly Wassil; Corp. Sturdi, John Farrow; Sgt. Fender, Richard Peel; Nappo, Arno Racket; Rahim Bey, Alberto Morin; Rasshal, Alan Lee; Hamid Bakra, Maurice Colbourne; Capt. Rogers, Tom Cournt; Major Lee, Gavan Mair; Lt. White, Pat Whyte; Country Officer, Ramsey Hill.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Thorpe; Lancelot, Robert Taylor; Guinevere, Ava Gardner; King Arthur, Mel Ferrer; Morgan Le Fay, Anne Crawford; Medved, Stanley Baker; Merlina, Felix Alymer; Elaine, Maureen Swanson; Percival, Gabriel Woolf; Gwilym, Anthony Forwood; Galahad, Robert Urquhart; Green Knight, Null MacGinnis; Nau, Ann Hanslip; Brownwen, J. Cliff Gifford; Armbrust, Stephen Vopen; Simon, Howard Stewart; Marion Crawford; Biduino, John Breckinridge, Bishop, Peter Gawith; Steward, Alan Talverson; Lowbert, John Sherman; Pasen, Dagmar Winter; Bizard, Mary Germaine; John, Martin Wyclef; Green Knight's First Squire, Barry Mackay; Green Knight's Second Squire, Derek Tansey; Leogrance, Roy Russel; Edw, Gwendolyn Evans.

MAN BETWEEN, THE—Lopert-U.A. Directed by Carol Reed; Ivo, James Mason; Suzanne, Clare Bloom; Bethia, Hildegarde Neil; Martin, Geoffrey Toone; Halenda, Ambert Waecheke; Kutter, Ernst Schroeder; Horst, Dieter Krause; Lizi, Hilde Ses- sk; Inspector Kiebner, Karl John.

MAN IN THE ATTIC—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Robert Presnell, Jr.; Slade, Jack Prince; Lily Bonner, Constance Smith; Paul Warsch; Byron Palmers; Helen Harney, Frances Raviv; William Harney, Rhys Williams; Ist Constable, Sean McCreary; 2nd Constable, Leslie Bradley; Daisy, Tina Phillips; Inspector Metcalf, Leslie Mathews; Ser- geant Bates, Harry Corning; Annie Rosely, Lilian Bond; Mary Leishon, Lina Dainelli; Katy, Isabel Jewell.

MISS SADIE THOMPSON—Columbia. Directed by Curtis Bernhardt; Sadie Thompson, Rita Hay- worth; Alfred Davidson, José Ferrer; Sergeant Phil O'Hara, Dr. Robert MacPhail; Russell Collins; Amelia Horn, Diosa Costello; Ice Horn, Harry Bellaver; Governor, Milton Gratt; Mrs. Margaret Davidson, Peggy Converse; Griggs, Henry Slate; Hodder, Rudy Bond; Edwards, Charles Runchesky, Mrs. MacPhail, Frances Morris; George, Peter Chong; Reverend, John Grossett.

ROB ROY—Disney, RKO. Directed by Harold French; Rob Roy, Richard Todd; Helen Mary MacGregor, Glynis Johns; Duke of Argyll, James Robertson Justice; Duke of Menteith, Michael Gough; Hamish MacPherson, Finlay Currie; Lady Glewry, Jean Taylor-Smith; Maggie MacPherson, Viola Batling; King George I., Eric Pohlmann; Countess von Pahlen, Ina De La Haye; Robert Walpole, Michael Goodliffe; General Cadogan, Martin Boddy.

SAADIA—M-G-M. Directed by Albert Lewin; Si Labaseh, Cornel Wilde; Heather, Mel Ferrer; Landa, Rina Coss; Ben Reizen, Michel Simon; Hlahder, Cyril Cusack; Fatima, Wanda Rotha; Maéo, Marcel Poul- doncy; Capt. Sabert, Anthony Marlowe; Zamibah, Helena Valleri; Ahmed, Mahjoub Ben Brahmi; Bandit Leader, Jacques Duffel; Lt. Camussi, Ber-nard Farrel; Lt. Ginad, Richard Johnson; Leader Mohabza, Peter Copley; Horse Dealer, Maño Mabrouk; Pilgrims, Edward Leslie; Cuthbert of In- nert, Harold Kaskett; Pilgrage Potentate, Peter Bull; Brahmi, Abdallah Mennoubi.

TREN'TS LAST CASE—Republic. Directed by Herbert Wilcox; Philip Trent, Michael Wilding; Margaret Manderson, Margaret Lockwood; Mr. Macdonald, Orson Wells; John Mackenzie, John McCallum; Burton Copeland, Miles Malleson; Calvin Jones, Hugh McDermott; Martin, Jack Mc- Naughton; Inspector Marsh, Sam Kydd.
Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this “Bobbi Bob”—the 1920 bob gone modern. Bobbi gives waves exactly where you want them.

Bobbi’s soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Note the easy, natural look of curls in this new “Starlite” style. No nightly settings needed.

Casual, carefree— that’s the “Skylark,” thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

Bobbi is perfect for this gay, casual “Florentine” hairdo, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. No help needed.

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.
THE TOWN'S STILL DEBATING about who was right and who was wrong in the affair of Terry Moore's highly publicized ermine bathing suit. The folks on Terry's side think that actor George Murphy, head of the entertainment committee that arranged the junket, was being narrow-minded when he told Terry not to wear the scanty little outfit during her trip to Korea. And the GI's who saw her in it liked what they saw.

Terry, in togs like those, they said, was what their morale had been needing.

But there were a lot of people who felt George Murphy was absolutely right, and this "red-flannel brigade" insists that scanty outfits are never to be worn by stars who entertain our troops. In fact, George Murphy has been told to censor wardrobes in advance from now on. And that edict, a lot of people say, is going to make it tougher to get entertainers to make these junkets.

Terry, who had no idea what a rum-pus she was going to start, performed for the remainder of the junket in a demure white dress, and says she wishes she'd never got the suit in the first place. (Side comment on the garment's brevity: All Terry could think of to do with it when she got home, was to have it made into a muff.)

There are money squabbles being discussed—those between Sonja Henie and her husband, Winnie Gardner. The property-settlement arguments preliminary to their divorce are long and bitter. As if this weren't enough, Sonja is reaching the point where she's had enough of running her own ice-show company. She says there are just too many headaches involved—and she wants out. She'd much rather, she says, sign on as a star in someone else's show.

There's a lot of irritation over the rumors that all's not well between Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding. People who know them are convinced there's nothing to this talk. And for proof, they offer the info that extensive changes are being made on their house while they're abroad—and that one of these changes is an extension to the nursery!

The Las Vegas hotel which had planned to book Kathryn Grayson and her ex-husband, Johnny Johnston, as a singing duo is going to be disappointed. Katie and Johnny can't get along any better now than they could when they were married. For a few weeks, when they first started rehearsals, they were all sweetness and light. But then that old, unconquerable feeling of getting on each other's nerves began all over again. Each accuses the other of having set up the singing date for self-gain—and it all blew up in a hassle over finances. They wouldn't appear together now no matter what they were paid.
Whispers

One of the most fascinating questions being asked is this: Will Ingrid Bergman sign with Warners to do "Helen of Troy"? And, if so, will that put her back in the good graces of producers who turned sour on her after she turned her back on Hollywood? Reports are that she's the Number One choice for Helen, and she certainly has a face that could launch a thousand ships. There's a $6,000,000 budget for the pic, which is to be shot in Italy, and Ingrid would get $200,000 of this.

People are wondering about Clark Gable's determination to cut loose from M-G-M, where he hasn't been happy over his roles. What are the chances of getting better roles elsewhere? Freelance actors who have found that good parts are few and far between think Gable is off his rocker to turn down a big, fat contract when the picture business isn't booming. But so far, the King hasn't let anybody's advice keep him from doing what he thinks is best.
THEY'RE HUMMING A WEDDING TUNE

For Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean, those three little words are bound to mean two "I do's"

Three dates and the lyrics were set forever, "I love you"

A romantic duo. Mitzi and Jack adore dining by candlelight

Their world's so full, they even like doing dishes together
It all began at a Hollywood party. Mitzi Gaynor was introduced to Jack Bean, promising young advertising executive. "Hmm, nice," thought Mitzi. But she didn’t think much more than that. "Wow, great!" thought Jack. It took him about as long as it takes to murmur how-do-you-do to realize that he was in love! Mitzi was slower to make up her mind. She needed three dates.

Before very long, it was apparent to everybody who had anything to do with these two—most especially to Mitzi and Jack—that wedding bells would be ringing out before long. And to Mitzi and Jack, those bells make the sweetest music anyone has ever heard!
Hollywood Party Line

Biggest and most celeb-studded affair in a really frantic month was the enormous dinner tossed by the Producers’ Guild honoring Darryl Zanuck. It was unique in that people didn’t just dine, sit through a bunch of speeches and then speed away. Nope! This affair was tres gay because Chairman (Producer) Bill Perlberg had arranged for Freddie Karger to beat out dance music—and with Karger’s rhythms on tap, the glamorous throng took to the dance floor for hours on end before and after the food.

I was the guest of the Bill Perlbergs, whose table included Jane Wyman (her waistline looked a trim nineteen inches!) in a simple, short, white evening gown of satin; Nancy Sinatra, in a stunning, low-cut, square-necked shortie of beige crepe and black lace; Mary Benny, ablaze with diamonds—as Jack’s wit blazed forth as toastmaster. After Shirley Temple made a cute speech thanking Zanuck for the way he’d handled her career, Benny flipped, “Shirley had her first million when she was ten. I was twelve before I got mine.”

Getting as much attention as the most active glamour-pusses was June Havner (with long-time beau Joe Campbell) who had only been in Hollywood two weeks after leaving the convent. She wore a very decollete, strapless, white crepe number, and her short, short hair was blonder than it’s ever been. Jerry Moore, in rust-toned lace over cream satin, was Jeff Chandler’s date. Others on hand were the Van Johnsons; Jane Powell, with Jacques Mapes; the James Masons; Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart; the Rory Calhouns; the Jeff Hunters; George Nader (over whom the gals were gasping); Bella Darvi (who is stepping out like crazy); Cary Grant; Walter Pidgeon—and scads more . . . Time out for a note on a yummy evening gown—Ava Gardner’s newest. She just has to be knocking ‘em dead in Rome (where she’s making “The Barefoot Contessa”) whenever she shows up in it. It’s starkly simple, made of pure silk, dead-white taffeta, with a tightly fitted Empire waistline and a skirt that flares out for miles. The bodice is low back and front, and it has long, tight sleeves.

Back to after-dark doings—and now it’s the preem of Joan Crawford’s “Torch Song,” which drew a fancy crowd even though sudden high winds almost blew the lovely ladies clear across the street as they were entering the theatre. Among the crowd were Don Taylor; Marlene Dietrich; John and Marie Land (she in jet-trimmed black); Joan Caulfield, a blonde dream in a white beaded sheath, with Frank Ross, of course; Jane Withers; Judy Garland and Sid Luft, and Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Then there was the party Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis gave at The House of Murphy for Marilyn Erskine and Tab Hunter, who’d opened in the stage revival of “Our Town” that night. Jane Powell was with Pat Nerny—but Mona Freeman didn’t show; Steve Crane brought his (and Lana Turner’s) dotter, Cheryl; Debbie Reynolds brought her mother. And others there were Wanda Hendrix with Jim Stack; Donald O’Connor; Betty Lynn; Dick Clayton, who used to be Ann Blyth’s best beau.

Poor June Allyson, bedded after an appendix operation, couldn’t get to the glitzy premiere of “The Glenn Miller Story” in which she co-stars with Jimmy Stewart. Jimmy, usually so shy, seemed to love facing photogs in the lobby. Donald O’Connor, beaming Sheilah Golden, mournfully proclaimed, “I wish I had my piano with me. That’s where I left my tickets!” But people scrambled around and got him two good seats anyway. Jeff Chandler was with Marilyn Maxwell; Lori Nelson and Tab Hunter; Julia Adams and Rock Hudson. With her Vittorio in Rome, Shelley Winters came dateless.
Mrs. Robert Steller, an exquisite new Camay Bride says, "New Camay with cold cream is so luxurious! I love it! It's the only beauty soap for me!"

NEW LUXURY AT NO EXTRA COST!

Women everywhere tell us they love the added elegance of cold cream in Camay—the only leading beauty soap with this precious ingredient.

TRY IT YOURSELF! Whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed, marvelously refreshed. And, of course, you still get everything you've always loved about Camay—that skin-pampering mildness, silken-soft Camay lather and exquisite Camay fragrance. Try exciting new Camay tonight. There's no finer soap for your beauty and your bath!

Now more than ever...

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
YES, BARBARA STANWYCK 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.

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.
NO SMOOCHING BEFORE NOON!

After managing to get un-typed as a maniac killer, Richard Widmark's been re-typed as a heroic serviceman. "At Twentieth," he grins, "it's General Zanuck. Brigadier General Van Fleet and Pfc Me." But in all his range of characters, there's one missing: He has never played himself. His screen personalities are so far off the beam that Jean and Annie Widmark, otherwise a devoted wife and daughter, can't stand Dick in the movies. They went to see one of his liveliest recent thrillers, and halfway through they got fed up with this stranger who was wearing Dick's face. So they walked out on him.

When Dick plays an iron-nerved adventurer, as he does in "Hell and High Water," it's strictly an act. In his personal life, he has always been an extremely sensitive person. The firm disciplinarian (as so many war movies depict him) once had a terrible time keeping a class of rowdy college students under control as a youthful voice instructor. His kid brother, Don, who happened to be in the class, had to restore order by walloping the chief heckler.

During all those smooching sequences with Jean Peters in "Pickup on South Street," Dick may have looked perfectly at ease, like a man enjoying his work. But he admits, "I was a nervous wreck for a week while we were shooting those scenes. Getting to the studio at nine o'clock in the morning and starting out necking!"

Reporting to M-G-M for "Take the High Ground," he found himself back in uniform—and back in the arms of a sizzling brunette. Poor Dick! He was in a fine state of jitters while dodging tactfully about in the dark with Elaine Stewart.

After a day's work at high tension, he's often edgy. "He's a lot easier to live with after a picture's finished," his wife says, "than while it's being shot. He isn't talkative. He just broods. He's something less than a hero to me at times like this." Then he reverts to his normal self—contentedly doing the heavy jobs in the garden, relaxing with Annie, who calls him "chum." If he ever does play a character remotely resembling Richard Widmark ... well, he's a nice guy. You'll like him.

Even a sizzling brunette like Elaine Stewart couldn't cure Dick of the jitters
What to do when 'Young Skin' problems attack your face

Try to cover up with heavy make-up? "Operate" on blackheads yourself? Give up and hope you'll outgrow it?

If your face has started sprouting blackheads, excess oil, enlarged pores — you can find remarkably quick help in Pond's special greaseless treatment. Hundreds of girls with complexion troubles like yours tell us how amazingly effective Pond's treatment is!

Now... a greaseless corrective for oiliness, roughness, blackheads, large pores.

In Young Skin, the oil glands often become over-active, the skin sluggish. Flaky particles pile up, roughen the surface. Dirt and oil, trapped by these dead skin cells, clog and stretch the pores. Then — blackheads and "bumps" are on the way.

Do something about "Young Skin," now! Just cover your face deeply, except eyes, with snowy-cool Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves away clogging oil and dead skin cells... frees tiny skin glands to function normally. After 1 minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. Girls who use the treatment say: "Pores look much smaller"... "My skin looks so soft, so clean!"

"Young Skin" doesn't like heavy make-up! A powdery base of Pond's Vanishing Cream gives a fresh, unfalny look.

SOAP BOX:

I would like to thank Hollywood for such wonderful pictures as "From Here to Eternity," "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," "The Band Wagon," "The Robe" and "Return to Paradise"...

NILES HANSEN
Canton, Massachusetts

...I want to comment on how Tom Morton acts and dances... My friends and I all think he is a handsome and talented star. All cheers for Tom...!

MARY FLORENCE
Fairmont, Minnesota

I am writing this in regard to a letter in Photoplay. A girl... wrote, "Bob Wagner should marry someone like Debbie Reynolds because she is so sweet and innocent, and not Terry Moore because it would be a disaster,"... how could she say such a thing? Let us fans give our opinions on the stars' acting, but when it comes to personal affairs, who are we to tell them what to do? Do they tell us? After all, have we ever met Terry or Debbie... or gone on double dates with them?... Debbie has her own sweet ways, and so does Terry... Bob knows what he wants and when she comes along he is not going to ask the public for their opinion of her...

ANN J.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I wish to congratulate Twentieth Century-Fox on their presentation of "The Robe." I only regret that the writer of this magnificent story did not live to see it brought to the screen. It so happens that I am working at one of Cleveland's biggest theaters where it has been showing for several months now. The more I see it the more I get to appreciate the picture. CinemaScope, an outstanding cast, most famed producers and directors, and most of all the beautiful story itself...

PATRICE KELLER
Cleveland, Ohio

Just a few lines to let you know how much I enjoy Photoplay, and to debate a point with Sidney Skolsky. He implied that Audrey Hepburn wasn't a great actress and that Greg Peck imitated Cary Grant in "Roman Holiday." I would like to say I think Audrey is an excellent actress, especially compared to these new stars. He only looks... I think Greg Peck is the finest and "Roman Holiday" (along with "So Big" and "From Here to Eternity") is my favorite movie of the year...

B.W.
Ventura, California

In my job as publicity manager for Guy Madison I often sit in with him when he goes over his mail. I am writing to tell you what a deep and direct influence these letters can be. Prior to the release of "The Charge at Feather River," several letters came in complaining that Guy Madison in his Wild Bill Hickok TV series, never took off his hat. Then after "Feather River" came out many people wrote complaining that not even in this feature film did they get to see his hair. Finally a letter asking, "Are you really bald?" turned the trick. Guy took the letter to his director, Dave Butler, at Warner Brothers, where he was about to start filming "The Command." The result: Mr. Butler went over the script and made reminders throughout to play as many scenes as possible with Guy's abundant hair showing. This appeared to me a concrete example of the power of the fans...

STANLEY MUSCROVE
Hollywood, California

Two of the best actors to come along in a long time are Charlton Heston and Dewey Martin. They both have talent, charm, sex appeal... Let's see them more often!

DOROTHY OLSON
Hempstead, Texas

The best: Charlton Heston, Dewey Martin


PHILLIS TRINFOR
Towson, Maryland

(Continued on page 22)
Laura read Jim's old love letters, she could scarcely hold back the tears. She could imagine people whispering as she passed by, "That's the Morton fellow's ex-fiancée... poor thing! I don't know what came between them."

Unfortunately, Laura didn't know either, and she spent many a lonely evening before she discovered that sometimes there's a breath of difference between "ex" and "exquisite". Once she corrected her trouble, she gradually won Jim back. And exquisite she was as he carried her across the threshold... exquisite in every detail.

Listerine Antiseptic stops halitosis (bad breath) instantly... and not just for minutes but usually for hours on end.

**No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This... Instantly**

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills odor-causing bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly.

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial 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.

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine Antiseptic kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

In recent clinical tests Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against. With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine "belongs" in your home. Every morning... every night... before every date, gargle with Listerine... the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

**LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH**

4 times better than any tooth paste

...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!
Gives your hair that “cared for” look

Grooms so naturally—no oily after-film!
Only Suave relieves dryness with miracle Curtisol.

HELENE CURTIS
Suave WOMEN’S HAIRDRESSING

Amazing New Kind of Greeting Cards
They Contain Real Gifts... They GLISTEN Like Gems...
They’re Good Enough to EAT...

...and Each Holds a Heart-Warming Greeting!

Make Good Money
without taking a job or putting in regular hours—AND WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!

IT’S fun to show cards as unusual as these new KINDS of greeting cards—and it’s easy to make extra spending money all year ‘round! Your friends will marvel at the rich glowing colors, the beautiful brand-new designs, the magic-like surprises that actually DO things! And they’ll be delighted to give you big orders for famous Doehla box assortments of brand-new All Occasion Greeting Cards, Stationery, gay Gift Wrappings, and other popular money-making items.

HARRY DOELHA CO., Studio T-43, (Palo Alto, Calif.)
(If you live East of Rockies, address Nashua Office)
Please rush—for FREE Name.
THAL-sample boxes on approval and money-making plan. Free samples of “Name-Imprinted” Stationery and FREE Book of easy ways for anyone to make money.

Harry Doehla Co.
Nashua, N. H.

50c-$1
(plus tax)

READERS INC...

Everyone seems to think that Cyd Charisse and Ava Gardner are look-alikes. I agree! But add Rita Gam to the list and what do you have? Triplet! B.B.
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Who does Arlene Dahl think she’s kidding? Saying, in a movie magazine article, that she really didn’t want to marry Lex. People will go on dates by persuasion, but she needn’t say she was persuaded to marry Lex Barker when she didn’t want to...
J.W.
Clinton, Oklahoma

CASTING:
I think the... story “King’s General” would make a wonderful movie with Alan Ladd as Sir Richard Grenville and Diana Lynn as Honor.
Pat Harvey
Thomasville, N.C.

Saw... “Apache War Smoke.” Robert Horton was very good in this movie. I say star him in more good Westerns.
Louann Schillies
Aumsville, Oregon

My favorite actress is the beautiful Susan Hayward. Why not star her in a romantic picture with Jeff Chandler? I heard that they were childhood sweethearts...
Joe Neil McCollister
Frankfort, Ohio

Why don’t they put Debra Paget and Stewart Granger in a picture together? They would make a good pair.
Carolyn Woods
Big Springs, Texas

Why hasn’t anyone made a movie on that wonderful book, “Seventeenth Summer,” with Jean Simmons as Angie Morrow and Farley Granger as Jack Daluth?...
Marilyn Beach
Alpena, Michigan

Should Jean star with the other Granger?

Some studio ought to get wise about the great talent in Bill Hayes. They should sign him for an “On Moonlight Bay” type of picture, co-starring Pat Crowley...
Arlene Kahner
Mattapan, Massachusetts

I have just seen “Calamity Jane.” Doris Day and Howard Keel were wonderful. They should co-star in more pictures...
Marvin Pendleton
El Dorado, Arkansas

I think Ray Gentry looks very much like Bob Wagner. Why not co-star them...
Cynthia Rishe
San Antonio, Texas
... Some studio should make the story of "Madame Butterfly". Debra Paget in the title role would be superb, and Robert Wagner as Captain Pinkerton.

William Rose
Cliffside Park, New Jersey

... I think William Holden would be excellent in the lead part of the pilot who willingly gives up his life in "The Bridges of Toko-Ri." it would win him his long overdue Oscar. —Barbara Gould
Dexter, New York

The studio agrees. He has the part.—ED.

Bill Holden gets his wings

QUESTION BOX:
Would you please tell me who played Ronald Reagan's younger brother, Jimmy, in "Law and Order"?

C.H.
Ayer, Massachusetts

That was Russell Johnson. You'll be seeing him shortly in another Western, "Ride Clear of Diablo."—ED.

I have been hoping to find the name of the theme song from the movie, "Bitter Rice." If you could possibly tell me I would appreciate it very much... Pauline Shyptika
Cranbrook, B.C.

The music for "Bitter Rice" was composed by Costedo Petrali. It was inspired by the work songs of the women in the fields who, forbidden to talk, communicate by means of improvised rhymed chants. It has not been titled or recorded.—ED.

... I think Richard Burton is tops... What picture is he in besides "The Robe"?

Marie Roussene
Cambridge, Massachusetts

He was in "The Desert Rats" and "My Cousin Rachel."—ED.

I would like to know where I can get a list of all the studios and their addresses... Judy Fletcher
Clearfield, Pennsylvania
Consult the current Photoplay Annual for listings on studios and stars.—ED.

... Has Roy Rogers quit movie-making, and is Rex Allen going to take his place as King of the Cowboys?

Amy Graves
Burdett, Kansas

Rex Allen is making cowboy films and Roy Rogers is concentrating on TV. But Roy retains his title as King of the Cowboys.—ED.

(Continued on page 24)

Pretty housewife Mrs. Dolores Dalzell uses detergents daily — but doesn't take chances with her hands.

"I scrub 1600 sinks a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

Only 10¢ to $1.00
plus tax

Dolores Dalzell's shining home is proof of the good detergents can do. She uses them to scrub over a thousand sinks a year. (You scrub that many, too!)

While detergents cut through grease, they can rob her hands (and yours) of natural oils, and leave them rough and red.

Dolores' solution? Right after detergents — after using any harsh soap or cleanser, she puts on pure, white Jergens Lotion.

It penetrates instantly (instead of just "coating" the skin), with two softening ingredients used by doctors.

You'd never guess how often Dolores uses detergents. Her hands are as soft and pretty as the day she was married! Use the world's most popular hand care — keep your hands safe, too!

Use Jergens Lotion — avoid detergent hands
Dry, blemished skin: "My doctor recommended Noxzema for my blemishes!" says Diana Millay, Rye, N.Y. "It helped my skin look smoother, fresher!"

"Make-up troubles disappeared after Noxzema helped heal my blemishes!" says Linda Rand, Fowlerville, Mich. "My skin looks so much nicer!"

Look lovelier in 10 days with Doctor's Home Facial

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier—helps keep it that way, too!

• If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion, here's important beauty news! A famous skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty routine—with a special beauty cream.

Why it's so successful

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous greaseless formula is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. It's medicated—helps skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier.

Letters from all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; externally-caused blemishes; and for that dull, lifeless, half-clean look of many so-called normal complexities.

Start tonight! Just do this:

1. Cleanse your face by washing with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear after this 'cream-washing!'

2. Night Cream: Noxzema helps your skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes. It's medicated to help heal them—fast! It's greaseless, too! No smearable pillow!

3. Make-up base: In the morning, 'cream-wash' again; then smooth on Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. It helps protect your skin all day!

It works or money back! In clinical tests Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 with skin problems have lovelier-looking skin. If you don't look lovelier in 10 days—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—money back!

Look lovelier offer! For a limited time you get the 40¢ size Noxzema only 29c plus tax. Get this trial jar, then get the economical 10 oz. size for only 89c plus tax at all drug, cosmetic counters.

*externally-caused.

Noxzema skin cream

In your November issue... someone asked if it was Rock Hudson, Audie Murphy or Dale Robertson who played opposite Susan Cabot in a Western. You said it was Audie Murphy. I agree, but didn't Rock play opposite Susan in "Tomahawk"?

Linda Warner Columbus, Ohio

You're right!—ED.

What has happened to Maureen O'Hara? She used to be my favorite actress, but I haven't seen her in a movie for years...

Norma Ballinger Alliance, Nebraska

You must have missed her in "The Quiet Man" and "Against All Flags." More recently, she's been busy making "Ichad" and "War Arrow."—ED.

How about printing a picture of Arthur Kennedy and a few vital statistics...?

Rudy Kuppe
Moro, Wisconsin

He's 5'11", 170 lbs., has red-blond hair, blue eyes, is married and has two children. Next pic, "Americana."—ED.

Could you please put my mind at ease? Are there two Jean Peters in Hollywood? I can remember the Jean Peters in "Niagara" and "Lure of the Wilderness" as the same girl, and yet I saw a picture of another Jean Peters who starred in "Treasure of the Golden Condor"...

A Reader
New Castle, Pennsylvania

Must be a case of mistaken identity. The female leads in "Treasure" were Constance Smith and Anne Bancroft.—ED.

How many movies have Doris Day and Robert Wagner appeared in?

Sandra Cathen
Beech Grove, Tennessee

Sixteen for Doris; ten for Bob.—ED.

Who played in the original version of "The Covered Wagon"?

Nell Payne
Portland, Oregon

Released in 1924, it starred J. Warren Kerrigan, Lois Wilson and Alan Hale.—ED.

I would like to know if Jeff Hunter's wife and Piper Laurie are related... they look so much alike.

Ida Marie McGee
Folsom, California

No, Barbara Rush and Piper are not related. However, they are both under contract to the same studio, U-I.—ED.
I wish you would please settle an argument concerning Virginia Mayo. My mother insists that Virginia was a star twenty years ago.

Christine Henderson
Havana, Illinois

Virginia came to Hollywood in the '40s as a Goldwyn Girl; was given the lead in 1944 opposite Bob Hope in "The Princess and the Pirate."—ED.

Are records on sale of the beautiful composition of Roelf Pool in "So Big"? This music is so wonderful... never seen a movie where the mood of scenes and music went so well together.

Jeanita Goller
Richmond, Indiana

The music, written by Max Steiner, has not as yet been recorded.—ED.

I have just seen "Island in the Sky," and I thought it was wonderful. Could you please tell me who played the part of Mac's co-pilot, Dusty, in the picture? Also, could you tell me where can I write him for his picture?

Joanne Berry
Van Nuys, California

That was Tom Irish, whom you'll be seeing soon again in "Hondo." You can write him c/o Warners.—ED.

Tom Irish flew that plane

... who played Captain Harry in "Return to Paradise"?

Deanne Parke
Aurora, Illinois

That was John Hudson.—ED.

What recent movie starred Yvonne DeCarlo and Ricardo Montalban... was Vittorio Gassman in it?

Yvonne Spangle
Redwood City, California

"Sombrero." Vittorio was in it.—ED.

Richard Hudnut reveals two secrets of
Truly beautiful hair

Try this famous 2-step hair beauty treatment today!

STEP 1... a gentle thorough non-drying cleansing with Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo. It's made with real egg formula. And egg is a natural beautifier for hair. This rich, golden lotion creme sudses quickly even in hardest water. Completely rids hair of loose dandruff scales and dust. Gets it really clean!

STEP 2... a quick after-shampoo rinse with Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse takes only a minute more, and gives your hair a fragrant beauty-finish! It leaves your hair soft and curlable; tangle-free, easy to set, easy to keep in place. Do as Richard Hudnut advises, and you'll be proud of your new hair beauty!

by RICHARD HUDNUT of Fifth Avenue

61 RICHARD HUJDNUT FIFTH AVENUE
Beneath the 12-Mile Reef

 //// Human passions and prejudices mingle with the sinister beauty of the seas around the Florida Keys to produce a movie full of color, literally and figuratively. A dark, curly-haired Bob Wagner is seen as one of the fishermen of Greek descent who make a dangerous living by diving for sponges. Near-by are the “conch-heads,” fishermen of English descent who consider the Everglades their own exclusive property. When Bob and his father, portrayed with fine gusto by Gilbert Roland, invade the ‘Glades, trouble begins sizzling. It explodes when Bob wins Terry Moore away from her arrogant sweetheart (Peter Graves). And it reaches a climax on a deadly reef. Many imposing shots put CinemaScope’s width to good use.

Verdict: Handsome, lusty, undersea adventure

Before the brawl: Gil, Bob, Peter, Terry, Richard Boone

The Glenn Miller Story

 ///// As the late bandleader, James Stewart uses both his own gambits, at first the endearingly awkward Jimmy of early days, then the mature man of recent Stewart movies. It’s an appealing portrayal throughout, matched by June Allyson’s as the neglected college sweetheart who is won in an eccentric courtship, then helps her husband find his own style and build a successful band. This is a music-centered movie, with a plot that’s mostly song cues, weaving such Miller hits as “String of Pearls” and “Little Brown Jug” into the pattern of his life. And the color stays “In the Mood,” shrewdly avoiding over-ripe tints. For some fans, the movie will be full of nostalgia; others will simply enjoy it for itself.

Verdict: Loaded with delightful rhythm and genuine feeling

In Phil Garris’ new uniform, June foresees Jimmy’s future

The Eddie Cantor Story

 ///// A great showbusiness career is retraced, with Keefe Brasselle doing a striking impersonation of the grown-up Cantor. Eddie first appears as a little orphan on New York’s lower East Side. Thanks to a warm and wonderful acting job by Aline MacMahon, scenes with Grandma Esther, who raises Eddie, rise above sentimentality. A driving urge to entertain takes him from Amateur Night to nation-wide fame. But the same urge eventually endangers both his health and marital happiness. Marilyn Erskine’s a sweetly plump Ida, mother of those five daughters. For the well-remembered songs, Cantor and Brasselle effectively do a Jolson-Parks routine. Other big names portrayed include Will Rogers—by Will, Jr., of course.

Verdict: Affectionate portrait of a popular star

Keefe has some exciting news for producer Tristram Coffin
Miss Sadie Thompson

The famous South Seas fancy lady is reincarnated in the voluptuous person of Miss Rita Hayworth, who gives the role plenty of fire. Rita’s Sadie is a rowdy, good-time girl, unwilling to recognize the sordidness of her life until a fanatic subjects her to a campaign of persecution and reformation. As Davidson, José Ferrer can’t do much with a character blurted by censorship requirements. Aldo Ray is breezy and likable as the young marine who falls in love with Rita. Doubling for a more remote Pacific island, Hawaii provides luxurious backgrounds (and looks lovely in 3-D, if your theatre uses it). Among the musical interludes, a blues number is outstanding, and Rita also does some torrid dancing. Her figure’s more voluptuous than ever before. Verdict: Vivid, spectacular drama

Adult

Aldo beats Henry Slate and Charles Buchinsky to Rita’s side

The Man Between

Featuring the arresting personalities of James Mason and Claire Bloom, a strange love story springs out of the haunted surroundings of today’s Berlin, a divided city. Claire (introduced in “Limelight”) is an almost incredibly naive English girl, plunged into East-West intrigues when she arrives to visit her brother (Geoffrey Toone). As Claire’s German sister-in-law, Hildegarde Neff gives a strong performance that sums up the spirit of the city. The German girl is involved with Mason, a shady character who has little conscience but a lot of charm. An over-confusing plot culminates in Claire’s abduction into the Soviet Zone. Even when hard to follow, the action is brilliantly photographed, capitalizing on the striking locales. Verdict: Unusual suspense story

Adult

Hiding from Red police, James and Claire admit their love

Rob Roy

Again, Richard Todd proves he’s among the best of adventure heroes, virile and sympathetic as “The Highland Rogue.” He’s a fiery young Scottish nobleman, leading the last rebels against English conquerors, and Glynis Johns teams with him once more, playing his courageous bride. Goaded by a vindictive governor, Todd is branded an outlaw and forced to flee into the mountains, but he swoops down to harry the English in daring raids. It’s unabashedly romantic stuff, turned out with irresistible verve. The film gets added substance from the excellent work of the whole British cast, extra authenticity from the wild scenery of the Scottish Highlands. Shooting took place there, where Scotland’s Robin Hood once roamed. Verdict: Robust, full-flavored action

Family

No guards can keep Richard from secret meetings with Glynis

More reviews on next page
LETS GO TO THE MOVIES

The Conquest of Everest U.A., TECHNICOLOR

Right from last June's headlines comes a genuine thriller, turned out with incredible skill in spite of the difficulties of shooting. This is the whole story of the expedition which reached a triumphant climax as Hillary and Tensing became the first men ever to stand atop earth's highest mountain. You're in on all the preparations, on the arduous journey to the foot of Everest, on the painstaking climb, stage by stage. Naturally, the two victorious climbers couldn't lug heavy movie equipment to the very summit, but the drama of the situation is socked across hard. Verdict: Magnificent, scalp-pricking, true and heroic adventure

Saudia M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

Here's an unusual, exciting movie, frankly romantic, combining mysticism with violent action, given an air of conviction by its backgrounds and people. Rita Gam (seen but not heard in "The Thief") brings beauty, a cell voice and a fine dignity to the role of Saudia, the Berber girl rescued from a witch's grasp. Her costumes, like the real Moroccan locale, are far from the usual Hollywood picture of North Africa. Mel Ferrer is deeply sympathetic as the young French doctor who saves her life (in two senses) and falls in love with her. So is Cornel Wilde, as the local ruler who helps Ferrer in his battle against disease and superstition. And Wanda Rotha makes the witch at once terrifying and pathetic. Verdict: Rich, strange, fascinating journey into a far-away land

Man in the Attic 20th

Our old friend Jack the Ripper again roams a fear-stricken London. Jack Palance is the man of the title, apparently a harmless eccentric, veering between amiability and solitary moodiness. Actually, he's a maniac whose mind, scarred in childhood, drives him to kill at random, street women and tempting show girls. A welcome touch of lightness is lent by Frances Bavier and Rhys Williams, as the affectionately bickering couple in whose home Jack becomes a lodger. Constance Smith is their lovely niece, a valuable star, and Burt Lancaster, as the judge that opposits her as a Scotland Yard man concentrating on the Ripper murders. Though the audience is always in on the answer to the mystery, the tension is kept taut and the atmosphere creepy, thanks to clever cutting and first-rate photography. Verdict: Suspenseful new version of a classic multiple-murder story, based on fact

The Living Desert DISNEY, TECHNICOLOR

Like "Beaver Valley," "Nature's Half Acre" and others, this live-action Disney documentary finds drama, tragedy and sprightly comedy in the behavior of wild creatures. It's a study of the great American desert, awe-inspiring, apparently desolate, but actually teeming with life. The spectacle of scorpions, tarantulas, beetles, hawks, bats out courting, hunting and earnestly trying to eat each other may sound gruesome; but seen in miraculous close-ups they all take on characters and you forget the craggy reality. As climax, there's the breathtaking beauty of cactus blooms slowly unfolding before your eyes—an inside view of a bud opening! Verdict: Excellent nature study with many more thrills than you'd expect

His Majesty O'Keefe WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

This wild, engaging yarn starring Burt Lancaster may look like the most fictitious of fiction, but here's the topper: There really was a sea captain named O'Keefe who became the king of a Pacific isle. After losing his ship to mutineers, Burt arrives at the island of Yap. Here a fortune in copra goes ungathered, because nobody's ever been able to persuade the natives to pick and prepare the coconuts that yield this product. Burt turns the trick, and then must defend his island against seagoing ruffians and German marines. Between all the satisfying set-tos, he dallies with an enticing native girl, then falls in love with a charming half-caste (Joan Rice, seen in "The Story of Beulah Hood"). The people and scenes of the Fiji Islands, where the troupe located, provide a vivid setting. Verdict: Colorful adventure tale with more than average gusto

King of the Khyber Rifles 20th, CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

Under Tyrone Power's command, fierce horsemen sweep across the super-wide screen, which seems made to order for such derring-do. In India of the last century, Ty's a British officer whose mother was a Moslem. So he's qualified to cope with a planned native rebellion, but he's also the victim of prejudice. His romance with Terry Moore, the daughter of his benefactor and the father of his wife (Michael Rennie), Ty's superior. Though Terry, who has enough curves to fill a corset nicely, looks pretty in her costumes, she rashly attempts an English accent. But the action's the thing, and it's kept moving, against rugged mountain scenery. Verdict: Romantic melodrama, given a lavish production

Just to prove how easily a few spare hours can earn you $50.00 IN CASH!

Never before a "get-acquainted" offer like this! We want to show you how easily you can make $50.00 and more—in your spare time—taking orders for exquisite All-Occasion Cards from your friends and neighbors. Enter's the astonishing offer—we're making: Fill out and mail coupon below. We'll send you a beautiful box of Greeting Cards as shown, plus other sample boxes on approval. And the cost to you is just $1.00.

Yes, JUST ONE SINGLE PENNY is all you pay for beautiful cards that would cost $2 or $3 if bought separately.

Only 1 to a Family! New Dealers Only!

We're making this unheard-of offer to make more people familiar with our money-making plan. Naturally, offer is strictly limited and includes additional Greeting Card Assortments on approval, together with MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. But hurry! Offer may end at any time!

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.
242 Way St., Elmira, New York
In Canada, write 183 Simcoe Street, Toronto 1, Ontario

Paste Coupon on Postcard—Mail Today!

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.
242 Way St., Elmira, New York
Send sample assortments on approval, plus ONE BOX OF ALL-OCCASION CARDS at your special price of 1c. Also FREE Personalized Imprint Samples.
Name__________
Address__________
City & Zone__________
State__________

YOURS FOR 1¢
THIS LOVELY BOX OF ALL-OCCASION CARDS IS YOURS FOR 1¢—JUST MAIL COUPON!
The Boy from Oklahoma
WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

In his second starring movie, Will Rogers, Jr., strikes it rich with a horse opera featuring a hero who won't tote a gun. Will's a peaceable cowboy who wants to be a lawyer and only accidentally finds himself serving as sheriff in an uproarious, boss-ridden frontier town. Nancy Olson's a comely, straight-shooting tomboy, while fellow citizens are picturesquely portrayed by Anthony Caruso; Wallace Ford, Merv Griffin and others. Verdict: Good fun from start to finish

Go, Man, Go
U.A.

The saga of the Harlem Globetrotters, those fabulous clowns and champs of pro basketball, is here related in frankly fictionalized form. While the team's members play themselves, Dane Clark steps in as their manager, Sidney Poitier as his right-hand man. Patricia Breslin, a winsome newcomer, is seen as Clark's bride; Ruby Dee, as Poitier's wife. Individual scenes are nicely done, often with a good jazz score, but the story straggles and the Trotters aren't shown at work enough. Verdict: Pleasant, unpretentious sport film

Heidi
U.A.

The beloved story about a little Swiss girl has been turned into a movie that should please youthful admirers of the book. Filmed in Switzerland, it follows the spirited, unlettered mountain girl on her venture into the big city of Frankfurt. Elsbeth Sigmund makes a charming Heidi, while Isa Gunther touches the heart as the poor little rich girl whom Heidi rescues from invalidism. English dubbed in. Verdict: Quiet treatment of a children's classic

Border River
U.S., TECHNICOLOR

Again, the Civil War's fought out West, this time just south of the border, in a section of Mexico where anything goes. As a loyal Confederate, Joel McCrea invades the domain of petty dictator Pedro Armendariz. Joel has cash in hand to buy ammunition for the desperately pressed boys in gray. But local rogues covet the money, and he's also pursued by a Union detective. Yvonne DeCarlo, as a saloon entertainer, complicates matters. Verdict: Modest, fast-moving

Trent's Last Case
REPUBLIC

Michael Wilding turns detective in a British-made whodunit, based on a novel that's generally regarded as a classic in its field. The action is more mental than physical, with clues carefully detailed as Mike deduces away busily. A wealthy American has been found shot to death near his home in England, and Mike soon discovers that the dead man's secretary (John McCallum) has for some time been in love with his late employer's wife (Margaret Lockwood). With Miles Malleson, as Margaret's bottle-loving uncle, making quizzical comments, suspicion veers one way and the other. Orson Welles comes on rather late in the proceedings, appearing (in flashbacks) as the murderer. Verdict: Tidy, leisurely, typically British

Put some egg-citement in your hair!

Caress your hair with the magic touch of fresh whole egg in this super luxury lather! See! Suddenly your hair is so silky, so manageable, so glowingly clean you can't believe your own eyes! Even dull, difficult hair is transformed! Try it! From 29c
For any fellow actor who contemplates raising his own beard, Dick Todd has several words of sadly experienced warning: "First week: You look terrible. Second week: You itch. Third week: You seem to have a form of facial gangrene. Fourth week: The moth-eaten patches begin to get covered up. Fifth week: You have enough beard for a baby to swing on, if you have a baby. (I have, and he did.) Sixth week: It's good enough to show the bosses. Seventh week: They're convinced. Eighth week: The studio decides the beard's the wrong color, so they dye it a subdued magenta, and then they have to dye your hair to match. Ninth week: You wish you'd never started the whole thing; you find yourself wearing sandwich crumbs in the beard: you wake up at night thinking you've got the blankets wound around your face!"

All this was for "Rob Roy," and when shooting finished, the studio barbershop turned the grizzled outlaw back into the well-groomed British gentleman. Little Peter Todd, who'd been looking forward to "scrabbling around" in Pop's beard every evening, was utterly horrified; he wouldn't speak to the smooth-faced, short-haired stranger for a week.

Even more shattering was the effect on the Todds' maid, a sweet, shy Highland lass they'd hired when they arrived in Scotland on location. She had never seen her boss clean-shaven until she entered the bedroom the morning after, bringing Dick and his wife, Catherine, their breakfast. "I opened one eye," says Dick, "and I saw her looking at me. Her jaw dropped. She almost dropped the tray. The most amazing variety of emotions went over her face. You know, I was tempted to go back to the studio that day, get them to outfit me with a wig and a false beard, come home and ask the maid, "Anybody around here last night?"

A gag that really is a bit surprising, coming from the quiet-spoken Todd. But he isn't as mild a character as he seems. In World War II, he served with the Commandos, the paratroops, the infantry and an armored outfit, all around Europe and the Middle East. He says (British understatement), "I had rather a good trip at Army expense." With or without beard—in or out of movies—that's Todd!

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**RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED**

*Raising a beard for "Rob Roy" raised many a problem for Britain's Richard Todd*
Top make-up fashion

Angel Face

by POND'S

Easy to see . . . why more women use Angel Face than any other make-up!

Besides the lovely Mirror Case the girl in the pink hat is using—Angel Face comes in this sweet blue-and-gold box, in two sizes: 89¢, 59¢.*

No wet sponge or greasy fingers!
Never drying, never shiny. Angel Face is creamy smooth powder and foundation in-one! Smooths on with its puff—and stays!

No spilly, loose powder!
No overloaded puff. No blending out. Angel Face goes on smoother than plain powder, clings much longer. Can't spill!

Perfect to carry!
The Angel Face Mirror Case.
Tuck it in your handbag for a complexion "change" in 5 seconds, anywhere! Slim, sleek—with puff, mirror, choice of 7 skin tones, $1.
Shelley Winters, breaking in a night-club act while on location in Canada, gave a performance for a troupe of Sioux Indians working in her film. When they greeted the act with sad-eyed silence, she flipped: "I guess they didn’t understand me. I should have done it in Italian."

Overheard at Ciro’s: "I prefer a man with a good head on his shoulders—preferably mine."

When Joan Shawlee, who has two-toned hair (it’s blonde in the front) was cast as one of Bob Hope’s dolls in his new movie, "Casanova’s Big Night," he quipped: "This is the first time Paramount has given me a plaid leading lady."

A little boy was explaining the use of his Hopalong Cassidy pistol to Raoul Kraushar, who does the music for the horse operas. "You don’t shoot people," said the kid, "just rabbits and girls."

Dick Wesson’s telling it about a Hollywood playgirl. Her bathroom towels are monogrammed: "Hers" and "To Whom It May Concern."

A movie starlet was asked if she was interested in baseball. "I’m interested," she replied, "in anything with a diamond in it."

Joe E. Lewis thinks there should be a twenty-five-cent window at all the race tracks for children to keep touts out of school grounds.

Overheard at the Balboa Bay Club: "It must be love. She’d rather have his arms around her than a mint coat."

Milton Berle at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas: "I saw Red Skelton last night and he said some of the funniest things that I’m going to say tonight."

The U-I film company who made "Saskatchewan" in Alberta, Canada, is still chuckling over the red-coated Mounties who policed the area in squad cars instead of on horseback. They always get their man—if the gasoline holds out.

Spike Jones says, "I will definitely be on TV this year. I just bought a used car lot."

One of those lah-de-dah movie dolls was on a tour of the Bavarian Alps, and asked her guide: "Is that a mountain or an Alp?"

"I believe it’s an Alp," deadpanned her native guide.

"I knew it," replied the Irma-brained cutie, "a mountain is more pointed."
It's America's creamiest, longest-lasting lipstick!

Stay Fast stays on hours longer! Stays on after eating, smoking, even kissing! And thanks to creamy "Moisturizing Action," Stay Fast keeps lips smoother, softer. Choose from the prettiest, most kissable colors ever created.

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CUTEX Stay Fast
LIPSTICK
NEVER LEAVES A KISSPRINT
You—yes, you—can know the thrill of silken hair!
After one Drene shampoo, your hair will shine like silk, feel like silk, act like silk—be so obedient!
Instantly—thrillingly—Drene silken your hair!

**New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!**

Silkening magic! That’s what you’ll find in Drene’s new formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like lightning—it’s milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic, the way this new Drene silken your hair. Leaves it bright as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!

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**Lathers like lightning—**
No other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

**Milder than castile—**
So mild you could use this new formula every day.
Susan Tenney Gage is more than a beautiful baby daughter to Esther Williams. She is—literally—a dream come true.

Although Esther didn’t like to commit herself in advance, she admits now that, all along, she was yearning for a girl. “Our two little boys needed a baby sister,” she says.

But in the waiting months, Esther, like any expectant mother, could only hope. She could not, of course, be sure. And so she thought of names for both girls and boys. But, just three days before the baby was born, Esther had a dream.

“In my dream,” she says, “I was holding a lovely little girl in my arms. Her big, blue eyes looked deep into mine, and she said very clearly, ‘Hello, Mommy. I’m glad I got here safely. And I just love my name.’ In my dream, I was so surprised and delighted, and I said, ‘You do? What is it?’ And she answered, ‘Why it’s Susan Tenney, of course.’”

Susan is also the answer to an oft-repeated prayer. For, seven years ago, Esther Williams had another baby daughter—a child who did not live. Susan lives now, not only for herself, her parents and her brothers—but for that other sister, as well. Certainly, Susan is her mother’s fondest dream come true.
Down Romance Lane: Marilyn Erskine and Tab Hunter who toured in “Our Town” (Tab amazed everyone in his first play!) double-dated with Debbie Reynolds and Richard Anderson on their return to Hollywood. A few days later, Tab was on the town again, but this time with Lori Nelson. And Mari Blanchard is back with attorney Greg Bautzer who had been seeing Mona Freeman in the interim. Speaking of Mona, who still insists those Bing Crosby “romance” rumors embarrass her, she catches up on movies at the private projection room of the private offices of the MCA agency—with Bing Crosby. . . . Even if you don’t ask Jane Powell, she will tell you her dates with set designer Jacques Mapes are purely platonic . . . And Jeff Chandler enjoys the company of Susan Hayward, Marilyn Maxwell, Julia Adams and Terry Moore. 

Twinkle-Twinkle: Director Walter Lang told Cal about the time he was putting Betty Grable through her paces in “The Shocking Miss Pilgrim.” One morning a beautiful blonde, accompanied by her dramatic coach, arrived on the set. “The casting office sent me over to act with Miss Grable,” said the unknown actress, “May I have my lines, please?” The director gave her an encouraging wink as he said, “You have one scene with Miss Grable and in it you say ‘Hello.'” Marilyn Monroe roared when Lang recalled her experience.

Baby Talk: Ann Blyth and her husband finally decided to have a doctor outside the family deliver her baby in June. In the meantime, Annie continues to send letters of congratulations to Dr. McNulty’s patients when their babies are born. Annie, who has just finished “Rose Marie” with Howard Keel, was roused into “The Student Prince” when the studio heard the good news—Ann’s good news, that is! . . . After her studio practically held a gun to the stork’s back, Virginia Mayo will not do “Helen of Troy” after all. But the new mother has her “old” figure back—and how! Which rhymes with wow!

First Aid: As usual, the great heart of Hollywood responded when Ciro’s bandleader, Bobby Ramos, was so seriously injured in an automobile accident. Columnist and Photoplay writer Sheilah Graham started the auction ball rolling by offering five dollars for
Now that Betty Grable has those legs back on the road again, she and Harry get more time together.

Ann Blyth and Howard Keel, stars of "Rose Marie," are as "in tune" over a lunch table as on the set.

Lori Nelson and Tab Hunter get decked out in their Sunday best for the big "So Big" premiere.

a kiss from Jimmy Durante! Then Dean Martin immediately offered fifty dollars for a kiss from Sheilah—which prompted Jerry Lewis to offer five hundred dollars for a kiss from Dean! Everyone got into the act and, as a result, Bobby Ramos will have the best medical care available.

Hard to Handle: Jimmy Stewart and his wife, Gloria, took over the private dining room at Chasen's and served pheasants from their own ranch. Jimmy, who is making "Rear Window" for Alfred Hitchcock at Paramount, told his guests, "I have to wear a heavy plaster (Continued on page 83)"

Baby, Bogey and Marilyn help open "How to Marry a Millionaire." Guess who was the star of that preem.
People used to flip at the way I talked. Now that I think back I guess some of my ideas were pretty whacky. But . . .

BY DEBBIE REYNOLDS

Look At Me Now!

For a long time, I've had a reputation as a gal who says just exactly what she thinks. And, as a matter of fact, I've been pretty pleased with myself about it. But lately, I've come to the conclusion that what was okay at eighteen and nineteen might not go over so big in my twenties. My first discovery was that there are ways—and ways—of handling a situation and speaking my piece.

One day not so long ago, I was on my way out of the M-G-M executive building, when I ran into a studio pal. He knew I'd had a pretty serious gripe. So he put two and two together.

"Did you tell them?" he asked me.
"Tell them what?"
"Tell them off," said he. And he wore a smile that could've stretched from Monday through Friday. "With your nerve, I sort of figured . . ."

I knew. He sort of figured the building would suddenly fall flat on its foundation from the impact of my wrath. "I told them exactly what I thought," I said.

He shuddered. And it was my turn to grin.

It was all about a part in a picture—a non-musical picture that would have opened new horizons for me. I wanted that part the way Popeye wants his spinach. In the worst way. And I had been cast in it. Then, a short time before shooting began, the executives changed their minds. They had called me in that day to explain why the role was being given to another girl. So I told them. "She's one of the finest actresses I know and she'll do a great job," I told them. "If it were anybody else, I'd be tempted to blow my top. But you know more about it than I do, and I agree with you completely."

As far as I was concerned, this was a bit of the awful truth. However, there was more to it, and I decided they might as well hear the rest. "I can't say that I'm happy," I went on. "And I do hope that in the future you won't ask me to give up anything that means as much as this role means to me."

Should I have gone off my rocker, lost my temper? Stalked forth (Continued on page 97)
When Lana's "forever" marriage to millionaire Bob Topping had run its brief course, she wound up heavily in the red.

In order to shed her husband, Geary Steffen, Jane Powell paid off with an apartment house—and a packet of pride.

Financially and emotionally the stars pay plenty for their freedom. But it doesn't stop them from taking another chance on love.

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM
Divorce is never pleasant. It's filled with heartbreak, with a sense of personal defeat. It's seldom a step that's taken lightly—almost always a last resort, a way out when all else has failed. When it comes, the cost is heavy—in loss of personal pride, in emotional exhaustion, and often in dollars and cents. But if the need is urgent, these penalties must be faced.

The trouble with such penalties is that they're not paid off and then forgotten like monthly bills. The pinch is felt for a long time—and the over-all effect is sometimes crippling.

Can John Wayne, for instance, afford to marry again? Can Susan Hayward afford to divorce? Will Rita Hayworth continue to pay Dick Haymes' alimony? And what was it really that murdered the romance of Jane Powell and Gene Nelson? You'll find the answers in the Ledger of $ove and among a trail of broken hearts in Hollywood, and you'll see that, for movie stars in particular, the cost of leaving is terribly high.

John Wayne has to clear $150,000 a year before he can draw so much as a breath for himself. His first wife, the former Josephine Saenz, gets ten per cent off the top of the cream from everything Duke makes. And he makes a million dollars a year—before taxes, that is. John's other wife, the lady you know as Chata, is receiving $50,000 a year from the ex-mate she loathes, for the next ten years. And is Mr. Wayne complaining? No siree. He's a man who just loves to be married and to heck with the price. He has a pretty Peruvian dish all picked out now—Pilar Palette—and his pals will bet you three to one, that Pilar will be Mrs. John Wayne, (Continued on page 84)
When his storybook romance turned to tragedy, Guy’s love could work no miracle for Gail

BY PAULINE SWANSON

The Story of

GUY MADISON’S HEARTBREAK MARRIAGE

Gail Russell once had everything—beauty, talent, luck and Guy

Guy Madison sat unnoticed in his car outside a back entrance of Santa Monica City Hall at ten o’clock in the morning last November 27, while newsmen, newsreel cameramen and photographers jammed the entrance foyer of the building.

The newshounds, of course, were on the trail of the latest Hollywood celebrity to land spectacularly in the clutches of the law.

Guy, looking taut and troubled, was waiting for his wife of four and a half years, who, at the moment, was being arraigned on a charge of drunken driving. She had been separated from him for almost a year, but no matter what had happened during their turbulent married life, she was still Gail Russell Madison. And she needed Guy now, perhaps more than she ever had.

Gail looked very young and very small as she stood in the bleak courtroom. But she was noticeably calmer than she had been in the pre-dawn hours two days earlier when she was arrested.

Her lawyer was at her side, and Guy’s business manager was in the courtroom, too. But most important of all, Guy was waiting outside, ready to offer his strength, his solace. He would drive her home, and stay with her there, protect her from the curious, from the too-eager press, protect her from the chronic fear that was now overwhelming her—the fear of being alone and friendless.

The police officers read their evidence into the record in dry-as-dust voices: Miss Russell’s speech had been rambling and incoherent when they attempted to question her (Continued on page 89)
A vivacious doll, silver-blond Mamie Van Doren plays the cello, loves to swim and can sing any man into a romantic mood.

Flaming redhead, with a siren figure, Rhonda Fleming starred at track and basketball, can take dictation from a man—in shorthand!

Eve with curves: Chestnut-haired Corinne Calvet has a mind of her own—and the Gallic wit to make every man like it!
Gentlemen prefer blondes, brunettes and redheads—providing they have plenty of

SUGAR AND SPICE

Jeanne's in "Duel in the Jungle"
The ingenue type—until Jeanne Crain got her Irish up. Now she's a redhead with plenty of oomph!

Liz is in "Rhapsody"
Exquisitely feminine, brunette Liz Taylor blends her alluring womanhood with little-girl appeal

Elaine's filming "Brigadoon"
Auburn-haired Elaine Stewart, a model date, likes sailing, sewing, rare steaks and polite sirs!
When I say that a man's best friend is his mother-in-law, people look at me as if I were compiling a joke book. But they should live with mine!

So Nice To Come Home To

BY

JEFF HUNTER

Since our son Chris came, Mother Rush has been taking care of us all—full time

- Long distance couldn’t have taken much longer. Finally, after what seemed like a couple of eighty-second minutes, the operator reached Santa Barbara. “Hello, mother,” said my brand-new wife. “Mother . . . I’m married.”

Naturally I was concerned when I saw Barbara’s face grow solemn. I was even more concerned when she held the receiver out toward me and I could hear nothing except a heavy, dead silence.

“Why doesn’t she say something?” I asked Barbara.

“She said something, Hank,” came my bride’s solemn voice.

“Well, what, for instance?”

“She said, ‘Oh, no!’”

As a bachelor, I’d always maintained that there was nothing like a fellow getting off on the right foot with his mother-in-law. However, when I faced the problem as a bridegroom, I found myself feeling as if I had two right feet. “Hank,” now Barbara was grinning and handing me the phone. “She wants to talk to you.”

I brightened considerably. “All was not lost. At least Mrs. Rush was still speaking to me. This lovely lady had helped us plan our wedding—the one that was to have been a formal church ceremony, the kind all mothers dream of for their daughters. But, while
movies encourage romance, picture schedules seldom stand still for details like ceremonies and honeymoons. Although Barbara and I had set a fairly definite date some time before, neither of us was certain we'd be able to keep it. So, on the spur of the moment one evening, we decided to elope. "I know you're disappointed, Mrs. Rush. . . ." I began to stammer.

"Of course, I am, son—a little, I must admit," she said. "But not enough for it to really matter."

She was telling me not to worry about a thing when suddenly it dawned on me that she'd called me "son." Just as suddenly, I was calling her "mother." Today, when I happen to mention that a man's best friend is his mother-in-law, some people look at me as if they're convinced I'm compiling a joke book. Or have lost at least part of my mind. Then I either explain, which takes a little time—or introduce her, which ends the discussion in nothing flat. In the latter case, results are predictable. Almost immediately, even the worst skeptics are calling her "Mother Rush."

"That situation of yours is unique," a buddy of mine once said.

Unique it may be or may not be. But of one thing I'm sure: It's wonderful! I've no reservations about telling the world that we'd find it pretty difficult to live without Mother Rush.

Our marriage wasn't terribly old before I realized that my wife had a gem of a parent. (Continued on page 87)
RUMOR: "Lana Turner did a two-day hideaway in a London hospital and Lex Barker is fit to be tied. She didn't tell him she was leaving."

FACT: Not a bit of truth in it. This is just another example of the ugly stories that have been plaguing Lana and Lex ever since they were married. And the stories appear to be deliberately planted to cause disorder in their lives. We checked with a close friend who was with Lana regularly all during the time she was making her picture in England and learned that the star and her husband are ideally happy and have never had a cross word. This, of course, will undoubtedly change, because all married couples do quarrel at times; but as of now Lana and her man are as cheerful as larks and glad to be back home in America. Married in Italy, the couple repeated their vows in a candlelit ceremony in Hollywood on Christmas Eve. This marriage looks pretty solid.

RUMOR: "Gene Tierney arrived in the United States from Europe to give some thought to the question of whether or not to marry Aly Khan..."

FACT: Baloney! Gene Tierney has given all the thought she needs to this question and a long, long time ago she came up with the decision to marry Aly any time he bought the ring. She actually came to this country to give Aly a chance to miss her. Pressure stuff. The truth of the matter is that Aly would be willing to marry Gene if it were entirely up to him. But it isn't. His father, the Aga Khan, spiritual head of the Moslems, is getting a bit worried about his boy's publicity and is dead set against Aly marrying another movie star. Aly is his successor and if he doesn't watch his step, he may never get his weight in diamonds.
IS THE TRUTH

if this marriage does take place, you can bet it will be despite stiff protests from Aly's father. But as for Gene making up her mind, it's done!

RUMOR: "Kirk Douglas is really burned up because of the newspaper stories that linked him with Mrs. Estelle Augustine, the rich widow who said Kirk was the cause of her broken engagement to Jack Dempsey."

FACT: That is not a rumor—it is a rank understatement. Kirk was furious. He spoke to lawyers. He said things to reporters that they couldn't print. We looked into it and found out that Kirk's only meeting with the lady was a casual one at a crowded cocktail party in Paris. He never saw or heard from her again until he read in the papers that he had "wrecked" Dempsey's coming marriage. This is a good example of what can happen to stars if they are not careful. Some people think a pleasant smile and an autograph from a star is a vow of life-long friendship. Kirk's affable air made him a victim of this error. He privately says he likes much younger girls than Mrs. Augustine (despite her thirty-five million bucks) and if he ever wanted to steal a fiancée, he'd make sure she didn't belong to Jack Dempsey.

RUMOR: "Farley Granger is letting his hair grow in the hope that he will be given the leading male role in 'Helen of Troy'."

FACT: Baloney! Farley is another lad who doesn't care if he ever sets foot in movietown again except to visit his folks. Farley earned his reputation as a star by hard work. But he would give it all up if he had to live in a town where he feels he is not understood or particularly liked. Farley keeps an establishment in Paris, which is his permanent residence, and one in Rome. He doesn't even have a suitcase in Hollywood. If the movies want him from now on they'll have to go to him. But then again, if "Helen of Troy" is really going to be shot in Italy . . .

RUMOR: "Van Johnson has so many pictures lined up for the Freed unit that he'll probably never have a day off again in Hollywood."

FACT: Van Johnson, at the present moment, doesn't care if he ever steps inside a movie studio again, and he won't commit himself to doing anything more than earn enough money for taxes. And, although there have been unjustified rumors of marital discord in the past, this new career attitude may well result in real disharmony in his marriage. When Van visited New York last winter, it was for the sole purpose of feeling out Broadway producers regarding a career on the stage. He found out chances were good, and after he visited the theatre he had worked in as a boy and got a whiff of the stage, he said he didn't want to leave. You can bet that he will go back to Broadway next season to stay if he can. His wife, Evie, is not so keen on the idea because she likes the comfortable life they live in Hollywood. She may stay on the West Coast. This is not a healthy situation—and no one can predict what will come of it.

RUMOR: "As soon as Gene Nelson gets back to town, you can look for a resumption of his romance with Jane Powell."

FACT: As the song goes, "Never in a Million Years." The boat has sailed. As some of the wise columnists predicted long ago, Jane is on the town and taking dates where she finds them. Currently, the head man is Pat Nerney, the former husband of Mona Freeman. Jane is having a ball and Gene, they say, is thinking of going back to his wife—if she'll have him—and his son, Chris.

RUMOR: "There is real bad blood between Gary Cooper and Richard Widmark after that fist fight on the set of 'Garden of Evil' in Mexico."

FACT: Hooey! That fight, which made the front pages, was about as rough as a tussle between a couple of monks. It was all a publicity stunt. A regular fight scene was shot—without a blow connecting except one accidental whack on Gary's lip. The press agent on the picture saw his chance and wired the news services that the actors had gone wild and slugged it out. They say that Gary, Widmark and Cameron Mitchell, who was also in the scene, all had dinner and a good laugh about it that night.

RUMOR: "It looks as though Susan Hayward and Jeff Chandler will make it legal as soon as their divorces are final. They are inseparable."

FACT: If "making it legal" means they'll get married; don't believe it. Sure, when they are both in town, Susan and Jeff do see a lot of each other, but they are far from inseparable. Susan has not been going out too much because she doesn't think it looks too good for a woman to play the night-club circuit until the judge parts her from Jess Barker. But at the proper time, she'll be there. And Jeff has been dating other girls just as much as he has Susan. Susan, when checked about this "romance," put it better than we can. "Jeff and I," she said, "are very good and long-time friends. And right now I need a friend." We hear no wedding bells from where we watch the stars.
There seem to be no reasons WHY CAN'T MITCHUM BEHAVE?

BY JAMES HUNT
for his actions, but once you know him, you know what demons drive him

- Bob Mitchum has gone and done it again—made himself a raft of new headlines that have tongues chucking and brows wrinkling. And the sad thing about it all is that Bob, somehow, just couldn't help himself.

It is perhaps one of his major misfortunes that he resents officialdom with a furious resentment—an antipathy that goes back to his boyhood, when at the age of sixteen, he was cruelly tossed into the horrors of a Georgia chain gang merely for the sin of being broke and hungry. From babyhood on, he has resented authority; rightly or wrongly, he has fought to be the opposite of a "yes man." He is unable to tolerate even the slightest pushing around or the simplest questioning of his motives.

"Bob," says Dorothy, his wife, sadly, "has the rugged independence of an Army mule."

Unluckily for Mitch, this facet of his character is inescapably mixed with a compulsion to have everyone like him. The result is a curious compound of orneriness and amiability. He seems forever torn by impulses to go overboard in one direction or another. "Poor Bob," a close friend once remarked, "he has always fought against hurting himself, his family and those he loves; but sometimes he seems unable to help himself. Something perverse—some demon—always seems to be nudging him. He is one of those tragic men born to be their own worst enemies."

Certainly Bob's unpredictable antics baffle and sadden his friends. Those who know him only slightly dislike him intensely; those who know him well have an affection for him that comes close to adoration. They respect his intellect, admire his humor and humanity and feel a little awed by his rare sympathy for the little guy. Yet, even those fondest of him know there are times when Bob, driven by deep, subconscious guilt feelings, acts like a raging child banging his head against a wall, inflicting pain on himself—but paining his friends and family even more.

Bob's last escapade shocked intimates, and even his most devoted friends agree that it was curious behavior. What happened was that Officer J. N. Ryan, patrolling L.A.'s Wilshire Boulevard, saw Mitch whip his black Jaguar speedster around a right turn and "race along like a (Continued on page 100)"
Director Harman walks in on Lori Nelson, Jack Kelly

Jack Kelly gives his all in "Boy Meets Girl" with Gregg Palmer, Mamie Van Doren

"I've never been to high school," says Mamie. But that's not what's bothering Hugh O'Brian!
For several weeks every year U-I's huge Phantom Stage (so-called because it was built for the movie, "Phantom of the Opera") hums with activity. Youngsters gleefully go through their own routines or watch Estelle Harman, head of the talent department, put the others through their paces. Though it looks like bedlam, there's method in the madness. This year's show, the third put on by the studio, is part of a million-dollar talent program which has more than earned its keep. The show, called "Inside U-I," is designed not only to give U-I contract players extra experience, but to display their versatile and sometimes unsuspected off-beat talents. Through these shows, U-I's young players have again and again obtained better breaks, not only on their own lot, but also on loan-outs. For executives from all the other studios scramble for invitations to this glorified—and exclusive—Amateur Show.

Puttin' on an Act

For movie audiences will never see the U-I talent show. It's strictly a family affair.

Tony Curtis is in "Johnny Dark"; Rock Hudson, Grady Palmer, Jack Kelly and Lance Fuller in "Magnificent Obsession"; Audie Murphy and Susan Cabot in "Ride Clear of Dodge"; Hugh O'Brian and Dick Long in "Saskatchewan"; Brett Halsey and Mamie Van Doren in "Yankee Pasha"; Lori Nelson in "Tumbleweed"; Kathleen Hughes in "The Glass Web".

For ten years she's been the town's favorite daughter. Now Hollywood's acting like an anxious parent over Ann Blyth's blessed event

BY TONI NOEL

When Ann Blyth has her baby late in June, the event will be the perfect storybook sequel to a perfect storybook romance. Ann and Jim hope that the baby will be born on their first wedding anniversary, June 27. And with the neat way all the pieces of Ann's life have of falling into place, nobody will be surprised if that's the way it happens.

"They lived happily ever after" is a phrase that seems to have been invented just for Ann. "Everything she does is done so perfectly," a close friend of hers once said, "that you have the feeling Ann is just following a celestial script that was written long before she was born."

Ann is humble about all the good fortune that has befallen her. And, being Ann, she disclaims all credit. She feels that a force far greater than herself has shaped the pattern of her life. And she is devoutly grateful for this.

To one of her dearest friends, the operative word in Ann's well-being is "Love." "Ann has been surrounded by love all her life," this friend put it, "and that's no doubt because so much love emanates from her."

"She is simply incapable of disliking anyone. To Ann, all people are good. She will agree that some, perhaps, are misguided. But as far as she is concerned, no one is innately evil. You know the old saying—that it's hard for anyone to frown in the face of a smile. That's the way it is with Ann and love."

It's hard to believe it, but there was a time—before her marriage to Jim McNulty—that Ann was something of a problem child to (Continued on page 104)
Throughout the ages, the world has thrilled to the romance of medieval England. And to the deeds of valor of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. In one of its most lavish Technicolor spectacles, M-G-M tells the story of King Arthur’s heroic struggle to overthrow the enemies who plotted against the peace of England . . . of a man’s love that plunged the country once more into bloody warfare . . . of Sir Lancelot who renounced his love for Queen Guinevere to keep his knightly vows to Arthur . . . of the King who died to keep England a united realm.

Agreeing that they must deny all their dreams of love, Queen Guinevere and Sir Lancelot embrace and vow never to meet.
No shadow of the sorrows to come mars the wedding of King Arthur (Mel Ferrer) and Guinevere (Ava Gardner).

Guinevere, safe in Camelot, cannot forget the unknown knight who had come to her rescue on her perilous journey to court.

At the feast of Pentecost, knights and ladies celebrate—for on this day Arthur was crowned, and Guinevere became his Queen.
One night, when our daughter, now Terry Moore, but then Helen Luella Koford, was fifteen and a leading light in Glendale High’s banana-split and juke-box crowd, my husband and I returned from an hour of grocery shopping, to find our driveway and the street blocked with motor scooters, Model A Fords, assorted jalopies, bicycles and cut-down hotrods.

To put it mildly, Terry’s long-suffering father was more than a little annoyed. “When will this invasion end?” he groaned as we parked with difficulty a half block away and toted armfuls of rolls, hot dogs, potato chips, pickles, popcorn, peanuts, quarts of milk and soda pop into the house.

“Lamar,” I told him, remembering I was a teenager’s mother, “this is only a phase. It will pass just as all the others did.”

So, what happens? Today our driveway and the street are blocked with regulation cars, a sprinkling of Cadillacs, Jaguars, M. G.’s, and other sleek jobs. And Daddy and I are still filling the house with the same party food.

From all this, you may gather that our daughter Terry is a gregarious girl who surrounds herself with dozens of friends. And you’re so right. “All Alone By the Telephone” has never been one of Terry’s favorite songs. She’s vivacious, curious, interested in people, in acting, music, scores of sports and she has enough energy to run a power plant. As one of her closest studio friends remarked, “That Terry gives vitamins to vitamins!” (Continued on page 93)
command of her kitchen—but Terry’s mother loves every invasion!

Mom took this picture! Bob Wagner co-starred with Terry in “Beneath the 12-Mile Reef,” is now one of the “crowd.”
The Marilyn no one knows—quiet, studious, searching for the happiness that has, so far, eluded her.
The school bell rang, shattering the silence of the "quiet period" in the sunlit kindergarten on one of lower Hollywood's more shabby streets.

Sun-tanned, robust boys and girls, arms outspread like airplane wings, flew out the door with shrill shouts of "Hi, Mom," "There's my daddy," and were quickly engulfed in waiting arms. One bone-thin, sallow girl with fine, blonde baby hair blowing into her eyes, shuffled out.

Why run?

She knew nobody would be waiting for her. There was no expression on her sullen, withdrawn face as she stood silhouetted in the doorway, watching the glad reunions. When everyone had departed, the little girl brushed the hair from her eyes, smoothed the badly-ironed, too-large dress, took a better grip on her tin lunchbox and slowly sauntered up the street to what, at the moment, she called home.

That little girl was the girl you now know as Marilyn Monroe.

Seated in the Twentieth commissary one day recently, shortly after she'd returned from making "River of No Return," she recalled the story. Her eyes turned somber and she said, simply, "I remember that as though it happened yesterday. All the kids but me running up to their fathers or mothers. You know," she paused, a tiny frown creasing her forehead, "I never even knew my father. Someone told me he died before I was born, but later I learned that he'd just disappeared. Nobody knows where.

"I'll never forget my first day at school. I'd been living with an English (Continued on page 106)
Put a sparkle in your eyes and a gleam in his with these newest make-up tricks from Hollywood.
Do you know that at night, when she’s all done up in a lovely, floating formal, Piper Laurie wears gold on her eyelids?

Do you know that Joan Crawford, when she wants to be particularly startling, and especially when she’s wearing a plain black velvet dinner dress, wears rhinestones on her eyebrows? And do you know why, with or without rhinestones, she wears her eyebrows so thick?

Did you ever stop to think what it might do to emphasize the color of your eyes, if you blended your eye shadow using a combination of green, blue and silver? This is one of Debra Paget’s favorite make-up tricks.

Do you know why, though Marilyn Monroe is the first to admit that she bleaches her hair, she keeps her eyebrows a dark brown? Or why Debbie Reynolds sees to it that the space between her eyebrows exactly matches the length of one eye? Or why Joan Evans never goes to sleep at night before she has put oil on her long lashes?

The reasons are simple: to make the most of their eyes. And every one of these little tricks can help you make your eyes the most beautiful in any gathering. Whether your eyes are naturally too small, too colorless, or too dull, they can be adorned to look like the most exquisite in the world.

It’s all a matter of the right eyebrow pencils, correctly used, the right eye shadows, ditto, mascara, ditto, a color sense and imagination.

Ask any make-up man in Hollywood and he’ll tell you that the eyes chalk up forty per cent of the beauty of your face, with the mouth registering thirty per cent and the nose another thirty. Though there’s not a lot you can do about the mouth and much, much less about the nose, there’s almost no limit to how striking you can make your eyes.

Hollywood is so all gone on this subject that in Beverly Hills there is actually a shop devoted entirely to eye make-up. It’s run by eye expert Aida Grey, who “custom tailors” for the glamour girls—shadows concocted of two, three or even more tones; mascaras ranging from black through deepest brown to blue, green, gray or gold; brushes of the proper textures; pencils of the proper shades. It was Miss Grey who originally persuaded the girls to put their eye shadow on, not horizontally, but diagonally, up from the inside corner of the eye to just under the brow. Try it yourself, sometime. You’ll be delighted with the exciting new effect.

As Debra Paget says, “Most girls don’t experiment with their make-up, (Continued on page 80)
I wouldn't want him tamed

BY

SYBIL BURTON

- I don't think my husband and I had been in Hollywood more than ten days, when the word began to get around that Rich was a rough-hewn, offbeat character. And it's easy to figure out how it got started. He loves to talk, and he has a way of saying things that get repeated.

Sitting in the studio commissary one day, after he'd been holding forth at great length, he stopped himself in mid-sentence. Then he said with a straight face, "You know, I talk too much." No one at the table denied this. And he went on, "My father always said I should have been a politician."

He paused for just a moment, and without so much as a wink at me, he added, "I think I'd have been good at it. At least the baby-kissing part. Especially girl babies, aged seventeen."

Knowing Richard, I'm sure he didn't set out deliberately to confound or astonish anyone. But he wouldn't do anything to prevent it either, because he takes such an impish delight in being himself.

But, in turn, he's been astonished too. He was truly surprised when his first starring role on this side of the ocean—in "My Cousin Rachel"—made an impression. "I didn't think I looked good enough or could be a romantic leading man," he said then. Again he was surprised after the raves he got for his performance as the noble Marcellus in "The Robe." He just couldn't get used to the idea of being accepted as a saintly character. "All my life," says Rich, "in English movies, or on the stage in London, I've (Continued on page 95)
Star-bright Accents

Soft leathers, shining patents, bright new colors make exciting accessory news

Eva Gabor is in
“Captain Kidd and the Slave Girl”

Photo by Stephen Colboun

MORE FASHIONS
Star-bright Accents

To minimize a tiny waist, lovely Pat Crowley selects this little black barathea suit.

a. Conversation box-bag, authentic wormwood, antique iron handle, lock. Gay striped lining. $10.95. By Ingber

b. Soft as butter, white doeskin shorties, navy embroidery on back and around cuff. Washable. $5.95. By Kay Fuchs

c. Exciting high-vamp strap sandal. Blonde/benedictine calf combination, white inlaid perforations. $9.95. By Joléne

d. Elegant either way, long or crushed, 8-button gloves of washable Elvette fabric. Beige, black, navy. $4. By Dawnelle


f. Rhinestone trimmed beige capeskin belt. Scalloped for added figure flattery. Also in pink, white. $6. By Charm

g. Backless hi-stepping sling sandal—this year's shoe news. Colors: black or gun-metal patent. $15. By Rhythm Step

h. True-as-life spring carnations for a gay touch to your new spring finery. White, red, pink. $1 ea. By Flower Modes
Here they are—the prettiest, softest accessories in years! They’re this season’s right accent for a truly flattering and feminine Spring!

i. Surprise! Red calf sling pump with inside platform, white piping. Navy, calf or patent. $12.95. By Naturalizer

j. New tapered heel pump, lace stripping, back bow detail. Polished pine aniline calf, black patent. $10.95. By Wohl

k. Tailored 1½ inch top grain cowhide belt, caught up with metal buckle. Natural, red, black and turk. $2. By Schaffer

l. So big! If you dote on oversized bags. Black plastic patent pouch with fake shell handle. $10.95. By Companion

m. In hand, neat little calf clutch. Inside zipper pocket and card holders. Colors: navy, red, black. $5.95. By Jana

n. Smooth leather, flat casual shoe with self tassel trim. A wonderful suit shoe! Red, black, ginger. $15. Rhythm Step

o. Soft, red, calf box-bag, single top handle. Perfect for everything in your wardrobe. Black, navy, blonde. $10.95. Jana

p. Slim, elegant red umbrella with crooked black handle set in rhinestones. Has matching case. $8. By Henryson

To wear now and through summer, Joanne Gilbert selects a fitted Irish linen suit with detachable collar. By Duchess Royal. Sizes 10-18. $30. Pillbox hat by Madecaps

Wear-Right gloves
PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS
continued

For spring smartness, Mitzi Gaynor chooses this fleece topper with a cardigan neckline and sunburst detail.
Sizes 5-15. Pink, red, beige, white. $30.
By Jaunty Junior.
Hat by Madcaps.
Gloves by Dawnelle

All jewelry and handbags plus Fed. tax.

Mitzi Gaynor's latest: 20th's "Three Young Texans"
Star-bright Accents

More accessory highlights — the kind that make your costume definitely Spring ’54

... yours at budget flattering prices!


c. Silver-tone finish, ice-blue stone turtle pin. $2. Matching clip-on earrings. $2. Also in crystal tone with silver. By Coro

d. Shining strand of smoked crystals with rhinestone sparkle. Adjustable to ride high, low or in between. $5. By Marvella

e. “I love coffee, I love tea,” engraved compact and lipstick set. Gift wrapped for you in black satin case. $11. By Ciner

f. Silk crepe square with boxed-off stripes and giant key motif. 36” size, hand-rolled edges. Red, navy, royal. $3. By Glentex

g. Attractive 17-jewel wrist watch. Casual black dial, gold plate, genuine black suede strap. Also red dial. $39.50. By Orloff

h. Budget-priced, white, rabbit-fur collar with pert red rose for glamour. Also comes in beige, brown. $8. By Fleischer Furs

i. The delicate touch, 18” silk chiffon square scarfs, hand-rolled edges. White, red, beige, coral, pink. $1 ea. By Glentex

j. For a Victorian touch, add spring violets as nosegay or for lapel. Purple, pink, white, yellow. $1 each. By Flower Modes

k. Faille pouch, topped with double cord handle, covered frame. Navy, black, brown faille, or broadcloth. $11. By Ingber

l. Dainty, smoked crystal drop earrings, to match smoked crystal choker as seen above in number D. $3. By Marvella
To glorify the natural charm of your beauty zone*

Wear **Life Bras** by FORMFIT

*If you are one of the 53 out of every 100 women who are dissatisfied with the bra they’re now wearing, know the thrill of wearing the right LIFE BRA! Because only Formfit makes bras for every figure need.

No two women have exactly the same bust contours. This is the reason bras must be designed in so many styles, for the full bust, the small, the firm, the pendulous, the “A” through “D” cup.

Possibly you are one of the 53 out of every 100 women not now satisfied...possibly you are not aware that bras, whether bandeaux, longline, strapless or padded, are available to fit your individual requirements.

If so, know—as our fitters know, a bra must fit you—you must not be un-comfortably molded to a bra! No other brand offers the precise fit made possible by LIFE Bras. LIFE by FORMFIT offers the largest selection in the world. Now, surely, you’ll want to make your next bra a LIFE BRA! $1.25 to $6.50 at the better stores.

Life Bra shown, #515, has hidden stays in quilted underbust for proper shaping of cup and figure support. Elastic releases g-i-v-e for comfort, deep-hem sides hold bra in place. Nylon taffeta and nylon lace, A, B, C, $4.00.

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**Star-bright Accents**

Here’s “where to buy” clothes and accessories seen on page 65

Eva Gabor wears white bouclé coat, cardigan neckline, belted back. Also red, pink, blue, $65. By Swansdown. Altman’s, N.Y.C. Jewelry by Napier. Dawnelle gloves.

Imported Italian hemp elastic belt. Natural, red, orange. $5. By Criterion. Hudson’s, Detroit, Mich.

In step with any 9-5 schedule, calf pump. Taffy, red. By Friedman Shelby. $10. At all fine shoe shops.

Adjustable uniform pearl choker. $3. By Richelieu. Stern’s, N.Y.C.

Beige/white polished calf pump. $11. Wohl. Stewart’s, Baltimore, Md.

Blonde calf satchel, single top handle. $15. Ronay. Bonwit’s, N.Y.C.

Bold pearl earrings. White, pink. $1. By Richelieu. Stern’s, N.Y.C.

Casual calf pump, white stitching. $10. By Velvet-Step. At fine shops.

Red calf under-arm bag. $16. By Coronet. Bloomingdale’s, N.Y.C.

Antiqued gold or silver pin. $5. By Sandor. At better dep’t. stores.

Red glacé, 4-button, slip-on glove. Beige, pink, white, black. $5. By Superb. A & S, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Long, black, plastic patent bag. $10. By Lenox. Bloomingdale’s, N.Y.C.

To taper, slim, black nylon and mesh patent pumps. Also navy. $9. By Trim-Tread. At fine shoe shops.

60” knotted pearl rope. $5. White, pink. By Richelieu. Stern’s, N.Y.C.

Navy/white calf T-strap sandal. $15. Paradise. At fine shoe shops.

Green calf pump, tapered heel, beige stitching. $17. By DeLiso Debs at Bloomingdale’s, N.Y.C.
A house on a hillside is Rock's idea of heaven, where he pumps his beloved player piano, relaxes happily in blue jeans and entertains his crowd. He's moved ahead too, as an actor. In "Magnificent Obsession," co-star Jane Wyman was impressed with Big Rock's acting
While romantic rumors, talk of divorce, fly around Greg's handsome head, his career is undisturbed. A top box-office attraction, Greg's besieged by picture offers both here and abroad. He's in "Night People"
She turned down a teacher’s degree to become an actress. And goes to the head of her class as Hollywood’s leading mystery woman. Her off-screen life remains private. Jean’s just completed “We Believe in Love”
KIRK DOUGLAS hadn’t seen his boys for nearly a year when he flew in from Europe to spend the holidays with them. Mike, the athletic one, had to show him a new set of muscles. So did little “me too!” Joel. When the wonderful visit was over, Dad returned to Rome to finish making film, “Ulysses,” crammed with memories—and hot dogs!

JEFF CHANDLER is a devoted father and he worries about what a divorce in the family would do to Jamie, a serious, warmly affectionate child, and happy-go-lucky Dana. And though, since his separation, Jeff’s name’s been linked with many leading glamour girls, his heart and his spare time from making “Yankee Pasha” belong to his girls.
ALAN LADD wouldn’t think of going anywhere without his family. When he and Sue went to Europe, son David and daughter Alana, above, went too. And collected six dogs during their trek abroad! When Alan’s studio sent him to Spain for “Black Knight” scenes, the kids started packing. Where one Ladd goes, the rest are sure to follow.

GENE NELSON lost his head and heart temporarily, but deep down he worried about son Chris, especially dear to him because the Nelsons lost their first baby. His romance with Jane Powell over, Gene finished “Crime Wave” and headed East to try for a reconciliation with his wife, Miriam, and to spend time with his “spittin’ image” son.
Her nose bothers her—but not the men. They think it’s cute. Hollywood’s new, exciting young star is pursued by two men in her next picture, “Sabrina Fair”—Bill Holden and Bogey. Guess who gets her!
Girls who think elopements are romantic won't get him—he likes church weddings. But right now he's concentrating on his career, taking acting and diction lessons. Tab's latest is "Return from Treasure Island"
Now we know the secret of that gorgeous figure—exercise! But not too early—Jane’s a sleepyhead. The dynamic Jane decorates the screen in “The French Line.” This brunette’s definitely on the preferred list.
June tells us she's used Lux Toilet Soap ever since she was on the Broadway stage, at age 14. When she came to Hollywood, she found she was in pretty good company — 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use it regularly. Maybe you didn't get such a youthful start with Lux Toilet Soap, but there's no time like right now to find out why the Hollywood stars believe in it so. And—you can have your money back if you aren't just as pleased with Lux Soap as the stars are. Incidentally, you can see Hollywood stars on the Lux Video Theatre every Thursday evening.
DEAR BOSS

Thanks for suggesting an early vacation! You'll notice I got away in a hurry, too—because I bought one of those Expense-Paid Tours by Greyhound.

What a wonderful bargain! You see, it's not really a "tour"... because you're free to travel alone or with your own special friends—you can stop off wherever you choose—and there's no one conducting you around on a rigid schedule.

The whole thing is more like a delightful vacation-in-a-package. One price for the entire trip... including transportation (all arranged), hotels (all reserved and paid-for in advance), special sightseeing and entertainment.

I came down here on one of Greyhound's new "Air Suspension" buses (no metal springs in them!) and it was the most comfortable, scenic trip I've ever made. The people you meet on a bus seem to be more informal, neighborly—lots of fun... and the service was just grand all along the line.

Lots more to tell you about people and places when I get back!

P.S. You and the Mrs. ought to try a Greyhound Tour! Here's the kind of coupon that got me started...

**FREE! PLEASURE MAP OF AMERICA—WITH YOUR DETAILS**

Mail to Greyhound Information Center, 71 W. Lake St., Chicago 1, Ill. for handsome illustrated map to help plan vacations, estimate prices.

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Magic in Your Eyes

(Continued from page 63) particularly with their eye make-up, nearly enough. And they don't know what fun they're missing. If a girl will really study her looks and try a dozen or twenty different make-ups till she finds the right one, she'll know a real thrill."

To see how well Debra practices what she preaches, take a look at our color photograph of her on page 62. Her eyebrows didn't naturally grow so wing-like and distinctive. Her eyes did not always have that alluring upward swing. She started "training" both her brows and her lashes when she was only ten years old. Many girls begin thinking about how they look that young, but Debra did, because she had known ever since she was six years old that she meant to be an actress. She honed up on make-up just exactly as she did on singing, dancing and direction.

And it certainly paid off! The eyes had it when it came to her first big career break, the role of the almost-mute little Indian girl in "Broken Arrow." The part demanded a girl who could do most of her talking through her eyes. And Debra's luminous, distinctive eyes seemed to be made to order. Of course, as you know, she later wore brown contact lenses for this particular role, since there is no such thing as a hazel-eyed Indian—and Debra is hazel-eyed. But it was what she does with them that turned the trick.

When, as a child, Debra observed that her eyebrows were too close to her eyes, she set herself a rigid schedule. Three times every day she brushed the brows up, into the line she wanted them to follow. She touched them with vaseline to hold them in place by day. At night, she shaped them with lanolin.

At times, during the training period, Debra's eyebrows got a little shaggy, and then she learned the art of tweezing—just a hair here, another there. And now you see the glorious result.

As for her eyes seeming to slant upward, that's skill and artistry—a matter of good eye-pencil drawing. If you doubt this, look closely at Debra when she appears in "Prince Valiant" as Janet Leigh's sister. Because Janet's eyes are round, Debra's were made up round, too, the corners de-emphasized, rather than elongated. It's fantastic how much this makes her look like Janet. But right now, she's playing a "Princess of the Nile" (in the movie by that name) and she boned up on Egyptian art before she started to experiment with her make-up. Result is, her eyes are perfect Egyptian—tilted, long, exotically alluring.

The method Debra used to raise her brows years ago is one which every Hollywood star knows, and one with which you can easily do some eyebrow-raising of your own. The means by which Debbie Reynolds separated the space between her brows is even easier. Just tweezers.

The space between your brows should be baluster-smooth, and about the length of one eye. If that space is too great, you'll look startled; if it's too small, you'll seem to squint. The proper proportion is easy to achieve. Just pluck a few hairs out, or draw a few in, as the case may demand.

The actual drawing of the eyebrow line does take practice, and a sharp point on the pencil. But to begin with, are you sure you're using the right color?

Eyebrow pencils cost very little, and pay you dividends a thousand times over. So why not experiment a bit with shades? And with ways of applying your pencil? Have a look at the lines the stars wear, and then adapt them to your own facial structure—and to your age. You'll find a
fairly heavy brow is effective if you are mature. That's the reason for Joan Crawford's. There's a beauty who knows every trick in the book, and you know how ravishing she always looks, with those strong brows of hers dominating that gallant face. When she dips a few rhinestones into liquid adhesive and dots them along those brows, the result is wildly glamorous.

If you have red hair, either real or acquired at the beauty parlor, don't, don't bleach your brows to the same shade. Your brows are intended to draw attention down to the eyes, not up toward the hair. How much of her naturally exquisite beauty Arlene Dahl loses by matching her brows to her hair, there's no telling; but smart Miss Monroe wears quite dark brows to let you concentrate on those glinting orbs of hers.

Once you've mastered the ideal eyebrow shape, then you "shape" your eyes, and "color" them by the way you shadow your lids and mascara your lashes.

You've probably tried black and brown mascara—but have you ever experimented with blue, and gold, and blue-grey and green, or a combination of all of them? And have you thought about conditioning your lashes by daily care, so that they're supple and can take effective advantage of your mascara tricks? Joan Evans uses oil on her lashes at night to keep the ends of them soft and gleaming. She puts a little of the oil on the skin around her eyes, too, to soften it and, by day or candlelight, to give it an alluring glister.

Piper Laurie worked out her gold evening eye shadow by mixing various eyeshadow pastes—and with her carrot-top it is tremendously effective. Make up a color for yourself. Naturally you can't wear a very startling color during the day, but at night you may go as far as you like, or as your date likes. But heed this fundamental Hollywood rule: Eye shadow should seem to begin nowhere and end nowhere. It should simply fade off. The trick is a matter of subtle blending. Practice will soon show you the most effective method.

To "color" your eyes, you work both with eye shadow and mascara. Our mothers used to feel wildly "fashionable" when they matched a blue dress to blue eyes, or a brown velvet to brown ones. But Hollywood girls are more subtly color-conscious than that, as you can be. Subtle green eye shadow, subtle green mascara can make brown eyes startling. Lavendar shadows above blue eyes will give you that striking Liz Taylor effect. But any lines you draw around your eyes, even below them, should always end by going up. Lines going down are aging.

You will have put on all your other make-up before you do your eyes, because you don't want any powder over eye make-up—except possibly over your brows. If you powder your eyebrow line lightly after drawing it, (and then brush the excess powder off) it will stick, just as your lipstick does when you powder over that. But put your mascara on at the very last moment, when your eye shadow is all exquisitely blended, your nose all powdered, your lipstick flawless. And to be sure that your eyes look mysterious if it's night, or clear and sparkling if it's day, examine your make-up by a light as nearly like that which you are to be under later as you can possibly manage.

The true art of make-up, as Hollywood practices it, is to look as casual and as natural as possible by day, as bewitchingly glamorous as you can by night. And in no part of make-up does this hold true as much as in eye make-up.

Besides, to make a beauty of yourself is more fun than anything. Except romance, of course. And that, as night follows day, comes next.

Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet soap!

Even my dry skin looks blooming with this wholesome beauty-care!

—says fashion model

BEtty McMullEn

"Students at the Conover Personal Improvement School learn to beauty-wash twice a day with Cashmere Bouquet", says Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover), "I've seen so many skin types—dry, oily and normal—thrive on this regular care".

"I thought my skin was too dry for soap and water", states lovely Betty McMullen. "But Candy taught me to beauty-wash with Cashmere Bouquet. I just cream that fragrant lather over my face with my fingertips—and it leaves my skin glowing—softer—no more dry, flaky patches!"

So why don't you try this complexion care . . . watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet soap!
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!

New beauty comes *naturally* with Dial Shampoo because it leaves your hair dazzling clean, dancing with light. Wouldn't you love to try it—today?

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[Text continues with advertising details and product benefits]
cast on one leg throughout the picture and each morning after the fresh plaster hardens, I can't walk! Well, no one remembered that I'd have to go to lunch and back and forth to my dressing room! When it finally dawned on them, they had to hire a man just to push me around in a wheelchair!"

**Behind the Camera:** Jane Russell usually gets what she wants and after seeing Richard Egan's super-sexy acting in "Wicked Woman," Jane got him for her leading man in "The Big Rainbow" ... Burt Lancaster who does all his own trick riding in "Bronco Apache," has to wear a wide belt when he strips down to that handsome waistline. The scar from his recent operation still shows ... Cute and practical is the surprise they pulled on Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis who co-star again in "Men of Iron." U-I built for them a complete housekeeping, dressing-room bungalow right on the set—with just "Mister and Missus" lettered on the front door and a "Welcome" mat in front of it.

**Hollywood is Happy:** That Arlene Dahl's hit in José Ferrer's stage production of "Cyrano," compensated for her TV flop, eroo. Yes, Fernando Lamas flew to New York and stood in the wings to watch his beautiful Dahl ... That Rosemary Clooney's fine roles in "Red Garters" and "White Christmas" erased the memory of her wasted talents in "Here Come the Girls" ... That Esther Williams reconsidered and will now execute several sensational swimming numbers in her next film, "Athena," instead of only one.

**Lady in Waiting:** With Stewart Granger in England filming " Beau Brummell," every day seemed like a year to Jean Simmons. Then she read in the papers that RKO boss-man Howard Hughes sold her three-picture contract to an independent producer. It was the last straw and in tears Jean called her husband, Stewart urged her to get the details before she upset herself too much. Jean did and discovered she liked the first script, "A Bullet Is Waiting," very much. She still misses her man just the same!

**Naked Truth:** The Gary Coopers who have been separated for many moons are now living under the same roof but still going their separate ways. While Coop's making a movie in Mexico and dating the local lovelies, a young Hollywood architect escorts Rocky Cooper to various parties. The Coopers' devotion to their beautiful teen-age daughter, Maria, might have something to do with this unusual living arrangement ... Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger, married fourteen months and seemingly so happy, surprised Hollywood when they separated. Jane announces that a divorce will definitely follow ... And it's ditto for Ida Lupino and Howard Duff!

**Busy Beaver:** Cal caught up with June Allyson in the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Each hand was locked on to a junior member of the Powell family, who hugged in opposite directions. "Sorry I can't talk," she called out as the children dragged her off. "We're going to model at a fashion show and the kids can't wait to ham it up!"
The third, one minute after his divorce from wife number two becomes final.

The high cost of leaving was far more than a matter of dollars and cents in the Wayne case. There was the dirty linen that he had to wash. When the judge over John said that what hurt the most was that his four children had read the story, And how do you explain these things to your kids?

And the high cost of leaving Jess Barker is more than the bitter fight over the money she made and saved while Jess minded the twins. The toughest problem to face is the physical separation. They are too close to their father than to Susan, because he was with them more. The fierce fight over the community property, valued at between four and five hundred thousand dollars, is a battle Nature had, within the law, no lawyer for that sort of tug-of-war. You can scream, “This is mine. I earned it, with my very own blood, sweat and tears.” But there’s no yardstick for measuring the love of you. And the law looks only on the bankruptcy of affection you can’t help feeling when they spend time with the parent who no longer shares your heart and home. I know that, and I believe it. But I can’t agree. And despite the fury of their final blow-off; it might be less costly in many ways for Susan to forgive and forget.

There are three Hollywood lovelies whom I’ve always thought of as “The Tragic Trio” — Rita Hayworth, Lana Turner and Ava Gardner. No matter what their romantic status may be at the moment, there always seems to be an overton of sadness about them. Their personal lives are tattered hearts, and leave without their bank accounts.

That truism, “It’s the woman who pays,” seems to have been invented for Rita. She has paid through the nose for every marriage. She married a singer to the son of the richest man in the world, Prince Aly Khan, it cost Rita money, to say nothing of humiliation. When Cinderella came back from the glory that was Aly, her particular fault for the loneliness and for being flat broke and had to borrow from her agents. And while a Nevada court promised her a million dollars, she hasn’t yet collected a dime—for herself, or for her daughter by Aly, Princess Yasmin.

And you don’t have to be Sherlock Holmes to deduce where Dick Haymes found the $8,000 cash for his quick divorce from Gene. Jennifer Jones, you remember, had figured who pays Nora the $100 a week she demanded before she would sign the precious paper that paved the way for the marriage of Rita and Dick at the Sands Hotel.

Poor Rita—in more ways than heartbreak! She got nothing when she divorced Orson Welles, except a feeling of relief. And when she had her first husband, Ed Judith, a marriage for the love of him, something like $10,000. He was her manager and he claimed, rightly, that he had changed her from a little dancer into a big star. I wonder, if she’d have been happier as Margarita Cansino. It must be a question Rita asks herself, when, in spite of fame, she looks at her depleted fortune.

Or take Lana Turner. When she left Bob Topping, he left her $90,000 worth of debts. Bob claims they were Lana’s. It doesn’t matter now whose they were. Lana was stuck with them. Bob was supposed to be a millionaire when they married. I’ll never forget her wedding. Caviar flowed and champagne ran. The fancy hams had “I Love Lana” and “I Love Bob” written in gelatin. This marriage was “Forever.” But it didn’t integrate like the gelatin. They lived happily ever after in a house at Park Avenue. A yacht. Came the law, her divorce and the accounting.

So Lana marries Lex Barker who has a lot of charm, but no money. And who cares if he’s in love and stay married—contentedly.

Though Ava Gardner’s divorces have cost her a great deal—sometimes in money, sometimes in tears—for her, they had to happen. She emerged financially solvent from her marriage to Mickey Rooney, but she paid in loneliness and frustration.

Her marriage to Artie Shaw cost her her girlish naiveté. She would delete Frank Sinatra. She said before she left, when she returned from abroad. But after that reunion in Europe, whether or not these two split up finally and completely is anybody’s guess. They do, to break up a happy marriage.

The profit and loss sheet of the two-year marriage leaves Ava financially in the red. But she would have one legacy from Frankie—boy—more confidence in herself as a singer, as well as a woman. She has found that fame is not in her songs she has sung in her pictures. And during their marriage, she emerged as a fine comedienne in “Mogambo” with Clark Gable. I don’t think you can except to say the obvious—when you’re loved you can relax in your work. But the big pay-off for Ava, who doesn’t enjoy fame, who can get by with no money, is heartbreak and disillusionment.

It cost Jane Powell an apartment house and a huge packet of pride to break up her marriage to Geary Steffen. This ‘perfect’ marriage was tugged at by the demons of all of them. Jane was being pathetically deceptive (to herself more than anyone else) when she smiled and smiled in public while she was miserable at home. Here’s another truism: “You can’t break up a happy marriage.” And when Jane met Gene Nelson at Warners during the shooting of “Three Sailors and a Girl,” her secret erupted under the warmth of his sympathy.

The guy just happened to be Gene. He has been able to if it had been real love that broke up Jane’s marriage, the romance with Gene would have lasted longer. So, when Miriam Nelson held out for a reasonable settlement for herself and their son, Gene was unable to meet her demands. Janie, who not only suffered financially in her divorce from Geary, but also lost a huge amount of public approval, decided to cut her losses. She erased Gene from her life. Frankly I was glad. Now, if Jane will give herself a chance to find real, lasting happiness, the high cost of leaving will, by no means have been a total loss.

I was glad when Dean Martin kissed and made up with his Jeanne. For one thing, he just couldn’t afford another divorce financially. With two wives, his first wife, the handsome half of the Martin and Lewis combo, not only pays for their care and feeding, but gives three thousand dollars a month in alimony to his bride for thirty-six thousand a year.

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She and her husband will celebrate
their fourth wedding anniversary
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young wives, Mrs. Bruns feels her
best beauty insurance is Pond's Cold
Cream. "I notice the difference it
makes in my skin immediately," she
says. "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses
my skin really thoroughly—better
than any other care I know."

"It's simply amazing
how quickly
your skin looks
cleaner, finer!" says Nancy du Pont Bruns

Stand close to some girl you know: take
a good look at her skin. So often you'll
find that her complexion is spoiled by large
pores that even careful make-up can't hide.
You'll wonder "Why doesn't she do some-
thing about her skin?"

Your own face gets this "third degree"
many times during the day. Do people
think the same about you?

What many girls don't realize is that
most complexion faults are caused by
nothing but hidden dirt. Look at your skin
carefully after your usual clean-up. Do
the pores still look dirty? Now, pass your
fingers over your face. Are there little
roughnesses? Then your face care isn't
cleaning deeply enough.

Quickly—clear your skin
Pond's Cold Cream is specifically designed
to take care of the deeper dirt that ordinary
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Its unique oil-and-moisture formula
quickly softens and floats out hardened,
embedded dirt that encourages large pores
and blackheads. This is why each Pond's
Cold Creaming leaves your skin flawlessly
clean. And—you'll see—your skin looks
finer, so much clearer.

Replenishes oils and moisture
that keep skin looking smooth

Every day—outdoor exposure and dry
stuffy indoor heat rob your skin of its
natural oils and moisture. You must re-
plenish these softeners every day, or your
skin gets a coarse look . . . a dry, rough
"feel." Each Pond's Cold Creaming sup-
plies the oils and moisture your skin needs
—keeps your skin appealingly smooth.

This way of using Pond's Cold Cream
can transform your complexion!

1. Every night, circle fingerfuls of Pond's
Cold Cream briskly up and out from throat
to forehead. This Pond's circle-cleansing
frees embedded dirt. It brings up fresh color.
Tissue off this first creaming well.

2. Now—a snowy, beautifying "rinse" with
fresh fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream. This
time, tissue off lightly—leaving invisible
traces of cream for softening your skin
overnight, protecting it by day.

"Never, never have I had so many com-
pliments!" say girls who have adopted
Pond's Cold Creamings. Get Pond's Cold
Cream today in the large jar . . . compared
with the smaller jars, you average a third
more cream for your money!
ON PAGES 66 AND 67

Minx Modes Suit:
Brooklyn, N. Y.: Abraham & Straus

Inger Bag:
Phoenix, Ariz.: Goldwater's

Jolene Shoes:
Cleveland, O.: Wm. Taylor Son & Co.

Dawnelle Gloves:
Newark, N. J.: Kresge's

Kadin Bag:

Charm Belt:
Cincinnati, O.: John Shillito Co.

Rhythm Step: Sandal:
Coral Gables, Fla.: Krell's

Duchess Royal Suit:
Cleveland, O.: Sterling-Lindner-Davis

Flower Modes Carnations:
Dallas, Tex.: A. Harris & Co.

Naturalizer Shoes:
Philadelphia, Pa.: Lit Brothers

Wohl Shoes:
Columbus, O.: Morehouse Fashion Co.

Schaffer Belt:
New York, N. Y.: Saks 34th Street

Companion Bag:
Philadelphia, Pa.: John Wanamaker

Jana Bags:
Los Angeles, Cal.: Bullock's

Rhythm Step Casual Shoe:
Coral Gables, Fla.: Krell's

Washington, D. C.: Woodward & Lothrop

Henryson Umbrella:
Chicago, Ill.: Carson, Pirie Scott
New York, N. Y.: Bloomingdale Bros

ON PAGES 68 AND 69

Jaunty Junior Topper:
Birmingham, Ala.: Kesslers

Hartford, Conn.: Sage, Allen & Co.

Portland, Ore.: Chas. Berg, Inc.

Charm Belt and Collar:
Cincinnati, O.: John Shillito Co.

Cora Jewelry:
New York, N. Y.: Stern Bros.

Marcella Jewelry:
Detroit, Mich.: J. L. Hudson Co.

New York, N. Y.: Bloomingdale Bros.

Ciner Compact:
Detroit, Mich.: J. L. Hudson Co.

Glentex Scarves:
Boston, Mass.: Filene's

Los Angeles, Cal.: The May Co.

Orloff Watch:
New Orleans, La.: D. H. Holmes Co.

Fleischer Furs:
New York, N. Y.: B. Altman & Co.

Flower Modes Violets:
Dallas, Tex.: A. Harris & Co.

New York, N. Y.: Bloomingdale Bros.

Inger Bag:
Phoenix, Ariz.: Goldwater's

All Madcaps Hats:
Philadelphia, Pa.: Bonwit Teller's

All Wear-Right Gloves:

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES? Send your votes for the stars you want to see in Fotoplay

In color I want to see: ACTOR: ACTRESS:

(1) ____________________________ (1) ____________________________

(2) ____________________________ (2) ____________________________

I want to read stories about:

(1) ____________________________ (3) ____________________________

(2) ____________________________ (4) ____________________________

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

(1) ____________________________ (4) ____________________________

(2) ____________________________ (5) ____________________________

(3) ____________________________ (6) ____________________________

NAME _________________________ AGE _______________________

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.
Nice to Come Home to

(Continued from page 47)
Barbara and I had decided to go in for housekeeping in a large way. And the house we found was ideal for such a venture. Large. The two of us rattled around in it for seven days before I had to leave on a location trip. It was here that I left my bride—amid stacks of boxes, tons of tissue paper (all of which had to do with a multitude of wedding presents) and a good many possessions that I'd accumulated during my bachelor years.

I returned three months later to find order where there had been chaos. You've never seen such order. Everything was in its place. Even if Barbara hadn't been working days and coming home tired at night, this would have been a major project. "You're wonderful," I said, glancing around me.

"You might as well know—it's Mother who's so wonderful," said Barbara. "I was lost. But she came in and . . . ."

Mother Rush had promptly turned one of the bedrooms into a utility room. There in were neat piles of ski equipment, camera equipment, and the rest of my worldly belongings which had no place in the living room, dining room, and hallways. She seemed slightly surprised the tenth time I thanked her.

"I felt a little funny sorting out your things," she told me. "And I didn't want to throw anything away. That's something you can do, if you like."

"You should have seen her when she found your old letters," Barbara grinned. "She wouldn't even straighten them. Just pushed them all together and put them in the closet."

Mother Rush always seemed to appear when we needed her . . . when we moved into a small apartment, when we moved into a larger apartment in Westwood, and, most importantly, when Chris was born. She and I sat in the hospital waiting room together. We didn't say a word. We thumbed through magazines. We didn't read a word. Every so often she'd smile reassuringly. And, to me, that meant more than a million words. When I got my first glimpse at the contents of the small blue bundle held by the nurse, I guess I was like any new father. Floored.

"It's a baby," said Mother Rush helpfully. "He's a lovely baby."

"Is he?" I kept babbling. "Is he really all right?"

With Chris' arrival, we found ourselves facing a serious problem—Barbara's career. Her work is of prime importance to both of us, for we believe that marriage and careers do mix—and well. And there was a contract waiting for her at Universal—International. At U—I when you're not making a picture, you're taking lessons—singing, dancing, and dramatics. We've talked about it many times. "Of course, we can find some fine person to take care of the baby," Barbara said hopefully.

"A very capable person," I helped her hope.

"Can we find someone permanent?"

"Well, if she ever has to leave, we can get someone else . . . ."

"Hank, a succession of nurses might give the baby a terrible feeling of insecurity . . . ."

"Hmmmmm—and they'd all be strangers . . . ."

"That's when Mother Rush and Barbara's sister, Ramona, moved into an apartment about a block away from our own. Since then, Mother Rush has been taking care of us all—full time.

Problems? We have our share. However, they never seem to conform to the joke—book pattern. Take the one about the
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Cuticura

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mother-in-law who minds everyone's business except her own. Mother Rush goes straight to the other extreme—especially when it comes to telephone messages. Here's where we've had to ask her to be less inquisitive.

We'll come home and find a stack of names on the pad. "What did they want?" we ask her.

"I thought you'd know," is her reply. "I hate to question them when it seems to be none of my business."

A crisis? A couple of them. At one point, Mother Rush headed for the front door—and what looked like a final farewell. You see, I'm a great one for gadgets. I spot one and it's bought—no matter what it's meant to do. The trouble came one Thanksgiving, when I explained to Mother Rush that she'd mashed the potatoes in the new mixer I'd brought home, she would never do it by hand. It was her first try. Result: Wompooed potatoes on the kitchen walls.

In preparing the turkey, she tackled the special roasting device I discovered. She'd always used an oven, but I was enthusiastic and she was game. However, I neglected to mention that there was a trick to lifting the turkey out of the roaster. Result: one turkey on floor.

The dishwasher was the final straw. She was used to her own and didn't realize that ours took a special brand of soap. Result: a batch of flying soap sudz. With this, Mother Rush stalked out of the kitchen. "I have ruined the dishwasher," she moaned. "It's gone. I'm gone. At least I'm going. You won't have to ask me to leave."

Result: one son-in-law jumping up to bolt the door. And a few basic demonstrations in the Hunter kitchen.

Everyone has his own ideas on bringing up children. However, we've taken quite a few lessons from Mother Rush's book, bringing up the child, but not without even more later. Barbara and I have collected a number of volumes concerning the care and raising of little ones. And we've tried to follow their advice. One important lesson, the child must not be spoiled. To this end, we've given him a "No!" to a child. You're supposed to simply direct his interest to something else.

My mother-in-law silently went along with the theory. Then came the day Chris climbed up on the couch and reached for the knick-knack shelves. He was intent upon pulling them off the wall and his interest refused to be deterred by our warnings. After a while, I resorted to saying "No." Several times. Then I spanked his hand. Chris got hysterical. He laughed so hard he nearly fell off the couch. But—with patience—Mother Rush convinced him that it was no laughing matter. Now he knows that "No" is a word that should be respected. Since then, we've been combining psychology with a bit of the good old-fashioned way of bringing up children.

Mother Rush vows that our child is a great conversationalist. She and he have long talks, and they seem to understand each other perfectly. Barbara and I have decided that they have a language all their own. We came home one night and found Mother Rush beaming. "Wait till you hear Chris," she said, proud as punch.

Expectedly, we expected him to break into a recitation of the Declaration of Independence. Mother Rush's expression left little doubt in our minds. Chris looked at us. "Ca?" he said.

"Ca?" I repeated, hoping for a clue.

"Your son is saying 'Ca,' of course," said Mother Rush icily. "Anyone would know that." And she still thinks so.

When it comes to raving about our son, Barbara and I stick to our guns. We've always vowed that we'd avoid going on for hours about how cute or clever he might be. But when other couples begin their small fry, we can always manage to bring out a few dozen photographs. However, we can count on Mother Rush's know-how to check us when we go overboard.

Actually, she has no hand and fast rules about raising children—or about how we should conduct our lives. "It's your life," she'll say. "All young people have their ups and downs. But they are no such things as real mistakes—only experience. And that's how you learn to work things out for yourselves.

She knows very little about the movie industry. She's never tried to offer any advice regarding our careers. And we've taken our cue from Mother Rush as far as Chris' upbringing is concerned. "In a family, if the parents stand for the best thing, things will come out alright," she's told us. "If there's been a good family relationship, it will show up when the child is on his own. Give him a basic philosophy and teach him to use his own mind."

It's something to remember. Barbara and I are both from happy homes. That's why we believe we have a solid foundation for marriage. And now we have roots—a house of our own. It boasts three bedrooms and a den. And outside there's a large play area for Chris. Nearby, there's a small guest house, where Ramona and Margaret can live. But they are not in charge. Mother Rush thinks it's great for all of us. When she first saw it, she uttered some mighty thoughtful words. "I'm glad we're together, but it's necessary to be separated too. I want you to feel you have your homelife to yourselves. And remember that!"

Life with mother-in-law goes on as usual. When Barbara and I are working, Mother Rush slips over at the crack of dawn to feed Chris and make the coffee. She takes care of him until we come home. She cleans the house, manages to see that our clothes are without wrinkles, and now takes telephone messages like a first-rate secretary. It's little wonder Barbara and I never laugh at the story of the husband who tells his wife, "If we ever argue, dear, I'll go home to Mother—your mother."

But I know that we'll both be going home to Mother Rush quite often. Together, of course!

(Def is in "Three Young Texans"; Barbara is in "Magnificent Obsession").

EXCITING NEWS IN APRIL!
The names of the stars who have won Hollywood's oldest award

THE PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL
Be smart—he at your newstand early for this big issue of the year. On sale March 10
Guy Madison's Marriage

(Continued from page 43)

at the time of her arrest. She had failed to pass two sobriety tests.

Gail unconsciously clenched and unclenched her hands as she listened, but she didn't weep. Her voice was low and steady when she voiced her plea: "Not guilty!"

Her attorney asked for a continuance of the case to January 18.

Minutes later, she walked out of the courtroom to face the bright lights and the prying questions. Her head was high. She knew that beyond—in the shadows—Guy Madison was waiting.

How different she was from the girl who, two mornings before, had been irrational and nearly hysterical, who had touched the ordinarily stony hearts of jailbeat photographers when she flinched in the glare of their flashbulbs and made a pathetic little witticism: "I haven't had my picture taken for some time."

Only a few years ago Gail Russell had been one of the brightest young stars in Hollywood. Remember "The Uninvited," "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," "The Angel and the Bad Man," "Salty O'Rourke?" But lately her luck had failed. Ironically (who knows how painfully for Gail?) Guy Madison's once "dead" career had, on the merits of his Wild Bill Hickok characterizations on radio and TV, zoomed to new heights. "The Charge at Feather River" is a smash success, and more big adventure films loom for him under terms of his new million-dollar contract with Warner Brothers.

For Gail, this sordid arrest was just one more grim chapter in a success story which had turned sour. And, as on the day her name was smeared across the front pages in connection with the John Wayne divorce case, Gail was alone when it happened.

Two mornings before, while Gail was being booked and fingerprinted, Guy Madison had been fast asleep in his bachelor apartment, unaware that his wife had been driving about the city streets alone, dazed and lost. She was literally lost, as she explained to the police officers, and she was spiritually lost, for the moment, in the whirlpool of her own intense emotions.

But today Guy was loyally at her side, and Gail could feel confident and safe.

There have been speculations, since Guy rushed to Gail's rescue in this latest heartbreak chapter in their lives, that the two would reconcile.

This is not likely.

Less than a week before the arrest incident, Guy had told Photoplay in an exclusive interview that there would be no reconciliation. But divorce, he said, was not an immediate possibility, because Gail was "recovering from a severe emotional disturbance," and "thinking things out."

It was apparent, as he spoke, that he would do no brutal slamming of doors. Perhaps, deep, deep in the recesses of his heart, there was a secret, but a secret even from his conscious mind—that there was still a slim thread of hope for this battered marriage.

They had just returned together from Seattle where Guy had taken Gail in the hope that she would enter a renowned sanitarium where she could have intensive psycho-therapeutic treatment away from the tension-making Hollywood world.

For Gail needed such help, and at last had agreed to accept it. The story had been kept out of the columns and away from the gossip-mongers, thanks to the loyalty of Guy's and Gail's co-workers and close friends.

But the tragic "mystery problem" which is the core of the Madisons' marital trou-

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BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, PIONEER OF WORKLESS WASHDAY

*MODEL-WDN
Gail recoiled from Chata Wayne's charges—that John had spent a night with Gail and laughed at her at first with bid intensity that she had become increasingly unable to work, unable to cope with any of the responsibilities of her life.

These periodic "blues," phases of dark, brooding melancholy in which she herself off from friends and family, were characteristic of Gail long before she ever met and fell in love with Guy. Probably her deep-rooted unhappiness propelled her to so. In the same breath she confided that she planned to go for long walks in the rain, alone.

Gail's mother said frankly, soon after Gail was discovered in a Santa Monica art class and plunged practically overnight into film stardom, that her daughter was a lonely, shy little girl who "locked herself away in her room" for days at a time, refusing to talk even to her family.

Undoubtedly Guy, when he fell in love with Gail, was puzzled by her "moodiness." But he was confident, as he is confident about everything, that once they were married, Gail would abate. Gail was all abated, her old loneliness and her fears and be a happy wife. "I thought I could make her happy ... otherwise I would never have married her," Guy says. And Gail hoped to do. She was happy, hopeful. It was, she thought, her only chance. But marriage, new responsibilities of home-making, family planning, piled upon her already overwhelming strain of making four to five pictures a year, apparently hastened the spiraling pattern of self-defeat.

And Gail through all this? He was a man distraught, convinced that he had failed his sensitive wife, that she had recoiled in some terrifying way he couldn't understand—had not fulfilled his part of the marital bargain.

Desperately, he urged Gail to seek psychiatric help. And her closest friends, joined with him in his entreaties. At their insistence, she had consulted doctors from time to time, but never consistently enough to fortify herself against the pummeling she felt she was being dealt by life.

She had refused to part with her husband and her home for intensive treatment, begging Guy not to "put her away."

Until, that is, her name was dragged into the Wayne divorce case.

Guy recoiled to Chata Wayne's charges—that John had spent a night with Gail and laughed at her at first with bid intensity, then, characteristically, with despair. Despite John Wayne's prompt defense of her reputation, Gail was crushed. She was alone at the time, except for the woman friend, a nurse, with whom she had lived since her separation. Guy was out of touch with the world, hunting in Idaho, not even aware that Gail was in trouble. She couldn't face it alone. She went into an emotional tailspin which landed her in a hospital, sick and exhausted.

When Guy returned, Gail told him, her eyes bleat, that she was ready to seek help. She could no longer deceive herself that she could handle her problems alone. Elated for her, filled with hope that Gail might help herself, Guy arranged for her stay at the Pine Sanitarium in Seattle and took her there himself.

But it didn't work. Gail couldn't go through with it. It was bearable so long as Guy was with her, but Guy had to go back to Hollywood. Guy, like any husband, had to return to work. Radio recording dates, television shooting schedules, pre-production conferences for his next film all were waiting.

"Don't leave me," she begged him. "Take me with you.

He brought her home.

"I couldn't force the issue," Guy said upon their return. "No treatment in the world does any good if you're fighting it. Gail has to make up her own mind."

So they were back in their separate homes in Hollywood, Gail "thinking things out" and Guy working with grim determination at his three-way career. "I work hard, and I play hard," he said, when he was asked how he kept going in the face of his and Gail's long-secret tragedy. And, he glovered, "I don't want anyone worrying about me, ever."

Divorce plans were, for the time being, in abeyance. This issue, too, he made it clear, he would not force.

Ultimately, Guy indicated, he expected Gail to go to court and take her freedom. And, after she had had time to "face things, decide what she wants to do with her life."

And, he added, "Gail can do anything she really wants to do."

Unless, he implied, what she wanted to do was to try again to patch up their broken marriage. That was over, he made it very clear. The inference was that if

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shoulder, and I was in the movies," he said then, "and it's quite possible that another fellow will tap me on the shoulder, and I'll be out." It didn't really matter. He had never had any trouble finding a job, since he had sixteen and needed money for college tuition. He didn't expect to have any trouble now.

And Gail?

She balked at going to Paramount at all. The word came that not Talent Scout Bill Meiklejohn wanted her for a screen test. "Mother," she said then, "practically dragged me.

In her first picture, in which, despite her apprehension, she gave a good performance, she was "paralyzed with fright." After her third, in which she was starred for the first time, she had a complete nervous breakdown.

She had worked too hard, and fought too hard—fought everybody, including her reluctant self.

Guy Madison, at the outset, was really no great shakes as an actor. His inexperience was especially evident in his first post-war picture, "Till the End of Time," in which he was co-starred with and cruelly overshadowed by Dorothy McGuire. Nobody admitted his shortcomings more candidly than Guy himself, and he did something about it: signed up with a good coach to learn something about this business he had stumbled into by accident.

Gail, on the other hand, always had the spark, the "artistic touch," as Guy himself said. "She has more talent in her little finger," he put it, "than I'll ever have."

But so much of her energy went into the frenzied effort to do a good job, and then into even more frenzied worry because she hadn't done better, that she was increasingly unable to work, turned down by producers who couldn't risk the production delays that her emotional instability threatened.

Guy's career hit the skids before Gail's. The war was over and more experienced leading men were coming back to the films in droves. Also, Selznick, who held Guy's contract, was temporarily out of production. Guy couldn't have been less worried. He still got his nice pay-check every week, while his contract lasted, and he had all the time he wanted for once to hunt and fish and shoot, to live.

Gail, who had been "paralyzed with fear" at the very prospect of a movie career was now even more paralyzed at the prospect of losing it. When Guy, after a couple of lean years in which jobs were very scarce for them both, made his first really substantial hit as Wild Bill Hickok in 1951, it only intensified her own sense of failure.

She wanted to rejoice for Guy, and she tried. But what was observable on rare occasions when they appeared publicly together, was a more morose and anguished despair for herself. She felt as though of as the role of tag-along wife.

It was tragic but it was true. Guy's new eminence, which made it possible, financially, for Gail to put worry about career behind her once and for all, to start thinking again about the "round doze kids" Guy had always said he wanted—now actually was the final reel upon which their precarious marriage shattered.

Guy Madison had struggled long an silently to save his marriage, tried every tactic he could think of including "tem porary" separation from Gail, but couldn't be saved. Guy's simple, straightforward way of dealing with life and its problem is out of reach for a girl as un happy and insecure as Gail.

Unless, of course, she helps herself to the help available to her. The trip to Seattle was a failure, an, Guy, as he said, couldn't force the issue. But life itself, perhaps, will.

Whatever the judge decides in this case which a frightened Gail Russell is facing up to, it is probable that she will realize finally that the only alternative to a procession of even grimmer misadventures lies within herself.

Emotional disturbance, of course, even more than alcohol, can be held responsible for Gail's erratic behavior on the night of her arrest. But if she had sought relief in drinking—as many unhappy people do, in Koekuk or Oakaloosa no less than in Hollywood—this new ordeal of trial by jury may force her at last to face her problems squarely.

Her fans, as well as her many loyal friends, will hope so. For Gail is too gifted a girl, and too good a person—as Guy says, "Her basic qualities are as fine and sound as anyone's I've ever met"—to be wrecked in the storm of her own turbulent emotions.

And as Guy says (and he says it will love and admiration and deep respect for the girl who is still his wife), "It's up to Gail now."
Terry and Her Gang

(Continued from page 58)

As for me, I love it. And it’s given me a couple of interesting hobbies of my own: keeping up Terry’s scrapbooks and taking pictures of her and her gang. One of the hots I’m proudest of is that one on page 9 of Terry, Bob Wagner and the red apple.

At our house anything can happen—and almost always does. The other morning Terry rushed in breathless, as usual, to slip out of her dancing-class costume and into port dress for a golf date with Bob Wagner.

At the door, she tossed back the intelligence that Susan Zanuck could make the most divine chop suey. So, instead of the barbecue they’d planned for that night, he was going to prepare a Chinese dinner on the patio. That’s my Terry. She doesn’t enjoy cooking (though she can do it) and so she’d organized a party in which he guests would do the cooking. Luckily we have a large, completely furnished patio with an electric barbecue and roaster.

Later, I went out to see if they needed anything. My daughter, as usual, was talking a blue streak. Terry, a great little manager, was doing the organizing; young Steve Rowland was setting the table. Lor Nelson and Merry Anders were mixing a weird assortment of ingredients—vinegar, pineapple and molasses—to make a basting sauce for the ribs: Johnnie Ray was accompanying himself on the record player.

Willy Hilton informed Steve that the forks and knives were placed all wrong.

Bob Wagner, resisting Terry’s invitation to baste the ribs, said firmly, “Sorry, goodby. Just remembered a fascinating dentist appointment.” Just then chief-cook Susan Zanuck recruited him to taste the chop suey. He made a very face and he accepted he was steaming.

Did you follow the recipe?” he asked, his face contorted as he gulped down the sample. “Sure,” said Susan. “Was it in the original Chinese?” he kidded.

But, just the same, it must have been good. Because later the pot was empty and, again under Terry’s direction, they were washing dishes and clearing up.

“Now popcorn for dessert,” Terry called.

“You can’t have popcorn with a Chinese dinner,” Bob scoffed, then switching into a veddy, veddy correct British accent, “Why it’s as shockingly bad taste as not dressing for dinner on safari—unforgivable, quite y’know. The dinner we’ve just enjoyed—and I use the word advisedly—calls for almond cakes and preserved kumquats and fortune cakes.”

“Ve’ve got those, too, Buster,” Terry assured him, matter-of-factly, “but who can live without popcorn?”

Terry already had the electric corn-popper going. Popcorn is a passion with her and her gang—has been for years. Sometimes I think the bowl must have an invisible hole in it since the contents vanish as if spirited away by a magician. But I’m always delighted to keep bringing in more and more refill

Always our house has been a center of activity. A wedding announcement or the news that a friend—in pictures, or not—is expecting a baby inevitably calls for an appropriate celebration. “Come on over tonight,” Terry will say and soon the walls rock, and the patio floor jumps and the spinet piano shakes. We have two telephones with two different numbers—we need them both—and it’s a sight to see Terry run back and forth holding two simultaneous conversations.

I remember one time when Terry and I were washing the dinner dishes and I began to reminisce about taffy-pulls in my Idaho small-town youth.

“That’s a wonderful idea,” Terry said quickly, “When the kids come over tonight we’ll have a taffy-pull.” Later the whole crowd, fingers dusted with flour, took over my kitchen. But it wasn’t the light tan taffy of my youth. For Terry decided they’d have theirs in Technicolor. She added food coloring and was enthusiastic over the poisonous looking blue and green and red results. And then the creativeness of actors came to the fore. Some made guns and lariats of the taffy and became badmen in Westerns; others fashioned handlebar moustaches and formed a quartet, singing, “She’s Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage,” and Jerome Courtland groaned and grunted while he lifted his rope of taffy high over his head, pretending he was Atlas, the strong man. I never cease being amazed—

and amused—at the ease with which they do wonderful and hilarious imitations.

Some months ago we decided to move from Glendale. When the agent showed us our present house in Westwood, near the studio and UCLA (where Terry takes night courses), Dad and I were interested in its utilitarian features and price. But Terry, who loves cheerful surroundings, looked at the colorful walls, the unbelievable number of closets, the large patio, the versatile den, huge living room and said, “This is it! Wonderful for parties.” And when the agent pointed out that music from a special system was piped to each room and the patio, Terry was overjoyed. She’s always loved music—in fact, the moment she enters the house, goes to the record player.

“This house was just made for entertain-

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I Wouldn't Want Him Tamed

(Continued from page 64)

played only thugs—real tough characters."

Many people picture Richard as an un-
predictable Huck Finn with a suave Oxford
accent. I admit Rich is probably the worst-
dressed man in pictures. But my husband,
who has been called the poor man’s Lau-
rence Olivier and the British Marlon Bran-
do, is quite unlike other non-conformists.

Off-stage, at home or at a party, he has the
unreined playfulness of a colt.

Rich delights in shocking stodgy people,
yet no one can ever get angry with him. I
remember what Emlyn Williams, his good
friend and discoverer, once said of him.

"Burton," declared Williams, "shouldn’t be
allowed near a columnist. That voice of his
constantly bristles with indiscretions." But
even his enemies agree that he is a charac-
ter, with "charm enough," a friendly enemy
once said, "to set the Mona Lisa giggling."

When we first came to Hollywood, we
had no place of our own, so we moved in
with our good friends, the Stewart
Grangers. (When Rich moves, he merely
borrows a razor and packs a toothbrush.)

Since Rich had no car, and had no inten-
tion of buying one then, Jean Simmons
rented him her racy Jaguar roadster. Oc-
casionally people would ask him what
poor Jean was doing while he drove
around in her car. "Oh," he'd chuckle,
"she just takes cabs."

That, of course, is just Richard's way
of expressing the Welsh impishness that
bubbles constantly inside him. Yet I have
never known a less conceited or a less
demanding man. One day, before the actual
start of "The Robe," Rich was doing ward-
robe tests when he got something in his
eye. Instead of making a fuss, or insisting
that he be driven immediately to a doctor,

he quietly left the stage, walked a half
mile across the lot to the studio hospital.

had the eye treated and walked a half
mile back again. Another time, during the
shooting of the picture, he and I had
lunched at the studio. We finished early,
so we decided to get a little of the wonder-
ful California sun before Rich went back

... (rest of the text is not transcribed)
Nunnally Johnson, urging him to bring him over from London for the part of Philip Ashley in "My Cousin Rachel." When we arrived in Hollywood and were invited to the Bogart's, the first thing the untamable Burton did was to "skate" across the huge marble floor in the Bogart's loggia, like a boy sliding on ice.

Actually, Richard adores parties, though he moans and groans at a great rate when he learns we're going to one. But that, I think, is because he hates to get dressed up. "No matter what I wear," he says, "I always look like an unmade bed." Once he arrives at a party, it's almost impossible to get him to leave. He and the Bogarts' have some 600 Welsh songs and can recall at least a thousand others, if pushed; and when his spirits are high, he'll sing them all.

Though Richard is a marvelous companion and the easiest person in the world to live with, occasionally, like most Welshmen, he becomes distant and withdrawn—but only for an hour or two. When he gets that way, I just leave him alone for a while. When I come back, he says, "Sorry I was moody," and that's that.

Only rarely have I seen him reallylivid with anger. And when that happens, it's almost always because of some lack in himself. In his work Richard is a complete perfectionist; he almost never fluffs a line. But one day, during a scene for "The Robe," he kept getting words tangled and he got so furious with himself that he literally pounded his head against a wall. I want my husband to remain just as he is, unchanged, with all his quirks, his verbal indiscretions, his rare moodiness and irresistible impudence. And I no doubt feel that way because he has always held that his most prized possession is his wife.

Yet the day we were married, I was all but convinced that Richard would never find a more worthy partner at the game of Rugby, the British version of football.

Both of us were born in South Wales—Richard in Tylerslton, Rhondda Valley, and I in the tiny mining village of Pontrhydyfen (pronounced "Pontradeven"). Richard's real name is Jenkins, and he is the youngest of thirteen children. His father and six brothers were coal miners, but all worked themselves into better jobs in later life. I am not ashamed to admit that I and his family lived in the slums.

Fortunately for Richard, a great and wonderful man named Philip Burton, a high-school teacher whose name Rich adopted when he turned professional actor, became interested in the crude, chubby little Jenkins kid. It was Mr. Burton, whom Richard still calls "my second father," who taught the young miner's son how to speak English with a Welsh accent, introduced him in dramatics, permitted his scholarship to Oxford and even paid for Rich's clothes during his year at the University.

As Richard says, his stage career began all too easily, because, though he was only sixteen when he won the scholarship, he couldn't actually enter Oxford, under the school's rules, until he was twenty years older. Meanwhile, Emlyn Williams, another Welshman and the famed author of "The Corn Is Green," was advertising in Welsh newspapers for someone who could speak Welsh fluently, and Richard could speak Welsh, and, with typical brashness, believed he could look twenty-two. So he read for Williams, landed the role in "The Corn Is Green," and, which ran for seven months at St. Martin's Theatre in London, and then toured on the road for three months more. After his year at Oxford, Richard enlisted in the Royal Air Force, was sent to Canada to train as a navigator, then landed in New York at war's end with eighty cents in his pockets.

He and a friend, David Evans, sang Welsh songs for their supper, slept on the steps of a post office and in the subways. But before long, Richard made his way back to London and almost immediate stardom. Oddly enough, it was through Emlyn Williams that Richard and I ultimately met. I had heard that Williams was casting a Welsh film called "The Last Days of Dolwyn," so I went to him and managed to land a tiny role with no more than two or three lines. As it happened, Richard was playing the juvenile, with a fat, important part. Early in rehearsals, he began teasing me—I was just eighteen—because I had gone to try to get in and we were going out together, and then after a few weeks more, it was settled that we were to be married.

But actually, we weren't married until five years later—this is where that memorable Rugby game comes in. For the record, I doubt that there is in this world so rabid or violent a fan as a Welshman who loves the national game of Rugby.

As it happened, the day we were married—it was February 5, 1949—Wales was playing Scotland for the championship. So fierce was the rivalry that at least 40,000,000 Britons were glued to their radios waiting for the results of that game.

Richard and I were married at 8:45 in the morning, and immediately after the wedding breakfast at a friend's flat, we separated—I do to a matinee of "Harvey," in which I was then appearing, while Richard who was rehearsing in "The Lady's Not for Burning," stayed on at the flat with one of his brothers to listen to the play-by-play account of that Rugby match. No escorting of the blushing bride to the stage-door by her loving groom.

When we got home from the flat, I found Richard's brother dissolved in tears and my brand-new husband manning with grief. Finally, Rich lifted his face from his hands, glared at me and snapped: "Well, woman, what do you want?"

Wales, you see, had lost to Scotland. On the positive side, this husband of mine has a fantastic memory; he can repeat lines from any play he's ever done. Yet he can't dial his own phone number, his birthday, the date or the titles of his plays. Or so he says. Recently he confided to a reporter that authoress Daphne du Maurier wanted him to star in the film version of her best seller, "The King's General." Reminded that the name of the book is "The King's General," Rich said, "Well, I believe the man dies in the end, anyway.

Under no circumstances will Rich read anything for me. If he's bad, he says, "they upset me, and if they're good, they're not good enough." And he never goes to see his own pictures; he did once, and the sight of himself on the screen gave him the creeps. Richard's father, now well over eighty, has never seen him in a film, either. "That's because," Rich says devilishly, "there are so many pubs, or bars, on the way to the cinema."

As for Richard, as some phrenologist said of the late Bernard Shaw, there's a hole where his bump of reverence should be. When some one asked him whether he decided he wanted the part of Marcellus, he said, "The moment I read the role in "The Robe" after he read the novel or after he read the script, Rich replied with a glimmer in his eye, "Neither. I wanted it because every actor I knew coveted the part."

"Well," the interviewer, "anyone could have changed Richard, squeeze him into a mold or bottle his bubbling spirits. I know I wouldn't want him tamed, not ever! He's wonderful and ex- citing. I can't imagine him being fun, just as he is. Even if he does love Rugby almost as much as he does his wife!"
Look at Me Now!

(Continued from page 38)
to tell my troubles to ten other people? Or just let my thoughts smolder away inside me? I was disappointed and I wanted them to know it. I told them so in no uncertain terms. But there was respect in my mind as well as in my voice—and they knew that, too.

If I feel that I’m justified, I sound right off. But these days, I try to think before I begin making sounds. There was a time, however, when I was pretty young and didn’t understand that there was more than a word in the dictionary.

When I first got into movies, people used to flip at the way I talked to producers and directors. Apparently, newcomers are expected to be all ears and few words. I’d just walk in and start yakking away a mile a minute. Up until the time I won a contract, I’d been strictly a movie-star fan. Producers and directors? They were mere-ly the screen credits that held up the start of the show.

Because I didn’t know how great these people are, I just didn’t realize that I was supposed to be scared. I’m glad now. Otherwise, it might have taken me much longer to learn that they are kind and understanding gentlemen.

I can’t honestly say that I was ever subdued and shrinking violet, even when I was just a kid. I remember once in junior high school when campaign speeches were the order of the day. I’d been elected to speak for a friend who was a candidate for the presidency of the class. I sat very quietly while our worthy opponents had their say. “Faculty members, classmates, friends...” they’d begin, stating their platforms with dignity. Then came my turn.

I had a secret weapon. A cowbell! When I got up, I rang it to the rafters. After that, I launched into my little talk. “Wardens, fellow inmates, members of our jail... if we work hard enough we might get out of here. But right now, what we need is a leader for this cell block.”

The kids loved it. The faculty? Well, a short time later I was facing the principal. “Mary Frances,” she said sternly. (For that’s my real name). “We all like to see you enter into the school activities. However, don’t you think you might confine your speeches to traditional types?”

Thereafter, she suggested, it would be an excellent idea if I handed in copies of speeches I intended to make. Just to be on the safe and sane side. So I’d hand them in. They were fine speeches. But strict schoolwork. I’m a little ashamed to remember that I seldom made them. Sometimes else always seemed to pop into my mind.

That crazy Franny,” they used to say at school. “She’s got enough nerve for ten people!” And most of the time, that was a kind of a compliment. I was simply considered the local character. Every institution of learning has one. I was the girl who’d go to the football and baseball games and note with grave concern that the spectators on our side were wasting their lung power on plain, ordinary conversation. So I’d dash down front, rally the cheerleaders and give the folks in the grandstand a loud pep talk about cheering the team.

When the fellows played baseball during school hours, the coach would get me out of my sixth period class so I could be the lending vocal and moral support. “That Reynolds,” they’d say. “She has a ball.”

Everyone has his or her own idea of a good time. And now that I look back on it, I’m afraid some of mine were pretty wacky. I was one of the ringleaders of a group that used to break the monotony of downtown traffic in Burbank. We’d stroll

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be as fly-away as my temper. Now I’m managing to keep it under control—at least most of the time. And I love the smooth clothes that seem to fit into the new picture.

Now don’t get me wrong. I’m still no timid flower. And I don’t intend to be. I’m certainly not one for standing in a corner and coming out just long enough to be walked all over. There are a lot of things a girl has to be prepared to stand up for. Her ideals, for instance. And it isn’t always easy.

Not so long ago, I told someone off at a cocktail party. I don’t drink or smoke and there was one guest who kept insisting that I start immediately. “No thank you,” said I.

“Ay, try it,” he insisted.

“I really don’t care for it,” I told him.

“Come on, Deb. You’ll love it.”

Finally, I ended our verbal go-round. “Now look,” I said. “I hope you won’t get angry, but I’d honestly rather not have any. If you want me to argue about it, I’ll argue. Then I’ll go home.”

Well, that was that. Because I stood my ground at first, the matter is rarely a problem anymore. When I go to a party, the host or hostess hands me a Coke or ginger ale and life is a lot more beautiful.

I still get ribbed about my Girl Scout activities. I’m good at cooking, but ridiculous is out...especially when it concerns things as fine as cooking. A boy I barely knew called one evening to ask what I was doing and I told him I was going to a Scout meeting. He got hysterical, laughing. “I don’t mean to be rude, so I’ll tell you I’m going to hang up,” I told him. And I did.

He called back and apologized and my opinion of him rose considerably. I believe he has more respect for me, too.

There’s nerve and then there’s nerve. Every so often there comes a time when I have to stop and gather mine in a grown-up manner. That’s when a fellow’s been dating begins to feel that he’s in love with me. I feel that he isn’t...not really. And I know that I don’t care for him in that way. Perhaps he likes me very much, but that still doesn’t mean I care enough to want to marry him. Yet, I don’t want to lose his friendship.

Don’t get me wrong. This doesn’t happen every day in the week. But it is a problem that comes to all girls at one time or another. Many boys want friendship on a more romantic basis. Especially if they’re old enough to want to settle down. I’m far from ready. I’ll be ready only when I find the man I love and want to be with for the rest of my life. I think my new-found maturity is helping me in handling the situation.

When you’ve gone with a boy for five or six months, you know pretty well whether you feel something for him or whether it’s just a friendship thing. And I just can’t believe in getting a boy but I care a great deal more than I do. It’s not fair to either of us. What then?

I have been cowardly and tried to create an argument as an excuse for breaking up. When you launch into explanations fellows get very upset. “Debbie, you have a closed mind,” one boy told me.

“If I didn’t know what I was feeling, I’d certainly never try to explain it to you,” I told him.

It’s a chance I have to take on losing a friendship value. So far, it’s paid off. “Maybe you’re right, Deb,” this boy said a few days later. “I’ll wait and see.”

I guess nerve is a pretty good thing to have, after all. I’ve got mine. And I’m going to keep it. But I’m going to keep it under control. That’s part of my new look—my growing up—so I can be proud to say “look at me, now!”

The End
(Continued from page 51)

grasshopper, doing better than seventy miles an hour." When Bob finally
was flagged down, a few miles farther on, he got out of the car (he had not been drink-
ing) and handed the policeman his keys.

"What are they for?" asked the mys-
tified officer.

"Maybe my driver's license is in the
trunk," Bob depanned.

Mitch, however, had finally produced his
driver's license from his wallet, then
asked, "What have I done?"

"You were doing seventy-four."

The police officer proceeded to fill out a
citation, but when Bob came to his correct
address, the officer reportedly re-
plied, "I don't have to tell you."

Then suddenly, while the officer was
still writing the citation, Mitch got into
his car and raced away. Ryan, unable to
catch Bob again, returned to the
West Los Angeles police station, he
found Officer David Sellers on the phone.

"It's Mitchum," said Sellers. "He claims
some officer stole his driver's license."

Ryan, according to the newspaper ac-
tcounts, then took up the conversation,
and asked Mitchum why he had driven
off. "I didn't know who you were, Dad,"
he quoted Mitchum. "I thought you were
a bandit or something, so I went home."

Other stories stated that Mitchum also
asked the officer, "You got a witness, but,
now?"

And when the patrolman said he hadn't,
Bob reputedly grinned and quipped, "Well,
neither have I. See you in court."

At 3:00 A.M. when reporters swooped
don one home in Malibu, Ryan,
you, found Dorothy home but Mitch
gone—"out with a friend," according to
the patently distressed Mrs. Mitchum.
The next day Mitchum was face to face with a
possible five years, thirty-five and five
fines, based on a
triple complaint issued by the
Deputy City Attorney's office. The charge
was escape from lawful custody, resisting, ob-
structing and operating an inadver-
tent offense against the per-
formance of his duty, and doing seventy
miles an hour in a thirty-five-mile zone.

Fortunately for Bob, his wife and young-
sters, the judge before whom he appeared
a few days later, let him off with a
$200 fine, but castigated him severely for
doing "an extremely silly thing."

"Yes, Your Honor," Bob admitted, now
thoughful, "it was a silly thing to do. I'm sorry."

It must be said for Bob that he took his
notoriety and punishment without a mur-
mur, paid his fine and went on his way
without mentioning the whole thing. His
home studio, RKO, could have provided
Bob with a mighty battery of high-priced
legal eagles to defend him. But Bob
thanked them politely and declined all
assistance.

"I said if I'm
sent in jail, I'm gonna do it and take it."

"If I sound like a fool, I am, but I'm my own
folly. Nobody else's."

It is a curious character trait of Bob's
that when facing scenes he has never
ever to deal with it soberly and with
gravity on the spot. "I hide my feelings
if I'm panic-stricken," he admits. "I get
a tendency to crack wise."

This strange colleague could also ac-
count for the fact that he seems to take a
satanic pleasure in shocking people—in
deliberately spraying the air with lurid,
smokehouse language when the most cor-
rect matrons. His nom de plume of <name>
remark when he finds himself in stuffy
company is, "Well, when I was on a
Georgia chain gang . . . ."

There are those who think that, deep
down, Mitch actually hates himself for
real or fancied inadequacies—that in his
inner self he seeks his own destruction.

How else explain the Mitchum explozo
t that periodically lead to headlines?

Not long after Bob had returned fr0m
the Canada location for "River of No R
turn," for which he had been loaned o
Twentieth, he had a late call to see
some Bob when he had driven a
return to his dressing room to plan
give over his script while the lights were rein
readed. On an impulse, he decided
ded an outside telephone call. Repor
t of the incident vary, but the story is the
an inexperienced night operator e
failed to identify him or felt she cou
make the connection without front-offi
cal consent (see also: a wave on). At any rate, Mitch became en
raged at the supposed affront, gras
t the phone and yanked it from the wall.

The following day, when all the goss
it was all the girls "lizzed with the incident (see
extra girl on the set had leaked the story
Bob again tried to solve a tough situat
with a wise crack. Publicity, that is. But
aid to insist, he must have been humiliat
by his outburst. As he once confessed,
always manage to put my foot into
one way or another. This isn’t my inten
It’s just the way it works out.

Only recently, Bob added another
his long string of skirmishes with Howar
Hughes, who owns his contract, when h
declined to appear in "Susan Slept Here"
Mr. Hughes, who was to co-star, said
another Bob. But the picture was a musical an
I was supposed to sing and dance in i
‘It’s a great switch for you,’ the high bras
told me. ‘You’ll fracture ‘em.’ But thi
was just what I was afraid of. I’m not
regard a musical, but the picture was a musical, an
some day I’d love to do a musical, but
not yet. I’m not ready—not nearly ready.

When Mitch told the Big Wheels mor
less the same thing, and suggested that
story never even heard of him, there was a flurry and
ury and clamping of executive jaws. In n
at time at all Bob was on suspension. Further
more, his $5,000 a week salary was cut of

Someone who didn’t know Mitch
could have sneered at him for daring to flit
away that kind of money in these uncer
various times, and merely for the sake of
ally they didn’t realize. The point is,
that’s the way the guy is made: rebell
ous at heart, a game fish who has always
-swam against the stream.

The trouble with Mitch—one of the
troubles, anyway—is that he not oth
hates stuffed shirts, but lets them know
about it. Now there are stuffed shirts and
stuff that are so they are supposed to
be ef
=splendid—not in public nor in print, any
way. But Mitch does, rudely and will
great glee. “People,” he says, “are al
ways telling me, ‘Watch it, boy. Play it
safe, don’t hurt me or do me a wrong.’
What for? Being careful isn’t living—
that’s for the cemetery.

“I would get out of pictures,” he one
said, “I’ll open a factory making faking
With me, I’ll sell one to every producer in town.”

During his early struggling days, he
wasn’t so much as a shoe salesman it
helped to sell real bills. The
Bucks was not much, but it was needed
—desperately. Yet that job ended sudden
when Bob informed a hard-to-please cus
tomer that he had a foot like a cigar box
and there were just didn’t stock any
six-toed shoes.

Another time, and later, Bob was called
in to discuss a picture contract with
very important executive who thought with, his Indian face and 180 pounds of rogue male appeal, had possibilities as leading man. Of course, said the executive, "is to change your name. We'll make it Robert Mitchell." Robert, who then had two kids, a wife, and a pair of pants, little less than a clar to his name, untrusted his big frame to the chair and stood up. "Which way the door?" he asked.

The name remained Robert Mitchum, though they said he was a nice guy, and didn't care to make an issue of a minor put. Yet Bob's stubbornness could have got him that job.

Too often, Bob's continual search for the right answer had led him to paths that wound up leaving him no more. Some of the endings have been tragic some have been childbirth.

It has happened that such a one as he can spare from sleepy-eyed sorrow, he cynically devotes to the neglect of his character. Part of the pattern of his self-destruction is deliberately to destroy your best self to yourself — in what he does to keep in trim and he does it, as likely as not, inform you, "Well, I carry the garbage once a week. Incur it if he likes, but he's a funny person."

His answer is, "Every Thursday when I lick up my pay check, yes."

That Bob says is constantly filled with tones of sarcastic wit, as most of those who are supposed to come in good with him know. It is in what he does to keep in trim and he does it, as likely as not, inform you, "Well, I carry the garbage once a week. Incur it if he likes, but he's a funny person."

His answer is, "Every Thursday when I lick up my pay check, yes."

Bob's tendency towards lurid self-dramatization is another aspect of his deep-seated disbelief in himself as Robert Mitchum, hero, and to him the troubles he has caused his wife, he lied to himself "a comic strip character was glued to his background by print and ink."

"He went, "to have reared a monster."

His sister Julia still remembers when Bob, at the age of five, accidentally shot a best friend in the hip. Too bad flagship, but the wound was not as bad as it appeared. He was shot in the hip. Too bad flagship, but the wound was not as bad as it appeared.

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Hits and Hisses

(Continued from page 6)

ears. We check the number of demands for interviews and the photographic savings of the personalities' names ever gone—
or con—into our initial balloting. A nice guy like Aldo Ray, let's say, usually gets fewer requests to make than the quotes of our raspberry hour. This year, Dale Robertson. So, naturally enough, Aldo finds it easier to be cooperative than Dale—though why Dale has to be as brusque as he is I'll never know.

The usual argument is the one Esther Williams used this year—too busy—too much work. That was Greer Garson's alibi when we landed on her in 1945, and Bob Fitchum's in 1950, and it is always Frank Sinatra's, to whom we gave the key nod in 1946 and 1951.

But actually, how busy can you be, when you work six to eighteen weeks at a time? I'll type a tap star, like A tap star, like Bing Crosby, whom we sour-appled in 1949, or Gary Cooper, our villain of 1947, usually makes only one picture a year.

You, the public will pardon the working press. I'm sure, if you wave your arms exactly the way you are supposed to, the double-timers will arrive here. Yes, I know about the nervous all when they are shooting; it is rough, but I imagine you aren't exactly pepped up after your day's work.

The living end in un-co-operativeness are Fred Astaire, George Sanders, Errol Flynn and Frank Sinatra. Of course, nobody sera too much anymore if Astaire talks r not, and the same goes for Sanders. I'll bet Errol Flynn would be pleased to be asked for an interview—but Frankie!

An illustration of Frankie's attitude is kind of sad joke on our Club. Because of his fine work around the military camps during the war, we awarded him special scroll. He wouldn't even come over to pick it up! This is the complete opposite of Cary Grant's kidding, which makes the pleasant form of his insinuating upon being our sole male entitled to club membership, and after year, was acted as Santa at our Christmas party.

A couple of years ago, to our intense surprise, Bing Crosby turned up under Santa's whiskers at our holiday hoe-down. Bing has never quite won our least co-operative award, though he's an eternal turner, and I personally think that is because, as tough as he is to get to, always, once you do get there, he's great Bing is a businessman. Interviews or portrait sittings are business.

Bing knows exactly what fit into his he's allotted you. He says hello, gives you with well-night or exactly this time length, says goodbye. It's not like the warm, friendly greeting you get from Bob Hope. Maybe that's selling—but it is a sale.

Of course, in this classification, there is one like Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, our golden-apple winners last year. Those two kids will do anything for anybody any time and do it smiling.

Glenn Ford is always available—and he even comes to your house to be interviewed, instead of making you come to him. We are all waiting for June Haver to return to the screen, because she has always been so thoughtful. So have Lor- retta Young, John Derek and Bill Holden.

As for Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, particularly with the sorrow they have recently experienced, they are just superb.

So there's the story in a nutshell. Maybe you agree with our finds. Maybe not. But no matter what, the Hollywood Women's Press Club is completely sincere—and honest—about the choices it makes. This Eto
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P Prelude to a Lullaby

(Continued from page 54)
Hollywood. She was lovely. She had talent to spare. She was successful. All the facets were shimmeringly complete except one: Where was the romance? Because it seemed incredible, in a community where love, sometimes, is taken far too lightly, that Ann could remain heart-whole, a rash of gossip began to circulate. Was she carrying a secret torch? Was she afraid to fall in love?

If Ann heard those barbed questions—and she couldn’t have avoided it—the odds are that she was hurt rather than angry, for outrage is an emotion with which she’s unfamiliar. But she went serenely on in her own way, waiting for the real love that she knew had been pencilled into that perfect script for life that she was living. Although her normal desire for a husband, a family and a home took precedence over everything else in her dreams, she couldn’t allow herself to be persuaded that she was in love when she was not.

And then, when the time was right, she met John James McNulty.

Jim is an old-fashioned woman’s man—gentle, boyish, gallant. But he is a man’s man, too—and in the ways that count most to a woman. He is sincere and assured, certain of himself, of his role in life, of his aspirations. And most of all, he is unshakable in the love he feels for his wife. He puts Ann on a pedestal—but not because she is Ann, but because he is and has always been a beautiful and brilliant movie star. He worshiped her as a good and simple man worshiped his wife, knowing that her love is to him what his is to her—a blessing for all their lives.

When any woman falls in love, the effect is readily apparent. She glows; her eyes soften; she is surrounded by an unma- tirable aura of happiness. With Ann, the effect of love was staggering. Added to her natural poise and graciousness, there was a dazzling radiance—a brilliant scintillating light that was irresistible.

Other stars fall in love with the wrong men—with a man who’s already married, whose religious beliefs conflict, who doesn’t return the love or is, for some reason, unaccountable to the normally devoted Ann. Her chosen love was a highly eligible bachelor of her own deep religious convictions. Aunt Cic and Uncle Pat Tobin, with whom she shared her life after the death of her mother, thought Jim was wonderful; from the beginning, he belonged. As for the innumerable McNultys, they took Ann into the bosom of the family with shouts of welcome. There was not a single reason why these two shouldn’t be married and live happily ever after.

And so they were married, in a ceremo- ny of solemn holy beauty that was just right for Ann McNulty. The travel from their honeymoon to their Connecticut-style farmhouse, bliss Hollywood was still talking dazedly about the breathtaking loveliness of the bride. There was no one who was willing to swear that she didn’t walk down the aisle on the arm of her Uncle Pat, but that she floated instead on a private little cloud of her own. And they were married, in haste, by Jim, and for once nobody mattered about the insecurity of movie marriages or the inadvisability of a young star taking the necessary steps for film work. The whole town had hoped with and for them that their first child would be soon in coming.

And now the prayers and the good wishes are to be answered. As twins run in both sides of the family, Ann’s hoping two babies will come their way, but whether it’s one girl, one boy, or a pair of either, neither she nor Jim care. It’s miracle enough that there will be a child

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If she should have, Ann will be more than well taken care of. She'll receive the personal attention not only of a brilliant young obstetrician named Jim McNulty, but of all the other doctors who share his office. Jim is already reminding her to drink her milk, to eat properly, and he plans to spirit her off to Lake Arrowhead to rest on weekends whenever they can get away.

But energetic Ann has plans of her own. There's the nursery to be designed and made ready by loving family hands. And so much else—the knitting and sewing that must be done for "our little one."

She'll be very good at that, having made so many tiny things for the babies of her friends. A blanket she made kept Jane Withers' infant snug; Jane Powell's youngest sported a sweater and matching booties knitted by Aunt Ann. Now the bread she tenderly cast upon the waters is being returned a hundredfold.

Alice Krasiva has been very busy for a long time. When Ann's wedding gown, now a museum piece, was being made, Alice secured some of the lace being used from designer Helen Rose. Lovingly, she made a little satin pillow for the ring-bearer, using the lace and embroidering two entwined hearts and Ann's name with tiny seed pearls. Then, unknown to Ann, she saved a wisp of the same lace to put around the collar of a dress for Ann's first child. That dress, she has since completed.

Everyone wants to do things for Ann; she's that kind of girl. Studios are supposed to be large, impersonal organizations, but M-G-M has completely revised the shooting schedule of "The Student Prince" so that Ann can finish her scenes as soon as possible.

And Uncle Pat Tobin vows that he's going to get into the act, too. He says he's going to take a few knitting lessons from "some church ladies who live down the street. Then Annie will come walking in one night, and here I'll be sitting, knitting away!"

Being Uncle Pat, he probably will, too, and by the time his beloved niece has her fourth or fifth baby, he'll be turning out sweaters along with the best of them. Ann will have those babies because that's what she wants. And, because it's her story, they'll all live happily ever after.

THE END

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**Orphan in Ermine**

(Continued from page 61)

family at the time. They lived in a crowded little flat in an R-20 court near the Holly-
wood Bowl. When they were working, they
worked at the studios as extras and bit
players. The first day of school they said
they were sorry, but I'd have to go by my
self because they were working. I'd been
stared all of my six years, but that day I
hit a new low. The other kids had a mother
or a father with a nice comforting hand
to hold on to while they registered. I was
alone. Jan asked me, why my mother didn't come with me, I
just hid my face and bawled.

As Marilyn talked in her shy, tense,
little-girl voice, slowly groping for just
the right words to express what it was that a
sensitive man with whom she'd once worked
meant when he said, "She gives you a lump in your
throat and a gleam in your eye at the same time."

Earnestly, Marilyn continued, "I was
never happy in grade school—I went to
lots of them in different neighborhoods.
I always felt I stuck out, the others made fun of me; they all
had their own little groups and I didn't
know how to go about pushing my way
in. They called me 'Nora Jean— the
human hinges.'"

Her eyes clouded as she voiced those
painful reminiscences. And then they
brightened warmly. She smiled as she
went on. "But you know, nearly all those
younger people who seemed to me
farsighted years ago I read a psychology book that said it's
possible to forget unhappy periods,
world years of our life. It's as if they're
merely wiped out—pushed back into
your subconscious. I know that's true.

"But when I was twelve, something
happened to make me want to quit
for up till then, I thought I was the ugliest
girl in the school. Then one day my figure
filled out like a woman's and the
boys began to notice me. At fourteen, I
was elected 'Oomph Girl' of Emerson
Junior High School and it was the
biggest thing that ever happened to me. But
the girls were still unfriendly."

At that moment, one of those strange
coincidences happened—as if to
underscore her words. A successful
young Broadway actress stood by
the press agent, took the table
close to ours. As
the press agent leaned over to make the
introductions, the actress stared at
Marilyn with the
naked revulsion usually reserved for objects she
wouldn't handle with
her hands. The very air appeared to
congeal with the
iciness of her one-word greeting. In
Hollywood, "hello"
come in three categories—big—medium—small. What
Marilyn got was
inexpressible. Her delicate face
was drained of expression, and for a
fleeting moment one could see again that
pathetic little figure
leaving the school—alone.

Marilyn said nothing
for a long
second. It was as if she were thinking,
"Who am I that a famous Broadway
actress should be nice to me?" Marilyn had said
nothing, either, when she was on loan-out
for another studio picture with
an important star who ignored her, scarcely
uttering a word during the entire
making of the picture. Marilyn is honestly
the most timid of women. She
lightened of female stars—envied them.
Though she wants desperately to have
them like her, she doesn't know how
to bring it off. And that's why she probably
has fewer friends than any Hollywood glamour
girl.

It's hard to believe the truth about
Marilyn. Stripped of her publicity coating of
sin, Marilyn Monroe is shy and naive—a tense, confused childlike figure desperately in need of finding acceptance,
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quently blows his top, once screamed out at the coach: "You were the worst actress in Russia. Are you trying to make this girl the worst actress in Hollywood?"

One day Natasha was ill, complained of flu symptoms and told co-workers that she would miss her next day. But next day, there she was. When someone asked her why she wasn't home in bed where she belonged, she said, "Marilyn called me late last night to say she couldn't possibly manage without me."

This might seem to be the brashest kind of selfishness; but that's far from the case. Marilyn acts much as a child does—with no conscious thought of others. For Marilyn hasn't yet got moral maturity—she is still unable to stand on her own two feet. Some of the people who work with her are aware of this; they know that Marilyn acts in the world of her own and is essentially a gentle, kind person who would not knowingly harm anyone. And so they condone her habitual tardiness, her unheeding actions.

Others are not so sensitive or understanding. A certain photographer, for instance, growing at her habit of showing up hours late, once said, "Some day Marilyn is goin' to find out who can do a lot of last minute treatment. Right now I'm under orders to photograph her and I have to put up with her rudeness." What he doesn't realize is that Marilyn is, consciously or unconsciously, a lady from hell. She's so preoccupied with herself that she is completely oblivious to the irritation she causes in others.

And what some of her directors haven't realized is that Marilyn is still seeking the all-encompassing love and acceptance which the normally brought-up youngster receives as a matter of course from his father. Marilyn, fatherless, depends on her soft, almost pleading voice, "From some directors who really understand me, I've received the most wonderful help. From some, I haven't. I can only see as an actress as a joke. When I get on the stage I feel lost and helpless. If a director takes an interest in me, I take me aside and offers assurances on how I'm doing, then I feel better."

Naturally, directors are busy, harassed people and a few can't understand why Marilyn feels slighted because they don't devote all their attention to her. Nor do they understand that Marilyn, because of the newly-naming period of her life, is working desperately hard at two things when she is before the cameras—trying to do a good job and trying to make everyone around her like her.

"When Marilyn Monroe," explained one director, "stands acting like a person who mounts a horse and rides off in every direction, she becomes a lovely fine actress. That's the stuff; what she needs is a hard core of inner self-confidence which will let her draw upon her own resources, thus releasing her from slavish devotion to those she sees.

Right now, those who know Marilyn best believe that she should concentrate more on her health. She's really an overworked, completely exhausted girl. She should never ever be rushed from film to film with no time off. Marilyn's anemic; her eyes are a little leaden from seven days a week of acting, dancing, singing, running around from set to set, which frequently send her to the hospital. Her migraine headaches, skin rashes, low blood pressure stem from mental upsets more than from physical causes. A long vacation would aid her in regaining the dazzling vitality which is the secret of her fantastic sex appeal.

Nor would experts say Marilyn is really ready to cope with the mature given-and-take of marriage. From the husband she...

married in her teens (she rather pathetically called him "Daddy"). Marilyn didn’t receive the strength and steadying hand she needed. But from the second man in her life, the late Johnny Hyde, a gentle, brilliant man with thinning hair and small, handsome face, thirty years her senior, she received much help and love and human sympathy that today Marilyn can scarcely talk of him, though nearly three years have passed since his sudden death.

When the first met Johnny Hyde, Marilyn had bleached her brown hair to a reddish gold and wore it long and fluffed out around her face. Her mouth and eyes were overpainted, her skirts very tight, her blouse very low-cut, her shoes very high-heeled and ankle-strapped. Johnny Hyde taught her how to dress. "He was so good to me," Marilyn explains slowly. "And he made me feel as though I weren’t just another stage-struck blonde. He found me when I needed him most.

"I was living at the Studio Club and met him casually at a party. The next morning I was surprised when he called and asked me to lunch. He was an important actor’s agent with the William Morris Agency and represented such important stars as Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth and Esther Williams. I was so much willing to act as my agent even though the only coat I had was a beat-up polo coat, and I went to interviews without stockings before it was fashionable, because I couldn’t afford any.

"I know you’ll be a big star," he used to tell me when I was struggling just to eat and pay my rent. He inspired me to read good books, to enjoy good music, and he started me thinking about the whole early in life that if I didn’t talk I couldn’t be blamed for anything. I loved Johnny very much—kind of different, maybe, but a lot.

"A girl with a constant heart, Marilyn never looked at another man during the two years she was Johnny Hyde’s constant companion. He loved her deeply, while she focussed her entire being on her budding career. And she refused repeated offers of marriage until it was too late and she stood miserably weeping outside his hospital room.

"The third important man in Marilyn’s life—everyone of course is tall, dark, lean-faced Joe DiMaggio. Whether or not Marilyn and Joe will marry is a question that no one would risk answering at this time. But here is what a thoughtful observer who knows them both has to say:

"Personally, I don’t believe they have enough in common to make a good marriage. Marilyn cares nothing about baseball or out-door sports, certainly wouldn’t give up her hard-won career to live in New York or San Francisco where Joe’s business interests are.

"Joe, who’s basically simple, forthright, neither witty nor worldly, is completely without interest in Marilyn’s ventures into ‘book learning,’ her tremendous classical collection, her deep discussions of the Stanislavsky method of acting.

"In short, this ‘Orphan’ is still searching for the father she never had—the emotionally stable giant into whose hand, like a happily trusting child, she can place her heart.

"Only when she finds him and she may yet feel she’s found this man in Joe, will she be free of the childhood fears that have dominated her entire life."

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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 26.

------EXCELLENT------VERY GOOD------GOOD------FAIR

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.


APPOINTMENT IN HONDURAS—RKO, Technicolor: Gun-runner Glenn Ford, Ann Sheridan brave the jungle. (F) January

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—U-I, Technicolor: Rock Hudson rescues Lori Nelson against dirty doings in the far North. (F) January

BAD FOR EACH OTHER—Columbia: Liz Scott lurees do Charleston Heston from mining-town practice in a problem drama. (A) February

BOTAN Y BAY—Paramount, Technicolor: Allan Ladd, Pat Medina endure James Mason's brutality aboard a prison ship. (A) January

CALAMITY JANE—Warners, Technicolor: Doris Day's a two-gun gal in a rip-roaring musical, opposite Howard Keel. (F) January

CAPTAIN'S PARADISE, THE—Lopert: Unusual farce. Alec Guinness is wed to both prim Celia Johnson, sexy Yvonne De Carlo. Paradise ends as the gals rebel. (A) November

CEASE FIRE—Wallis, Paramount; 3-D: Believable story of a day on patrol in Korea, shot there, featuring real GI's. (F) February

CRAZY LEGS, ALL-AMERICAN—Republic: Likable Elroy Hirsch of the L. A. Rams retraces his grid. progress, Joan Vols. (F) December

DECAMERON NIGHTS—RKO, Technicolor: Skirmishes in the battle of the sexes, presented bawdily and wittily by Louis Jourdan (as Boccaccio) and Joan Fontaine. (A) January

DIAMOND QUEEN, THE—Warners, Cinemcolor: In 18th Century India, Lamas fights for Arlene Dahl and a fabulous gem. (F) February

EASY TO LOVE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Big, tuneful aqua-extravaganza, shot at Florida's Cypress Gardens. Esther Williams chooses between Van Johnson and Tony Martin. (F) February

ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO—M-G-M, Anse Color: Strong Western pits North against South, both against Indians. John Forsythe, Bill Holden, Eleanor Parker star. (F) February

FLIGHT TO TANGER—Paramount, Technicolor: Chase film gets Joan Fontaine, Jack Palance into confusing intrigues. (J) January

FORBIDDEN—U-I: Tony Curtis trails Joanne Dru, gangster's widow, to far Macao, where she is ensnared with Lyle Bettger. (F) February

GENEVIENNE—Rank, U-I: Technicolor: Nice British comedy about antique-car fan. With Dinah Sheridan and dashes of sex. (A) January

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—U-A, Technicolor: Robert Morley, Maurice Evans play the light-opera kings in a gay musical. (F) January

GLASS WEB, THE—U-I, 3-D: Smooth who-dunit set in a TV studio, John Forsythe and Edward G. Robinson both score. (A) January

GOLDEN COACH, THE—L-F-E.-Technicolor: Odd romantic comedy, Anna Magnani is an entertainer in 18th Century South America. Italian-made, English dialogue. (A) February


GUN FURY—Columbia: 3-D, Technicolor: Rock Hudson saves Donna Reed from a half-mad bandit in an okay outdoor thriller. (F) January

HERE COME THE GIRLS—Paramount, Technicolor: Songs, gags and suspense mix as chorus boy Bob Hope plays target for a murderous maniac. With Rosemary Clooney. (F) January

HONDO—Warners: 3-D, WarnerColor: Scout John Wayne outsits Indians, courts Geraldine Page. Warm and actionful. (F) February

HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE—20th: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Rich star-bright comedy, Marilyn Monroe, Lauren Bacall, Betty Grable plot for money, find love. (F) February

JULIUS CAESAR—M-G-M: True-to-Shakespeare film of the dictator's death and the assassins' fate. Brilliant acting by James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando. (F) September

KISS ME, KATE—M-G-M: 3-D, Anse Color: Howard Keel, Kathryn Grayson are feuding, loving co-stars, Topnotch music. (F) January

LITTLE FUGITIVE—Burston: Enchanting picture of childhood in a big city. Richie Andrusco flees to Coney Island. (F) December

MARTIN LUTHER—de Rochemont: Niall MacGinnis portrays the founder of Protestantism in a splendid religious film. (F) November

MONEY FROM HOME—Wallis, Paramount; 3-D, Technicolor: Gambler Martin and animal-lover Lewis set out to fix a steakhouse race in a giggie, piggle-loaded farce. (F) February

OTHELLO—U-A; Shakespeare filmed with imagination by Orson Welles, who plays the Moor opposite Suzanne Cloutier. (A) February

PARETROOPER—Columbia, Technicolor: British raids (by Alan Ladd, Leo Genn) on Nazis are exciting; the love story isn't. (F) December

PERSONAL AFFAIR—U-A: Thoughtful English movie. Prof. Leo Genn, wed to Gene Tierney, is accused of sex crime. (A) January

PROJECT M?—Rank, U-I: Okay science-fiction thriller from Britain, about espionage at a jet-atomic research center. (F) February

SECOND CHANCE—RKO: 3-D, Technicolor: Fast, eye-pleasing, Gunnar Palance trails Linda Darnell; Mitchum defends her. (F) October


SHE HAD TO SAY YES—RKO: Homespun comedy. Bob Mitchum is a country doc; Jean Simmons, a foolish philanthropist. (F) September

SO BIG—Warners: Honest sentiment, expertly done. Jane Wyman's fine as wife and widow of farmer Sterling Hayden. Steve Forrest and Nancy Olson also romance. (F) December

TANGA-TIKA—Monon-Long, Eastman Color: Beguiling if slightly crude romance, shot on Tahiti with a mostly native cast. (F) December

THREE FORBIDDEN STORIES—Ella: A suave, well-acted Italian film (English titles) close-ups girls with the wrong men. (A) December

THREE GIRLS FROM ROME—L-F-E.: Amiable story of Italian working girls and their loves. Lucia Bose is a real beauty. English dialogue, dubbed in smoothly. (A) November

THREE SAILORS AND A GIRL—Warners, Technicolor: Gordon MacRae and Gene Nelson use shipmates' pay to back Jane Powell's stage musical. Some lively dancing. (F) February

THUNDER OVER THE PLAINS—Warners, WarnerColor: Randolph Scott fights vigilantes and carpet-baggers in Texas. (F) January

TUMBLEWEED—U-I, Technicolor: Crip, pleasing Western. Scout Audie Murphy, accused of cowardice, flies lynchers. (F) January

VEILS OF BAGDAD, THE—U-I. Technicolor: Lots of action (Vic Mature) and unveiled beauty (Mari Blanchard). (F) December

WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME—U-I, Technicolor: Donald O'Connor strives for success in the band business and in romance with Janet Leigh. Full of nice jazz. (F) January

WAR ARROW—U-I, Technicolor: Army officer Jeff Chandler quells Indians, wins Maureen O'Hara in a brisk Western. (F) February

WICKED WOMAN—U-A: Sard, nestly underplayed saga of a hussy (Beverly Michaelis), with Richard Egan as victim. Clever plot and plenty of suspense. (A) February

WILD ONE, THE—Columbia: Moody Marlon Brando and fellow motorcyclists disrupt a town in a mystifying, artsy drama. (A) February
Beautiful hair has natural softness and lustre. 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. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet it cleans thoroughly. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, shining and naturally beautiful.
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IN THIS ISSUE:
GOLD MEDAL AWARD WINNERS

Louella Parsons Defends ESTHER WILLIAMS

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Should Young Actors Marry?
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What's more, if you do this, there's an excellent chance that you will never again be bothered by excessive cavities.

The way most dentists recommend
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In stopping bacterial-enzyme action that produces tooth-decay acids, WD-9 in new Ipana is one of the most effective ingredients known.

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APRIL, 1954  VOL. 45, NO. 4
M-G-M presents the first great Musical in Cinemascope
All New and in COLOR glory...

ROSE MARIE

Thrilling love drama! Romantic songs to lift the heart! M-G-M’s BIG NEW musical, eye-filling in CinemaScope color grandeur!

SONGS...
ROSE MARIE
SONG OF THE MOUNTIES
I'M A MOUNTIE WHO NEVER GOT HIS MAN FREE TO BE FREE

STARRING
ANN HANNA HOWARD AND FERNANDO ALBERT BLYTH • KEEL • LAMAS
BERT LAHR • MARJORIE MAIN

...AND MORE SONGS
INDIAN LOVE CALL
I HAVE THE LOVE
MOUNTIE’S LULLABY
THE RIGHT PLACE
FOR A GIRL

Hear the thrilling songs in the M-G-M Record Album!

WITH
JOAN TAYLOR • RAY COLLINS • A MERVYN LE ROY PRODUCTION • RONALD MILLAR AND GEORGE FROESCHEL

Based on the Operetta “ROSE MARIE” • OTTO A. HARBACH AND OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Music by
RUDOLF FRIML AND HERBERT STOTHART • Directed by MERVYN LE ROY • An M-G-M Picture
For a good Spring tonic, try —

- Sulphur and molasses  
- Shreds and patches

Has Spring turned the gang into social slugs? Get 'em stirring—on a Hobo Hike. Boys to be rigged in old, beat-up togs; girls in jeans 'n' jackets with gay, sewn-on patches. Bring a kettle. Have everyone tote a can of eats, for stew; then use the emptied tins instead of plates. It's fun! And instead of being a mope-at-home on trying days—choose Kotex. See how comfortable you can be with this softness that holds its shape!

Should you use an antiperspirant —

- Before bathing  
- Instead of bathing  
- Like a bunny

If underarm moisture baffles you, do you use an antiperspirant properly? After bathing, towel your armpits pronto. Then apply the dryer-upper quick like a bunny — to close your pore "doors" before perspiration starts! But in sanitary protection, absorbency is what you need — and get (non-fail!) with Kotex. Those special flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines.

Which would improve this duet?

- Clothes harmony  
- A harp  
- Ear muffs

Vocally, these hopefuls may rate. But to style-sharp eyes, her outfit's off key. What's wrong with that newsworthy print? Nothing—if she'd worn an "unbusy" hat! Follow the single feature plan, costume-wise. Just as in buying Kotex you select the one size that does most for you: Regular, Junior or Super.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

Have you tried now Delsey* toilet tissue — the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex* tissues? Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding, no waste. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength. Don't you think your family deserves this new, finer tissue? Ask for Delsey at your favorite store. If not on hand, have them order it for you.

Hollywood Whispers

BY FLORABEL MUIR

HOLLYWOOD'S LAUGHING OUT LOUD at the story that Bing Crosby isn't really dating Mona Freeman, but her double—a girl who has been doing secretarial work for Bing Crosby Enterprises. It was no double, but Mona herself who went to Santa Barbara with Bing for a weekend at the fabulous Davis Ranch.

Rita Hayworth's friends and fans are wondering about her rift with Columbia, which may become wider and wider unless someone's able to talk turkey to both Rita and Columbia's boss, Harry Cohn. They need each other but neither will admit it. A couple of other important producers are dangling offers in case Rita decides to walk out.

Hollywood is in stitches over Shelley Winters' headline antics—which made her look very good and Vittorio pretty silly. Instead of sitting home grieving like a deserted wife, Shelley barged over to Rome and took her war right into the enemy's camp. She managed to get Anna Maria Ferrerro's name all over the international press as the other girl in the triangle without ever naming her in a legal action. Righteously wailing that she wanted Gassman to make an honest girl out of Signorina Ferrero, Shell took the stance of a wife and mother who, although grievously hurt, desired to save her sister-under-the-skin from heartbreak. Vittorio was so mad he didn't know which way to turn.

Nobody's taking too seriously the yarns being peddled about the hot romance between Bob Taylor and Eleanor Parker that supposedly blossomed while they were in Egypt together filming "Valley of the Kings." Bob escorted Ursula Thiess to a dinner party right after he returned to Hollywood and seemed as devoted as ever.
NOW
THE
WORLD'S
GREATEST
LAUGH-MAKER...
AS
HISTORY'S
GREATEST
LOVE-MAKER!

It's Hope at his funniest... in the role he was born to slay! He'll murder you... as the imposter who's shy of swords, but a devil with the damsels! Follow his hilarious trail... from boudoir to dungeon... in Paramount's fun-packed tale of romance and mirth!

Produced by PAUL JONES
Directed by NORMAN Z. McLEOD
Written for the Screen by HAL KANTER and EDMUND HARTMANN • Based on a story by AUBREY WISBERG
Mrs. Georgia Elliot, Tenafly, N. J. uses detergents regularly, yet still keeps her hands soft.

"I wash 24,000 pieces of silverware a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

Candlelight and gleaming silver make a perfect setting for Georgia Elliot. But to keep that silver bright, she uses detergents to help her wash and polish thousands of pieces a year. (As many as you!)

Detergents cut grease, but they can also rob hands of natural oils, and leave them rough and red.

But not Georgia's hands! After detergents... after any harsh soap or cleanser, she puts on pure, white Jergens Lotion, right away.

It penetrates instantly (doesn't just "coat" her hands) with two important softening ingredients. It actually helps replace necessary softening moisture.

Keep your home detergent-bright, by all means. But be sure to use the world's most popular hand care daily, if you want to keep your hands soft and lovable.

Use Jergens Lotion—avoid detergent hands

HE'S RIDING HIGH

It wasn't too many years ago that talented Jack Lemmon used to wince every time he saw his name in print. Because people insisted on spelling it like the citrus fruit. But now, what with his brilliant success opposite Judy Holliday in Columbia's "It Should Happen to You," preceded by his tremendous popularity on TV, everybody who knows anything about the entertainment field knows there's nothing sour about this boy.

As far as Jack himself is concerned, life has never been so sweet. Not quite recovered yet from his rave notices for "It Should Happen to You," he's been rushed into Columbia's first CinemaScope production, "The Pleasure's All Mine." This time, he'll be tripping the light fantastic alongside such pros as Betty Grable and the Champions.

And as if all that weren't enough, he and his wife, Cynthia Stone (his leading lady in the three TV series he produced; "Wonderful Guy"; "The Couple Next Door," and "Heaven for Betsy"), have just settled down in the kind of house they've always dreamed about—with swimming pool and built-in-sun-tan. And there's about to be a Junior Lemmon to share in all their joys.

Jack's grateful these days for the rapped knuckles he got as a boy, when he refused to practice the piano. His parents insisted, and he learned to play. But he never knew just how right Momma and Poppa were until he wound up having to play the piano in "It Should Happen to You."

He also had some unlearning to do in that film—to shed his native Boston accent in favor of Brooklyness. But he was coached, he says, "by the best Brooklyn specialist in the business—Judy Holliday, no less."

Brooklyn or Boston, there's no stopping this boy. He's riding high!
Here is proof of the greatest scientific discovery in toothpaste history—proof that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol, Colgate's exclusive anti-enzyme ingredient, gives the best protection against tooth-decay enzymes of any toothpaste!

**ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF**

that brings new hope to millions for

**Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!**

Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!

A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS APPROVED THIS EVIDENCE...

All the facts, published in authoritative dental journals, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the only long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

For LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES

**NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE**

Offers Proof of Such Results!

**NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE**

Contains Anti-Enzyme Ingredient

GARDOL

*SODIUM N-ALDOXYL SARCOSINATE

Large Size 27¢
Giant Size 47¢
Economy Size 63¢
A movie starlet says she's going to leave her husband because, "He makes me nervous and causes me to lose weight, and as soon as I'm down to 110 pounds, I'll leave."

Red Skelton's description of a woman's purse: "A crazy, mixed-up kit."

Milton Berle let it fly from the stage at Las Vegas: "Let me introduce a girl who's just finished a great run—around Tommy Manville's apartment."

Stage-beauty Cindy Heller, writing about her marriage to comedian Joey Adams, insisted that Joey changed the marriage vows to read: "Love, honor and applaud."

David Brian wrote a screenplay of his early experiences in show business and submitted the script to an agent as a possible starring film for himself. The agent read the story and then telephoned Brian, "It's great. What a part for Kirk Douglas!"

Overheard at Ciro's: "There's a dame who needs no eulogy—she speaks for herself."

Jim Backus says he'll make a fortune by backing Polaroid sleeping pills for people who want to dream in 3-D.

Don Porter's unhappy with Hollywood because, "It's so convenient to everything I can't afford."

Two movie agents met and the first raved about the commissions pouring in now that 3-D had arrived. "You mean you handle such good actors?" shrugged the other agent.

"With 3-D who handles actors?" said the first agent. "I'm handling roller-coaster riders and knife throwers."

After being cast with Marilyn Monroe in a movie, ten-year-old Tommy Rettig beamed, "Now I can get DiMaggio's autograph."

The movie queen looked abashed as her escort at a night club announced, "This is as good a time as any to tell you we're through. I'm asking the waiter for separate checks."

Two bopsters were sitting at a table in a night club located near a railroad track. A freight car jumped the track, crashed through the building and knocked the bopsters into the street.

"Man," said the first cat, "did you dig that crazy floor show?"

"Yeah," said the other, "but that bouncer was the end."

Joe E. Lewis is telling night-club audiences he once did an adagio dance with Sophie Tucker—"the Judy Garland of the stone age." Says Joe, "I threw her up in the air once and missed her but, luckily, the floor broke her fall."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.
HAVE YOU SEEN ALL THESE WONDERFUL 20th CENTURY-FOX HITS IN

CINEMA SCOPE

The Anamorphic Lens Process... on the scientifically created Miracle Mirror Screen... in the Wonder of Stereophonic Sound!

**The Robe**
RICHARD BURTON, JEAN SIMMONS, VICTOR MATURE, MICHAEL RENNIE
CINEMA SCOPE TECHNICOLOR

**How To Marry A Millionaire**
Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall and William Powell
CINEMA SCOPE TECHNICOLOR

**Beneath the 12-Mile Reef**
ROBERT WAGNER, TERRY MOORE, GILBERT ROLAND
CINEMA SCOPE TECHNICOLOR

**King of the Khyber Rifles**
TYRONE POWER, TERRY MOORE, MICHAEL RENNIE
CINEMA SCOPE TECHNICOLOR

**Hell and High Water**
RICHARD WIGMARK, BELLA DARVI
CINEMA SCOPE TECHNICOLOR

**NIGHT PEOPLE**
GREGORY PECK, BRODERICK CRAWFORD, ANITA BJORK, RITA GAM
CINEMA SCOPE TECHNICOLOR DELUXE

CINEMA SCOPE IS THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY IN MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!
It Should Happen to You

Here's a comedy at once fanciful and believable, simple in outline and clever in execution, as pert and likeable as its star, Judy Holliday. She's a small town girl about to go home in defeat, after vainly seeking fame in New York. A blank billboard offers a final chance to get her name before the public. She rents the space, and a puzzled city sees a strange name in colossal letters high above the street. But a big advertising agency covets the same space. Peter Lawford, as a glib young executive, sparks the campaign to secure it. Overnight, Judy's a celebrity—strictly the phony sort, her true love points out. He's a sensible young photographer, neatly portrayed by Jack Lemmon, a new, endearing, average-guy type from the television field, sure to make friends in films. FAMILY

Judy's ambitions make little sense to level-headed Jack.

Ride Clear of Diablo

Audie Murphy's Westerns have set a special standard of breeziness and briskness, and this one is well up to the mark. Audie's a peaceable but determined youth, back in his crime-ridden hometown to find the rustlers who murdered his father and kid brother. In order to keep his search legal, he asks the sheriff (Paul Birch) to swear him in as the deputy. Unfortunately for Audie, the sheriff and the town lawyer (William Pullen) happen to be ringleaders in the gang. They assign the new deputy to the most dangerous tasks they can think of. Luscious, brunette Susan Cabot is rooting on Audie's side. So, unexpectedly, is Dan Duryea, highly amusing as a notorious gunfighter who makes a hobby of watching other people engage in gunfights and therefore eggs them on. FAMILY

In a showdown brawl, William Pullen feels Audie's wrath.

Act of Love

A tragic vignette of love in the midst of war presents Kirk Douglas with a new leading lady, Dany Robin. She's an established star in France, where the movie was shot. As a lonely, bored GI of World War II, Kirk's introduced to Dany by a flippant friend of hers. No romance attends the beginning of their affair; Dany, a waif whose life has been disrupted by the war, merely wants food and shelter. When Kirk realizes that they have fallen in love, he belatedly decides to marry her, but the Army intervenes. Abandoned, she is entered on police records as a woman of the streets. The pathos of the lovers' situation never comes across fully. Its sordidness is too hard to shake off, and Dany, while appealing, seems too sophisticated for a role that should suggest innocence. ADULT

Meeting Dany Robin, Kirk finds an understanding companion.
The Long, Long Trailer

Back to the movies comes a trio that's been missing for too long: Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz—and good old-fashioned slapstick comedy, wholehearted, cheerful and handsomely timed. As on their popular TV program, Lucy and Desi play a married couple, but this story concerns their honeymoon, and a strange one it is. Since Desi's work requires him to spend a lot of time traveling, and Lucy's eager to make a lovely home for him, she decides a trailer is the perfect solution. If they go on their wedding trip, hauling a huge, luxurious trailer that creates one hilarious problem after another. The co-stars are both expert at arousing laughs and sympathy, though Lucy has the edge. Keenan Wynn and Marjorie Main also clown engagingly, making good impressions in brief roles.

Lucy takes to the back seat after an argument with Desi.

The Command

The wide open spaces look even wider in Cinemascope, allowing more room for rampaging redskins to chase westbound pioneers. Guy Madison clinches his film comeback, as a young Army doctor thrust into the leadership of troops escorting a wagon train. In the course of this vigorous, consistently entertaining Western, he must combat an epidemic diagnosed as smallpox, then work out unusual strategies to defeat Indian warriors far outnumbering the soldiers. Playing a courageous settler, Joan Weldon shares the romantic interest with Guy, while helping him care for the invalids. Harvey Lembeck and James Whitmore, who've scored in up-to-date war movies, prove with their robust character portrayals that the American GI hasn't changed much over the years.

Guy's ready to vaccinate Joan, so she can serve as nurse.

Red Garters

In a lively, imaginative musical, Westerns take a ribbing at the hands of a talented cast headed by Rosemary Clooney and Guy Mitchell. Following the classic pattern, the story opens as Guy rides into town to seek his brother's killer. Even Guy thinks Brother was a rascal, better off dead—but etiquette calls for vengeance. That's the "Code of the West," as Rosie explains in a haunting blues-ballad. In love with boss Jack Carson, she tries to persuade him to civilize the town. Meantime, Guy romances Jack's pretty ward, Pat Crowley. And Gene Barry, newly attractive as a dashing Mexican, courts sultry Joanne Gilbert. All backgrounds are whimsically artificial—sands impossibly golden, sets only an airy suggestion of buildings. This gay fakery is in tune with the all-in-fun approach.

With chorines, Rosie sings a rowdy tribute to show-girls.
Corinne Calvet showed an odd funny bone during that rift with John Bromfield!

It does look as though it's all over between Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas. But with some people, you just can't be sure!

THIS IS THE TRUTH

RUMOR: "Marilyn Monroe and Joe Di-Maggio planned their wedding for last summer—but the fear of publicity kept them from tying the knot..."

FACT: Nothing to it! Marilyn, who has never known security in her life, was afraid of what marriage might do to her career. Her 20th contract was the only real protection she ever had, and she feared marriage might anger her bosses. Her salary was small, so on the advice of her managers, she balked at making "Pink Tights." She was stunned when the studio suspended her. It was then that she decided her real security might be with Joe and marriage.

RUMOR: "It looks like the end between Fernando Lamas and his long-time girl friend, Arlene Dahl..."

FACT: It's true. It does. But we saw him buying her an expensive gift at a Beverly Hills jewelry in the middle of their estrangement. This could be one of those endings that's only a time-out!

RUMOR: "Jane Powell may be seeing Pat Nerney, Mona Freeman's ex, but there's no possibility of this turning into a romance..."

FACT: Pat and Janie really flipped for each other on their second date. And unless something drastic happens, they plan to get married. But Jane has been such a target lately that she wants to keep the news quiet—until she's free to hear those wedding bells!

RUMOR: "Jane Russell has big plans for the day she is free from her contract with Howard Hughes..."

FACT: Jane Russell is just about as confused about the future as a girl can possibly be. She dreads the day she winds up her agreement—one of fifteen years' standing—with Hughes. She likes Hughes very much and is aware that he made her a star again, but she'd like to stay with him, but even so, she's asking for the moon. Her plans are all up in the air.

RUMOR: "Corinne Calvet was really broken up over her separation from John Bromfield..."

FACT: Corinne Calvet is one of our favorite people, but in the matter of her separation, she showed the oddest sense of humor. The real reason for the rift is a third party. But Corinne announced she was leaving John because they'd been married so long they were beginning to look alike. Said they should part until they began to look like themselves again. That transformation seems to have taken place fast.

(Continued on page 14)
Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Any Tooth Paste!

No tooth paste—Regular, Ammoniated, or Chlorophyll—can give you Listerine's lasting protection

Before you go anywhere where you might offend ... on a date, to a party, to any business or social engagement ... remember this: Far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. So the best way to stop bad breath is to get at bacteria ... to get at the major cause of bad breath.

That's a job for an antiseptic. And that explains why, in clinical tests, Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the leading tooth pastes it was tested against.

No tooth paste kills odor bacteria like this ... instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll doesn't kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

So, remember—especially before any date—gargle with Listerine, the most widely-used antiseptic in the world.

Listerine Acts on 3 Areas Where Breath Odors Can Start

1. Teeth
2. Mouth
3. Throat

Look at these actual test results

- Odors reduced—1 hr.
- Odors reduced—4 hr.

Gargle Listerine... Quick and Often

This pleasant precaution can help nip a cold in the bud or lessen its severity. The same is true in reducing the number of sore throats. That's because Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs before they can invade throat tissues and cause much of the misery you associate with colds.

Listerine Antiseptic

A Product of The Lambert Company
RUMOR: “We saw the old Judy Garland on the set of ‘A Star Is Born.’ She looks great and they say is happy to be back in harness . . .”

FACT: Nobody saw the old Judy Garland—and no one ever may again. Making “A Star Is Born” has been one of the real ordeals of Judy’s trying life. But Judy was determined to finish it no matter how much it took out of her. Those who have seen it say she sings wonderfully and looks good—but we’ll bet it will be a long time before she makes another movie.

RUMOR: “That romance Maureen O’Hara has had going in Mexico for so many months is waning . . .”

FACT: Waning might be the word. You see, Maureen’s fellow down in Mexico is married—although separated from his wife. Her close pals say Maureen is in love with him, but she’s not the kind of girl to play around with a married man. She believed at first that a divorce was coming up. Now she’s not so sure—and she will more than likely drop the senor with a thud.

RUMOR: “Too bad about the Dale Robertsons breaking up. Such a nice young couple . . .”

FACT: They are both nice kids, but this is the mismatch of the era. Almost from the time they married, they knew it was a mistake. When they broke up before, after their baby was born, they knew they were finished, but they went back together on the advice of friends and his bosses. Just no go, though.
"Your shining moments call for misty dull stockings..."

says Elizabeth Taylor. "There's no doubt that when your stockings shine—you don't," says beautiful Elizabeth Taylor. Miss Taylor relies on Bur-Mil Cameo nylons for leg glamour on the screen and off. Cameo stockings, the only nylons with Face Powder Finish, veil your legs with misty dullness.

And breathlessly sheer 66 gauge, 12 denier Cameo nylons are a practical luxury. These new, ultra-twist Cameos assure better fit and longer wear by actual test. Ask for Bur-Mil Cameo stockings. Full-fashioned 66 gauge ...$1.65. Other full-fashioned and seamless styles from $1.15 to $1.65.

BUR-MIL Cameo
the stocking with exclusive Face Powder Finish

ALSO MADE IN CANADA BY BURLINGTON MILLS HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
BURL-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION.
Kathleen Gerhold of Van Horne, Iowa, is the lucky winner! And she'll be sitting down with the stars at the Photoplay Gold Medal Award Party in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel on March 8.

Kathleen Gerhold's letter was chosen out of more than 2,000 entries in the Gold Medal contest announced in the February issue of Photoplay because she named the two top winners of this year's Photoplay Gold Medal Awards correctly—Alan Ladd and Marilyn Monroe. Because she named the correct performances. And because she gave sound reasons for her choices.

So Kathleen goes to the party, wearing an evening gown designed especially for her by Charles LeMaire, wardrobe director for "How to Marry a Millionaire"; matching made-to-order shoes by DeLiso Debs; Superba evening gloves; coordinated Marvella jewelry and a Coblentz evening bag.

When she leaves her home in Van Horne, Iowa, she will pack her prizes in a Samsonite Train Case, in which she will tuck a bonus gift of Bourjois' Evening in Paris fragrance set including perfume, purse flacon, perfume sachet, cologne, cologne stick and talc.

During her visit in Hollywood, she (and her mother, who is chaperoning her) will stay in the Beverly Hills Hotel; she will watch a movie being filmed; she will see Hollywood's famous show places. And, in addition, she will have a two-day holiday in the Arrowhead Springs Hotel, where the stars vacation.

And she will tell you all about her exciting experiences—about how it feels to meet the stars, to be part of the glamorous lives they live—in the June issue of Photoplay. Watch for her story!
Angel Face
by POND'S

Today's
top make-up fashion

No wet sponge or greasy fingers!
Not drying or shiny. Angel Face by Pond's is creamy-smooth powder and foundation in-one. "The easiest, most flattering make-up imaginable!" says Mrs. Winston Guest.

No loose, spilly powder!
No "snowing" over your clothes or handbag! "Angel Face smooths on like a dream," says Miss Chandler Roosevelt, "and it stays on, much longer than plain powder!"

Perfect for your handbag—Angel Face in its adorable Mirror Case
Tuck the ivory-and-golden Mirror Case in your handbag—smooth on a heavenly "complexion" without fuss, anywhere! No wonder more women use Angel Face than any make-up! With mirror, puff, choice of 7 true Angel Face shades—the Mirror Case is so nicely priced at only*!
Modess . . . because Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new whisper-soft fabric covering . . . no gauze . . . no chafe.
Impertinent Interview

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

"After that sexy ermine bathing suit of yours was ordered back to the mothballs, did the GI’s in Korea seem as enthusiastic over a covered-up Terry Moore as over an uncovered one?"

We were talking over the trans-Pacific phone, Terry Moore and I, she in Honolulu and I in Hollywood. I just couldn’t wait till this gal got back to get the lowdown on her stormy session in Korea.

Terry’s voice was throaty from a cold but there was no mistaking her fired-up fervor for the GI’s. "They were wonderful, just wonderful. They would have loved us if we had worn flour sacks. Susan Zanuck, Merry Anders, Penny Singleton and I were treated like queens—but like queens! Honestly, I’ve never experienced such thoughtfulness, such—oh, I can’t even begin to tell you what sweethearts those fellows are!"

I asked Terry how she felt when, after her sixth performance in the much-publicized ermine get-up (or get-off, if you prefer), the powers-that-be commanded her to head for home. Moaned Terry: "I was completely devastated. It was horrible! Mother came along with me, and we both cried all night when the order came for me to go home. I’ve never felt so miserable. I wanted to go back only as far as Honolulu and stay there the rest of my life as a beachcomber, I felt so disgraced. It was awful, just awful."

Wasn’t there even one little ray of sunshine? How about that wealthy Texas boy friend who had been drafted and was in Korea waiting to see her?

"It was either him or my career," said Terry. "We had a discussion while I was over there and I decided on my career. He doesn’t like publicity and apparently he felt he would have too much of it if he were married to an actress. So we called the whole thing off."

"Terry, I think you’re too wholesome a girl to try to compete with Marilyn Monroe, Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner and Lana Turner for sexy publicity," I said. "You didn’t think you could catch up with them overnight by wearing that skimpy costume, did you?"

"But I didn’t wear it for that!" she protested. "I just thought it would be cute to do a Santa Claus act." Then, ruefully, "I guess nobody else thought so.

"But the boys were wonderful. I wore the bikini only six times out of the thirty shows we staged during our eleven days in Korea, and not one of them ever made an off-color remark.

"When I quit wearing the bikini, some of them, who had read in their own newspaper, ‘Stars and Stripes,’ that I was going to wear it, would yell ‘Hey, Terry, where’s the ermine bathing suit?’ And I would yell right back. That was last year’s style—this is 1954 and we’re wearing more clothes this season!"

"Was it cold in Korea?" I asked next. Terry chuckled. "We had been warned that Korea would be freezing. But ‘Stars and Stripes’ had reported I would wear my bikini only if it were warm enough. So the boys in charge of heating the billets had every place so hot we could hardly stand it.

"If I had it to do over again, would I go to Korea? I wish I could turn around right now and go back. I had the greatest time of my life. I’m in love with the whole U.S. Army!"
Richard Widmark won sympathy, heartbeats and laughter as the unheroic hero of "Pickup on South Street." Always a top-notch actor, he excelled in this melodrama about a pickpocket and a spy ring.

Victor Mature kept the majesty of CinemaScope from dwarfing his role of Demetrius, the slave, in "The Robe." His classic features looked at home in the era; he portrayed profound religious faith.

William Holden ranged from comedy to melodrama throughout the year, but movie-goers were most enthusiastic about his work in "Stalag 17." He was a hit as the smart operator wrongly called an informer.

Howard Keel scored a double-barreled success. He cut a splendid figure in "Kiss Me Kate," with robust singing and lusty comedy. Applause greeted his musical Bill Hickok later in "Calamity Jane."

Announcing

**THIS YEAR'S PHOTOPLAY GOLD**

Alan Ladd in the title role of "Shane" fired the imagination of every movie-goer. His quiet strength brought the true spirit of the old West to new life on the screen.
Leslie Caron enchanted millions in "Lili," as a shy French waif "adopted" by a small-time carnival. Her performance blended a ballerina's grace with a child's awkward charm and finally a woman's understanding.

Jean Simmons surprised even her own admirers as she retraced the girlhood of Queen Elizabeth I in "Young Bess." She gave the youthful princess not only royal authority but spirit and a deep pathos.

Doris Day poured all of her irresistible gusto into her role of tomboy-turned-feminine, Calamity Jane. Every number showed her rare talent for singing as if it were just as natural an outlet for her as talking.

Audrey Hepburn drew an outburst of acclaim with her first American film, "Roman Holiday." As the runaway princess, she was the essence of romance, bewitching in feature and figure, gay and wistful.

Marilyn Monroe in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and "How to Marry a Millionaire" combined sex and saucy comedy to entertain both masculine and feminine movie-goers.

MEDAL AWARD WINNERS

For each year, in a survey of opinion, the stars, producers, directors and all who receive these Gold Medal Awards are chosen by you, the American movie-going public. These are the personalities and pictures that gave you the greatest entertainment. PHOTOPLAY hails your choice!
Announcing

**THIS YEAR'S PHOTOPLAY**

From Here to Eternity

Powerful in impact, searching in its revelation of human character, Columbia's great Army drama overwhelmed movie audiences. Its themes were multiple: the loyal friendship of Montgomery Clift and Frank Sinatra (left); the romance of Clift and Donna Reed; the unhappy love story of Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr. But its core was a convincing picture of men who, unappreciated in peace, stand ready to defend us.

**TEN MOST POPULAR PICTURES OF THE YEAR:**

**From Here to Eternity** reached every variety of movie-goer, from the average to the sophisticated, translating a best-seller with a force and integrity that all respected. (Columbia)

**The Band Wagon**, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, Oscar Levant and Nanette Fabray, presented a sparkling close-up of backstage life, full of music and humor. (M-G-M)

**Calamity Jane**, with Doris Day, Howard Keel, Allyn McLerie and Gale Robbins, was an exhilarating excursion into pioneering days, loaded with love, laughs and exciting lyrics. (Warner)

**House of Wax**, with Vincent Price, Phyllis Kirk and Frank Lovejoy, gave movie-goers enjoyable chills, taking them into a 3-D world of foggy streets and monsters on the loose. (Warner)

**How to Marry a Millionaire**, with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall, Rory Calhoun, Cameron Mitchell and David Wayne, ribbed gold-diggers gloriously in CinemaScope. (20th)

**Roman Holiday**, with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck and Eddie Albert, was a beautiful modern fairy tale, taking on added charm from views of Rome, where the film was shot. (Paramount)

**Salome**, with Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger, Charles Laughton and Judith Anderson, built an imposing spectacle of ancient Palestine from a dramatic incident in the Bible. (Columbia)

**Shane**, with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Van Heflin, Brandon De Wilde and Jack Palance, was a classic Western, setting its rugged characters against a typically American landscape. (Paramount)

**Stalag 17**, with William Holden, Don Taylor, Otto Preminger, Harvey Lembeck and Robert Strauss, found suspense, tragedy and uproarious comedy in a prison camp of World War II. (Paramount)

**The Stooge**, with Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Polly Bergen and Marion Marshall, gave the always popular stars a gag-loaded but believable story of vaudevillians. (Wallis, Paramount)
GOLD MEDAL AWARD WINNERS

FASTEST RISING STAR

Robert Wagner

The beginning of 1953 found Bob doing a juvenile lead in “Stars and Stripes Forever.” By the year’s end he was a full-fledged star in “Beneath the 12-Mile Reef,” and he’s begun 1954 as star of the yet more spectacular “Prince Valiant.” Behind his amazing career rise at Twentieth is one simple factor: insistent popular demand.

Elaine Stewart

The auburn-haired, tall, voluptuous beauty from Montclair, N. J., started last year in a role even smaller than Bob’s. She merely stood at the top of a staircase in “The Bad and the Beautiful.” But the public remembered her, and M-G-M responded by giving her lead roles in “Take the High Ground!” and now “Brigadoon.”

SPECIAL AWARDS:

Darryl F. Zanuck electrified both movie-goers and his fellow movie-makers with his magnificent contribution to the motion picture—CinemaScope. With this amazing new process, the horizon of Hollywood widened, just as the screen literally widened to take in the grandeur of “The Robe.” From that pioneer film to the eagerly awaited “River of No Return,” each CinemaScope movie has proved Zanuck and Twentieth Century-Fox are true trail-blazers.

Walt Disney has played a unique part in movie progress, but the past year has seen him advancing still further. With “Peter Pan,” he maintained his position as Old Master of the cartoon field. “The Sword and the Rose” (with “Rob Roy” now following it) joined the procession of his live-action adventure classics. And “The Living Desert” took his splendid nature studies (also live-action) into feature length for the first time. “Disney” and “entertainment” are synonyms.

Frank Sinatra astonished Hollywood and the public with his brilliant performance as Maggio in “From Here to Eternity.” He had been known as a crooner, generally seen in light musicals, typed in most of his films as a timid soul. And suddenly he was Maggio to the life—the tough, scrappy regular-Army man, conniving or wisecracking his way out of rough situations. He provided audiences with welcome laughs in a grim story—and tore their hearts out in his last scene.

George Stevens has furnished striking proof that a good director can be as versatile as a good actor. He won an Academy Award for his handling of “A Place in the Sun.” That sensitive drama, probing into dark corners of modern life, was in complete contrast to the beautiful sun-lit simplicity of “Shane.” In this picture, Stevens combined realism with the Western legend. The story was traditional, but its people were as real as the jagged Teton Mountains of Wyoming.
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Two times as much lanolin gives your hair twice the twinkle! Leaves it amazingly manageable! So soft, so clean... radiant to behold!

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there's excitement galore... in the BIG May issue of PHOTOPLAY

NEW STORIES ON... Tab Hunter, Stewart Granger, Doris Day
PLUS... The poignant story of Hollywood's bachelor fathers
PLUS... A look at movie censorship and what it means to you
PLUS A BONUS SECTION... Your Holiday in Hollywood

... How you can plan a wonderful trip to Hollywood!

... The clothes you can buy for exciting fun and travel modeled by your favorite stars!

And see these same travel fashions on Universal-International Newsreels at your local theatre the week of April 7th!

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES


BAIL—Columbia. Directed by Hugo Haas: Marks, Hugo Haas, Ray Bright, John Arg, Peggy, Cleo Moore; The Devil, Sir Cedric Hardwicke.


DONOVAN'S BRAIN—U.A. Directed by Felix Feist; Dr. Patrick J. Cory, Lew Ayres; Dr. Frank Schatz, Gene Evans, James Cory, Nancy Davis; Herbie Vocum, Steve Brodie, Chie Donovan, Lisa, R. Howard, Dr. John Adams Power, Tom Donovan, Michael Colgan, Ranger Chief Tuttle, Kyle James.


LONG, LONG TRAILER—M-G-M. Directed by Vincente Minnelli; Tacy Cummings, Lucille Ball; Nicholas Carlolos Colisi, Desi Arnaz, Mrs. Hittauy, Marjorie Main; Policeman, Keenan Wynn; Mrs. Rolon, Gladys Hurlbut; Mr. Tausit, Mornoni Olsen; Foreman, Bert Freed; Aunt Anastacia, Madge Blake; Uncle Edgar, Walter Baldwin.

PICKWICK PAPERS, THE—Mayer-Kingsley. Directed by Noel Langley; Mr. Pickwick, James Hayter, Mr. Winkle, James Donald, Mr. Tapman, Alexander Gauge; Mr. Snodgrass, Lionel Murton; Mr. Jingle, Niel Patrick, Rachael Wardle, Kathleen Harriott, Mrs. Student, Joyce Grenfell, Miss Tomkins, Hermione Gingold, Sergeant Buzza, Donald Woffit, Mrs. Bardell, Hermoine Baddle; Sam Weller, Harry Fowler, Emily Wardle, Diane Hart, Elsa Wardle, Joan Heal; The Fate Cabman, William Hartnell, Miss Witherfield, Athene Seyler, Job Trotter, Sam Costa, Tony Weller, George Robey, The Fat Boy, Gerald Campion, Mr. Wardle, Walter Fitzgerald, Grandma Wardle, Mary Marral.

RED GARTERS—Paramount. Directed by George Marshall; Calverson Kate, Rosemary Clooney; Jason Carberry, Jack Carson, Bob Rould, Guy Mitchell; Susana Martinez De La Cruz, Pat Crowley, Shelia Winchop, Joanne Gilbert, Rafael Moreno, Gene Barry, Minnie Redwood, Cass Daley, Billy Bucett, Frank Eylen, Judge Winchop, Reginald Owen; Ginger, Fred, Buddy Eisen.

RIDE CLEAR OF DIABLO—U.I. Directed by Jesse Hibbs; Clay O'Mara, Audie Murphy, Walter Kinsale, Dan Dyreya, Laurie, Susan Cabot, Kate, Abe Loprose, John Johnson; Sheriff Kenyon, Paul Birch, Meredith, William Pullen; Tim, Jack Elam; Harry, Lane Bradford.

RIDERS TO THE STARS—U.A. Directed by Richard Carlson; Richard Stanton, William Landigan; Dr. Donald Stanton, Herbert Marshall, Jerry Lockwood, Richard Carlson; Jane Flynn, Martha Hyer, Susan Mansier, Dawn Addams, Walter Gordon, Robert Karnes, Dr. Delmar, Lawrence Dobkin; Dr. Drayson, George Edredge, Dr. Warner, Dan Riss, Dr. Klaper, Michael Fox, Mr. O'Hara, Kim Donovan; Kenneth Wels, Kem Dibbs.

KEEP YOUR BABY "SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE"* WITH PLAYTEX BABY PANTS

This Baby-in-Motion Picture shows how PLAYTEX Panties stretch all over to give all-over comfort and all-over protection all the time. Long-lasting. Washable—in seconds! No wonder more mothers buy PLAYTEX than any other make. ©1954 International Latex Corp'n. Playtex Park, Dover Del. In Canada: Playtex Ltd., Arnprior, Ontario. —

*No other baby pants have this "Miracle-Stretch." Let your hand prove it.
I'd love to be overhearing what Shelley Winters is saying about Vittorio Gassman these days. But then again, Shelley does say everything for publication... Terry Moore has the energy and drive that Betty Hutton is supposed to have... I'll make a bet there isn't a man brave enough to marry Zsa Zsa... After Marilyn Monroe sang "I'm Gonna File My Claim" for "River of No Return," the assistant director shouted, "Okay, you can unchain the crew!"

Eddie Fisher listens to disc jockeys until early in the morning. He has often fallen asleep while listening to himself... Debra Paget suddenly became sexy because of her whispered romance... Jane Russell and Betty Grable have the same style free-wheeling lingo off the screen... I watched Debbie Reynolds at a party playing charades and unable to guess the answer, which was Debbie Reynolds... "Gossip is what no one claims to like, but everybody enjoys." Know who said this? Joseph Conrad, no less... My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, told a new actor, "I can make you what you can never be."

Peter Lawford has to be told to get a haircut... I agree with Ava Gardner about Nat King Cole's recording of "Lush Life"... This is the picture of Audrey Hepburn I remember: the day she won the N.Y. Film Critics' Award, celebrating with her mother in Sardi's by drinking champagne... Lauren Bacall talks more like Humphrey Bogart than Bogey does... Susan Cabot says: "The trouble with most eligible men is that they're married."

I've seen Vic Mature stop in front of a portrait of himself and scribble across it, "Sterling performer"... You ought to hear the line of chatter Bob Wagner gives out while you're playing gin with him... I think Jane Powell's next romance will be It... No longer do the critics say that working in the movies ruins an actor. Look at David Wayne, Franchot Tone, Deborah Kerr and others who are currently giving excellent performances on the stage.

Often when Janet Leigh opens her purse it resembles a gypsy camp... Sometimes, walking along Hollywood Boulevard, I wonder where the movie stars hide... Ray Milland looks grouchy but is pleasant... I have yet to hear an unkind word said about Jean Simmons... Influence of the movies: The jacket of John Klemperer's new novel refers to him as "the author of 'Letter to Three Wives.'" When originally published, it was titled "Letter to Five Wives"... They tell me Piper Laurie has outgrown eating gardenia petals.

I'd like to have Arlene Dahl for a business partner. She's a smart chick... "Only a mediocre writer is always at his best." Know who said this? The man who wrote the original story on which "Miss Sadie Thompson" is based, Somerset Maugham... And it was Groucho Marx, entering Chasen's, who explained he was in a hurry and asked for "a table near the waiter, please."

William Holden's real name is William Beedle, in case you're the kind who likes to know how a marquee should really read... Must tell Susan Hayward she looks just as sexy when she smiles... I'm in the mood to see "Double Indemnity" again. They don't make movies like this today. For that matter, they didn't make any like it the year it was new... I'm puzzled by Fernando Lamas and what the girls see in him.

Geraldine Page should have another chance in pictures... When you've been with Elaine Stewart for a little while, you feel as if you've known her for a long while... Lana Turner always looks as though she's wearing a sweater... I can't understand why they wouldn't let Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes play opposite each other in a movie. The bosses keep insisting they aren't each other's type. But then, that's Hollywood for you!
Bobbi is perfect for this soft, casual "Chantilly" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give natural-looking curls. Easy . . . No help needed.

Bobbi’s soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the natural look of the curls in this new "Tally-Ho" hair style. No nightly settings needed.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft curls needed for the delicately sculptured "Diana" hair-do. Bobbi gives you curls exactly where you want them.

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

Like the casual, spirited look of this "Robin Hood" hair-do? Bobbi does it! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree waves like these.

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.

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.
Hollywood Party Line

The Andy Devines rounded up—about a hundred of Guy Madison’s chums for the birthday-barn dance they gave on an ABC sound stage. There was a buffet dinner of spare-ribs, baked beans and such stuff; square dancing to a hillbilly band. Photogs had a field day shooting the Western garbed guests who included Rory and Lita Calhoun; the Ricardo Montalbans; Joan Weldon; Jean Simmons; Debbie Reynolds, Richard Egan, Scott Brady.

What a gay life the young blades lead! For example: Lance Fuller took Kathleen Hughes to a cocktail party the French consul gave for lovely Ludmilla Cherina (you’ll be seeing her in “Sign of the Pagan” with Jeff Chandler)—then rushed home, picked up Melinda Markey and beamed her to the premiere of “Cease Fire.” Terry Moore saw the show with Captain Roy Thompson and Dick Allan was with Janet Stewart. But back to the Cherina soiree, where Jeff Chandler was with Betty Abbott, and Rock Hudson twore with Julia Adams.

Saw a lot of those “little black dresses” at above affair—and was reminded of something Don Loper (who does the duds for many of the town’s chic gals) says: “Always have at least one in your wardrobe—and wear it when in doubt. But don’t make the mistake of letting it become a crutch, or an excuse for a lack of originality.” I’ll add—wear your craziest hat and most startling accessories with that little black dress.

The biggest scream from the fans in the bleachers at the fancy preem of “Knights of the Round Table” came when Lana Turner and Lex Barker traipsed into the theatre. Lana with her short bob and dark hair looked lovely. But most think she’s even more beauteous as a blonde. She wore a dark red Dior gown topped by a stunning white mink jacket. Jane Powell wore a dark green taffeta that flared like crazy from the knees down. She too was white mink-jacketed, on the arm of Mona Freeman’s ex, Pat Nerney. Elaine Stewart was smothered in white fox; ditto Rhonda Fleming, Virginia Mayo, Marie Wilson, and Ann Miller. The Cecil B. DeMilles; Debbie Reynolds (who didn’t mind that escort Leon Tyler was bearded); Ann Blyth and hubby, plus lots of others. But not the “Table” stars. Ava Gardner was in Italy and Bob Taylor still in Egypt.

At “The Eddie Cantor Story” preem, the guests arrived in cars that “wore” gadgets on their headlights that made ‘em look like Cantor’s popping eyes. Ticket holders: Virginia Mayo and Mike O’Shea; Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell; Vera-Ellen and Dick Gulley—and half the town’s biggies!

BY EDITH GWYNN
Which of these Make-ups is the Most Flattering to You?

No one make-up is ideal for all complexions—which type becomes you most excitingly? Unless you have proved to yourself which type of make-up is best for you, you actually don't know how lovely you can look.

Campana makes all 3—Cake, Cream, and Liquid. Read on this page how they differ—decide which is best for your complexion—and start tomorrow to wear the make-up that makes you your loveliest self.

And if you're not sure—experiment! Wear each of these make-ups on successive days—let your mirror, and lingering glances, tell you. It's so inexpensive to see "for sure"—so thrilling to find the perfect answer!

CAKE?
Yes, cake—if you like a frankly glamorous make-up, flawless even in "close-ups."

If you're looking for a dramatic make-up, wear Solitair. No other type of make-up "covers" tiny lines and skin blemishes so completely. With Solitair, your complexion appears completely flawless. Each little imperfection is discreetly hidden. Yet—so rich in Lanolin—this non-drying cake never clogs pores (clinically proved) and never looks heavy or mask-like.

By daylight Solitair is "outdoors-y", with the freshness of youth... by night, alluring perfection—even in close-ups. If you haven't liked other cakes, you'll still like Solitair... it's different from all others.

If you fear the "made-up look"—or if dry skin makes a creamy make-up especially desirable, Magic Touch is ideal for you! This tinted cream is quickly applied with finger-tips. You can feel its softening, lubricating quality as you put it on. Adds soft glowing color and radiant smoothness... covers little lines and imperfections so naturally they seem to melt away.

Used without powder, Magic Touch makes your complexion appear dewy-fresh, with a youthful sheen. Powdered lightly, it gives a lovely mat finish. Rich in Lanolin, soft on your skin, richly protective.

LIQUID?
Yes, liquid—if you can use a make-up so light, you hardly know you have it on!

If what you want most is delicate coloring and the youthful soft look, you'll find your answer in Sheer Magic! Its dainty color blends your complexion to flower-fresh smoothness, actually gives it the soft look of radiant youth. Little skin faults tactfully vanish, leaving your complexion gloriously even-toned and smooth.

Your skin feels like velvet... baby-soft to the touch! Yet Sheer Magic is so light, you hardly know you have it on. Special moistening agents create this youthful effect. A completely new experience in make-up. Try it and see!

Solitair
CAKE MAKE-UP
7 shades—$5.65, $1.00

Magic Touch
CREAM MAKE-UP
6 shades—45¢ and $1.00

Sheer Magic
LIQUID MAKE-UP
6 shades—only 79¢

All 3 by Campana... Creator of Fine Cosmetics
She has a tremendous beauty advantage—she uses Helene Curtis spray net

No other way keeps hair so softly in place all day...

And won't dry hair—adds flattering silkiness... because it contains exclusive Spray-on Lanolin Lotion

In just one magic moment Helene Curtis spray net gives your hair day-long smoothness. Simply press the button—and this invisible mist keeps your hair the way you set it—softly, naturally. No more straggly wisps nor unruly end curls.


Now... Costs less:
New Large Size (4½ oz.) $1.25
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READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:
I'd like to enter some cheers for two guys that I don't think get near enough notice, Steve Cochran and Anthony Quinn. Anthony was wonderful in "Blowing Wild," and in all his other films. Likewise for Mr. Cochran in "Back To God's Country" and "Bloodhounds of Broadway"... They're tops in looks and acting ability.

Karen Fox
Millmont, Pennsylvania

Steve Cochran, Anthony Quinn: They're tops!

I am writing you to tell you how much I liked Rock Hudson in "The Golden Blade." As far as I am concerned, he beats Robert Wagner and any of the new stars. He has good looks, talent.

SHEILA ORLANDO
Kelayres, Pennsylvania

I just saw the picture "Torch Song" and all I can say is Wow! Joan Crawford, as usual, with her superb acting, her legs and figure (I think, the nicest of any in Hollywood) and Michael Wilding... made this picture an excellent one.

YOLANDE MATZER
New York, N. Y.

Nobody is more a Jerry Lewis fan than I—I howl along with everybody else, at his antics. Still, I can't help wondering if there isn't a difference between acting the clown and being the fool. That is: when he "mused up the place" (and Tony Curtis) as reported by Edith Gwynn... Is ripping down window draperies and tearing a man's shirt off his back supposed to be funny?... Come, come, Jerry!

EDITH LONC
Houlton, Maine

A lot of people have asked me why I believe in long engagements. My answer seems to shock them. But I maintain a short engagement doesn't give a couple the chance to fight enough.

Everyone becomes angry at times. It's human nature. When I first began going with Jack Bean, I'd try to be polite when I was boiling mad. "Now look, honey," he said. "If you get mad at me, let me know."
Suppose a couple decides to marry and have never exchanged a cross word. They've kept all their irritations bottled up. Then one night he arrives home at six-twenty instead of six-fifteen. She's extra tired, and this is the last straw. They start from there and go straight back to the beginning. They air all the grievances they've been collecting. And suddenly there are too many for either to take. Possibly, they'll soon be airing them in a divorce court.

If something's worth arguing about, I say do it and get it over with. Both Jack and I know the importance of being able to admit we've been wrong. When you're in love, you'll find it something you really want to learn.

Mitzi Gaynor

Just saw "Arrowhead." Charlton Heston is great, but every picture of his I have to see twice. But that is indeed a pleasure. The only fault—I can't understand him. He talks through his teeth and makes it hard to understand what he is saying.

From now on, let's hear you, Heston!!!

Ethel Margo Lane
Mobile, Alabama

I have just seen "I, the Jury" and I think it is excellent. Biff Elliot was just marvelous as Mike Hammer. As one of the twins in the picture said, "It's a face that's hard to forget."

B. Hicks
Brooklyn, New York

I have waited very patiently for quite a long time to see my favorite actor, John Wayne, receive an award. It seems everyone else in Hollywood got one but him. Everyone talks about the natural way he acts. Why don't they start a little action instead? I would like to see more pictures of John and more stories.

Mrs. Marie Habicht
Hinesville, Georgia

CASTING:

Why doesn't some studio make the story, "The Yankee Stranger," by Elswyth Thane? . . . , with Richard Burton as first choice for Cabot Murray, or Charlton Heston as second choice; and Susan Hayward as Edess . . .

Mary Musso
Fresno, California

Having seen gorgeous Betta St. John in "The Robe" I think the perfect team in a romantic comedy would be Miss St. John and Dale Robertson. Both are tops in my estimation . . .

Lois Blankenstein
Tenneck, New Jersey

I dreamed
I went to the opera in my
maidenform bra®

I'm the darling of the diamond horseshoe, the rage of the dress circle—lithe, lyrical, fabulously composed in my Maidenform bra. Lifted so high and loving it, I'm the most spectacular figure in the audience! And listen, the bra-vo's are all for Maidenform and me!

Shown: Maidenform's Etude* in white broadcloth or nylon taffeta; A, B and C cups ... from 2.00. Now also available in AA cups for the teen-age figure, 1.75. There is a Maidenform for every type of figure.* Send for free style booklet.

MAIDENFORM, N.Y. 16, N.Y.
Dove Skin Undies

Easter wouldn't be Easter without them! Dove Skin rayon knit undies feel simply marvelous on—softer to the touch, more absorbent, never clammy. They're styled and sized to fit every figure—tall, short, thin or extra-sized... have plenty of "give" in action. And they wash 'n' wear without pampering. Each in its own fresh cellophane package. At leading stores coast to coast...
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Luxuray, Empire State Building, N.Y. 1

No time for tears: Suzan Ball and fiancé, Dick Long, make wedding plans

"We're going to get married as soon as I'm able to walk down the aisle." Brave words, climaxing one of Hollywood's most inspired stories. They came from the heart of Suzan Ball who, through months of pain and heartbreaking disappointments, was never without a smile, never allowed her courage to reach the breaking point. She had fallen and injured her knee during dancing scenes for "East of Sumatra." A tumor developed. Later, she fell again and broke her leg. Still she smiled and refused to believe the worst. But Suzan's courage could not halt a growing malignancy. In January her leg was amputated between the knee and the hip.

Neither Suzan nor Dick Long, the young actor to whom she became engaged while he was making "Saskatchewan," will accept defeat. Spurred by his love for her—his desire to be married as soon as she can leave the hospital—Suzan is already planning her screen comeback, looking forward eagerly to the day she can be up and around and learning how to walk on an artificial leg. "I want a big wedding," says Suzan. And so does Dick who, in his quiet, steady way, is letting Suzan know that nothing is impossible for two people who love each other enough.
"Gives Hair Wonderfully Soft Natural Looking Curls—From The Very First Day"

"In Hollywood, beauticians recommend Gabrieleen Glotone Cold Wave with Lanolin for permanents. As you know, an actress' hair is constantly subjected to harsh treatment, exposure to the elements when on location, and the terrific drying and devitalizing heat under studio lights. Glotone with Lanolin helps hair overcome these handicaps. Besides, right after a Gabrieleen Glotone Cold Wave, curls are soft and lovely, and hair is immediately lustrous and beautifully manageable."

Do as many other discriminating women do—see your beautician for a professional Gabrieleen Glotone Cold Wave at your favorite beauty salon. Also ask your beautician about Glotone Hair Cream to give your hair that natural sheen.

Gibbs & Company, World's Largest Manufacturers of Beauty Shop Supplies and Equipment
**LOST LOVES**

In Hollywood, the streets seem to be paved with broken hearts.

_Cupid, it seems, _has a strange sense of humor—an inexplicable urge every once in a while to shoot arrows with poisoned points. And for some reason, he has had it in for an out-of-proportion number of Hollywood loves lately.

**Peppery Shelley Winters** has kept the international news wires zinging with her unshackled comments on why Vittorio Gassman is not, after all, the man for her. The marriage is over, she says, for a lot of reasons, not the least of which is that Vittorio is not as good an actor as he'd led Shelley to believe. Since they were married in April, 1952, they've spent much more time apart than together. In filing for legal separation, Shelley demanded complete custody of their baby daughter, a settlement of $95,000 for the baby's support, and, in addition, a guarantee that Vittorio marry the young Italian actress with whom his name's been linked.

**Ballerina Leslie Caron** and Geordie Hormel, young meat-packing scion, will divorce because "of a difference in our way of life." Though at first it was this very "difference" that they found most romantic—her gamin French background, his business-like American attitude—some two and a quarter years has proved to them that in a marriage, it's a community of interests that counts. She can now concentrate full-time on her career, and he, on taking over the family business once he's finished his stint in the U. S. Coast Guard.

**Dale Robertson's** wife, Jacqueline, has sued him for divorce. And this comes as no surprise to anyone in Hollywood, least of all, to Dale himself. For though he and Jackie were as in love as any two people have ever been when they married in May, 1951, the marriage has been shaky almost from the first. There have been stormy separations, tearful reconciliations, hard swallowing of pride on both sides. But no matter what compromises they made, peace for them together always came in brief spurts. Not even the birth of their daughter, Rochelle in 1953, was able to bridge the yawning gap between them, as they both had hoped. Dale's statements in the past, every time there was trouble, that "I'm sure it will blow over," ring hollowly today. He's about to be free again—to follow his own bent, to fish, to ride when he wants to, to see whom he wants to, and, no doubt, to regret.

**Jane Wyman** has called it quits. When she and her husband of just a little more than a year, composer Freddie Karger, separated for the third time, Jane said it was the last. Her statement was simple: "It is with deepest regret that Mr. Karger and I must announce that our efforts to effect a permanent reconciliation have failed." It was an ironic touch that the announcement came on Jane's birthday, an announcement that was just as sudden as the unexpected word of their marriage on November 1, 1952. Although Jane herself is unwilling to discuss the final rift, her close friends know how bitterly unhappy she is about the failure of her marriage. For, during the years between her divorce from Ronald Reagan in 1948 and her marriage to Karger, they had watched hopefully while Jane was wooed by some of the town's most eligible men. But Jane would not be swept off her feet. She was waiting for a love that was real. What a tragedy she didn't find it!
At Last! The make-up that keeps its promise!

Only Creme Puff makes you look so pretty so quickly... stay so pretty so long!

Just the kiss of a puff and this magical make-up—Max Factor's wonder blend of creamy make-up base and powder—brings a soft, lovely look to your skin.

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Yes, Creme Puff is the smoothest of make-ups... blended to super smoothness with lanolin-rich creams. It can't dry your skin. It can't absorb the natural skin moisture that causes other make-ups to streak or turn orangey.

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Creme Puff (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood creamy powder make-up.
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

Only Dial Shampoo gives this complete cleanliness because only Dial contains **Hexachlorophene**

Now you get a complete cleanliness with new Dial Shampoo that you’ve never been able to get with ordinary shampoos. Because Dial Shampoo contains a new freshening agent, Hexachlorophene, that gives your hair clean-smelling freshness.

And your hair is so clean after a Dial Shampoo it has a diamond sparkle! Ask for Dial Shampoo in the unbreakable squeeze bottle—and find out how easily you can shampoo a diamond sparkle into your hair!

**IT REALLY HAPPENED**

DEAN MARTIN AND JERRY LEWIS have the reputation on-stage and back-stage of being the world’s zaniest characters.

Having suffered, dodged, cajoled and bribed my way through four pictures with them—“The Stooge,” “Jumping Jacks,” “The Caddy” and “Living It Up”—I wouldn’t dream of questioning the boys’ distinction.

There are no lengths to which they won’t go in pursuit of a gag. As their director, I have been the recipient of phony telegrams, horrible shirts I never ordered; and had Jerry follow me around doing his chimpanzee act.

Once they complained they couldn’t get me on my office phone. I said, after all, I only had one phone. The next morning I went into my office and found twenty-four telephones (prop, I found out later) installed—on my desk, on the chair, on the window sill.

I discovered long ago that these two can drive you almost crazy. But I discovered something else, too. They are a couple of very sentimental guys, and —underneath the veneer of insanity—very solid citizens.

A real tip-off to this came when one of the stunt men at the studio became seriously ill. He was working in “Jumping Jacks” at the time, and the whole crew was shocked to learn that he needed an exceedingly expensive operation immediately.

A collection was taken up around the studio. Between the modest amounts given by the grips, hairdressers and prop men, and the larger sums managed by those of us who could better afford it, we made up the necessary fund to guarantee the operation.
The stunt man had it, and it was successful. While he was convalescing, I visited him in the hospital. His wife was with him when I came into his room—a private one, to my surprise.

When I commented on how nice the room was, the wife said, “It’s because of Dean and Jerry. We can never thank them enough.”

“You mean they paid for it?”

“They did a lot more than that. They contributed to the fund you wonderful guys made up, and then matched it with the same amount on their own.”

That’s how it is with Martin and Lewis—they’ll torture you, exasperate you, hound you to distraction with their horseplay, and then when the chips are down, show themselves as the great fellows they really are.

But when they’re on the studio set, the boys never have a serious moment. I do, however; I remember that I had a terrific toothache once, which bothered me for a couple of days before I could find time to go to the dentist. Finally I had it treated.

It still was sore next morning when I came on the set. Jerry Lewis, holding a paper bag, rushed up and assisted me into a chair.

“Norman,” he crooned, “Dean and I are desolate because you have a sore tooth. It hurts us worse than it does you. Please accept this as a small token of our sympathy and esteem.”

He bowed, shoved the paper sack into my hand, and galloped off. I opened the bag warily; it could have held anything from a bull-frog to lighted firecrackers. But it didn’t.

It was a saeckful of jawbreakers.

When Lynn Connor came to the Conover Career Girl School,” says Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover) “she was upset by the way she looked under harsh TV lights. I was sure Lynn’s skin would thrive on wholesome complexion care.”

“I advised twice-a-day beauty-washing with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. We taught Lynn to cream this gentle fragrant lather over her face with her fingertips, and her skin actually seemed to look lovelier every day. Now—as you can see—her complexion has that natural glow, that smooth, soft look so important to any woman but especially to an actress!”

But there’s much more to the story!

BY NORMAN TAUROG
(Mr. Taurog is a director for Paramount Pictures)
You know it's true—the most delightful beauty asset you can have is lovely hair. Hair that's bright to see, soft to touch, as fresh as a playful spring breeze—the kind of hair you have when you use the new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. For White Rain sprinkles your hair with dancing sunlight. And with sunshine all around you—love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter... the essence of romance.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!
We recommend . . . for one enchanted evening

It's not 3-D, 5-D or even 10-D. It's simply superb entertainment. Leave your easy chair, give the dog an extra bowl of biscuits to keep him busy, and hurry to the nearest cinema house where it is playing.

It's "The Glenn Miller Story," which stars June Allyson and Jimmy Stewart. It's in Technicolor and it blends music, a love story and a musician's struggle into a warm and human film document.

Most of you know Glenn Miller was a famous dance bandleader who was lost in flight between England and France during the war. Jimmy Stewart and June Allyson make the story of this man and his love for his wife completely real. It's June's finest—an ironic touch, since it's the first picture she made after ending her ten-year contract with M-G-M. Jimmy as the guy with the horn makes husbands seem worthwhile (some make-believe!)

So in these poignant days of spring, leave off the old TV routine and lose yourself for a brief and enchanting spell. You'll like U-I's "The Glenn Miller Story."

[Signature]

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
This pinup queen got lost and her studio couldn't find her. But Joe did — now Miss Monroe is signing her name, Mrs. DiMaggio!

Ava Gardner is filming “The Barefoot Contessa”

Rhonda Fleming admits she's the lazy type— but this gorgeous redhead doesn't have to work at getting attention from the boys.

The Pinup Queens: Marilyn Monroe was due at her studio to start work on “Pink Tights,” but Marilyn didn't show. The frantic studio heads didn't know where she was. It developed that Miss Monroe was peeved with Twentieth because they hadn't consulted her on the script. While production crew, and actors, including leading-man Frank Sinatra, who had rushed back from Rome and Ava to start work, sat idly by, Marilyn staged her small rebellion. She spent the time with Joe DiMaggio—house hunting! . . . Ava Gardner's friends feel that her recent threats to retire in the hope...
of effecting a permanent reconciliation with Frankie are significant. When Frankie flew to Europe (where Ava is filming "The Barefoot Contessa") to plead his cause, it made a deep impression on Ava. She is miserable away from him and more than anything she wants to have babies and settle down to a life of domesticity. Should she retire, the studio has Elaine Stewart waiting at the goal post. All this beautiful doll needs is a couple more pictures and she'll be there at the top with the best of them . . . Virginia Mayo missed out on "Helen of Troy," but ended up with a plum anyway. She got the female lead in Sir Walter Scott's "The Talisman," and Rex Harrison as her co-star . . . And Rhonda Fleming is the gal Technicolor was invented for. So don't expect to see her in any black and white films. In the past two years every studio she has worked for has cast this flaming-haired beauty in color.

Hollywood Is Laughing: At Jean Simmons' remark when asked how husband Stewart Granger was faring in England, "He's miserable, cold and lonely—and I couldn't be more delighted." . . . At Humphrey Bogart and Peter Lorre (just back from Europe) at a glamorous Hollywood party. The two movie mugs sat in a corner and exchanged baby pictures of their respective offspring! . . . At Bob Mitchum's present to Jane Russell the day she started "The Big Rainbow." It was a framed portrait of Jane's head superimposed on Marjorie Main's body. The accompanying note read: "This should satisfy the censors!" . . . At Errol Flynn (he wanted a boy and got a girl born to Patrice Wymore on Christmas morning in Rome) when he cracked, "Of course, it (Continued on page 86)
And the heart whispers,

“HOME”

Of all the people in Hollywood who might be expected to spend two years abroad, we Ladds are the least likely. Alan’s a true home and family man. He loves his own hearthside, and nothing but his job can take him away from it. Only his job did. Now that we’re back, Alan’s like a little boy, excited, grinning over each moment of each hour that allows him to enjoy our home.

All the rooms of our beloved house in Holmby Hills seem to enfold us tenderly, returning the affection that we poured into their planning. After two years of living in hotels or rented houses, however charming, it’s wonderful to be surrounded by furnishings we chose ourselves, each of them a rich reminder of an earlier moment of happiness.

And, for Alan, David, Alana and me, there’s a joy much deeper in being with Carol Lee and Laddie again. You see, when we first went abroad in the fall of ’52, the entire clan went along. And then, when we went to Canada the following summer, we all came back together again. But when we returned to Europe for the second time last fall, we had to leave the two older children behind—so they could continue their schooling in California. (Continued on page 91)
Here is the real tragedy of Frank Sinatra—the man who, always, at the moment of his greatest triumph, seems deliberately to court disaster.

BY

EARL WILSON
Life with Nancy and their children was not ideal. For Frank, even then, was moody, unpredictable.

With Ava he reached the heights—and the depths. But through all the unhappiness . . .

to Happiness

• This may sound silly . . . but I often think of my friend Frank Sinatra as a Russian . . . named “Frankie Sinatra-vitch.”

Now don’t get mad, Sinatra fans! I’m his friend, remember? I’m paying him a compliment.

In a way he’s like the Russians of history (not the Commies, but the Russians of the time of the Czars). He enjoys being unhappy. If he’s having a good time . . . well, he’s having a bad time.

Ava Gardner just happens to be the person he gets unhappy over when he finds he’s too happy to keep being happy. Or is that double talk?

You’ve seen Russians burlesqued by comedians. Tears pour down their contorted faces. They’re about to fall on their swords.

“I am so happy,” they gurgle, “I keel myself!”

But Russians aren’t the only ones. George Bernard Shaw said in one of his self-sketches, “Happiness is never my aim. Like Einstein, I am not happy and do not want to be happy.”

Am I out of my mind, mentioning Sinatra in the same paragraph with Shaw and (Continued on page 88)
Does this star deserve the criticism she's been getting?

Before you judge her, read my evidence. It will startle you as much as it did Esther, herself

My Defense of Esther

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Esther Williams' hearty laughter sounded across the room at the Mervyn LeRoy cocktail party as I made my way toward her. A changed woman from the last time I talked with her when she was—frankly—hopping mad. Esther, on that last occasion, had just had her pretty pants paddled by the hundred and more women who belong to the Hollywood Women's Press Club. At year's end, the women of the press had given her the raspberry as 1953's least-co-operative actress, a dubious honor she had also captured in '52. Esther had been mad, fighting mad, and a little bitter at the women who daily pour thousands of words out of the film capital on the public's favorites.

"I was out of the State of California for two months of '53 and in a state of pregnancy for nine months," she snapped irritably. "At least my husband found me co-operative!"

But tonight, last week's mood was gone, and Esther was her unruffled self.

"Not mad anymore?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Not mad. Not hurt. The first time, I was hurt. The second time, mad. But that's over too. I just feel—puzzled. (Continued on page 96)
He wolfs their food, ribs them unmercifully, but to his million and one friends, Rock's a sure cure for the blues.
Hey all sing the same tune about Rock Hudson. His circle of friends is vast and varied, ranging from star to script girl, from bashful newcomer to neighborhood butcher. Friendship with Rock is the only thing most of these people have in common. But ask them what he’s like, and each and every one joins in for a perfect close-harmony act. Facing such a unanimous opinion, you have to believe it; you can feel that you’re close to Rock as he really is. Listen to Piper Laurie: “Rock’s one of the best friends I have, my sure cure for the blues. I love to be with him—on a date, on the lot, anywhere. If my life depended on it, I just couldn’t worry or be unhappy when I’m with Rock, because he won’t let me. One hint of a frown, and

Continued on Next Page
Rock's a Good Man to Be Around

—continued

To the guys at Longridge Market, Rock's movie career is a fine source for gags. He pays them back by eating their apples!

Mom gets the same routine as Rock's pals—he teases her one minute, treats her like a queen the next.

Rock's unconquerable cheerfulness isn't a shallow pose—it's the real thing, built in almost from birth.

he teases me out of it and has me laughing before I know it."

Of course, Piper's a pretty girl. She's also a star whose standing is equal to Rock's own. Does that cheerful, considerate attitude of his change when he's with a green young actor, a near-no-body, yet a possible future rival? Race Gentry, fitting that description, says: "I don't know how to explain it, except to say that I look up to him. Before we ever met, I'd heard a lot about him, because everybody said I looked like him. Then, the way it happened, I made my first picture with Rock. I played his son in 'The Lawless Breed.' I was plenty scared," Race admits. "I did everything wrong, but Rock helped me a lot. You know... told me little things.

"Everybody had warned me that Rock was a great ribber, but I guess he thought I'd panic com-
pletely if he tried anything like that. He was just swell!” Then Race blushes with pleasure. “Some of the others kidded me, though. They nicknamed me Little Rock. Well, that’s okay. He’s everything I want to be.”

Famous face or new face, both the witnesses so far are in Rock’s own business. What happens when he’s off-guard, associating with outsiders? Stop in at the Longridge Market and talk to the three guys who run it—Joe Gonzales, Manuel Crespo, Harry Bell. As far as they’re concerned, Rock’s just a customer with the kind of loyalty any storekeeper appreciates. He started trading with them three and a half years ago, when the market was convenient to the little house he then rented. Now he lives quite a distance away, but he still zips over to the Longridge to do his marketing. Naturally, they know he’s a movie star, but to them his career is chiefly a fine source for gags, with Rock as target. Once in a while kids spot him and start begging the storekeepers for scraps of paper, on which Rock amiably scrawls his name.

But mostly he’s just a customer. “First thing he does when he comes in,” says Joe, “is pick out the biggest, best apple he can find. He lets us give him that one on the house. The more shopping he has to do, the more apples he eats. If he ever gets a deep freeze and comes in here to stock it, we’re going to run out of apples before he’s through!”

He’s a pretty smart shopper, all three tradesmen agree. He knows what he likes and picks it off the shelves for himself, and he knows about prices, too. Meats? “Ahh!” says Harry, the butcher, in genuine admiration. “He doesn’t want meat so often, but what he wants is the very best. You couldn’t fool this boy on a cut of meat!”

Rock seldom buys meat for the simple reason that he isn’t much of a cook. When he gets a hankering for a good, home-cooked meal, he has a clever strategem to get around his lack of skill. He’ll invite a few friends—maybe nearneighbor Betty Abbott and a couple, to make it a foursome. He has a theory that all girls just love to get into the kitchen and whip up meals for hungry, wistful young bachelors. So far, the theory’s worked—what girl could let Rock stand around starving?

Though he’s dated a dazzling variety of glamour queens, his closest approach to going steady has been with neighbor Betty—a script girl. Just that fact tells us a lot about Rock. And Betty herself says quite a bit more: “We’re comfortable together,” she explains. (Continued on page 84)
Better

His phone calls are important. But until her head and heart both say yes, Elaine Stewart will not be ready with the answer

BY ALJEAN MELTSIR

... The floodlights at the Los Angeles airport were whiskered with rain, and little streams of water trickled down the field. It was the day after Thanksgiving, 1953, but it didn't seem as though anyone could be thankful for anything on such a day.

Elaine Stewart, her coat drenched and her feet wet and numb, stood in the center of the air terminal signing soggy autograph books. On her right side was the handsome young man who had fought for and won the honor of escorting her to the airport. On her left were the three equally-handsome young men who had lost—and had driven to the airport anyway.

They glared at each other.

Elaine Stewart didn't notice. She smiled and laughed and thanked her fans, but it was automatic. The smile seemed wired to her face. Her eyes were bright with fever, and she was so exhausted that she hardly knew—or cared—that it was raining.

"Here's something for the plane." The handsome young man who had won handed her a package tied with red ribbon. It was quickly joined by packages done up in green, pink, and blue ribbons.

Elaine fumbled with the packages, and a magazine slipped from her arms. It was a copy of Photoplay that she had bought and hadn't had a chance to read, a copy that called her "The Most Popular Girl in Town."

Being the most popular girl in town—when the town is Hollywood—means a spotlighted premiere one night and Ciro's the next. For Elaine, it means changing escorts and evening dresses seven times each week. It means "living it up," "having a real George time," even though her day may have begun at dawn and another will begin at the same time tomorrow. Being the most popular girl in town can mean excitement, thrills, plaudits, a soaring career and—exhaustion.

To Elaine Stewart, living up to her hard-won title had meant losing ten pounds and narrowly missing pneumonia. It had meant the kind of weariness, physical and emotional, that she had never dreamed possible. It had meant sitting quietly one day long enough to evaluate the life (Continued on page 112)
to be certain than sorry
SHOULD YOUNG ACTORS

Here's your chance to tell the stars how you feel about this important question.

BY CORINNE BAILEY

- Should young actors marry?

Today, Tab Hunter, Scott Brady, Bob Wagner, Rock Hudson, Richard Allan, Montgomery Clift, Farley Granger, Byron Palmer, Marlon Brando and a host of other stars and near-stars are finding that this question prods uncomfortably close to home. They see before them examples of marriages that have helped careers, marriages that have almost wrecked careers, marriages that are as normal as those in Keokuk, and marriages which, though they may have been made in heaven, are somewhat mud-splattered from contact with the Hollywood earth.

To a young man in the process of building a career—any career—the puzzler, "Will a wife be a hindrance or a help?" is never far from the forefront of his mind. To a young man building a career in the movies, it's an overwhelming problem that he can't escape for a moment. For it's not only his business—and the business of a capricious chap called Cupid—it's the personal concern of every moviegoer who helps keep his name in lights.

What are the pros and cons? From the actor's point of view? From the point of view of the girl he might marry? And from your point of view—the movie audience who want your actors the way you want 'em.

The problem of money confronts some of these young men. By the time they pay the tailor's bill, there is little left over for the grocer. The problem
of the "right girl" haunts others, and understandably. For how many women can stand the day-in, day-out challenge of their spouse's association with the most beautiful women in the world, or the loneliness of separations from a husband who must be off to the four corners of the earth—where movies are more than likely to be made these days. But perhaps the hardest problem of all to solve is the effect of marriage on their careers. Would your favorite, for instance, be as romantically appealing to you if you knew that when the day was over he settled down quietly at his own fireside, and was no longer a dashing, gay bachelor-about-town?

Handsome Tab Hunter minces no words about his (Continued on page 100)
JOURNEY INTO PARADISE

So the Queen of Hearts married the King of Diamonds. And a new chapter in their storybook romance began for Marilyn and Joe

A blind date was the last thing in the world that she wanted that evening.

She would not, she informed the mutual friend who was suggesting it, get all dressed up again to go to the Villanova with an unknown character named Joe.

"I don't care how important he is," she stated emphatically. "I worked hard today and I'm tired. He could offer to buy me nightingales' tongues on toast and I'd still rather eat the leftover meat loaf that's in the refrigerator."

Getting really wound up, she added, "Besides, he probably has the latest in form-fitting suits, slick black hair and a line to match."

But the friend continued to plead, and because she valued his friendship, she consented at last. She made one final provision, though. "Don't pick me up," she directed. "I'll drive my own car. That way I can leave when I choose and get home without hearing any large talk about the beauties of a drive through the lovely evening."

Yet a few hours later, she was driving through that lovely (Continued on page 98)
At San Francisco City Hall ceremony, Joe salutes Mrs. DiMaggio.
Her mother's introduction to life in America kept Audrey on the go. "I want her to love it as I do." In New York, she's happily rehearsing for play, "Ondine," with Mel Ferrer. But Hollywood misses her lift and bounce.

- Any one of the thousands who went to see "Roman Holiday" because of Gregory Peck and came reeling out an hour and a half later muttering "Who is that girl?" will vouch for this statement: Seeing Audrey Hepburn is a vitalizing experience.

Meeting her, sharing a pot of tea with her in her rather ordinary little Paramount dressing room, is better than a shot of adrenalin. The girl is so alive, every sense so aware, that not even the worst cynic could come away after an hour with her without smelling spring in the air, hearing faraway music from the heavens.

She thinks life is wonderful. She doesn't want to miss a minute of it. And this is her magic. It's the clue for any girl who would like just a little of the excitement, just a few of the plaudits which have been Audrey Hepburn's recent lot, and who—like Audrey, let it be emphasized—are short one or two of the made-in-Hollywood musts for success.

Audrey is not a classic beauty. (Although those shaggy-lashed dark brown eyes shining out of her mobile, heart-shaped face can make the most critical forget it.) (Continued on page 102)
Hollywood's Stay-

When young and beautiful women stick so close to home and hearth it's time to ask the reasons why!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

• When a girl as luscious-looking as Kathryn Grayson, as sultry as Debra Paget or as wholesome as Jean Peters shares her evenings with a good book, it is time to look into the mystery. Hollywood has its share of girls, like any town has, who have learned to their bitter disappointment that beauty does not necessarily bring swains swarming around their doors.

There's a story I remember that proves this fact so well. It could have happened to almost anyone in Hollywood. But it's Liz Taylor who actually was the heroine of the tale. When she
first hit stardom, she was constantly in demand—to appear at charity parties, to open bridges, christen ships, the usual routine. This time, she was asked by the student body of UCLA to officiate as queen of their annual prom. Liz was pleased and flattered and willingly agreed, but on one condition: that the committee arrange for boys attending to ask her to dance. She was sick and tired of being guest-of-honor at functions, the beautiful, un-touchable wallflower who had to stand serenely by and watch kids her own age have a wonderful, sociable time.

This can be an explanation for many of the younger girls like Pat Crowley and Kathleen Crowley who rarely leave their own comfortable firesides. But I've done some sleuthing and discovered that Hollywood's stay-at-home girls can be divided roughly into five categories: The Pure in Heart; The Broken Heart; The Light of Heart; The Lonely Heart; and The Happy Heart.

Kathryn Grayson is as much a stay-at-home as this town has ever seen. Her sole contact with the outside world is her stand-in, Virginia Whitmeyer. Not even her agent has Katie’s telephone number. Kathryn has always been sensitive and rather shy, but I used to see her around in the early days. Now she’s such a recluse that her good friends—and I like to think I’m one of them—are worried. She says she’s been in bad health for a long time. But I rather think that’s an excuse she has even sold to herself. She certainly looks fine on the screen. Anyway, five will get you nothing, that before a party or a premiere, Katie will back out at the last minute, pleading illness.

Little things worry Kathryn—especially every. (Continued on page 106)
The Hestons didn’t exactly say they’d follow each other to the ends of the earth, but they’ve come close to it during ten hectic years of marriage.

The soldier and his girl walked hand in hand toward the small white church. Their steps quickened as a group of clouds gave way to a sudden shower. And they broke into a run when the shower became a mighty downpour. Once inside the church, the soldier turned to the girl with concern in his eyes. Poor kid, he thought. He knew how much a wedding outfit could mean to a bride. And now the lavender suit was splashed with rain—the flowered hat soggy.

The bride-to-be took off the hat to inspect the damage. The groom-to-be held his breath, waiting for a sign of tears or temper. Her grin was slightly waterlogged, but she managed to find words. “If only they’d been real flowers,” she sighed. “It might have done them some good.”

That was the end of Miss Lydia Clarke’s hat. It was the beginning of—well, it was quite a beginning. There they were—a fellow who’d vowed he’d remain a bachelor for the rest of his days, and a girl who’d insisted that she’d be no man’s Hausfrau.

Charlton Heston had entered Northwestern University with the firm conviction that he would never wed. He wanted to become an actor and he was certain that it would be impossible for an actor to find anyone who could make him a good wife. He had still another theory: “I often think people get married for insufficient reason—just because they believe they ought to be married. I don’t think you... (Continued on page 108)
"Boy, what a life," you may sigh, enviously. But these pictures of a young fellow enjoying his place in the sun don't tell the whole story of Bob's movie life. No star works harder or takes his work more seriously. Young Wagner didn't win Photoplay's Gold Medal on looks alone. In two years he's made eight movies, become a boxoffice name. That meant endless rehearsals, dramatic and voice lessons—he still believes he has a lot to learn—going on long
LIVING IS EASY

trips across country on personal appearances, doing the million and one things demanded of anyone in the star spotlight. For "Prince Valiant," Bob had to spend long hours perfecting himself in the use of medieval weapons, learning the art of falconry—which looks easy but isn't. By the time the last scene had been played and the film was edited, cut and in the can, Bob Wagner had earned that period between picture assignments when the living is easy.

EXIT MR. WAGNER—FEELING MIGHTY FINE
Tony and Janet hadn't been dating long before they realized their families were right for each other!

LOVE THOSE IN-LAWS!

BY JANE CORWIN

They'd both lived at home. Both were close to their parents. And, except for the fact that both happened to be movie stars their courtship was like that of a couple of kids a million miles from Hollywood. Family-type. Janet Leigh saw movies with Mom Schwartz, Tony Curtis threw darts with Pop Morrison. Before they were married, they talked things over. "Let's not get lost," said Tony. "Let's not have our folks thinking we've forgotten them."

"We'll see them often," Janet agreed.

After the wedding, they promptly planned all kinds of wonderful occasions. One evening they took Tony's family to see a stage production of "Hamlet." Part-way through the performance, Tony noticed his mother glancing at her watch. "Don't you like it?" he whispered.

"I like it fine," she whispered back. "But we're going to miss your father's favorite television show."

They'd set aside Thursday nights for the Schwartzes. A giant earthquake couldn't have kept them (Continued on page 94)

Tony's engagement to Janet jolted his parents into realizing that he was no longer their little boy.

When Bobby, here dressed for his bar mitzvah, asked her for advice, Tony's wife knew she was accepted!

Janet's mom is Tony's best audience for his jokes. And when Pop Morrison joins in—it's a family riot!
It took more than pennies in a wishing well to make Pat's dream come true.
It took the determination of a born actress.

There was once a little girl named Pat Crowley, who, like a lot of other little girls all over the world, had dreams that one day she would grow up to become a famous actress. But the difference between Pat and most girls is that once the dream had taken hold, she never allowed herself to waver from it for a moment. With some subtle little girl's intuition, she knew that her dream could come true, but only if she made it happen for herself.

These days, they're calling Pat Crowley the new Cinderella girl. In a nationwide talent search, Paramount chose her over 749 other young actresses for a top role in "Forever Female." She was signed to a long-term contract and rushed into two other pictures. And now the word that's going around Hollywood is that as soon as her three movies are released, Pat Crowley will be a star.

Studios are always predicting stardom for some promising newcomer, but the public has a way of upsetting predictions. Pat's being given the star build-up, but her position is as temporary as her living quarters. No fancy hotel suites! No palatial mansion! She lives in a small furnished apartment just outside Westwood, and while there's a swimming pool—it's shared by twenty other families in the building. If this is Cinderella, it's Cinderella before the ball begins. The Prince has discovered Pat, and he has just asked her to dance. There's no guarantee at all that the glass slipper will fit. For just as no one could make the Prince love Cinderella, so—nothing can make an audience take Pat to its heart. The American public is King. It follows its own whims, chooses its own favorites.

In Pat's case, however, the public itself was doing some predicting. In the "Choose Your Stars" ballot, Photoplay readers had awarded her second place as the young actress most likely to achieve stardom. What made the vote really startling was this: Photoplay readers hadn't seen any of her movies yet. Some had caught the movie trailer of "Forever (Continued on page 104)
PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

PREVIEW OF EASTER

New spring fashions spotlight the crisp, uncluttered look from top to toe, with sharp color accents adding a final touch of glamour.
PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS

Continued

On the Preceding Page:

Pat Crowley, our star in color, frames her pretty face with a fireman red; chalk-straw bonnet, teamed with navy velvet binding and veil. $6.95. By Dani. The perfect complement to her hat: a navy alpaca sheath dress, important white cowl collar. 7-15. $35. By Judy 'N Jill. Washable calf bag in red, tan, parchment. $11. By Jana. White cotton gloves, red studs. $5.95. By Grandoe. Chalk necklace, earrings, bracelet. $1 ea. By Coro.

Phyllis Kirk is in Warners' "Crime Wave"

Gloria DeHaven, above left, wears the new forward and level, fresh-looking "sissy" sailor. Smooth, white alpaca straw romantically contrasts the rich, red velvet band and perky feather trim. Also comes in beige, red, navy, black or brown. $7.95. By Colby. Her double-woven cotton shorts, are accented with shiny jet star motif on a turned-down cuff. White or black with the jet trim. $3.95. By Grandoe. Pearl jewelry by Deltah.
Pert Phyllis Kirk (on facing page) wears a pink “candy-braid” straw shell as her favorite spring chapeau. Its trim, velvet piping matches the tubing bow in back. This small and saucy silhouette is pretty both coming and going. Featured here in new porcelain colors, white, ice-blue, beige. $5.95. By Gage. Slim, elegant, hand-sewn cotton shorties gaily embellished with pearls and eyelets. White, black. $3.50. Grandoe.

Donna Reed is frivolous, fashionable and pretty in her wafer-flat straw pillbox, garnished with a delicate wreath of forget-me-nots to reflect her feminine charm. Your crowning touch to spring suits now and summer to come. White, pink, red, navy, black. $7.95. By Betmar. Her gloves are soft, feather-weight nylon that set new speed record for drying. White, beige, pink, exciting-red, navy. $2.50. By Kayser. Pearls by Deltah.

Glamorous Ann Miller favors a hand-crocheted, corde pillbox, with a gay side tassel, that is as bright as a new tune. As versatile a hat as you can find—young and carefree when worn off the face, sophisticated and smart when pitched forward. $6.95. Red, white, pink, beige, navy. By Veaumont. White, double-woven cotton glove. Hand-sewn, flower cluster appliques. $3. Kayser.

MORE FASHIONS ON NEXT PAGE
To bring new youth and glamour to your beauty zone*

Wear **Life Bras**
by FORMFIT

If you are one of the 47 out of every 100 women who are dissatisfied with the bra they're now wearing, you know the thrill of wearing the right LIFE BRA!

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There’s not another woman on earth with a figure exactly like yours. That’s why it is necessary to make bras in so many designs — to fit the small bust as well as the full, the pendulous as well as the firm, “D” cup as well as the “A.”

You may be among the 47 out of 100 women now dissatisfied . . . you may not know that bras, bandeaux, strapless, longline or padded, are available to fit your own personal needs.

Know, as our designers know, a bra must fit you — you must not be uncomfortably molded to a bra. No other brand offers the precise fit made possible by Life Bras. Life by Formfit gives you the largest selection in the world. Knowing this, you will certainly want your next bra to be a Life Bra! $1.25 to $6.50 at any nice store.

#574 Life Bra with slash front and quilted cushions that lift, mold, correct, hold. Gives firm, youthful lines. Nylon taffeta, $2.50. Cotton broadcloth, $1.75. Acetate satin, $1.75.

Gloria DeHaven models slim houndstooth check wool dress, new widespread Irish linen collar. Black, brown or navy with white. 10-18. $40. By Nathan & Strong.
Phyllis Kirk selects a geometric print for her ensemble. Wool jersey jacket has matching print lining. Cocoa print with red jacket. 7-15. $17.95. By Jonathan Logan.

Marcy Lee Co., 2212 S. Lamar, Dallas
Please ask one of the stores featuring Marcy Lee to send the Tarnmoor Print.

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Leeds Suit:
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New York, N.Y.: Gimbel Brothers

Braeun Juniors Suit:
Indianapolis, Ind.: Wm. H. Block Co.
St. Louis, Mo.: Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.

Judy 'N Jill Dress:
Nashville, Tenn.: Grace's, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.: John Wanamaker

Jonathan Logan Dress:
Chicago, Ill.: Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
New York, N.Y.: Best & Company

Me zo Umbrella:
New York, N.Y.: Lord & Taylor

Nathan & Strong Dress:
Chicago, Ill.: Bramson's
Salt Lake City, Utah: Makoff

Beth Har Hat:
New York, N.Y.: B. Altman & Co.
San Francisco, Cal.: The White House

Coldy Hat:
New York, N.Y.: Lord & Taylor
Seattle, Wash.: Frederick & Nelson

Dani Hat:
Detroit, Mich.: Himelboch Bros. & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.: John Wanamaker

Gage Hat:
Chicago, Ill.: Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Miami, Fla.: Burdine's, Inc.

Beauumont Hat:
Boston, Mass.: Jays
Philadelphia, Pa.: Gimbel Brothers
SUITED FOR EASTER


For luxury unlimited, an all washable 3-piece costume as worn by Ann Miller. The orlon jacket leads a double life with other outfits, while polka-dot nylon blouse matches jacket lining. Jacket in white, pink, light blue. Pencil slim skirt, navy only. 8-16. $50. By Leeds.

"FASHIONS FOR FREE" CONTEST WINNER

Here is Photoplay's lucky winner, Mrs. Maria Farina, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Farina is pictured below wearing the lovely fashions awarded her as winner of the "Fashions For Free" contest announced in December. She likes "the Photoplay Star Fashion section because the clothes are smart, exquisite, and priced just right to make it possible to purchase . . ." Her prize-winning costume by courtesy of: Coat by Judy Nell; skirt and blouse by McArthur Ltd.; shoes and bag by Town & Country; Dawnelle gloves; Fashion Craft belt.
Ava Gardner stars in M-G-M's 30th Anniversary picture, "Knights of the Round Table"

LADY IN THE DARK

Her loves are stormy passages in her life, for no man, it seems, has found the key to her wayward heart or brought her permanent happiness. The answer may be that not even Ava, herself, knows what she wants.
LATIN LOCHINVAR

This ladies’ man from south of the border may be learning that women do change their minds. For Arlene seems to be straying from his side. But even if he loses Dahl, there’ll always be a doll in Fernando’s life!
AMERICAN APPEAL

Bill Holden doesn’t go for a smooth line—except when he’s acting. And his unaffected charm and polished performances keep him a steady favorite. For Bill, there’s nothing like his job and no one like his wife.
LULLABY OF DREAMS

Her eyes are filled with dreams these days. One is for her baby, due in June. The other is to play Julie in "Carousel," the stage hit which Hollywood is considering filming. Ann feels it's just right for her.
Bob is in M-G-M's 30th Anniversary picture, "Knights of the Round Table"

**SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD**

He loves hunting, fishing and flying his own plane. But though many women would like to share his interests only one has been able to pin Bob Taylor down to a proposal. Some say his heart is still with Babs Stanwyck.
Liz stars in M-G-M's 30th Anniversary picture, "Rhapsody"

DIAMONDS AND DIAPERS
She still loves pretty clothes and fine jewelry—but the light of her life is young Mike. He and his dad are with Liz Taylor in London, where she is busy making one picture and getting ready to do another.
ROMANCE TO MUSIC

He dropped his guns to make love to Katie Grayson in "Kiss Me Kate" and proved that Keel could be a very dashing fellow. Now Howard's studio is planning to put him in new versions of Nelson Eddy's old films.
Her romance with Kirk Douglas over, Pier is back in the family fold. But young hearts can't stay broken and Pier is too lovely to stay sad and lonely long. There'll be other men to take Kirk's place.
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 use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected underneath your make-up. For mild, fragrant Dial washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. And there's nothing else as good. It clears the skin of unseen bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

Works in a new way!

Until Dial came along, no soap could remove these trouble-makers safely and effectively. Even after the most thorough washing with ordinary soaps thousands of bacteria are left on the skin. Then, when you put on make-up, they're free to cause trouble underneath. But daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of them. And Dial's AT-7 clings to your skin, so it continually retards the growth of new bacteria.

And Dial is so mild!

When you first try this beauty-refreshing soap, you'd never guess it gives you such benefits. Doctors recommend it for adolescents. With Dial your skin becomes cleaner and clearer than with any other type of soap. Let mild, fragrant Dial protect your complexion—even under make-up.

P. S. Shampoo a Diamond Sparkle into your hair with new Dial Shampoo.
Rock's a Good Man to Be Around

(Continued from page 51)

"He has a million friends—nice, everyday people like Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunter—who enjoy simple things like picnics at the beach or informal at-home parties. His teasing? Oh, yes, I get plenty of that. But he isn't one little kid in the world. Roy [Rock's real name] is very serious about some things: his beliefs, his career, music, his friends. And he's really rather shy, he won't be himself unless he knows the people he's talking to."

So the picture is rounded out, clear, convincing, utterly consistent—the picture of a big, easygoing guy with a stock of good humor to match his size. As Betty puts it, Rock's unconvincing cheerfulness isn't a shallow pose. The lady who's known him longer than any other, confirms it. She's his mother, Mrs. Joe Olson. As well as being a loving mother and son, these two are warm friends, and Mrs. Olson gets the same cheering-up routine as Rock's other pals.

But as an infant, Rock was something of a trial to his mother. For the first three months of his life, she recalls, he was busy demonstrating his excellent lung power. Then he stopped crying and settled down to the happy disposition that's been the norm for him ever since.

"After that first three months," Mrs. Olson says, "I can't ever remember Roy not taking things in stride. Why, he was only six months old when I fell with him and his little leg was broken. I thought we'd have a terrible time with him. How can you explain to a child that young why he has to lie flat on his back with his leg in traction? But Roy was just a gentle soul. He'd lie there laughing, playing and swinging that poor leg around!"

(Grown-up Rock reacted the same way to the triple fracture that threatened to take him out of 'Magnificent Obsession.' As in babyness, he refused to let his spirits be dampened. At the risk of permanent injury to his collarbone, broken in a surf-bathing accident, he went full speed ahead in the most important assignment of his career.)

It's quiet determination, not nervous drive, that keeps Rock going. He's never been the feverishly ambitious type. Like any healthy young fellow, he devoted lots of energy to avoiding work. When he was six years old, his mother decided he should start taking piano lessons. But he balked at practice sessions, and his grandmother backed him up: "If the boy doesn't want to play the piano, he doesn't have to!"

That was that. The recollection now makes Rock kick himself heartily. He's made for music, and he's concentrating all his energies on it. "If I just practised when I was six," he sighs.

In school, too, Rock was just an average student. In fact, he admits with an easy grin, "A couple of courses were touch and go in that one assembly. He pulled a terrible blunder during his wartime Navy service. One day he was a proud Aviation Machinist's Mate; next day, he'd been busted to Laundryman 3/C. Rock tells the whole truth: "He was working on a B-29, and he absently started two engines on one wing, instead of one on each wing, according to instructions. The slipstream made the plane swing around and smashes a Piper from the factory before it could be brought under control.

Running true to form, the ex-mechanic took his new job in the laundry philosophically. "It wasn't too bad," Rock says. "I got very well paid while I was working in the laundry. I said to the mess chief, 'You've got to have all those fresh, clean uniforms every day, and I've got to have better chow!'

Like a good many veterans, Rock came out of the service with a sincere desire for more of the education he'd once considered a bore. He wanted to enter the University of Southern California, but too many ex-GI's had the same idea, and USC had raised its passing standard on entrance. But Roy said frankly, "I never made a B-plus in my life!" Not at all discouraged by this setback, he went out and got the first job he could, which was driving a truck. Occasionally, he has made deliveries to studio comissaries, and the movie bug bit him. When agent Henry Willson finally managed to set up a screen test for the would-be actor, Rock made a delighted phone call to his mother. It's easy to see where he got his capacity for taking events in stride. Mom's comment on the big news was: "Be sure you wear your nice gray suit and a white shirt, Roy."

He didn't; he wore his workaday blue jeans and a faded shirt. "If they don't like me well enough in jeans to give me a part," he reasoned, "the gray suit won't make any difference." They liked him, and he was given a minute part in "Fighter Squadron." Then came the famous name-choosing session that turned Roy Fitzgerald into Roy (eventually Rock) Hudson. Here it must be admitted, Rock's good humor got a little ragged around the edges. Willson, an old name-changer from 'way back, had a long list of weird pseudonyms for his protégé to go through. At one point, the nameless newcomer broke down and wailed, "Why don't you call me Spear Mint?"

Well, at last he was named. But his otherful spirits were put to a further test. He had eventually been called in "Fighter Squadron," and it ran: "You'd better get a bigger blackboard."

Through forty-two takes, the line kept coming out of Rock's mouth sounding like, "You'd better get a bigger blackboard."

The forty-third, with Rock still in there slugging, was the charm.

The five years since then have seen amazing progress in the Hudson career, and here again his good humor has worked to his advantage. Any picture U-I wants him to do is fine by Rock. Unlike some other young stars, he's never gotten the delusion that he's too big to be bothered by reporters and photographers. While he works hard at his acting, his own dramatic efforts are a mortal embarrassment to him. He says, "It makes me feel like a fool on the screen very well. I just go in and mash the make-up."

Sometimes, as a star's fame spreads, his circle of home from the factory slipstream to those who are on a professional and financial level with him. But as Rock's salary has increased from $125 a week to $2,000, the number of his pals has expanded. He's enjoying his fortune. Rock's been always had a favorite occupation of his, and he can eat very well these days. He's always wanted a house in the hills above the Sunset Strip he actually met a warm welcome. For Rock's a good man to be around—even at three in the morning.

The End
"Don't Be Overweight!" says Mrs. Bob Hope

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Here's How You Can Lose Weight Easily and Pleasantly!

Mrs. Bob Hope with her pet cocker spaniel, Princess. "Ayds has done just wonderful things for my figure," she says.

Mrs. Hope is an ardent golfer. She says: "You can lose weight easily and pleasantly if you follow the Ayds way."

Lovely women everywhere, including many Hollywood stars, follow the Ayds way. Get Ayds at your drug or department store.

Mrs. Bob Hope with her pet cocker spaniel, Princess. "Ayds has done just wonderful things for my figure," she says.

Mrs. Hope is an ardent golfer. She says: "You can lose weight easily and pleasantly if you follow the Ayds way."

Lovely women everywhere, including many Hollywood stars, follow the Ayds way. Get Ayds at your drug or department store.
about which sanitary protection to choose?

There's only one way to regard sanitary protection. Think of what it does for you...how comfortable, how secure it makes you feel. Consider these advantages of internal sanitary protection:

**No other kind of protection** is as comfortable. That's one big reason millions of women wear Tampax. Not only does it do away with chafing and irritation, but it can't even be felt, once it's in place.

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Doctor-invented Tampax is made of pure, compressed surgical cotton in throwaway applicators. Get your supply at any drug or notion counter in a choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

isn't that I don't like girls.” They've named their daughter Arinela Roma!

**Top Rung:** Cal accidentally caught the sneak preview of “Magnificent Obsession” and before our astonished eyes, Rock Hudson emerged as a fine sensitive actor. Studio executives were on hand to witness the terrific audience reaction, too. From now on Rock gets the cream of the crop in stories, casts and directors—plus a bonus which he'll use as a down payment on his first home. Co-star Jane Wyman tells everyone that Rock's going to be the biggest star in Hollywood.

**Coming Events:** Jennifer Jones had to bow out of Bing Crosby's “Country Girl.” Stork's orders! She and David Selznick, who already have sons by former marriages, are eagerly awaiting the birth of a daughter, they hope. It's doctor's orders that Janet Leigh get herself a good rest if she wants to become a mother this year. Mrs. Tony Curtis says she's about to become the nestingest gal in town... Burt Lancaster is on the expectant-papa list. “All we have to do,” he says, “is to raise the roof to make room for one more!”

**High Hopes:** Bob Hope tells it: While flying to an Army base to entertain the boys, he noticed that one paratrooper in the plane was extremely nervous. “Try and relax,” Bob said soothingly to the young man. “We'll be landing soon.” The soldier gasped for breath. “That's just it,” he moaned. “I've never landed before—except in a parachute!”

**Boy Meets Girl:** Scott Brady wants to date Debbie Reynolds, so he asked his agent to ask her agent to arrange an introduction. All this and no mission...

June Haver and Fred MacMurray were two lonely people—until they found each other.

The Truth of the Matter: Now that he's home from Europe and back on his ranch, Clark Gable's disposing of the late Carole Lombard's personal possessions. She was the great love of his life and for years he couldn't bring himself to face anything—memories!... Jeff Chandler and Susan Hayward won't be seeing each other, unless they happen to meet at the same party. Although friends since highschool days with so much in common, their mutual advisers feel that Jess Barker's attitude toward his estranged wife is too unpredictable to risk possible misunderstanding.

Road Show: It happened at one of those Saturday-night parties, where Hollywood sits around talking about Hollywood. Eventually they got to the Rita Hayworth-Dick Haymes situation and their urgent need for ready cash. “I hear they're going to take an act out on tour,” said a famous glamour girl. “I wonder what they'll do.” At this point, Red Skelton pulled up a chair. “Well, Rita can always do scenes from her latest divorce!” dead-panned Red.
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Stranger to Happiness

(Continued from page 45)

Einstein? I think not. All three, all geniuses in their own fields, have felt that when you're happy, you're no longer ambitious... you're in a rut.

Ava Gardner, and Nancy Sinatra before her, were living with a moody soul who became unhappy when he was too happy because he realized he wasn't going anywhere from where he was. He would almost deliberately spill the applecart! Then he would go through a dramatic torture. As the Russians would say, "Hair! I love to suffer," Frankie would also be happy for a while, "suffering."

Thinking back to Nancy, Lana Turner, and Marilyn Maxwell—all of whom played a part in Frank's romantic life prior to Ava Gardner—I can see that Frank may be dramatizing his life.

Surely he's entitled to think of himself as a dramatic figure in our history. Why not? When his latest lift with Ava pushes Eisenhower or Churchill into secondary headlines? And do Ike or Winnie have fan clubs? And all the time people are saying he's getting better to Sinatra. On television, he has anybody would be tempted. But if Frank feels this, he hasn't openly shown it. He has remained, for the most part, "humble."

For the dozen years I've known him, I've often heard him described, by others, as a "Jekyll and Hyde"... as a "combination angel and devil."

I've never seen the devil in him. And the last time I saw him, in the Beverly Hills Hotel in California, he was almost as meek as the first time.

That first time... well, one of my most precious keepsakes is a money clip which is: "Oil, youse is a pool." It's signed, "Frankie."

It goes back to the fall of 1941. I was writing a piece on Tommy Dorsey. Tommy's brother, Jim, picked me up at the Hotel Astor in Tommy's station wagon, and off we went to Meadowbrook. While waiting to talk to "T.D." we had plenty of time to talk to the skinny young vocalist. The kids were coming on him, although the word swooning hadn't yet been popularized.

Leaning across a table there at Meadowbrook, the young, thin toothpick figure earnestly told my wife and me of his ambitions. For one thing, he was writing a book: on counterpoint. "That boy'll be another Bing Crosby," my wife prophesied. I forgot about him for two years. One day a fellow on my staff said to me: "There's a kid singing at the Paramount with Tommy Dorsey who's got all the dames fainting and swooning over him. They're saying he's another Bing Crosby..."

I wrote about him almost every day when he opened at the Riobamba Cafe and got to know him well... hence, the money clip.

Then it started: the romance department. Frankie and Nancy had not actually had an idyllic marriage. Bustups had been near. Now Frankie suddenly found half the prettiest dames in New York goopy over him. Suppose you're a young squirt in your early twenties and Marlene Dietrich takes a fondness for you. And the biggest magazines in the business do stories on you. And columnists say you have more sex appeal in your voice than Rudy Vallee ever had...

The first fairly loud whispers were about Marilyn Maxwell... and the tragedy of that friendship. They wanted to break it off. But they couldn't. It went on, and on, painfully and yet blissfully for each.

"Frank went through agonies," recalls a friend. "He tortured himself, accusing himself of all sorts of things."

But, of course, the partitionists often get desperate and depressed. Sometimes they think of self-destruction as the only way out. Frank and Marilyn were not that far along in their desperation, but they were desperately hopeless entanglement for many months. And suddenly it was over...

Frankie has the greatest resilience of any type of hard-core anybody who keeps bouncing back as he has, can do it on only one thing: talent. His closest friends have underestimated that talent. Some of them thought of him as only a life of give-and-take with great respect.

"The guy'll be absolutely washed up in two years," one of his intimates told me... seven or eight years ago. "His pictures do nothing at the boxoffice," this person went on, "He'll be forgotten."

Today we find him singing his best and packing every cafe he can be induced to work in. He is acclaimed now as an actor, thanks to his fine performance in "From Here to Eternity." On television, he has given a succession of excellent portrayals—and now when Frankie makes a suggestion about acting, at a rehearsal, the other stars listen with great respect.

It's something of a thrill to me... who has dogged his steps all these years... to see him reach that peak.

And yet, when he's doing well, we all know that trouble of some kind is ahead, because Frankie can't stand to be happy.

Lana Turner first became a chapter in his life story in the late 1940's. He was starring on the stage at the Capitol Theatre on Broadway, and suddenly became no-account. Luscious Lana was in New York vacationing. A combination of Lana, and of the flu, forced Frank to miss several performances. Again the knockers went to town.

Lana's bosses urged her to go back to Hollywood and get out of Frank's life. She stayed on. Officially, it was announced that he'd burst a blood vessel in his throat. He had to quit singing for several weeks. "Frank just blew another great opportunity," complained the members of his "varsity" (as his close friends have been called).

His spirits sank again. It took Ava Gardner to give him fresh hope. That was one of the most tempestuous courtships in history. It started one night as they sat before the fireplace in a friend's home, just the two of them.

A secret, at first, it burst into the open when Ava met him in Texas—when Frank threatened to push some photographers.

After they decided they wanted to be married, it took almost a year to sell the idea to Nancy. Like many wives before her, Nancy had thought this was just another flirtation. Frank, she felt... and hoped... would get over it, get home.

"I think I've about convinced her that it's the real thing this time," Frank told me one night at an NBC rehearsal. "She's been a lady, a gentleman, and a wonderful person through it all."

And in between the talks with Nancy, Frank was having his problems with Ava. She was restless. She didn't want to wait forever for him to get the divorce. Ava was in London... and then in Spain... with a headline-hunting, bull-throwing bull-fighter named Mario! Frank flew to Europe. He found that the bullfighter was no real rival.

In London, where I saw them, they were
happy as they roamed the great city, sightseeing. But Frank was still suffering the tortures of doubt. There were scenes. Heated quarrels. Moments when life’s many problems seemed too difficult for the moody, melancholy Frank ever to solve them... Moments when he just didn’t care what happened to him.

I doubt if there was ever such a wedding hassle. On a Saturday night, all was prepared for a wedding on the following Monday. They decided to have a small pre-wedding dinner at the swanky Colony restaurant Saturday night, with the James Masons as guests. Afterward they went to Broadway and 51st Street to the Sugar Hill Night Club.

A quarrel developed. A serious quarrel. I’ve heard that Ava felt that Frank was insufficiently attentive that night, and said so. I’ve heard, too, that Ava may have given way to some unjustified jealousy.

The flareup led to Ava’s canceling the wedding plans that night and throwing his ring at him. On Sunday and part of Monday, they weren’t speaking... Frank, who had given up his wife to marry Ava... Ava, who had dared public opinion and the objections of her studio to marry Frank.

It took another day or two to patch it up. Few people realized, when the wedding was finally over, how near they had been to no marriage at all.

Ava immediately began signing her autographs “Ava Sinatra” and finally Frank had what he wanted... or had thought he wanted... “happiness.” With Ava there to love him and encourage him, he had no reason not to start back up the ladder again.

Ava undertook to help him. When I visited their apartment at the Hampshire House in New York one afternoon, I heard her say to him half-chidingly, “I thought you were going to get a piano up here and do some work.”

Frank indicated that a guy wasn’t supposed to be working on his honeymoon. That seemed reasonable enough to me.

But when Frank got going, he was never better. He sang magnificently again, he was charming again, he made up with all the newspaper people he’d been at war with, and he let the photographers know that he was sorry he’d called them “creeps.” His close friends were no longer long-faced. They felt happy about his future.

And suddenly while all this was going on... while there was “new interest” in Frankie in Hollywood... the new marriage almost busted up.

It’s getting hard for me to keep their quarrels and near-bustups straight in my mind. But this one, staged one night in Palm Springs, hit the front pages again. “Frank threw Ava and Lena Turner out of the house in Palm Springs,” an informant tipped me.

It didn’t seem believable. And it was the kind of a story that I didn’t want to write because I had always considered myself a friend of both. I made a couple of calls to Hollywood and Palm Springs to find whether the story was around out there. Because if it wasn’t, I wasn’t going to write it. But if it was, I’d have to pitch in, do the usual reporting, and tell the story in full.

One call revealed what I had feared—the story was known and was already being told in a couple of the Los Angeles columns. Reluctantly, I had to write one more story revealing my friend’s tendency to invite disaster.

Probably we’ll never know exactly what the girls were saying that so aroused Frankie’s wrath.

But, whatever it was, Frank seemed once again to be destroying himself—just when everything was going beautifully. Ironically, when lawyers were trying to parlay through the new Ava-M-G-M contract...
something thrilling happens

your skin feels soft and
smooth as a rose petal

simple two-way treatment helps
blemished skin. Suddenly your
skin looks like a little girl’s. Gone
are hateful blackheads, pimples,
 oily shine, flaky dryness. That’s
your thrilling reward for making
Cuticura Soap and Ointment
your daily routine ... how does
Cuticura work such wonders?
Cuticura Soap is superfatted,
the mildest, best kind of complexion
soap. It preserves the natural
moisture as it cleanses. And
Cuticura Ointment softens,
gently stimulates, visibly
improves your skin as it helps clear
up externally caused blemishes.
Millions of women thank world-
known Cuticura for their exquisite
skin—why don’t you try
Cuticura!

get Cuticura Soap and Ointment
—at drug counters everywhere!

providing that Frank co-star with Ava in
a picture, they were also trying to prevent
Ava and Frank from breaking up.

Even the lawyers couldn’t keep up with
their battles. And then they made up again.
As Father Divine said, “Peace, it’s wonder-
ful!”—but it was short-lived.

Now we come back to that classic
Russian motif.

It’s this that makes me feel this couple
doesn’t want contentment very much.
Frankie was being acclaimed from coast
to coast last fall for his great acting in
“From Here to Eternity.” He was flying
home from Europe to be welcomed with
much hoopla.

“Frankie’s riding higher than ever be-
fore,” folks said.

Ava—still in Europe—was to
follow him home. She came in on schedule, early in
the morning, but Frankie wasn’t there to
meet her at the airport. She went to the
Hampshire House, he stayed at his Wall
dorf. For days they didn’t speak. Various
friends tried to get them together. They
did get them together on the phone ...
when only a worse battle developed.

The Voice” was singing at the Riviera
in New Jersey then, to great crowds. At
his opening, every celebrity in New York
had shown up, except the one he wanted to
see—Ava.

Frank’s pals argued that Frank hadn’t
known from Ava that she was arriving—
that she’d neglected to tell him because
they’d had a battle over the transatlantic
phone.

but was involved, too, by now. Each
thought the other should take the first step
toward making up.

One of Frank’s chums got an idea ... not at original. He would call Ava and
tell her that Frank wanted to speak to her.
Knowing, though, that he couldn’t get
Frank to take the first step, he would tell
Frank that Ava was on the phone, and
would they like to talk?

It was a good idea—but there was one
flaw. Each thought the other was making
the apology—so each was aloof, haughty and
disdainful.

“Say, who started this apologizing, any-
way?” one asked.

“You did!” retorted the other.

“I did!”

“Certainly, you called me, didn’t you?”

“You mean, you called me? I wouldn’t
call you if it was the last thing I ever did!”

“But they told me that you wanted to
apologize to me ...”

And the argument went on, with each howling
vociferously and angrily at the other, as
each slammed down the receiver.

After a couple more weeks of this, Ava
slipped out to Frank’s mother’s house in
New Jersey one night that Frank cared more
than nothing about. Frankie was still singing
at the Riviera, rushed over after his first
show. They made up right there, and Ava
went back to the Riviera to hear him sing.

With Ava in the audience, Frank changed
one of the scenes of his act that had been
getting a good laugh during their battling.
Singing “I Get a Kick Out of You,” Frankie
had illustrated it by an actual kick—as
though he were getting booted in the der-
rivie by love, represented by Ava. But
Frankie dropped that. No use starting it
all over again ... 

Now rumors began circulating that
Frankie was switching his techniques with
Ava in an effort to save the marriage.

A man claiming to be an expert on such
tales said that Ava needed to be
bossed. Frank, never that type, at least
with Ava, was urged to try it.

Frankie as a cave man! He himself
must have grinned at the suggestion.

A story was told which I found hard to
believe. Supposedly on the night they
made up, he told Ava he’d join her back and
never keep his show.

Instead, so this tale goes, Frank didn’t
get in until 5:00 A.M. when Ava made a
sleepy complaint.

Frankie supposedly countered with,
“Listen, I had to sit around with the boys
for a while. That’s the way my life’s got to
be now, and don’t try to cut the corners on
me too close, baby.”

In the light of that story, but it’s around.

The newest truce took them to
Hollywood together where they lived in
absolute harmony for maybe three weeks when ...
BOOM!

Ava flew into New York alone, hid
out for a while in Jimmy Van Heusen’s
apartment, got sick, lost weight, went
without sleep ... and finally wound up in
a Manhattan hospital. Again the old
question arose—what did he want and did he
care.

During this period—which was a very
trying one for all of Frank’s friends—be-
cause he seemed to lack the “old fight”—Ava
was still in California, not doing any-
thing. I heard about Frank’s divorce, said
that would be impossible. “I’ll be working,
I won’t be able to get away,” he said.

But of course he got away ... he found
the time and money! That’s a sign to me
that Frank is still going to keep on trying
for a long, long time.

What’s to happen now? They can get
a divorce even ... but I’ll still say that
won’t be the end. They’ll try to make a
divorce, they’ll make up all over ... and
try it again. Not that they’ll ever live
happily together.

Some friends of the two have considered
that psychoanalysis is to be the answer.
It is rather amazing, for example, that
Ava, long ago adjudged one of the greatest
sex-appeal women in Hollywood, should
be trying so hard for somebody else. Yet she has had these
streaks. Which probably only proves that
she’s like any other female concerning
her man.

But the night when advised that Ava’s too
complex for him, and that he should give
her up, has said: “Sure, it’s easy for some-
body to say give her up ... when
they’re not in love with her.”

And through all the unhappiness, shines
Frankie’s talent.

In his hotel room he may seem the un-
happiest individual in the world, but on
television he may give you the feeling he’s the happiest guy living.

It happens that I’ve just now seen him
scintillate on TV and have mentioned to a
friend how good he was.

“Yeah, I saw it,” said my friend.

“I’ve never seen him give a bad show.”

The End
The family was separated for the first time. Somehow, we never got used to the fact. Every so often, while we were away, we'd find ourselves automatically including Carol Lee and Laddie in our plans, turning to address a remark to one or both of them—and then flinching at the unhappy realization that there were thousands of miles between us. Now the six of us are together again, and that's the finest experience of our homecoming.

During the months of separation, our hearts came home before we did, drawn not only by the two absent children, but by special longings, different for each of us and sometimes amusingly unexpected in character. Who do you think was the person Alana was most anxious to see? Her dentist! While we were in Europe, she broke her braces, and she was sure her teeth would never be straight. Believe it or not, David looks forward to each session of school as if it were a visit to the circus. Of course, the children's education wasn't neglected while we were away; we took a schoolteacher with us even while we toured the Continent between Alan's pictures. But David was eager to go to an American school, like Laddie.

For my part, I felt I was really back when I found myself in my American kitchen, reveling in all the gadgets you take for granted—until they're missing. My refrigerator, for instance, has become an object of art in my eyes. Highlere, the beautiful old English house we rented when Alan was working in "Paratrooper" and "Hell Below Zero," had no refrigerator at all. With the cook's help, I learned how to get along by keeping perishables in the larder. But David wasn't so quickly won over. Practically every morning he'd say, with subtle reproach, "Some cold toast and warm milk, please."

Alan is a gleeful man these days, busy in his own cooking domain, the indoor barbecue. He was back here in spirit at least once during our tour of Europe. We'd been wistfully ordering hamburgers all along the way, but the chefs had no idea what we meant. Finally, at a restaurant in Cannes, Alan explained to David that hamburger was a sacrifice he'd have to make.

"I've got an idea, Daddy," he said. "You make the best hamburgers I ever ate. Why can't you make 'em here?"

The maitre d', hovering over us, must have been psychic—or else he could understand English. He snapped his fingers, bowed my husband out of his chair and escorted him to the kitchen. There, the chef brought Alan a white apron, a big bowl of chopped meat and a skillet. All the kitchen help gathered around to watch, and the presiding genius of the Ladd's home barbecue went to work. He must have gone on making hamburgers for an hour! David, Alana, Carol Lee, Laddie and I all had our fill, and then orders started pouring in from other American guests for "Alan Ladd Hamburgers." For the rest of our stay in Cannes, "Hamburghaire Ladd" was a standard item on the luncheon menu with Alan as chef.

He was enjoying himself, sure. But now he's really in his element, with our close friends as guests, waiting to sample the products of his art. A skillet that's just the right size hangs on the wall, ready to his hand. A good fire's going, and the glow of it, lights the face of a happy man.

In Germany, Laddie discovered another way to get a home-style hamburger. He persuaded us to stop at one of the canteens run by the U. S. Government for American personnel overseas. In and out in a
Soda serves more ways than any other household product.

You'll find baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) saves you time, work and money in more than 101 ways. Keep a package in the kitchen to make light of dozens of household chores... a package in the medicine cabinet for first aid and dental care.

An economical tooth powder! Brush your teeth regularly with bicarbonate of soda (baking soda). It's the most economical tooth powder you can use... cleans your teeth thoroughly safely. Soda neutralizes enamel-eating acids and removes bad breath that starts in the mouth.

A soothing gargle and refreshing mouth-wash! To cleanse throat and mouth, dissolve one or two teaspoons of soda in a glass of water and gargle. Soda helps sweeten breath, leaves your mouth feeling clean... so "wide-awake" fresh.

New handy size: metal pour-spoout! Now—you can get Bicarbonate of Soda in specially designed, water-repellent package, just the right size for your medicine cabinet... convenient for travelling, too! Available in health and beauty aids departments of grocery stores.

A Household Treasure

Why buy a number of different products to do a number of different jobs when baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) does them all and costs only pennies a box?


moment, he reported, "You've got to have government scrip to buy anything there. They won't take cash." But then he had a second thought. He felt sure that they wouldn't mind treating a family of hungry fellow Americans to hamburgers. And he was right. We spent about an hour talking with the homesick and very friendly GI's, savoring the welcome sound of their American accents. They wanted to know all about Hollywood and the way we live here, and just describing our home and our friends made us feel closer for a while to faraway Holmby Hills and our ranch in Hidden Valley, which we yearned for so.

Hamburgers, I guess, were for us a symbol of things American. And the children tried in their own way to import bits of the United States. David and Alana, looking forward to Hallowe'en as all American children do, were dismayed to find that the British pay little attention to this holiday. Determined to celebrate it anyhow, the pair settled on a substitute—Guy Fawkes Day, a historical holiday which falls a week later. They daubed their faces, put on ragamuffin clothes and set out to demand tricks or treats. The English country people were astounded to find a couple of little American hoodlums ringing their doorbells, but they were generally hospitable,—until David and Alana reached the home of two elderly English ladies. One of these ladies, suppressing her first reaction of horror, invited the children in and began a polite conversation, while the other rushed to the telephone and got through to the local constabulary. The ladies were convinced that David and Alana were decoys for a major robbery!

It was our turn to be equally horrified, when we received a phone call at the ranch. "A policeman's charge," was the terse message. We were out of town and had forgotten the British customs seem as strange to the British as many of theirs do to us. The constable got on the phone to assure the ladies that they weren't in any danger. Then Alan and I sealed the pact by inviting the ladies to tea at Highclere the next day.

New friendships often helped to soothe the pangs of homesickness, and Alan's fans, too, made us feel welcome everywhere. Once, three or four cab-loads of London fans followed us all the way out to Highclere, at least an hour's drive, so we asked them to come in and talk with us. Months later, when we were ready to leave, Alan's fans offered to give him a farewell tea. Deeply touched, he and I decided that this was the wrong way around, that we should be entertaining them. Alan chartered buses to bring them out from London, and I planned simple refreshments to be prepared at home. On the morning of the big day, the president of the fan club phoned to say that there would be about four hundred guests!

An unexpected visitor that afternoon was Rock Hudson, who was making a movie in England at the time. He dropped in as goodbyes were being said, and we greeted him enthusiastically, as a big, cheerful reminder of home. Finally, we relaxed in the living room to wait for dinner, along with Rock and a pretty young girl. Alan and I felt awkward because we didn't know her name. We assumed she was a friend of Rock's, and that he'd forgotten to introduce her, during the flurry of fan farewells. Meantime, Rock (we discovered later) assumed that she was a friend of mine.

For a stilted half-hour, the conversation edged all around her, between Rock and Alan and me. Suddenly she jumped up. "My goodness!" she said. "All the other fans have gone, haven't they? I felt so at home here I didn't notice!"

Other American friends besides Rock came calling. Dennis and Steffi O'Keefe spent our first English Christmas with us and Bob Taylor showed up in the dashing beard he'd grown for "Knights of the Round Table." The appearance of Lindsay Crosby (with Bing) was a special treat for Laddie, who was getting homesick for American boys near his own age.

We felt the same kind of excitement Laddie did then, when, last summer, we reached the Canadian Rockies, where Alan was on "Saskatchewan." The mountains around Lake Louise are unbelievably beautiful, but familiar Hollywood faces in the cast and crew of the movie were even more glorious to our eyes. We loved Canada and its people, though, and we regretted that we had so little time for...
sight-seeing. After shooting ended, we went to Ottawa, sending our luggage ahead, since Alan just had to post-record some of the picture's dialogue there. But a nice conductor on the train asked us, "Why don't you go to Quebec?" On impulse, we went.

To tell the truth, I believe I took extra pleasure in this side trip just because we had so little luggage to look out for. I'd spent almost two years packing, unpacking, and repacking for six people. After our travels were all over this year, one of the things that delighted me most was arranging all our clothes in the specially built closets at home.

The pool was another of our home blessings that Alan couldn't get enough of when we returned. You know what an ardent swimmer he is. He was anxious, as well, to get the children caught up on their swimming and diving lessons. In fact, that anxiety got him into trouble while we were in Ottawa. In our hotel bedroom, he was trying to teach David how to do a back flip off a diving board. One of the children inadvertently put a chair right in Alan's way, and he stumbled over it, breaking a bone in his foot. It wasn't a serious injury, but it was mighty bad timing. We were sailing for Europe for the second time in just two days.

Before Alan began making "The Black Knight" in England and Spain this last trip, we went over to France and stayed at a lovely hotel near Versailles. Alan and David explored the gardens. Alana and I did the Paris shops. And this time, I made sure to keep a careful eye on my purchases. The year before, I'd returned to England from the Continent with a trunkful of presents to distribute in California—only to find the trunk empty a few weeks later. Alan had handed out all the gifts to our English friends.

From Versailles, we were supposed to go to the Command Performance in London. We were looking forward to it, with pleasant memories of our first Command Performance, when the Queen (now the Queen Mother) had inquired graciously about our children. But at the last minute, Alan came down with the flu.

We spent a second Christmas in London, Carol Lee and Laddie flying over to join us. But back they went, and the brief, tantalizing taste of being with them only made us long more intensely to have the whole family together again. Obligingly, the days speeded up. The snows of Switzerland, the neat cities of Sweden and Denmark flashed past us, as Alan hurried through business engagements there. The Atlantic and the United States slipped away beneath us, and then came the best part of our trip—the drive through Holmby Hills to the doorway of our own house. It almost seemed to smile at us.

Proud as Alan is of his sense of direction, he once contrived to get thoroughly lost in a London fog, starting to drive from the studio to Highclere and winding up at the studio again. But Highclere was only a rented house. When our own house is his destination, he can find his way through the Hollywood hills and canyons like a homing pigeon.

That's what we all are—a flock of homing pigeons. We feel as if we never want to leave home again. Yet each day one of us thinks of some hilarious or heartwarming incident of our travels, and if another location trip comes up we'll probably be as excited and eager as if the journey were our first. Or maybe we'll be more excited. We've found an extra advantage in traveling: It's made us realize with a new poignancy how very much we love coming back home, and how dear to us all our home is.

The End
Every Woman Should Read

These Vital Facts!

Women who are happily married and who possess physical charm realize the importance of using a cleansing, deodorizing douche for feminine hygiene and after their monthly periods. A recent survey shows many nurses consider it wise to always use ZONITE for this purpose. There's a good reason why! Scientific tests prove no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is more powerfully effective yet absolutely safe to body tissues.

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ZONITE has 101 valuable uses

(Continued from page 67)

away. Then, at dinner one Schwartz night, the phone rang. Tony's father answered. "Sure, we'd like to come," his voice drifted to the table. "Only we can't. Janet and Bernie are always here on Thursdays."

And we were so busy figuring that we were doing them, a big favor that we didn't stop to wonder whether it was convenient," Tony grinned later. Next came the Morrison's turn. "It's all set," Janet told her parents. "Dinner and wishing-clubbing too."

However, in the middle of the first course, Mrs. Morrison gave her daughter a long, knowing look. "You're tired, aren't you?" she asked.

"Beat," Janet admitted. Until this time the conversation had been lagging. It picked up considerably. "As a matter of fact, I've had a hard day, too," her father volunteered.

"That made it easy," said Tony. "I count four cases of fatigue," said Janet's mother. "Let's all go home."

These days the Curtises call their families often and see them whenever possible. "But it's live and let live, rather than do or die. The bond between the sixsome is as strong as ever—and a great deal more comfortable. "Actually," says Tony, "we all overdid a good intention."

"None of us believes that a couple can have a mature relationship if their family ties are too close," says Janet. "A young couple should have the ability to be independent. And parents also appreciate it."

"It was easier for us Morrison's because we've always been pretty independent. My folks gave advice only when I asked for it. And when I didn't take it, it was up to me to come back in a minute and Mrs. Schwartz and say whether I was right or wrong. There wasn't as much of a chance for me and my family as there was for Tony and his parents. It was difficult for them to treat me then as a man."

At first the Schwartzes were apprehensive about meeting the movie star, Janet Leigh. Tony had invited her to dinner. Pop Manny set eyes on Janet, shook her hand, and gave Tony a proud slap on the back. "Just like his father!" he said.

Janet and Mom Schwartz took to one another the minute they met. As usual, the family was in the living room and the idea. And she still remembers the soup, the roast chicken, the stuffed cabbage. She also remembers how they kept glancing at Manny and Tony as they did away with the food. "It seemed almost as if they liked to see our men eat," Janet laughed.

"The important thing when you meet your fellow-corner's, is to be yourself," she says with conviction. "And I guess I was that night. After that I always noticed the dishes and Mom Schwartz tried to sho me into the other room with the men-folk. But they weren't calling me to General Leigh' at him. I don't believe in putting things off, and I won our mock battle. We both did the dishes."

"I seem to recall being strictly myself when I met the Morisons," Tony recalls. "Mother," says Janet, "She rushed into my room grinning. He's here. And he's so handsome!"

A minor comedy of errors followed. Walking across the lawn Tony had noticed that his heels were digging into the ground with gusto. "Your lawn is awfully soggy," he remarked to Mr. Morrison by way of striking up a conversation.

"We just had it replanted," Mr. Morrison informed him gently.

Leaving the house, Tony had words with his date. "Your father is certainly a nice fellow," he told her. "What a sweet way of saying keep the heck off the grass!"

"None of that, one thing," grinned Janet. "You kept calling them Mr. and Mrs. Leigh."

"Well," said Tony. "The name's Morrison," said Janet. Even Fred Morrison was non-committal in regard to his future son-in-law. "He's quite reserved," says Janet. "And he doesn't do an opinion for an eternity. He didn't say whether he liked or disliked the idea. But I can tell when he disapproves and I was fairly certain he didn't disapprove."

One night he confirmed her suspicions. She was giving a cocktail party and buffet dinner. Tony had known each other for five months and had gone steady for three of them. It had been rumored that they were engaged and an announcement was expected momentarily. Around eleven and a half, Tony stepped up onto a coffee table. "Silence," he commanded. "I have an announcement to make."

Janet stood beside him. "Oh, no, Tony. Let me make it."

"I'll deal," said Tony. "Let's both do it," said Janet coyly.

Everyone waited expectantly. "Dinner will now be served," they chorused.

"Are you going to announce your engagement?" her father asked later.

"Would you mind?"

"No," he said. That was his way of letting her know that he did like Tony. Janet had always believed that honesty is the best policy family-wise as well as otherwise. Even in the days before their engagement, she clung to the theory. She'd gone to dinner at the Schwartzes one evening and Tony was doing the dishes. Janet was upset about an earlier incident and let it be known. "You shouldn't get mad at Tony," Mom told her. "He likes you very much." "But that doesn't mean I don't love him."

"Well then," said Tony's mother, greatly relieved. "Why don't you marry?"

Janet explained. "We have a lot of things to work out. Just now he's thinking about my career and I don't want to clutter his mind."

"It won't get cluttered," Mrs. Schwartz assured her.

"When it happens, it will happen," said Janet philosophically.

"But you do want to marry Tony, don't you?" his mother persisted.

Mrs. Schwartz became Janet's good friend and protector. When Janet was visiting, along with a great many Schwartz relatives, she was determined to make certain that everything would go smoothly and lift nothing to chance. She didn't want anyone to understand that she enjoyed the company of her son's girl. Consequently, she found herself in the role of go-between. Each time an aunt would so much as look as if she wanted to question Janet, Mrs. Schwartz would arrive on the scene. "What are you going to ask her?" she'd inquire.

Aunt quietly stated one query. "Janet, Aunt wants to know if your hair color is natural."

"It is right now," came the answer.

"Certainly it is," Mom boomed to Tony's aunt.

It was brother Bobby who was the unknown quantity. He was excited at first because Tony was getting an actress. Later, his tone changed. "Oh, she's beautiful, but when are we going to play baseball if you're going with her all the time?" he wanted to know.

Their engagement bewildered him. "What does this mean?" he seemed to be
saying. "Will Tony have to move out now?"

Then, too, Janet was a girl and she was going to become a member of the family. After the wedding, Tony would insist, "Kiss your sister." But Janet put her foot down. "I don't want to force our friendship," she told him.

Acceptance did come. Janet knew what Bobby approached her for advice. He inquired if she thought it was wrong when he didn't go to bed when his parents wanted him to. "It's this way," said Janet. "In growing up you have to do a lot of things you don't want to do. If you want to remain a child, you'll fight it. But if you want to become a man, you'll have to live in the right way now." "Yeah?" said Bobby.

"I have to get up at five," Janet went on. "I don't especially want to. I have to be in bed at eight when I'm working because of my job. Your job is to go to school and get the most out of it. And to do that, you have to get your rest."

"Yeah," said Bobby, a man of few words. "In that case... goodnight."

Both Janet and Tony thoroughly enjoy being with their in-laws. "Let's go see your cute, gullible mother," Tony will suggest. "I have a new joke."

He and Dad Morrison collaborated on the last one and consider it an outstanding success. They drove the car part-way into the garage and jacked up the rear fender. They made certain that it was at an angle where the jack could not be seen.

When Mrs. Morrison arrived on the scene, she noted her son-in-law manfully holding up the car, all by himself. "Janet," she screamed. "Come see what Tony's doing."

Tony's always walking in with his hand tucked into his sleeve. He tells his mother-in-law that he lost it on the set playing poker and she breaks up. "Best audience I ever had," he vows.

Janet enjoys Tony's parents equally as much. She's always calling for Tony's favorite recipes and they get together frequently for girl-talk.

Because of her career, Janet's attempts at housekeeping are limited. But she rules the roost and there's little doubt about it. When the Curtises moved into their new home, her mother-in-law gave her her get settled. After a while they found themselves disagreeing as to where things should go. "I'm sorry, Mother," said Janet. "But you do it your way in your house and I'll do it my way in mine."

"That's right, 'General,' I forgot!" her mother laughed.

The families are closer than ever in an hour of need. When Tony's father suffered a heart attack, Mrs. Schwartz called Janet immediately. Janet stayed with her for several days. And she was the one who broke the news to Tony when he returned from a personal-appearance tour.

Even friends of their family were on the watch over Manny. "We're going to have to put our foot down," said Tony. And so they put their feet down. "You brought it all on yourself," they tell him. "You have to learn your limitations. Can't you take it easy?"

Tony was in Hawaii on location when Janet's folks told him that she had lost their baby. "And it's a good thing, they talked to him first," she says. "It was easier for him to hear it from them. We were both heartbroken and his first reaction would have set me off again."

So there's no doubt about the fact that the Curtiss-Schwartz-Morrison families are and always will be inseparable as a unit. Their feelings are mutual. It was that way even before Janet uttered those now-famous words over the long-distance telephone after they were married. "Hello, Mrs. Schwartz? This is Mrs. Schwartz!" (Janet is in "Prince Valiant"; Tony, in "Johnny Dark")

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95
My Defense of Esther

(Continued from page 47)

"Honestly, Louella, what do you think is the matter? Since I don't seem to have the right idea on all this, please, Louella, why don't you tell me what's wrong. Why should they do this to me?"

"You and Ben come on to dinner with me at La Rue," I proposed. "It's quiet there and we can talk and perhaps I can tell you some things about you that may surprise even you."

So, that's how it happened that after most of the diners had left the cafe, and Ben was table hopping to visit with a card of our friends, and I sat talking over our coffee cups.

I started by saying, "Esther, did it ever occur to you that the press girls gave you the axe as the least-co-operative medium to be challenged by the standards of other glamorous women who live by the glamour rules? And you, don't you never have.

For good measure, if you ask, is a movie star. So is Marilyn Monroe. And Lana Turner. And Ava—but not you, Esther.

Let me tell you what a certain glamour girl, a typical run-of-the-mill movie star said when I once happened to meet her and I sat talking at the press club's bar.

"Did she ever dare a dozen eligible drapes-around-town in a different night club every night just to keep her name in the gossip columns until she got a toe-hold on a career?

"This is the way of all men had to do it—but not Esther. Not on your life. Miss Neptune's daughter sprang full-blown into stardom from the swimming pool and then to add insult to injury, she gets everything else that matters to a woman.

"She gets her man, a house full of babies, and光芒 from other investments!"

Esther threw back her head and laughed her hearty, healthy laugh.

"Perhaps she expressed it crudely," I said, "but she expressed it.""

"How do you mean, Louella?" Esther asked.

And, here is what I told her:

There are so many things in your life you put ahead of being a movie star. First and above everything else, you're Ben Gage's wife, sweetheart and his woman.

It's said that all women fall into two basic categories—men's woman or the-mother-woman. You're both—but first, you belong to Ben. You are a strong, vital, happy woman who has found her guy and made him his own.

In your unabashed realization of your perfect mental and physical mating with Ben you have found what most women search for all their lives, and too many of them come to believe that you are smart enough to know what you've got and to cherish it.

I've often heard you say without embarrassment—which is the way it should be—what you and Ben are Married Lovers. This means that you are really blowing your top, even wanting to take a swing at someone or something, was when Ben had a hassle with a tipsy drunk in a cocktail lounge and the gossip started that you were leaving him. You were furious. Remember you said, "Friends and Devils! Leave us alone. What Ben does, I would have done. He's my guy and what he does is all right with me."

It follows naturally that your other pre-occupation, equally strong, is being mother to Benjie, Kimmie and now little Susie Gage—that happy clan of babies who swarm all over you.

Then there is just Mommie—who holds the hankie while they blow their buttonhole noses and who Kimmie cut his teeth on one of your gold loop earrings and who dries Susie's diapers before and after.

You once said you should have a dozen kids, you have them so easily—can't even remember a labor pain when you wake up after one of your babies is born.

And it isn't only your own kids you love—it's your nature to reach out to all children. That's why you give so much. You've been recognized for your generosity to the Nursery School for Visually Handicapped Children.

You are at the Home as many hours a week as you can possibly spare teaching these little blind children to swim and to find their way with confidence in themselves in a dark world.

I'll never forget what you did one day when a girl who had once been a beauty in the chorus at Earl Carroll's called me to her hysteria and desperation in her voice.

I barely knew her myself—but my secretary was caught by the tragedy in her voice and put me on the phone.

She had called me a doctor that her baby, just nine weeks old, was stone blind and that there was no hope that the baby would ever see.

"I don't know what to do," the distraught mother sobbed, "But I know you do. Miss Parsons, I have to have help. I have taken my little boy to the Home for blind children but they tell me they don't do anything until the baby is a year old.

"What can I do? Where can I turn? My poor little blind baby cries all the time. I don't even know how to care for him. What can I do?"

"Don't worry," you said after I had explained the plight of this unhappy mother, "something will be done, and not a year from now. Give me that girl's number and I'll call her.

I didn't hear from you again about this, but later after you again called me to laugh and to say that an "angel" had come into her life.

"Do you know what Esther Williams did?" she told me. "That very day she left the studio at her lunch hour and went to the Home. She explained the situation to the director and asked for your help."

Within a few hours, I had a call from the Home. They said that at Miss Williams' personal request they were not only taking in my baby, but my husband and I were to be given a home away from home for parents and receive instructions in the care and handling of a blind infant!

"I can never, never tell Esther Williams what is in my heart. Will you please say it for me?"

Well, as you know—I didn't need to do this because you didn't let that initial good deed stop there. Maybe you don't know that I, you and Ben called the parents of the blind baby. We invited them to your home for dinner—and you gave them your friendship as well as your help. That's what I call being "co-operative."

And being a good wife, a good mother
To your wonderful mother, you're still just her baby.

Just last Thanksgiving you cooked the
turkey dinner yourself—with one maid
helping—for 22 people, all relatives—and
with a half-dozen assorted nieces and
nephews under your feet—just for the
sheer warmth and devotion of having the
whole family together for one time.

I hear you your Trail's cafe does $250,000
per year and that your earnings during the
remaining years of your M-G-M con-
tract will amount to nearly $2,000,000.

Yet, you and Ben do the unheard-of
thing of paying your giant income-tax bite
in a lump sum in advance each year, live
on $18,000 annually, and save what you can.

Because you are a property owner and
a taxpayer, you make it a point to be a
good citizen. The year of the presidential
election, you got out in the rain and rang
neighbors' doorbells campaigning for like
because in your heart you believed in him
and in the good you believed he would do
the whole country.

Several people tried to advise you that
actresses shouldn't fool around in politics
—might offend too many people on the
other side. "I'm not operating as an
actress," you stopped with your dancer up, "but as a citizen."

When you were asked recently to be
Honoray Mayor of your community you
didn't laughingly accept it for the publicity
value and then forget all about it. You
attended all the meetings at the public
school about community problems, clearly
marking the school crossing zones—repair-
ing certain streets, making sure hooligans
were policed out of the district.

Meetings such as these and gatherings
with your family are practically your en-
tire social life.

Now, how about going out after that, too,
in '54?

I took a deep breath and sat back. I'd
started out to tell Esther what was wrong
with her approach from the point of view
of the girls of the press, and had wound
up delivering an oration on her virtues
as a wife, mother and citizen. I'd hardly
given her a chance to get a word in edgewise.

Across the room, Ben was saying good-
bye to his cronies, who were getting ready
to leave La Rue, and I knew he and Esther
would be wanting to get back home soon.

"Louella, you're wonderful," Esther said,
with that hearty, healthy laugh of hers.

"You've just told me I'm all the things I've
ever wanted to be, raised me to the skies
in the terms that mean the best to me—and
that's your explanation of why I've been
called the most un-co-operative ac-
tress in Hollywood."

"Strange as it seems, that's it, Esther—and
I know you're still puzzled. You want to
know how you can be all the things you
are to Ben, your kids and your commu-
nity, and still—The girls of the press would
like you to be to them. Well, maybe the
answer is as simple as this: Let the press
and the public know you as well as I do. I'll start by telling
the world about the Esther I know—the Esther
who may not live by the glamour-girl
standards, but whose own high standards
ought to inspire the greatest admiration
and respect. The Esther who puts many
things ahead of being a movie star—the
most important things in the world."

"Louella, my ears are burning again,"
Esther laughed, as Ben came over to our
table. "Don't tell me any more."

"Okay, Esther. I'll tell the world!"

This is it—the story of the Esther Wil-
liams I know and love. The defense rests.

THE END

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Journey Into Paradise

(Continued from page 58)
evening, many miles out of her own way, taking the young man home, and wishing there were even more miles to drive. The slight black hair she had anticipated turned out to be a crisp crew cut. And he had no line at all, no jokes. Throughout dinner, he had barely spoken and rarely talking very little. He had even neglected the excellent meal before him. He scarcely ate at all. Instead he just looked at her.

But when at last she stopped the car at his door, he had not even the nerve to say the one important thing, “Can I see you tomorrow night?”

Thus, in a manner duplicating the boy-girl story of a million young couples, did one of Hollywood’s most publicized romances begin. For the girl was Marilyn Monroe, the blonde lovely whose name has become synonymous with all that is alluringly feminine. And the man was Joe DiMaggio, affected by his followers “The Yankee Clipper,” who in his days as a big-league ballplayer regularly reaped roars of approval for his skill in winning games. In theory, they should have known all about each other, for the basic facts of both their lives had long been public property.

Anyone who chose to read it could easily learn the full story of Marilyn Monroe’s desolate childhood. Her father had simply disappeared. Her mother, too ill to care for her, had placed her in an orphanage, and from that a series of foster homes. She had lived in countless homes before she was fifteen years old. At sixteen, she had married a young man in the Merchant Marine.

But the marriage was destined not to last. For Marilyn, ambition then became a driving force. Modelling jobs brought her the quick cash and a screen test. The first was at a studio to put her under contract dropped her. But it did give her the chance to learn, in the talent training program, how to become an actress.

In contrast to Marilyn’s lonely climb toward stardom, Joe DiMaggio had always been surrounded by a warm family. The eighth of nine children, he had grown up in San Francisco. His elder brother, Vince, led the way into big league baseball. He played briefly for the New York Giants and longer for the Pittsburgh Pirates. The third, Joe, brought Domine, went to the Boston Red Sox.

Almost from the first time he went to bat for the Yankees, Joe had been a star. At the time of his retirement, shortly before his death in 1979, he had led thirtyseven teams to the World Series. In his honor, the major league baseball team was renamed the New York Yankees.

But in his love life, he had struck out. When seeking a divorce in 1944, his wife, former actress Dorothy Arnold, had contested the action and during this period, that she could broil a steak and make a good salad and that suited Joe just fine. After dinner, they would sit around watching television—or just talk. For every woman he would talk about. Serious things like marriage.

To close friends, both admitted they were serious about marriage. From that first blind date together, neither had gone out with anyone else. They admitted they were in love, but they wanted to be sure.
Sure it would last. Sure they could work out a personal solution to the classic career-vs-marriage conflict. Sure they had a reasonable chance to be happy together.

The press, less patient, again and again reported prematurely that they were already secretly married.

When such rumors made the rounds, Marilyn and Joe usually ignored them. Once, however, growing impatient, Marilyn brushed off a question by saying, "I wouldn't want to keep my marriage a secret. There would be no reason to do so."

Firmly, they held to the policy of trying to keep their private life private. They carried it so far that, to avoid talk, Marilyn would appear all alone at parties or openings where she was likely to be photographed. Joe, if he was in town, turned up only after the Kliegs were turned off, and he would take her home.

Romance, however, is inherently unquiet. In the course of nearly every young couple's association, there comes a time when it seems, they must prove for themselves the truth of that ancient adage, "The course of true love never runs smooth."

For Joe and Marilyn, that time came with the Christmas holidays.

Despite her claims that she is Hollywood's most self-sufficient career girl, Marilyn is sentimental. Christmas was no time to be alone. Christmas was a time to be with the man she loved.

Christmas, even though her most important picture, to date, was due before the cameras, was a time to spend with Joe at the big old DiMaggio house in San Francisco.

It wouldn't be surprising if, in her thoughts, the DiMaggio house had become almost as important as Joe himself, for it is virtually a symbol of the kind of family life Marilyn had always missed. Owned originally by Joe's grandparents and now the joint property of several of the younger DiMagios, it's big enough to shelter all of the clan who want to come home for the holidays—and Joe's girl, too.

On the second floor, there's a guest room, bath, laundry room, furnace room and garage. On the second floor, there's a seven-room apartment; on the third floor, there's another big parlor, a service pantry, four bedrooms and three baths. Out on the roof, at the rear, are Joe's own diggings—a living room, bedroom and bath.

What happened in that house at Christmas is locked in the private recollections of the family and Joe and Marilyn.

The part the public saw was Joe and Marilyn appearing happy and relaxed at the DiMaggio restaurant down on Fisherman's Wharf, at other famed cafes and at parties given by friends. They were packing as much enjoyment as possible into a few days, for Marilyn was due back in Hollywood to start work on her picture.

But when the time came, no one could find Marilyn. For the first time in her usually co-operative career, Marilyn had left the studio in the lurch. Marilyn let it be known through her agent, that she didn't like her salary and she hadn't seen the script, and she didn't like that. "I've never felt so harassed in my life," she told her agent. "But there's no foundation to those marriage rumors."

And after that, there was silence. The studio suspended her and the ladies and gentlemen of the press started a search to find Marilyn.

During one frantic twenty-four hour period, she was reported to be: 1) at the home of friends; 2) In New Orleans with Actor Rock Hudson; 3) en route to Las Vegas to marry Joe DiMaggio.

The romance, which Joe and Marilyn had kept so personally for so long, was all over the nation's front pages.

In such comotion, many a romance has smashed to splinters; but the understanding and faith which had developed during the quiet hours Marilyn and Joe had spent together carried them through. Later, it was learned that they had compromised on the one cause for disagreement. Joe had insisted on a quiet wedding—no publicity whatsoever. Marilyn had said she was honor-bound to let Twentieth know. They agreed, finally, that she was to call her studio—one hour before the ceremony.

But that hour stretched to two and both were filled with confusion. Word that they were to be married at the city hall spread throughout San Francisco. There was a small riot going on in the corridors by the time Joe and Marilyn arrived.

A clerk from the Marriage License Bureau couldn't get through until Judge Peery sent out word to police to clear a path for him, so that he could bring the license into the judge's chambers. Joe grunted as he ploughed through, saying, "O.K., let's get this marriage going."

Marilyn wore a chocolate brown suit with an ermine collar and carried a small bouquet of three white orchids. Joe wore a blue suit—and much of his bride's lipstick. When, as they kissed after the ceremony, photographers and newsmen men called for their usual, "Just one more, please," Joe agreed with enthusiasm.

In a tactical maneuver which would do credit to the general of an army, they slipped away from friends, fans and newsmen. Later, it was reported they had stayed, for the first night of their honey-moon, in a roadside motel where the cost of their room was exactly four dollars.

Marilyn and Joe had escaped from the commotion and already were leading the quiet life both preferred—a life in which their love is the focus.

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5:50 Could she hurt the Island of Desire, young Tab has, by his own admission, been playing with too much of a ball. He hasn’t taken his career seriously enough. Lots of laughs, lots of picnics—and not nearly enough hard work. And now, wistfully yearning for wedding bells, he is facing the fact that he plowed his and no work makes Tab a very poor boy.

“My asking price per picture,” he says, “is two thousand a week. But I don’t work very many weeks. I can’t afford to think about marriage, much as I’d like to.”

He’s right, of course. While two thousand dollars a week sounds like a lot of money, it’s not when you work, say, only nine weeks a year, and when your financial responsibilities are heavy and extend over the entire fifty-two-week span. Tab maintains an apartment for his mother, and in cases like her recent serious illness, he, of course, had to hire a three-own bachelor quarters to keep up, his car to operate, his wardrobe to maintain. Under the circumstances, a guy can scratch up enough money for a fun date now and then, but marriage?

A wife might be just exactly what Tab needs to help him get his career straightened out. She could be, that is, if she loved him and believed in his work. A personal barrier helps make the fulfillment of his career her own goal, enough to make financial sacrifices to help him on his way.

But even if Tab should be able to find such a paragon, would you moviers accept her? Would you continue to be as loyal a follower of Tab’s? Or how would you feel about Bob Wagner as a married man?

Bob has already warned Hollywood’s lovelies, publicly and in print, that he intends to enjoy at least six years more of single bliss. “I won’t go into marriage,” he puts it, “until I’m thirty or older. I’m honest enough to admit that right now my career is all-important. I can’t let anything interfere with it until I’m forty and well established, and marriage is miles out of the question for quite a few years.”

But falling in love is never out of the question. And if it happens to Bob before his self-imposed six years is up, should he follow through?

There are some who feel that for Bob, almost more than for any of the other young actors in Hollywood, marriage now could be dangerous. And they point to the case of Dale Robertson as an example.

Careerwise, Bob stands today in pretty much the same spot in which Dale stood only a short while ago. “This guy,” the experts said of Dale, “is a second Gable. He’ll be around for the next twenty years.”

Then his marriage hit a little rough weather. And because the movie public were interested in everything about him, they were interested in that, too. All marriages have difficulties—Bob’s estranged husbands don’t react as Dale did. He got sore at the world because he couldn’t solve his personal problems. And the world, the Hollywood world, retaliated by turning their backs on Dale, his emotional problems and, most important of all, his films. He plummeted rapidly down from the position of high popularity he’d held. It wasn’t his being married that his public minded; it was just that he

Dale, during difficult periods, has been violently anti-publicity, because he felt it was an invasion of his privacy, that he was, perhaps, too big a star to be bothered. Bob, on the contrary, is more outgoing. The reason is quite different. He doesn’t think that he’s a big enough star—yet.

“People will get sick of my face,” he says, “bored with me because nothing new is happening in my life.” I hope to be making movies ten years from now, and I don’t want the public to be tired of me by then.”

If Bob were to fall in love, publicity wouldn’t be of the utmost importance. With his intention to remain single on the record, Bob would have to fall desperately in love to change his mind. And a desperately in love, intense Bob Wagner might result in his propagating the marriage ring circus for the enjoyment of the world-at-large. Amiable and co-operative he is, but marriage in a goldfish bowl might make him react badly. It’s possible that even in the public eye, he might wind up with a case of the nervous jitters that could lose him his public.

Rock Hudson is another who, like Tab Hunter, seems to be running scared of marriage between him and the joys of marriage is a lean pocketbook. “Sure, I want to get married and raise a family,” he says, “but not until I’m positive that I can provide for them.

People close to him believe that it was his stubbornness on this point that broke the back of his romance with Vera-Ellen. There’s no doubt that Rock was really serious about Vera—very serious, but he was equally serious about his conviction that a self-respecting man should be the sole support of the family. Certainly, under such circumstances, Rock could earn more than he does—and Vera was doing just that at the time. And, as the story goes, Vera wasn’t willing to wait until he achieved what he considered security.

But things are different now. Rock is in the two-thousand-a-week bracket, and he does work regularly. What’s more, his star is rising steadily in the U-I firmament. So it can be the old debil dollar that’s really worrying him. And it’s certainly no lack of ladies in his life. It seems much more likely that he’s afraid—afraid of losing his freedom anyway. Do you agree that Rock has this to fear?

That word, “afraid,” crops up again and again in relation to Hollywood bachelors, and Scott Brady has had the tag applied to him, probably more often than all the rest put together. When he hasn’t been accused of being frightened, Scott’s been accused of being a wolf.

As Hollywood careers go, Scott’s been moving accordingly. Barring a gratifying, steady pace. His movies are always draws. There is never flagging interest in stories about him, pictures of him. Yet, there are some who feel that Scott would be better off as a single. Some say he could be convinced that his wild oats were sown, that he was settled down and secure.

He himself says, “I probably want to get married more than any guy in my town, but there does have to be a girl!” And a quiet voice from somewhere in the back¬

(Continued from page 55)
With so many of Hollywood's eligible bachelors is the problem what Scott insists his is—finding the right girl? How about Byron Palmer, for instance? The motto of this tall, blue-eyed Irishman could be, "Don't call me; I'll call you"—there are that many girls keeping his phone busy. He is personable, urbane and much- sought-after. But it's going to take a very special miss to make him have a second go at marriage.

By's first love is his young daughter, Linda Lou, and he doesn't care who knows it. His weekends are devoted exclusively to her, his heart is full of her, and she will be his primary concern if he should re- marry. Many a local beauty would say without hesitation, "Of course, I don't mind his having a child." But By isn't interested in a girl who "wouldn't mind." The girl who captures him will be glad he has this particular child. His problem is where to find her—an adult human being intelligent and sensitive enough to adapt herself to a ready-made family. Though it may be unconscious, it is all too easy for a young bride to fall into competition with a child for the affection and attention of the man who is husband to one and father to the other. Such a situation could do nothing but harm to Byron Palmer, both emotionally and professionally.

Would his public have preferred it if Byron Palmer had done what so many others have: kept his child a secret and passed himself off as an unfettered, gay blade? Or would they rather he find the "proper" wife to make a home for him and Linda Lou?

With some of these young actors, you can't help coming to the reluctant conclusion that, for the time being at least, they might be right in their conviction to re- main single. But for others, marriage is the only proper destiny.

Take a look at Richard Allan, who asks forlorously, "What could I possibly offer a girl?" What can he offer? Good looks. Talent. Drive. A sense of humor and a charming sensitivity. Thinking about him as he is today, lonely in his little house up in the hills, it's hard to escape the conclusion that a wife might strengthen his confidence. For Dick, like many men of charm and talent, is moody. If he had a wife who loved, encouraged and believed in him, wouldn't he, perhaps be better-equipped emotionally to go out and fight for the one big role he needs to prove himself? Or would he?

The only possible answer to that lies in the effect that marriage has had on a couple of other moody young actors—Tony Curtis and Jeff Hunter. While Tony was doing fine, of course, even before he and Janet Leigh were married, he would be the first to insist that his career started to soar sky-high before the last echo of the wedding bells had died down. And as for Jeff Hunter, when he and Barbara Rush were married, they were both broke and just beginning. Their marriage was frowned upon as a move that might prejudice both their careers.

But what nobody look into consideration is how much in love these two were. They had enough courage to risk the wrath of their bosses, enough faith in the loyalty of their movie public to gamble a little. And the gamble paid off.

How different both those happy-marriage stories are from the rather pathetic marriage-saga of young Richard Jaeckel. Whether it was his idea or his studio's it's hard to say, but when he first appeared on the Hollywood scene, he was presented as a bachelor. It was only months later that the truth came out: Dick was married and the father of two. Since then, the marriage has broken up—and you aren't hearing any sensational stories of a spec- tacular rise to stardom for Dick. Was the pretense worth it?

And will it be worth it in the case of young Rick Jason? His pretty wife accompanies him to Hollywood affairs, but Rick would just as soon nobody knows she's his wife. He has an idea that he's likely to be considered more glamorous if people think he's single. He may or may not be right.

Are you movie-lovers just as fond of Rick Jason as you are of Montgomery Clift? He is a young man of mystery, of mood, a young man about whom somehow there hovers an air of a story untold, of a secret love unfulfilled. Is it this that makes him so appealing? And if he were to be married, would this intangible quality be lost?

The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker doesn't concern himself with what the public thinks of his private life. The actor does. He must. Not one of them takes that big step to the altar without asking himself what effect it will have on his career.

What do you think? Using the ballot on page 57, tell your favorites how you feel about marriage for them. Your opinion is important. Should young actors marry?
Knee-deep in Stardust

It is fortunate, it seems imperative to comment, that Miss Hepburn has no calorie-counting problem. Since she so obviously loves sweets, it’s lucky that she can have all she wants.

Oh, but I can’t,” she says, “not by any means. I’m glad I like sweet things—I expect I’d be tubercular if I didn’t. But if I ate all I wanted, I’d break out. It just wouldn’t do. But I’m getting better. Now meat—oh, well, it will—it will last awhile, maybe for two hours. I used to eat them all without stopping until every last one was gone.”

She used to, she means, when food—unheard of food like met—chocolate—were first available at the end of the war.

Audrey lived out five years of war, between the time she was ten and fifteen, in Arnhem, in the Netherlands. And “Arnhem took a lot of everything—the bombs, the occupation, and finally the airborne.”

Just staying alive was an arduous adventure, especially if you were anti-Nazi as Audrey’s socially prominent, economically well-off family were, and if you spoke English and French fluently from your years in English schools.

Ten-year-old Audrey lost the security of her protected childhood brutally fast—as an uncle was shot as a hostage, a favorite cousin executed, her two older half-brothers yanked out of the house and shipped off to sweat out the war years in bomb-peppered German labor camps.

“We lost everything, of course—our houses, our possessions, our money. But we didn’t give a hoot. If we got through with our lives, that was the only thing that mattered.”

She doesn’t like to talk too much about it any more, or even to think about it, but those years of terror and privation were crucial in forming the personality as well as the physical person of this stimulating newcomer to the screen.

Her almost childlike enjoyment of little pleasures, her heart-warming gratitude for her recent big breaks comes naturally to a girl for whom life itself was for a long time a jest.

Lots of girls Audrey’s age—she’s soon to be twenty-five—lived alone in small apartments, cook lonely dinners night after night, and feel intensely sorry for themselves. As for Audrey: “It’s fun to unlock my little gate, and find the new record that the music shop down the street has delivered during the afternoon. I get into old, soft comely clothes, and then I play

(Continued from page 58)
Ladies' choice!

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Creme Rinse takes only a minute more, and leaves hair tangle-free and easy to set.

Audrey can get excited about many things. Nothing is mundane. Clothes:

"For two years I've been working and traveling. London, New York, Rome, San Francisco, Hollywood. I did a play—period clothes; a picture—princess clothes. I have had no time to shop for Audrey clothes. I have two dinner dresses and slacks, and horrible gaps in between.

"But I've come to know Edith Head. For a great designer, she's terribly tolerant of me. She lets me design too. And we have worked out a few little numbers."

Her work, of course:

"I have only one regret about 'Sabrina Fair': it's finished. Believe me we did have fun. Billy Wilder is the greatest wit. And Bill Holden, Humphrey Bogart are such men! It's wonderful.

"And my new play, 'Ondine'—it's another French translation, but Medieval this time. It is so good I think I work on it every night. And with Alfred Lunt to direct. Who can ask for anything more?"

Audrey was to have two weeks off between the winding up of 'Sabrina Fair' and the start of rehearsals for 'Ondine' in New York. All she had to do was pack up, ship her things East, fly to New York, find an apartment and get settled before her mother arrived three days later.

"It is mother's first trip to America, and I want everything to be perfect. I've already ordered tickets for all the new plays, and I'm going to lay it on real thick, New York, that is. I want mother to love it as much as I do.

Audrey's mother is her "family" now. Her father, whom she has not seen since she was six, is in Ireland, her brothers married and working at careers of their own in the Dutch East Indies.

Mrs. Hepburn made a home for Audrey in London after the war, and worked as an interior decorator while Audrey studied ballet. From dancing roles in musical comedies, Audrey progressed to bits in English films.

When the great French novelist Colette picked Audrey, still practically an unknown, to star as "Gigi" in the American production of her play, and, practically at the same moment, Director William Wyler decided he wanted her for his princess in "Roman Holiday," and wanted her enough to wait for nine months to get her, "home" became a fluid thing. "Home" was wherever she unpacked her trunks.

New York will be home for the run of Audrey's new play.

Hollywood, temporarily bereft, will be polishing its best scripts, beckoning with its top directors meanwhile. Because Audrey must come back and soon.

Her kind of love of life is all too rare in our town. Hollywood, having seen Audrey Hepburn, will never let her go.

The End

Richard Hudnut

103
"Painful cramps of monthly periods stopped or amazingly relieved in 3 out of 4 cases in doctors' tests!"

"IT'S WONDERFUL news," says Ann Pinkham, "for women and girls who suffer from those functionally-caused cramps, backaches and headaches—nine-tenths of all menstruation—... who feel upset and irritable on certain particular days. In doctors' tests, Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound or Tablets gave complete or striking relief of these distresses in 3 out of 4 cases, even on first day of period!"

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Easily worth $1! New booklet (illustrated in color—over 5000 words) tells all about menstruation—answers questions authoritatively, simply. Explains how menstruation normally works, how it can be improved, how it can be expected to change in life. For free copy write ANN PINKHAM'S, 15 Clermont St., Lynn, Massachusetts. Mailed in plain envelope. Not for children.


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(Continued from page 68)

Female," some remembered her as the young Judy in TV's "A Date With Judy"—but mostly, all readers had to go back to little black-and-white photograph of a winsome, twenty-year-old brunette with a disarming face, a Mona Lisa smile, and eyes so big, so bright—they somehow broke your heart and made you love her.

"I'm very grateful to the readers of Photoplay," says Pat, "for nominating me among the top ten in the 'Choose Your Stars' ballot. And to Photoplay itself for this, my first interview with a movie magazine."

Pat is a girl who looks as though everything must be happening to her for the first time. She's got a girl's face, a Broadway sort of personality, and a sort of self-assurance that is refreshing. And she's got a new, fresh screen personality. Paramount needed a girl who could act, holding her own against a brace of top Hollywood stars. She not only had to be convincing as Ginger Roger's rival for the lead, but she had to be believable as her rival for William Holden's affections. Winning the coveted role was a tremendous break for Pat, but a break she has been preparing herself for ever since she was thirteen.

The new Cinderella of the screen has worked as hard as the Cinderella of legend, only Pat wasn't drudging in any kitchen, scouring pots and pans—she was drudging in the world, struggling for a place in the theatre, practicing and studying to learn the technique of her trade. There's another difference, as "Katherine," was the name Liberty, all homesly; she has only one—and Ann Crowley is beautiful.

I was born in Olyphant, Pennsylvania, just outside Scranton," Pat tells it, giving that date without hesitation—"September 17, 1934. But living really started because of Ann. She has a lovely voice, and one day she talked mother into letting her go to New York to study singing. No one in the family had ever been in show business, and we didn't think much would ever come of the trip. Were we wrong?" Ann became an accomplished singer, dancer and actress, playing lead roles in such Broadway productions as "Oklahoma." "Seventeen," "Paint Your Wagon." "I was eleven when I got my first job. Thanks to Ann, I became a model."

Pat made her professional stage debut at the age of thirteen. Ann was playing a leading role in the Chicago company of "Carousel," and talked the stage manager into giving her young sister a part in the young stars' summer vacation. And Pat rushed to Chicago.

She recalls her debut delightedly. "I was in the opening scene. It's all in pantomime, and the orchestra plays the 'Carousel Waltz.'" We'll. "I was twelve, I was told I would have to carry the basket of streamers on my hat and a big balloon—riding a horse on the merry-go-round."

From then on, Pat tried to spend every weekend in the theatre. She was Sarah Churchill's "kid sister" in a stock company presentation of "The Philadelphia Story." She played in summer theatres at Fayetteville, New York, and Westport, Connecticut and in a Broadway revival of "Tovarich."

In 1950, a few weeks after graduating high school, she tried out for her first Broadway play and got the part—the ingenue lead opposite Cameron Mitchell in "Southern Exposure." The play ran only two-and-half weeks, but Pat won a Theatre World Award as "one of the most promising new personalities on Broadway."

But theatre jobs were scarce, even for stars with good notices. Pat began playing small roles in television, scored a hit in a Kraft Playhouse show, then won leads in several other top TV programs. Her second Broadway play was Otto Preminger's "The Spy Who Came in from the Cold." She made her big break as the heroine in "A Date With Judy." Pat laughs. "We lasted two weeks." It took to television! In 1951, she was selected for the title role in "A Date With Judy."

"My first long run," Pat says happily. "It lasted thirty-nine weeks, then the series went off the air." She returned to the stage for the "Tovarich," then went to Seacliff, Long Island, for a summer stock version of "My Sister Eileen," with Patsy Kelly.

"I was back in New York," this, Pat will never forget, "rehearsing for a television show, when I got the call from Paramount's New York talent office. They had seen me in 'Southern Exposure' and wanted me to try for the part in 'Forever Female.' Could I come over, Coward?"

Two hundred and fifty actresses had already been auditioned in Hollywood. In New York, there were another five hundred. But Pat was one of the three actresses flown to Hollywood for screen tests.

"Before getting Paramount's decision as to which of us it would be, we had a free weekend, so we all went to Mexico together. The three of us became wonderful friends. We slept in a motel, went to a

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: (3) (4)
(1) (2)

The features I like best in this issue of Photoplay are:
(1) (4)
(2) (5)
(3) (6)

NAME: ADDRESS: AGE:
As far as Pat's concerned, everything that has happened so far, "is all a little fantastic and frightening." But she's too busy living today—taking things as they come and making the most of them—to worry about tomorrow. One day, she'd like to get married and have children. One day, she'd like to make up for her two Broadway flops by appearing in a hit play.

At present, she has no steady beaux, no romantic interests.

Yes, but whom does she go out with?

"No one in particular," Pat says.

While there's no romance in her life—yet, and nothing anyone could call "serious" dating, Pat is definitely part of the film colony's younger set. She spends a fair amount of time with Tab Hunter and his crowd.

"One day Tab called," she recalls smilingly, "to say he and some of his pals were going to Lake Arrowhead. Would I join them? You know Tab—he's an awfully smooth talker. I went." She laughs, enjoying the joke—even though it was on herself. "I thought it would be like back home in Pennsylvania. There's a lake there we used to go to. You know—swimming, beach picnics, maybe roast some hot dogs over a fire. It wasn't till we got to Lake Arrowhead that I found out—Tab was taking me water-skiing. I'd never been on skis before. I was scared stiff. Well, I went through with it, but—never again!" She was positive on this subject, as she has been on almost everything in her life.

When Paramount decided to change her name, for instance, for fear the public might mistake her for a man, Pat protested that "No one has ever had that problem yet." Three gossip columns and two news magazines agreed with her. Nevertheless, a list of a hundred and fifty new names was put on a ballot and distributed to Paramount employees with the question: "Which name do you prefer for Pat Crowley?"

The name that won? Pat Crowley!

Everyone seems to want Pat Crowley to be herself. She's a normal, healthy, honest human being. If people feel protective about her, it's because she's so completely without guile—a seeming babe let loose in the Hollywood wilds. She's still the little girl on the merry-go-round—streamers on her hat, a balloon in her hand—and the merry-go-round's been spinning faster and faster since she first mounted it in "Carousel!" just seven years ago. There's a natural tendency to reach up to hold her on the horse.

But Pat won't have it. It would only spoil the fun. Besides, she's a big girl now. She won't fall off. Pat has a fine sense of balance and a firm grip on the reins. What's more, those hazel eyes seem with amazing clarity for a girl of twenty. Pat's quite likely to catch the brass ring.
Jean could have her pick of the parties and her choice of the eligible men here. But night after night, she stays home in the big ramshackle house in Beverly Hills. Her only girl friend that I know of is her stand-in, Arlene Hurwitz. Sometimes her aunts from Long Island come to stay. Sometimes she plays hostess for her mother from Ohio. She sews, reads a great deal. Recently she left town so quietly that we only learned that she'd been gone when her train was canceled as she was returning from Las Vegas.

As the months pass, Jean's professional horizons broaden, but the mystery of her private life remains and the heritage deepens. She doesn't have to be secretive, about herself, what she does, whom she sees. There has been no gossip, no scandal, no rumors of Jean's past or present. There will be plenty of gossip about that love in love, and she'll do nothing to jeopardize that love by dating other fellows. Jean is the all or nothing girl, "the pure in heart."

Often a movie queen stays at home because a guy she hoped would call to take her out, called someone else. You can't be a Joan Crawford, or a Barbara Stanwyck (as Liz Taylor's story proves) and go alone to a party. And a fellow needs something to do. The whole country is calling the last digits of the unlisted telephone numbers to call these top stars and ask for a date. A year ago, Barbara Stanwyck could have headed any list of "Stay-at-Home Beauties" while the world laughed with her. Sure it was a heartbreak: divorce, after thirteen happy years, from a man she loved, liked and respected. But Babs got the old idea back and said "Look, the world laughs with you." And today nobody would label her the "broken-hearted" glamour star. She's made a new life for herself, both from and away from the fireside. As a result she ultimately decided to enjoy making a splash in public, but she's learned to be almost as happy staying home with her own clique which includes writer Mel Dinelli, decorator Bill Haines and director Nick Ray.

You wonder why Olivia de Havilland fell in love so eagerly with Pierre Galante and rushed off to France to be with him at the premiere of a film they made together. For the same reason that Ginger Rogers was more than ready to marry youthful Jacques Bergerac, following the long spell of loneliness.

"Doris Day," you happen to say, "is a stay-at-home. How do you judge exactly how she got that way. "I saw so many night clubs when I sang with a band, enough to last me the rest of my life. Now all I want is quiet, my husband, and a beautiful son." You'd find Doris in the kitchen cooking, most evenings. Doris doesn't drink or smoke, and she's a hot girl with a volley ball. She hates off-color stories. Her idea of a real hot time is to listen to records and think nothing mysterious about her evenings home.

And Virginia Mayo is a stay-at-home by nature. And that's where she'd be every night if she didn't have a husband who happened to be a millionaire. Mike O'Shea likes to be with people, lots of people, so he takes Ginny by the hand and out they go. Besides if you have a beautiful wife, you like to show her off.

And Deborah is a stay-at-home by marriage. Tony Bartley, prefer to have their pleasures at home with the two junior Bartleys in attendance.

Doris, Betty, Virginia and Deborah are beautiful women, the type who stay at home. That's why you have to be something to stay with them. There's the difference! But even then you have to leave the fireside to find the man they share it with.
3 quick tricks to eye beauty

1. With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.

2. Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

3. Apply smooth Maybelline Mascara from base to tips of lashes, brushing upward. (Hold a few seconds to set "up-swoop"). For an extra touch of mysterious eye beauty, blend a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on upper lid.

The world's smartest women depend on Maybelline soft eye make-up for heart-stirring beauty. Today, let Maybelline magic bring out the unsuspected loveliness of your eyes!

Steve Forrest is the name!

I haven't seen Dorothy McGuire on the screen in a very long time. Please tell me something about her. Has she made any movies recently?

"PEPPER F"
Galveston, Texas

She was busy having her baby son, but we're happy to report you'll be seeing her in the near future in "We Believe in Love" and "The Outcast"—ED.

...who played in "One Touch of Venus"? My husband and I say it was Ava Gardner and Robert Walker. Our friends say it was Esther Williams and Walker.

Mrs. Bernard Burke
Decatur, Illinois

You and hubby are right—ED.

My sister and I are having a bet. I say Rock Hudson only played in one picture with Piper Laurie ("The Golden Blade"), and my sister says no. Who is right?

Shirley Carlisle
Detroit, Michigan

You pay! Rock co-starred with Piper in "Has Anybody Seen My Gal" too.—ED.

I would like to know who played Bing Crosby's wife in "Little Boy Lost."—E. M.

Bagdad, Florida

French import Nicole Maurey.—ED.

Could you please tell me the name of Jane Russell's children...if she has any?

Gertrude Lumpkin
Youngstown, Ohio

Jane has two adopted children: daughter Tracy, and son Tommy.—ED.
Their Marriage Is a Lifetime-Honeymoon

(Continued from page 68)

should get married if you can be happy unhurriedly.

Then Lydia Clarke walked into his classroom and into his life. "And what are you going to do when you find that you can't be happy single?" Chuck was soon asking himself.

He found the answer. He proposed. However, the lady also had plans which excluded matrimony. "Marry me," he'd say, "I'm so away. I'm not interested," she'd retort.

Only a war could have budged him. And since there was a war, eventually he went away. He was in the Army, taking his basic training. And by the time he reached North Carolina when he received a wire from Lydia, "I have decided to accept your proposal," she stated briefly.

So perhaps it was fitting that the weather, too, had turned about on the day that these two former rebels against marriage picked for their wedding. Since that March 17 in 1944, Lydia and Chuck have not only proved there can be exceptions to the saying, "Happy the day a thing comes on." They've also merrily upset the rule that a wife's place must be at her husband's side—and vice versa. For about a year, as well as their love has deepened through poverty, separation, and perhaps the greatest of all marital hazards—Hollywood success. The question which has been asked by both fans and friends is how?

The answer is to be found in the company of the stage hit, "The Seven Year Itch," while Chuck's movie and television work has kept him shuttling back and forth between Hollywood and New York. For the last year, their love has grown, slowly but surely, through the slow and steady efforts of the two people who are going to be husband and wife. "I didn't know he shared my mutual interest in the theatre that first brought them together. However, in those days, Chuck was concentrating solely on his own career—Lydia on hers. It was their mutual love that made it possible for Lydia to be cast in the company of the stage hit, "The Seven Year Itch," while Chuck's movie and television work has kept him shuttling back and forth between Hollywood and New York. For the last year, their love has grown, slowly but surely, through poverty, separation, and perhaps the greatest of all marital hazards—Hollywood success.

The ability to compromise plays a large role in any marriage. What the Hestons have is even stronger—the desire to compromise, they call it. As far as she's concerned, Miss Lydia Clarke's career is second-ary to hers. The Hestons say: "It is possible to respect someone you don't love, Chuck has said. "It is possible to respect someone you don't respect. I have the greatest respect for Lydia's work and for the things that are important to her." It works two ways.

cently, however, Chuck forgot to include a bit of vital information in one of his communications. He would be returning to Hollywood, and catching a plane, but he neglected to say which one. He knew that Lydia had a morning rehearsal and an afternoon matinée, and he decided to add a 4:00 A.M. visit to the airport to her schedule. Lydia knew that when her husband flies, he likes to sleep en route. She checked evening flights from Los Angeles and, on the day of her first morning arrival, she drove to the airport. The first voice Chuck heard in Chicago was a sleepy, "Good morning, darling."

Chuck married no Hausfrau, but he married a girl who has a remarkable talent for making a home wherever she happens to be—Chicago, Michigan, New York, Hollywood. And she can turn out a meal to rival hers, one of the chef's—a talent she has acquired through the years. As a brand-new bride, she knew little about cooking. During their early days in the kitchen, she learned to make the Heston family's "Hells' Kitchen," she shopped on ten dollars. Although times have changed considerably, she still runs into food problems now and then. Once, for instance, she finished a steak in the oven and flew to Hollywood where Chuck was at work on "The President's Lady."

"Lydia was tired, dead tired," Chuck remembers.

She dropped her luggage at their apartment and rushed out in search of ingredients for a fine dinner. She even baked a cake, and soup was on when Chuck walked in. He took one look and refused to eat. "You've babies," he choked down each bite of his fine dinner. Finally, he gave up. "I'm sorry," she groaned. "I just can't make any more."

Lydia tried another piece of meat. In no way did she want to mention it because you've gone so much trouble," her husband explained. "But we shot a breakfast scene today... pays in all day, and I've been eating since shortly after dawn."

Lydia breathed a sigh of relief. It's hard to be married to an actor," Chuck admits. "And an actor's wife, especially if she's an actress herself, has a lot of adjusting to do. In addition to her own career, she has to be able to cook for her husband and be able to give him a kind word when he comes home after a tough day. She has to be mentally equipped to discuss his work intelligently.

She must soothe his melancholy moments of deep disgust with all the work he's ever done or ever hopes to do. She has to be prepared and inclined to remind him of the day he wants to do and the goal he's headed for."

"She has to be able to live out of a suitcase when you're working... sometimes knock out of a footlocker when you aren't. She has to keep a home in a cold-water flat, or, with a choice of three apartments and a ranch, make the one home wherever she is."

Neither Chuck nor Lydia will ever forget their years in the cold-water flat. Their wealth was limited to love and laughter because they had no money. The problem of earning a living kept them both working when they were married.

Chuck still tells of a Christmas which showed promise of being especially dreary. Lydia produced a package, as if by magic, on Christmas morning. "We needed a present," she explained, handing him a couple of boxes of paints which she'd known he'd want.

However, the lavender suit was missing from her closet. She'd taken it out, packed...
Take a SON OF COCHISE

In his old role of the great Apache chieftain, Jeff Chandler does a brief death scene, handling, and Rock Hudson in the task of keeping the peace in the Southwest. Though Rock doesn’t make quite as convincing an Indian as Jeff, he cuts a handsome figure in this straightaway tale of the Apaches’ last rebellion. Cooperating with Army officer Gregg Palmer, Rock sets up the tribe’s only reservation police force. In both this project and his romance with Barbara Rush (coincidentally as an Apache maiden), his bloodthirsty brother (Bart Roberts) makes trouble for him. The wild desert-mountain scenery in 3-D is an imposing background for the action. (The film may also be shown in a 2-D version; check your theatre.)

FAMILY

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

DEVOTEEs of Dickens will enjoy the good-hearted, adeptly stylized version of his beloved novel that the British have turned out. The first-rate cast has been chosen; the imposing backgrounds are to both the characters and the well-known illustrations. James Hayter’s a lovable Pickwick, the rotund old gent who roams England trying to solve other people’s problems and thereby getting into terrible scrapes. But Nigel Patrick struts off with the show as Jingle, the debonair rogue responsible for half the woes of the Pickwick Club.

There are other striking character studies: Harry Fowler as Sam Weller, the shrewd Cockney valet so loyal to Pickwick that he even joins his master in jail; Joyce Grenfell as a braying society hostess; James Donald as the timid, love-dazed Winkle; demure June Thorburn as his very Victorian sweetheart. Though an effort has been made to make the film faithful to the novel, the plot, the emphasis is on the sharply caricatured people and the mellow Christmas-card atmosphere.

FAMILY

RIDERS TO THE STARS

HERE’S a crackerjack science-fiction yarn, imagining the first experiment with manned rockets. Rigorously selected from many candidates, William Lundigan, Richard Carlson and Robert Karnes are to capture meteors on the wing, before the earth’s atmosphere has changed them. The motive is to see what keeps meteors from melting in outer space, so the knowledge may be used in designing space ships. Not only the scientific details, but the characters’ emotions (including a love story) seem realistic.

Family

THE HORSE’S MOUTH

WHIMSY’s hard to handle, but this bright little English picture manages it cleverly. A rattle-brained but likable reporter (Michael Medwin) arrives at a remote island off Ireland to
do some bird-watching. He finds two unexpected attractions: a lovely college (Virginia McKenna, heroine of "The Cruel Sea")—and an ancient oracle that lives at the bottom of a well. This surly spirit can foretell the future; everybody in town knows exactly when the next rain will be. The reporter persuades the oracle to give him some hot tips, so he can get in good with his hard-headed editor (attractive Robert Beatty). What this advance information does to the horse-racing game is a hilarious interlude, but the complications become more serious at the end. Is it wise to know the future?  

**The Bigamist**

**FILMMAKERS**

With disarming simplicity and earnestness, this drama explores the possible situation behind a familiar headline. All three principals are sympathetic: Edmond O'Brien, the husband; Joan Fontaine, the first wife; Ida Lupino, the second (unknowingly illegal). Unable to have children, Joan becomes chiefly her husband's business partner, slighting her personal life. Lonely as he travels for their firm, he welcomes Ida's companionship. It's Edmund Gwenn, as an adoption-agency official, who discovers that a fundamentally decent man has somehow acquired two households. Good acting gives life to a matter-of-fact plot, with a question-mark ending.  

**Donovan's Brain**

**U.S.A.**

Instead of aiming for outer space, this science-fiction thriller invades the half-known territory of the human mind. As a brain surgeon concentrating on research, Lew Ayres has a chance to remove the brain from the body of a ruthless financier, who's died after a plane crash. He contrives to keep the brain alive, tries to communicate with it—and finds the monstrous piece of tissue, nourished unnaturally by electric force, assuming command of his own body. So he's impelled to start carrying out the "dead" man's schemes. Nancy Davis, as Ayres' frightened wife, and Gene Evans, as his amiably drunken assistant, help to increase the suspense. It's an interesting switch on the ancient theme of "possession," not so fantastic to our ancestors. Many of them believed a ghost could enter a living person.  

**Bait**

**COLUMBIA**

The ugly emotion of greed animates a story of gold-prospecting—no "Treasure of Sierra Madre" but an efficiently constructed little melodrama. Hugo Haas is a cunning though half-crazed prospector, who's sought a lost mine for years. As his skeptical new partner, John Agar also gets gold fever when they find the mine. With most of the work done, Haas plots to get rid of Agar. He brings a young bride (blonde Cleo Moore) to their lonely cabin, hoping that nature will take its course. As a betrayed husband, he figures, he could get away with murder.

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Better to Be Certain Than Sorry
(Continued from page 52)

was she leading. And, finally, it had meant searching for his film work so that she could cling to a rock that wouldn't teeter and roll in the Hollywood currents.

Elaine was slipping away from her work in "Brigadoon," away from Hollywood that November day, just what real value life might hold for her. Frankly, she had met a man, and like so many women before her, she wanted to find out if everything she believed about him was true.

She had chanced with him for three days only, and no one but the telephone operators knew of his existence or of the nightly phone calls from St. Louis.

"St. Louis, Missouri calling. Mr. Curt Ray wishes to speak to Miss Elaine Stewart."

The telephone operator couldn't know—no one could, not even Elaine—what those calls were beginning to mean to her.

The airplane had moved into place. Elaine had her good-byes to her escorts, climbed aboard and settled back. As the plane winged eastward, her thoughts were on Curt Ray, the man she would be waiting to meet her in St. Louis.

At the St. Louis airport, a man stood in the darkness and looked up at the sky. A tall man with dark eyes and dark hair and the fair face in brown in the voice....

"Hello, Curt Ray, Radio executive and announcer. Son of a lumber king. Soft-spoken southern gentleman. He lit another cigarette and looked at the sky again and waited. 

Walt looked hardly at his own cigarette but perceived the lighted touch of grey at his temples. Just a stroke of grey, but it was enough to remind him that he was thirty-seven years old and that the years for getting a wife and planning a family were always hoped for were slipping by. Curt had waited a long time—waited until he had matured and grown wise. He must be sure, he told himself. And she, she must also be sure.

From high above his head the roar of airplane motors broke into his thoughts. He crushed out his cigarette and turned in the direction of the orange glow to take the plane forever to circle and land.

Elaine was the first person out. The fever still shown in her face and she looked small and lost on the big world-filled field.

Curt walked to meet her. For the first time in three months, they were together.

The beginning was last August on a Friday. Elaine flew into St. Louis on a tour for her picture, "Take the High Ground." An M-G-M official took her arm, escorted her to a car, and said, "You're going on a radio show." There was no rehearsal for the show. She was to go directly to the station; she was on the air; and Curt—as the man in charge of the show— was beside her. After the show he bought her a cup of coffee and took her back to her hotel, and the next morning she flew back to Los Angeles.

Roses. Elaine's favorite flowers. "He couldn't have known they were my favorites," Elaine has said. But he did. He seemed to know lots of little things about me from the start.

He took her to dinner and out dancing that night and brought her back to the hotel at 11:30—a scandalously late hour because she had interviews the next day. Saturday. Then he took her to the movies again, and Monday morning he drove her to the airport.

St. Louis was just one of sixty cities—just one three-day stop—and she was on to Omaha, Des Moines, and the whole state of Texas.

In her one day in Omaha, Elaine went through the same hectic program of interviews and posing for photographs that she had on St. Louis. Then she went back to her hotel early, and Curt called.

"Guess I was expecting it," she had said.

"But I didn't know it would make me feel so good. Sort of as though I was homesick before I knew I was," she added.

He called every night after that, called to Fort Wayne and Fort Worth and Dallas and Amarillo. He managed to get a copy of her schedule on the tour and when he didn't hear from her, he called her, in he called them all until he found her.

The nightly calls followed her to Hollywood. Wonderful, exciting calls that touched on astrology and the way an occasional love in her career and how many stars there are in the sky, his career and the smell of roses.

Now, for the two people standing on the St. Louis airfield, there was no need for phone calls. For two weeks—weeks that Elaine had begged from the studio—there was no need for phone calls.

Curt Strolled to the driver's seat and started the motor.

"I just called my brother," he said. "In Kentucky. We're going there—tonight."

The car moved smoothly forward over the desolate fields and the hills and the deep rich grass of Kentucky.

"Somehow he knew," Elaine said when she returned, "just as he knew so many things, that I was too exhausted for a city."

And they drove on, and then they went to bed, and went to sleep. It was a little after midnight, and they awoke. It was night, and they awoke. They were in the Kentucky woods along the creek, and the car was covered with dew when they came to the lake where Curt's brother has a pinewood cottage. Asa, Curt's brother, and his wife, Rebecca, were standing in the doorway of the cottage and welcoming them. The cottage was all made of pine, and a fire was roaring in the fireplace, a perfect setting in which to learn about a man's family—and about the man.

That afternoon, and every day afterward, Curt and Elaine traveled along the lake, step by step beginning to know each other, gradually beginning to understand each other's similarities—and differences. They walked for miles and talked for hours. They laughed together. And were serious. They were like two people memorizing the verses—line by line—of a rare and precious book of poems.

The week that Curt and Elaine spent in St. Louis was filled with dancing and quiet dinners, more long talks, Curt's job. Elaine was really seeing him for the first time in his own way of life.

Two weeks—every two magic weeks—meant an end, and Elaine flew back to California. The Elaine Stewart who returned was a different person. The feverish flush had left her cheeks, and her eyes were no longer light. She had gained back several of the pounds she had lost. And, most important, she had gained real insight into the man, Curt Ray. And then people began to ask why the "most popular girl in town" wasn't being seen in the gay spots. Was she spending her evenings at home for a reason?

Elaine herself was evasive. She knew
that she was staying home because she wanted to evaluate the two telling weeks she'd just been through. She wanted to take the memories out one by one, hold them up to the light of solitude. She wanted to think—about Curt Ray. And about the other men in her life.

There were rumors that Elaine had returned with an engagement ring. On that score she was evasive too. "I'm not wearing a ring," she said firmly. "And when I do wear one, I'll be engaged and busy and planning a wedding. Until then, I might have a ring and I might not, but . . ."

In the meantime the gossip columns were worrying the heart-ache of Elaine's heart like a terrier with a bone. Wrote Walter Winchell: "St. Louis columns insist movie star Elaine Stewart is that way over Radio Executive Curt Ray, but we hear her heart-throb is named Johnny Grant."

A second column said she was practically engaged to Travis Kleefeld, and a third named Gig Young as her "show stopper."

And Elaine Stewart continued to hide her time, to say little, and to meditate.

When there was an effort made to pin her down on that two-week trip, to trick her into saying that it must have been important, she was forthright. No tricks were needed, after all. "I was tired and exhausted," she put it. "I needed a place to rest and someone to help me back to strength. Curt is the only person I know with enough strength for two, and then some extra. I have always looked for Curt's qualities in a man—his gentleness, his understanding, his rich sense of humor, the way he helped me through . . ."

But when she spoke, she omitted the most important reason of all for her having gone to visit Curt: a mature desire to get acquainted with him, as himself, and the man who might one day be her husband.

Even if her heart had already determined that she was, indeed, to be Curt's wife, she wasn't ready to say so. Not yet.

"Love means but little secret and privacy," Elaine says. "So I guess if I want to wed Curt, I'd try to hide the fact as long as possible, until I was certain that the romance was real—and forever . . ."

And in St. Louis a tall man was also staying home all night. A tall man who also wanted to be certain.

How long would it take them? As long as it has to, in order to be sure, says Elaine.

"Any girl should have a sincere appreciation of a man's privacy, and I won't be honest with him. Any man must be made to feel that he is important, at least as important as a career. And that's why it'll probably be at least a year before he really is sure. Right now, I'm at the end of three years of terribly hard work. Three years—and I've finally gotten my big break. I'll have to work like a beaver for another year before I can devote half my time to a man."

Though Elaine has tapered off on her dating, she has not become a recluse. But she's made it clear that she isn't going to sacrifice the real and basic joys of life just to retain her popularity title. In this period of making up her mind she continues to see her old friends. Johnny Grant still stops by on Saturday afternoons with a couple of quadrilles of croquet and some chocolate syrup. The flowers from her admirers continue to arrive. And the telephone rings all the time.

And to Elaine, this is all a logical part of gaining perspective on Curt's place in her scheme of things. For she can't evaluate him in a vacuum. She knows that she must visualize him in terms not only of her future dreams but the basic and joyful joys of life just to retain her popularity title. In this period of making up her mind she continues to see her old friends. Johnny Grant still stops by on Saturday afternoons with a couple of quadrilles of croquet and some chocolate syrup. The flowers from her admirers continue to arrive. And the telephone rings all the time.

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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month’s full reviews, see page 10.

EXCELLENT

February

114
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MAY, 1954
FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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ROMANCE...
RAPTURE...

"RHAPSODY"

In thrilling color by
TECHNICOLOR
with all the romance of Paris,
St. Moritz, and the French Riviera... and the popular music of the world’s greatest composers!

"I must possess the man I love... heart, body and soul!"

M-G-M's "Rhapsody" starring
ELIZABETH TAYLOR
in her most daring role as a gilded girl obsessed with insatiable desire!

VITTORIO GASSMAN
JOHN ERICSON
LOUIS CALHERN

Screen Play by FAY AND MICHAEL KÂNIN • Adaptation by RUTH AND AUGUSTUS GOETZ • Based on the Novel "Maurice Guest" by Henry Handel Richardson
Music Conducted by Johnny Green • Piano Solos Played by Claudio Arrau • Violin Solos Played by Michael Rabin
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR • Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN
AN M-G-M PICTURE
Should a college candidate plan to make—

☐ Hay while the sun shines  ☐ A summer conquest

Headed for the ivy halls next autumn? Better start hoarding some greenery now (unless your Dad has that Midas touch!). Get a summer job. Maybe toting trays at a resort, or salesclerking. Or working in an office, or hospital. Helps you get those college "extras" without a whimper from Pop's wallet. On certain days, job-holding's no chore when you choose the napkin that holds its shape. Kotex gives chafe-free softness; made to stay soft while wearing!

If not asked to the Big Dance, try a—

☐ Trip to Grandma's  ☐ Gay fray  ☐ Crying towel

Let the lucky bid-winners have their day—there's always another dance just around the corner, mourner! Meantime, round up all the Uninviteds (you're not the only one); stage a gay fray that night. Have music,ample samples (refreshment-wise). How about a home permanent party? And to banish calendar blues... be confident with Kotex. You get extra absorbency, for extra protection; poise!

To remedy fuzzy forearms, use—

☐ A razor  ☐ A lightener  ☐ Sandpaper

Wait! You're in for stubble trouble if you mow down forearm fuzz with a razor. Instead, why not bleach it—with a good hair lightener? (Then, long time no see!) You can foil unsightly outlines, too, at "that" time—thanks to Kotex. The secret? It's those flat, pressed ends. Try Regular, Junior, Super Kotex to learn which size best suits you.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

Have you tried new Delsey* toilet tissue? It's the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex* tissues. Each tissue tears evenly—no shredding, no waste. Delsey's double-ply for extra strength, too. And now Delsey is available in your favorite bath towel colors: pink, yellow, green, blue—as well as white. Ask for Delsey where you buy Kleenex tissues.

Hollywood Whispers

BY FLORABEL MUIR

By now it's like a buzzing from a thousand beehives, the news that a special rehearing before Rome's Sacred Congregation of the Rota has been granted June Haver, who hopes that the Roman Catholic Church will finally decide to dissolve her early marriage to Jimmy Zito, the musician, via annulment so she can marry Fred MacMurray. June sought a similar verdict when she became engaged to marry Dr. John Duzik but the all-powerful Rota had not acted when Dr. Duzik's untimely death halted the proceedings.

There seems little doubt now that the romance of June and Fred will flower into matrimony if, and when, the blessing of the Church is given. Meanwhile, June has shown no signs of worry about resuming her starring career. She's been up for consideration for a number of roles and some guesses have even cast her definitely for "Eileen" at Columbia, but that's premature.

Those dashing Continental swains, Prince Aly Khan and Vittorio Gassman, still remain elusive. Although Gene Tierney apparently isn't perturbed at reports of the Aga Khan's heir frolicking about the Parisian spots with the loveliest of beauties. And after all, why should she? She's never admitted the possibility of her becoming Princess Gene? One thing's for sure, if Aly quits kicking up his heels for her, she'll be the first who's broken him to bit and bridle. And if those two really have something going for themselves romantically, Gene's traipsings about the Hollywood scene since her return haven't stamped her as a one-man woman.

As to Shelley Winters and Vittorio, latest reports from Venice have it that
DORIS DAY AND CINEMASCOPE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!

A gal is just a girl until a guy starts chasing her . . . a song is just some notes until a doll like Doris sings 'em . . . and this is just a hint of all its huge happiness—the fastest-paced pleasure that ever spread a wide smile across the face of the screen!

WARNERS' "LUCKY ME" IS ULTRA-NEW LOOK IN MUSICALS!
Mona Freeman Tells How to
LOSE UGLY FAT
This Easy, Pleasant Way!

Mona Freeman is just one of the many Hollywood stars—the most figure conscious women in the world—who keep themselves trim with the help of Ayds. You can be certain that if Ayds works for them, it will help you to lose weight just as easily, pleasantly and safely!

Proved by Clinical Tests!
With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without strenuous dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite— you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. It contains no drugs or laxatives.

Guaranteed—A Lovelier Figure!
Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan. You, too, must lose pounds with the very first box ($2.98) or your money back. At drug or department stores.

Hollywood Whispers
Continued

they've declared a truce—at least for the duration of "Mambo." From several thousand miles away, one might hazard a conjecture that Vittorio took that blast of publicity leveled at him by Shell right between those dark eyes from which the lovelight had taken flight. She threw him right on the defensive with her demand that he immediately start moving toward marriage with Anna Maria Ferrero, the Ophelia to his Hamlet. While it would be risky, if not outright silly, to suggest a get-together on the part of Vittorio and Shell at this point, he'll be careful not to provoke another eruption of his volcano-like spouse.

Mario Lanza's return to his spot as Hollywood's Crown Prince of Song is more imminent now. A deal has been set up with the Treasury Department for him to pay back his $182,000 delinquent tax obligations on a week-to-week pay off. Mario recently put in time at a desert resort melting off some twenty-five pounds from his two thirty-five figure and you can expect to see him back in a picture come midsummer.

The wedding bells are pealing for Peter Lawford and Joseph P. Kennedy's winsome daughter Patricia, taking everybody, even Peter's closest pals, by surprise. Specially after his on-again, off-again, gone-again romance with Sharman Douglas.

Pals are wondering what this blue book and blue-chip alliance will mean for Pete's film career, which has always been a hit on the spotty side as if his heart weren't really in it. They can envision a future for him in cutaway and Homburg hat.

Arlene Dahl's sprung herself loose from Fernando Lamas, and this is one break that looks final. The gossip mills are linking her and Rudy (just materially unbound) Schirmer.
Casual, carefree—that's the "Turtle-dove" thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

Bobbi is perfect for this casual new "Beau Belle" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural looking curls. Easy! No help is needed.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this flattering "Heather" hairdo. Bobbi gives curls and waves exactly where you want them.

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 smooth natural look of this "Honey Ripple" hair style. No nightly settings needed.

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.

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.
Casts of Current Pictures

Alaska Seas—Paramount. Directed by Jerry Hopper; Matt Kelly, Robert Ryan, Mickey Simpson; Jim Kinney, Brian Keith, Perre Williams, Gene Barry, Donn Shafer, Richard Shrantz; Jackson, Ralph Dunn; Joe Ross; Allan Accept; Walt Davis, Ray Rose; Wynd, Timothy Carey; Greco, Peter Lee.

Reachhead—U.A. Directed by Stuart Heisler; Burke, Tony Curtis; Sergeant Fletcher, Frank Lovejoy; Nina, Mary Murphy; Brandon, Ecar D. Franey; Reynolds, Skip Homeier; Major Scott, John Doucette; Bevan, Alan Wells; Japanese Sailor, Sunshine Akira Fujunaga; The Sniper, Dan O'Her; Melianecz, Steamboat Mokushi.

Beat the Devil—U.A. Directed by John Huston; Billy Danerhuffer, Humphrey Bogart; Göwinian, Jennifer Jones; Maria Montez, Earl Cameron; Gina Lollobrigida; Peter, Robert Morley, O'Hara; Peter Lorre; Harry C. C. Edward Underwood; Major Rose, Ivar Barnard; C.D. Inspector, Bernard Lee.

Creature from the Black Lagoon—Universal. Directed by Jack Arnold; David Reed, Richard Carlson; Kay Lawrence, Julia Adams; Mark Turcotte, Richard Carlson, Ed Nelson; Allen; Jack; Allen; Moreno; Lucas; Nestor Paiva; Edwin Thompson, Whit Bissell; Gilt-Man, Ben Chapman; Chico, Henry Escalante; Zee, Bernie Cooper; Dr. Matus, Sydney Mason; Thomas; Julio Lopez; Louis, Rodd Redwing.

Drive a Crooked Road—Columbia. Directed by Robert Quine; Edie Sedgwick, Mickey Rooney; Barbara Mathews, Dianne Foster; Steve Norris, Kevin McCarthy; Harold Baker, Jack Kelly; Ralph, Harry Landers; Phil, Jerry Paris; Carl, Paul Piccolo; Dan, Dick Crockett; Garage Foreman, Murt Mills; Marge, Peggy Maley.

ELEPHANT WALK—Paramount. Directed by William Dieterle; Ruth Ford, Robert Young, Dick Carver, Dan Andrews; John Whiley, Peter Finch; Apexham, Abraham Sobel; Dr. Pereira; Alver Fisherman; Mr. Dedra, David DeRoca; Mrs. Latkin, Rosalind Ivan; Strasson, Barry Bernard; Ralph, Philip Tonge; Gregory, Edward Ashley; Chisholm, Leo Britt; Rayna, Mylee Haulan.

Executive Suite—M-G-M. Directed by Robert Wise; Claire Bloom, Michael Anderson, John Hodiak, Mary Benedict Waltham, June Allyson; Julia O. Trenchay, Barbara Stanwyck, Loren、Phoebe Snow, Fredric March, Kelly, Robert Newton; Cooper, Walter Pidgeon; Eve Bardeen; Shelley Winters; Jostah Walter Dudley, Paul Douglas; George Nyle Cassell, Louis Calhern; Jesse Q. Grinno, Dean Jagger; Erica Martin, Nina Fosh; Mike Waltham, Tim Considine; Bill Lundeen, William Prince; Victor Mayers; Dick Knoe; Julius Steigl, Edgar Steil; Sara Azenath Grinn, Mary Adams; Edithilde Adlers, Virginia Brisc; Ed Benedex, Harry Shannon.

Hell and High Water: 20th. Directed by Samuel Fuller; Adam Jones, Richard Widmark; Denise, Bella Darvi; Professor Montel, Victor Francen; Fredric March, Oskar Homolka; Frances, Chief Welser, Gene Evans; Dogboat Walker, David Wayne; Newman, Stephen Bekassy; Fujiyama, Richard Loo; Hayley, Mackenzie, Glenn Cochrane; Henry Kukly; Chi Lee, Wong Atarra.

The Holly and the Ivy—London Films. Directed by George More O’Ferrall; Rev. Gregory, Ralph Richardson; Jenny Gregory, Celia Johnson; Margaret Gregory, Margaret Leighton; Dick Gregory, Denholm Elliott; Richard Wyndham, Hugh Williams; David Pater, John Snodgrass; Aunt Lydia, Margaret Holstan; Aunt Bridget, Maureen Delaney; Company Spt./Major, William Hartnell; Major, Robert Plowmy; Lord B. Roland Culver; Young Girl, Sally Owen.

Indiscretion of an American Wife—Columbia. Directed by Vittorio De Sica; Mary, Jennifer Jones; Giovani, Montgomery Clift; Commissioner; Gino Cervi; Paul, Dick Beymer.

IVARO—Paramount. Directed by Edward Ludwig; Rita, Brian Keith; Pedo, Lon Chaney; Jerry Russell, Richard Denning; Marcus, Rita Moreno; Kwan, Marvin Redstone; Peter; Charlie Lang, Edwards, Gregg Barton; Unneri, Kay Johnson; Native Woman, Rosa Turlich; Sylvester’s wife, Marian Mosk.

Kock on Wood—Paramount. Directed by Norm Panama and Melvin Frank; Jerry, Danny Kaye; The Nordstrom, Mai Zetterling; Lawson, Teri Thacher; Marty Braun, David Burns; Graemor; Leon Askin, Pappas, Almer Biberian; Car Salesman, Mervyn Gordon; Brondu, Otto Waldia; Dr. Krueger, Steven Geroy; Princess, Diana Adams; Mamie Morgan, Pat Andrews, Virginia Huston; Chief, Inspector Wiltott, Paul England; Lougton’s Son, Johnstone White; 2nd Trenchcoat Man, Henry Brandon; Inspector Crewe, Lewis Matri; Bruchkell, Philip Van Zandt; Uplifb Woman, Wifred Harris; Old Man, Kenneth H. 1st Trenchcoat Man, Carl Millette; Little Man, Noel Drayton; Irishman, Phil Tully; Customer, Rex Evans; French Stage M., Donald Lawson.


Phantom of the Peale Morgue—Warner’s. Directed by Roy Dei Ruth; Dr. Percival, Karl Malden; Inspector Bannard, Claude Dauphin; Jeanette Roer; Alphonse Moir; Prof; Steve; Forrest; Yvonne, All McLeire, Arlette, Yvone Von; Cambrie, Dolores Dorn; Jacques, Anthony Caruso; George, Edgar Kaufman; Mrs. Richards; Lesb, Rolfe Sedan; Werdowe Woman, Erin O’Brien-Moore, Specialty, The Flying Zucchini.

Rhapsoady—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Vidor; Lurie, Durant, Eleanor Taylor; Paul Bronte; Vit- torio Gassman, Lumer Guest, John Ericson; Nicholas Durant, Louis Calhern; Prof. Schuman, Michaelチェルチェア, Ely Cahill, Barbara Bates, Brona Fast, Richard Hageman; Otto Kraig, Richard Lamonie; Frau Superlute, Elsa Love; Dave, Wurble, Smithsonian; Mrs. Cabot, Madge Blake; Edward Wynberg, Jack Raine; Madeleine, Birgit Nielsen; Yvonne, Jacqueline Duval; Student-pain, Norma Nevens.

Saskatchewan—Universal. Directed by Raoul Walsh; Wendell M. Wilkie, John Steiger, Alon Loyd; Grace Marbe, Shelby Winters; Tom, B. J. Carle, Howard, John, Kurtis, John, Charles Durat, Louis Calhern; Prof. Schuman, Michael Chey, Ely Cahill, Barbara Bates, Brona Fast, Richard Hageman; Otto Kraig, Richard Lamonie; Frau Superlute, Elsa Love; Dave, Wurble, Smithsonian; Mrs. Cabot, Madge Blake; Edward Wynberg, Jack Raine; Madeleine, Birgit Nielsen; Yvonne, Jacqueline Duval; Student-pain, Norma Nevens.


Top Banana—U.A. Directed by Alfred E. Green; Jerry Bille, Phil Silvers; Betty Bilton, Rose Marie; Cliff Lane, Danny Scheel, Sally Peter; Judi Jones; Vic Davis, Jack Albertson; Tommy Phelps, Johnny Coy; Pinky, Joey Faye; Mac, Herbie Faye; Walter, Walter Hare; Watch, Mr. B. T., Bradford Bottom; Danny, Dick Dana; A little man, Johnny Trama; Featured dancer, Gloria Smith; Featured dancer, George Marci.

Did he have a right to suspect her?

Dunbar was in a troubled state of mind. The honeymoon was scarcely over, but, lately, his wife was acting strangely indifferent. She responded reluctantly to his affectionate advances and seemed repelled by his kisses. Was she tiring of him? Was there another man? He suspected everything—and everything that is, but the truth.

One of the worst things about halitosis is that it is so easy to offend without even realizing it. Halitosis comes and goes... absent one day, present the next... and you may never know when. So why rely on lesser precautions when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a record of proven performance.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This... Instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial 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.

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions.

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against?

Listerine Stops Bad Breath
4 times better than any tooth paste
Executive Suite

★★★★ A star-bright cast invades the upper echelons of big business, to discover personal drama of unexpected intensity. The dynamic president of a furniture company dies as the film opens. From there on, it’s as if a chief had fallen, and the strongest tribesmen (the vice presidents, that is) were battling for leadership. We root for idealistic William Holden to win. We root even harder for ruthless Fredric March to lose. March gives a masterly portrayal of everybody’s least favorite boss, while Paul Douglas and Louis Calhern also create sharp characters. Among the women who help or hinder in the maneuverings for power are: June Allyson, as Holden’s wife; Barbara Stanwyck, as a neurotic heiress; Shelley Winters, as Douglas’ secret sweetheart.

Barbara’s word rules the fate of March, Pidgeon, Holden.

Indiscretion of an American Wife

★★★ An unusual drama filmed in Rome finds Jennifer Jones and Montgomery Clift at the heartbreaking end of a love affair. She is a Philadelphia housewife visiting Rome, where she has fallen in love with Clift, a half-American Italian. Now conscience is pulling her toward her husband and daughter, but she can’t bring herself to leave when she first intends. She misses one train, and most of the story takes place in the hour and a half that follows, until the next train. Clift’s struggles to win her back and Jennifer’s struggles with herself are pictured against the bustling background of Rome’s Terminal Station. The lovers’ emotional plight comes across strongly, but we never really get to know them as people, and this lessens the impact.

To the law, the love of Jennifer and Monty seems sordid.

Beachhead

★★★ Tony Curtis scores in a gripping action story of World War II. He’s one of a group of marines sent on a dangerous mission across a Jap-infested island. They’re to find a French planter who has radiated information on enemy mine fields to the marine command about to stage a full-scale invasion. But first the marines must make sure that the message and its sender can be relied on. Mary Murphy, as the Frenchman’s daughter, provides love interest in strange circumstances. While Frank Lovejoy, as Tony’s sergeant, must face the mental hazards of command—a familiar theme in many war movies. The accent’s on action, however, and as the leading characters slip through one terrifying situation after another, the film suggests a Western—Japs subbing for Indians.

Frank and Tony find allies in Mary and dad Eduard Franz.
Knock on Wood

PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

Mix the versatile antics of Danny Kaye with a wildly addled spy plot, and you have a bouncing comedy with clever music. Danny's a marriage-shy ventriloquist, whose subconscious thoughts suddenly begin issuing from his dummy's mouth. He drops a London engagement to head for Paris and a psychoanalyst—piquant Mai Zetterling, also wary of romance. Danny begins analyzing his analyst, but spies interrupt true love. Stolen plans for a deadly secret weapon are hidden in the heads of Danny's twin dummies, and corpses litter his path as two gangs fight for the papers. Called a homicidal maniac, poor Danny finds himself on the lam in London (the real thing, in mellow color). High point in hilarity comes when he blunders on-stage into a ballet.

The convivial Irishman is just one of Danny's disguises.

Rhapsody

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

A wealth of classical music and a sumptuous variety of real European backgrounds make an appropriate setting for Elizabeth Taylor's beauty. Though she's progressing as an actress, she must rely chiefly on her appearance to draw sympathy in the role of a self-centered rich girl. She is passionately in love with a gifted young violinist (Vittorio Gassman, more attractive than before). Having little musical talent of her own, she's shut out of the greater part of his life, and she deeply resents his devotion to his career. When she forces him to a choice, he chooses his work. Alone and in despair, she's befriended by a pianist, an ex-G.I. (John Ericson). She marries him—and nearly ruins his life. It's absorbing romance, given weight by fine music.

A girl like Liz could be a man-eater, Vittorio realizes.

Saskatchewan

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

Based on a tense incident in American-Canadian history, this satisfying Western gives Alan Ladd a role that fits him neatly. He's a sergeant in the Mounties, a white orphan who was raised by a beloved Indian foster-father. So he can understand both sides when warfare threatens. The Sioux, exhilarated by Custer's defeat, have crossed the border into Canada, where they hope to induce the peaceful Cree to join them on the war path. Alan's handicapped by an inexperienced superior officer (Robert Douglas), whose tactics alienate the proud Cree. Among the whites exposed to danger is Shelley Winters, as a girl fleeing a murder charge. Though the plot's a conventional one, the splendor of the Canadian Rockies makes the movie a pleasure to watch.

Shelley and Alan share a moment that may be their last.
Continued from preceding page

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

For brief reviews of current pictures see page 124
For complete casts of new pictures see page 8

Hell and High Water       20th; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ In a riproaring thriller that verges on science-fiction, Richard Widmark has a familiar role: the hero who’s heroic for his own profit only—at first. He’s skipper of a submarine fitted out secretly by an international group of freedom-loving private citizens. His job: Take the sub to an Arctic island where, it’s suspected, atom bombs are being manufactured by an unnamed power. (Guess who?) Intent on avoiding violence, the research expedition finds its task anything but peaceful after its presence is discovered by a Red sub and by the island’s occupying force. Inside our sub, the crew is disturbed by the beauty of a female scientist (striking Bella Darvi). But Dick handles that situation—by taking a personal interest in the lady. FAMILY

Dangers both face bring Dick and Bella Darvi together.

Tennessee Champ            M-G-M, ANSCO COLOR

✓✓✓ After too long an absence, Dewey Martin reappears in a cheerful, off-beat little tale of the prize ring. He’s an earnest young hillbilly who’s built into a potential champion by a shrewd manager (Keenan Wynn). A minister’s son, Dewey wants to emulate his father. He’s fighting only to get money for a church, and he believes that he wins only because “The Lord is in my corner.” To the unscrupulous Keenan, the boy’s faith is just a fine publicity gimmick. But events take an unexpected turn, with an assist from Shelley Winters, who’s effective as the manager’s cynically loyal wife. There’s an element of suspense, since Dewey is a fugitive, thinking that he’s accidentally killed a man. However, the emphasis throughout is on gentle humor. FAMILY

Earl Holliman, Keenan Wynn counsel Dewey between rounds.

Beat the Devil              U.A.

✓✓✓ Want to meet the wackiest characters you ever met, going through the wackiest adventures you ever saw? Well, that’s what Humphrey Bogart’s gotten into in this rowdy satire on melodramas of intrigue. In Italy (where the film was shot), Bogey hires out to a gang of impossibly sinister conspirators, headed by Robert Morley. They want to latch on to uranium mines in Africa. But complications develop on the lunatic voyage across the Mediterranean. Though Bogey’s wed to Gina Lollobrigida, he doesn’t mind when Jennifer Jones (gone blonde) makes a play for him. Jennifer’s the wife of a stuffy, apparently stupid Englishman (Edward Underdown). As the story whizzes from one absurdity to another, Bogey wanders through it in sardonic amusement. FAMILY

Being arrested doesn’t faze Gina Lollobrigida and Bogey.
You've got a front row seat at that fabulous Broadway musical revue... with its stars, songs, dances, fun... its theatre excitement intact! At popular prices... filmed through the magic of Stereophonic Sound!

You're in the wonder of StereoPhonic Sound in glorious Color!

Hear Eartha Kitt sing C'est Si Bon, Santa Baby, Uskada, Monotonous, Bal Petit Bal, Love Is a Simple Thing!

Starring
Ronny Graham - Eartha Kitt
Robert Clary - Alice Ghostley

Also starring
June Carroll - Virginia de Luce - Paul Lynde
Bill Mullikin - Rosemary O'Reilly
Allen Conroy - Jimmy Russell

Directed by Harry Horner - Co-producer Bertram Swartz
"Doctors' tests reveal this new chlorophyll derivative CHECKS WOMEN'S SPECIAL ODOR PROBLEM!"

reports
Registered Nurse MARY L. RHOD
As Nurse Rhoad explains: "Even women scrupulous in hygiene habits suffer from this embarrassing problem. It has defied elimination until now."

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. Trial size only 49t. Larger sizes save even more! Also available in Canada.

For free booklet, "What You Should Know about a woman's problem of odor offense" (mailed in plain envelope), write "ENNDS," Dept. TS, P.O. Box 222, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

SAFE EYE-GENE
EYE-OPENING TEST THRILLS MANY!

Eyes so tired you want to close them for relief?...Clear, expressive eyes are fascinating. 2 drops of soothing EYE-GENE in each eye floats away that tired, strained, irritated look and feeling in seconds—dramatically lightens up your whole expression! Safe EYE-GENE is like a tonic for your eyes. Use it every day. 35c, 60c. $1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Draggets.

"Yankee Pasha" Jeff Chandler, true to his sweetheart, repels the enthusiastic advances of Mamie Van Doren. U-F's "Miss Universe" beauties are also featured, posing as harem girls.

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

The Holly and the Icy LONDON FILMS

VVV A whole gallery of magnificent performances makes this British movie a fascinating study in human nature. It's framed in a Christmas family reunion, focussing on Ralph Richardson, a country minister, gentle and apparently absent-minded. His grown children shield him from the facts of their lives, to their own hurt. Celia Johnson, the stay-at-home daughter, wants to marry, but believes her father needs her. Lovely Margaret Leighton drinks to forget a hidden tragedy. Denholm Elliott, the son, has plunged into Army life with no sense of responsibility. Maybe there's too much talk in the drama, but it's good talk; and the solution, perhaps too neat, is satisfying.

Drive a Crooked Road COLUMBIA

VVV An excellent dramatic performance by Mickey Rooney highlights a taut, well-scripted, well-directed crime film, he's a lonely little mechanic whose hobby is driving racing cars, Shy of girls because he's so short. Mick's an easy mark for the advances of Dianne Foster (looking remarkably like Rita Hayworth). Dianne's job is to lure him into driving the get-away car for a bank robbery planned by her lover (Kevin McCarthy) and his partner (attractive Jack Kelly). But schemes go suspendedly awry.

Elephant Walk PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

VVV Against the brilliant-colored, strange scenery of Ceylon, Elizabeth Taylor moves through a story of equally high dramatic color. A shy English girl, Liz impulsively marries a dashing young tea planter (Peter Finch) and goes with him to his mansion on the island off the coast of India. Like the house called Manderley in "Rebecca," it's haunted by the memory of a dead owner—in this case, Finch's arrogant father. Bored and neglected by Papa's boy, Liz turns for affection to the plantation's American foreman (Dana Andrews). But a cholera epidemic and an elephant stampede bring her life to a turning point and the film to a supercharged climax.

New Faces 20th; CINEMASCOPE, COLOR

VVV Duplicating the width of the stage, CinemaScope brings you a nearly exact copy of a popular Broadway revue. With charming dances, bright satirical skits, several good songs and only the shadow of a backstage plot, this unusual musical showcases a variety of young talent. Eartha Kitt, rather unkindly photographed but compelling to watch, brilliantly sells her best-known jukebox hits. There's engaging, sophisticated clowning by Ronny Graham, Alice Ghostley, tall Virginia De Luce and pint-sized Robert Clary (seen in a wild take-off on Johnnie Ray).
Reader's Digest Reports:

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
with Miracle Anti-Enzyme Ingredient GARDOL
HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF!

(Proof that Brings New Hope to Millions for LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY)

5 QUICK FACTS FROM THE READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE

"What About Anti-Enzyme Toothpastes?" December, 1953

1. Reader's Digest says—The most effective antienzyme toothpaste ingredient tested was developed in the Colgate laboratories. (It's Colgate's miracle ingredient Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl sarcosinate)—found in no other leading toothpaste!)

2. Reader's Digest says—One of the foremost dental authorities in the world proved that this ingredient binds itself effectively to the teeth—holds acid formation below the decay level in 95 per cent of cases tested.

3. Reader's Digest says—Even 12 hours after brushing, this new Colgate anti-enzyme discovery continues to guard against the enzymes that cause tooth decay.

4. Reader's Digest says—In full-year clinical tests, supervised by leading dental authorities—4 out of 5 of the people who used New Colgate's with Gardol developed no cavities at all!

Distinguished dentists examined this evidence and agreed—New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against decay ever offered by any toothpaste!

5. Reader's Digest says—New Colgate Dental Cream is the only toothpaste with clinical proof of its effectiveness in actually reducing the formation of new cavities.

NOW! NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CONTAINS GARDOL ('SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE')

For LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES
That's Hollywood For You

I'm betting Marilyn Monroe will be even more popular as Mrs. DiMaggio. Males will like her as always, and now more females will because she's safely hitched. Tony Curtis has a chance to be a movie star with the old-time glamour. Can't understand why the soon-to-be-married Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean are looking for a two-bedroom apartment. I've often wondered about the off-screen appeal of Hildegarde Neff. A smart producer should team Robert Wagner and Debbie Reynolds. They look as if they belong together, even though they're not romantic any longer. Rosemary Clooney is a favorite singer with me because she embraces words. One thing you can't say about Zsa Zsa Gabor is that she's bashful . . . I never realized it, but Zsa Zsa's trade-mark is her earrings. She says so, adding: "I never take them off—swimming, sleeping, anything!" Jeff Chandler's grey hair makes him appear youthful. Sign in the wardrobe department at Warners': "Wearing Falsies Improves Nothing." When Marie Wilson's husband told her the bank had just called, and he said, "Dear, you're overdrawn," Marie replied, "Oh darling, you mean you're underdeposited."

Ethel Merman munches on raw hamburger meat the way you do on candy. I can't think of a film dealing with the Civil War that has been unfavorable to the South. Piper Laurie no longer buys sweaters a size too large for her. I admit that Audrey Hepburn is sweet, charming, talent and everything else mentioned, but I'd rather watch Katharine. Sue me! If called upon to name the most outspoken actor in Hollywood, I guess I'd say Robert Mitchum. Tom Jenk claims the honeymoon is over when a couple won't go to a drive-in theatre because they've seen the movie.

I believe Clark Gable will miss M-G-M and I know I'll miss seeing him there. Even the other stars of the studio acted like tourists, turning to look when the King used to enter the commissary. It doesn't matter whether Lana Turner's blonde, brunette or redhead, I recognize her instantly. Attention please: Kinsey is no longer popular, but sex is. Off-screen Humphrey Bogart is a villain who goes about deliberately starting arguments. The mink coat is Hollywood's badge of importance. But let me whisper to you that most of the mink worn by starlets to premieres is loaned to them by the studio and must be returned the next day. I think Janet Leigh is for real. Kathryn Grayson admits: "I have quite a problem with men. I don't have dates with them—I marry them." Katie is trying to solve her problem. Most night-club scenes in movies are boring. But so are most night clubs, unless the entertainer is Joe E. Lewis. No matter where or how I see Marlene Dietrich, she always looks glamorous to me. I'm still waiting for a good non-fiction book about Hollywood. I used to think Jean Simmons looked like Elizabeth Taylor, but recently I've been thinking Liz Taylor looks like Jean Simmons. Put another coin in the juke box, and make one of the records of Frank Sinatra sing "Three Coins in the Fountain."

Anne Francis denies she wears the pants in her family. Yet, it's a fact that she and husband Bam Price wear the same size jeans. I'm anxious to see Judy Garland in "A Star Is Born" because I love Judy, and the movie as done by Janet Gaynor and Fredric March is on my all-time favorite list. Terry Moore doesn't appear to be relaxed even when she's resting. While Ava Gardner was being fitted for her costumes in "Knights of the Round Table," her dog barked. "Don't pay any attention to him," Ava told the wardrobe lady. "It's just that he isn't used to seeing me in so many clothes."

I didn't think Rita Hayworth and Gene Tierney had the same taste. The Aly Khan bit throws me. Alan Ladd files and indexes every fan letter he receives. After seeing "Forever Female," I say Pat Crowley is the most promising of the new batch of females. For the next batch coming in, watch Sheree North. When Susan Hayward was asked if her eyelashes are real, she replied: "Everything I have is mine." Guy Madison looks as if he enjoys a Western. Walking toward his studio dressing-room, Donald O'Connor saw a nub attached to a wagon and became alarmed it might be Francis. "You know how it is," said Donald. "One minute you hitch your wagon to a star, and the next minute, you're hitched to a wagon." That's Hollywood for you.
For the girl with future plans—or the wife with storage problems...

**A LANE CEDAR CHEST!**

If your future plans include a trousseau, you'll find there's nothing like a Lane Cedar Chest! It helps you gather treasures the gradual, economical way. Friends and relatives add their gifts, too... to your precious collection of fine linens, towels, blankets, delicate lingerie.

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### Modern Console in blond oak. Interior drawer, adjustable shelves. Consoles also in other styles. Model C-108—$99.95.*

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Many at... $49.95* Easy terms

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“Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo,” says Jane Russell. It’s the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin...foams into rich lather, even in hardest water...leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinse—choose the shampoo of America’s most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood’s favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Jane Russell

*starring in "THE BIG RAINBOW"

An RKO Radio Picture. Color by Technicolor

IMPERTINENT
INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

Aren’t you about due to lower your neckline?” I asked Debbie Reynolds. “Haven’t you reached the stage in a young star’s career where she makes the big decision, kicks over the traces and goes on an all-out glamorous kick, complete with deeply cleft evening gowns and all the other sex-pot trappings, like Jane Powell and Terry Moore?”

Sweet li’l old homespun Debbie just sat there and battered those sauce-sized eyes at me, innocent as all get-out. She had been sitting in the M-G-M commissary, this particular lunchtime, trying to decide which of three photos of herself to send to the 2,400 West Point cadets who had voted her their “Dream Girl of 1954.” She hadn’t been able to decide which of the three to send. Worse yet, how could she autograph the chosen photo and make herself sound happy over being so honored without sounding egotistical too? And here was old Nosey Connolly disturbing her train of thought with a stupid question! After all, why should Hollywood’s All-American Girl-Scout type, Debbie Reynolds go off on a sexy kick that would peg her as something entirely different from what those 2,400 cadets had pegged her? And isn’t there an old Hollywood adage that you can’t be both glamorous and homespun?
Debbie sighed, very seriously, and said, "Nope, I won't be lowering my neckline. At least, I don't think I'll be pulling a Powell or Moore. Oh sure, I agree we have to be glamorous to some extent because people expect movie stars to be glamorous. But I also think there's a place for those of us who don't glitter and gleam. I believe that some people are born with more glamour than others."

Marilyn Monroe, we both agreed, has glamour in abundance. Said Debbie, "Some stars, you see, are known for one thing, others are known for others. I don't think the fans would like me doing that sort of thing. I have a sneaking feeling, and I say it with all humility, that if the public hadn't liked me the way I am, I wouldn't still be under contract here at M-G-M. So why should I change?"

At this point Debbie seemed to be arguing with herself.

"People say Jane Powell and Terry Moore have changed," said Debbie, "but maybe they should stop and think that one over. Maybe they—the people who say those things about Jane and Terry—are the ones who are changing! Maybe their tastes have changed and they're looking for something new. And, because of that, maybe Jane and Terry are changing right along with public taste—sort of automatically, without sensing it."

Who knows, maybe I'll be forced to change some day too! This is a funny town, you know. People will tell you today to be natural, stay the way you are, but then tomorrow, they'll turn around and tell you to accept an offbeat role in a movie that completely changes your type.

"That's why you have to weigh everything so carefully in Hollywood. What it boils down to, actually, is finding out who your real friends are, finding out who'll tell the truth about you to your face and who won't."

"It's my studied opinion that glamour comes to anyone who just lets it happen naturally. If you work at it, it turns out phony."

Debbie, throughout our interview, had been sneaking a peek every now and then at the three photos of herself that she had shoved aside when I arrived at the table. Two of the photos were of the homespun genre, one was glamorous. Which should she choose?

You guessed it! Debbie picked the glamour shot!

Like any teenager, the Girl-Scout actress put her most grown up foot (or rather photo) forward.

---

Choosing the right picture for West Point cadets put Debbie Reynolds, their "Dream Girl of 1954," on the glamour spot! Above, Debbie and the Champions.

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**The Young Skin Treatment that works!**

**Hundreds of disturbed complexions clearer, smoother—often in less than 2 weeks**

Are you panicky over "pores" that look bigger and bigger... oiliness that gushes through make-up... a new crop of blackheads every day?

The cause of "Young Skin" problems is often this: the oil glands start over producing. At the same time, the skin's normal casting off of dead cells slows down. These dead flake pile up, choke the pore openings. Then "pores" start to enlarge, blackheads appear.

The corrective, say skin doctors, is to clear off dead skin and excess oil. Now—Pond's brings you a treatment based on this medical theory. Hundreds of girls with problem skin say it works!

"Tightens large pores reduces oiliness leaves skin soft—never flaky!"

For a clearer skin—every day cover face deeply, except eyes, with cool greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action dissolves away oil and dead skin, frees the tiny skin glands. Leave on 1 minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. See the results! Girls say: "It really helped." "Pores look much smaller." "My skin feels so clean!"

**AND—for ungreasy powder base—a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream.**
Keeping Your Baby "socially acceptable" in Playtex® Baby Pants


No other baby pants have this "Miracle Stretch." Let your own hand prove it.

Laughing Stock

Groucho Marx, lunching at the Brown Derby, was approached by a stout, over-rouged woman wearing her hair in a mass of blonde ringlets.

The woman peered at Groucho, then thrust an autograph book at him.

"Are you Harpo Marx?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," hissed Groucho, looking at the tangle of yellow curls. "Are you?"

Marilyn Monroe was working in a movie scene for Director Otto Preminger when he stopped everything and said:

"Marilyn, I don't mind you shaking your derriere and your shoulders in this scene, but do you have to shake your voice, too?"

Gladys Rubens explained a girl friend thusly:

"She descended from a long line that her mother once foolishly listened to."

Mary McCarthy, talking about a kid star, said:

"The only thing she lacks is the guidance of her father's feet."

The Hollywood influence in England:

A movie originally titled "No Bed of Her Own" has been re-tagged, "Don't Blame the Stork."

Hollywood divorce: When the wife asks for custody of the money.

Description of Virginia Mayo: The salt of the earth—and her shaker's pretty nice too.

Overheard at the Mocambo: "He's so uncouth he gave his girl a set of uncultured pearls."

Rita Hayworth's two children and Dick Haymes' three inspired this quip at their marriage:

"I wonder if they'll have their kids marked—'His and Hers.'"

A movie queen, asked if she were going to divorce her husband, snapped:

"Of course not. Why, I hardly know him!"

Hollywood wagsters are giving this explanation for the breakup of soft-spoken Jack "Dragnet" Webb's marriage to Julie London:

"She raised her voice!"

James Melton tells about the starlet who wants to marry a Texas millionaire so she can someday collect alimony.

Wire from Spike Jones:

"I'm putting out a new product called kill-fill. It's a gum that destroys the effects of chlorophyll and restores your own breath."

Overheard at Giro's: "I just don't like her and I'll find the reason for it yet."
I dreamed I went to a masquerade

in my *maidenform* bra

There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure.*

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Chansonette in fine white cotton broadcloth, acetate satin, or nylon taffeta... from $2.00.

*There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure.*
WHAT'S A GIRL TO DO?

Pam and I were treating ourselves to a couple of milk shakes in the drugstore one morning when I heard, "Miss Allyson, are you happy?"

"Why, yes, I'm very happy," I said, a little startled by the young girl standing before me.

"I thought so. I guess I just knew you must be," she sighed. "I shouldn't be bothering you, but I thought maybe you could help me. I..."

"Want to be an actress?" I finished. However, she only shook her head.

"Must be a man," I grinned.

"He's wonderful..." she brightened.

"Honest he is."

"Are you trying to convince me, or yourself?" I queried.

"I don't need convincing. It's everybody else. You see, he's older—fifteen years older," she said. "I'm nineteen. You were around twenty when you married Richard, weren't you?"

I nodded. "Why don't you tell me about him?" I suggested.

"I met him last year," she began. "He teaches at the high school in the town where I go to college. We kept running into each other in the book stacks at the library. Almost every evening. At first, we just said hello. After a while we started talking. It wasn't kid talk. It was... well, we seemed to be interested in so many of the same things. It was awfully casual. He was kind of like a big brother."

"I don't know exactly when it happened—or what happened—but all of a sudden I found myself wishing he weren't so much like a brother. I couldn't find words to say anything, but he seemed to sense it. I knew the night he told me that he thought maybe we'd better not see so much of each other. He said I should be going out with boys my own age."

"He tried to say it kiddingly. But he wasn't kidding. Then I heard myself saying 'I love you.' It just tumbled right out." She stopped for a minute, half-smiled and remembered.

"I couldn't tell whether he was glad or sorry."

"Michael talked about a lot of things. He said that if we did marry, in a few years I might begin thinking about all the things I'd missed in life and all the fun I might be missing. He talked about our friends and how I might come to feel at ease with his crowd but..."
I guess he gave me every argument... for the books. But it seemed to me that perhaps he was arguing with himself. And I thought, "If love me?"
"Finally, he said, "Yes."
"Have you talked to your family?"
"Yes."
"I said, "I have, I said, "I have, to the family."
"I thought you had a friend, "I said. "Then I thought I had a friend, "I said. "But I thought I had a friend, "I said. "Yes, Mother got sick and I had to... to take her home this last term."
"Now they're going to talk me into transferring to another school next year. They want me to date other boys and finish school."
"Are there any other fellows?"
"Yes, but it's not good. I just don't want to be with Michael."
"I've tried."
"Have you thought about what it would mean to be the wife of a man in a responsible position?"
"I've thought about little else," she said. "I realize I still have some growing to do."
"I've never thought maturity had a lot to do with age. June... what do you think?"
"That's something you'll have to decide for yourself," I said. "But listen to my advice. Sort it out."
"If you are..." I thought, "You'll take the good advice and get the rest."
"And if there's doubt in your mind, remember that time helps."
"Are you going back to school, don't rush things."
"I'd like to hear what you decide.

"As Pam and I walked out of the drugstore, I was pondering her problem. Should I have said more? What right have I?"

HELENE CURTIS
the HAIRDRESSING
women prefer 7 to 1

Gives your hair healthy-looking glow...relieves dryness

See! Beauty is catching! And no other hairdressing adds so much sheer beauty to your hair! For only SUAVE contains amazing non-greasy Curtisol...relieves dryness, frizz, split ends. It's romantically good for your hair! Keeps it in place, lovely to behold all day long!

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WHAT SHOULD SHE DO?

The two best answers to this girl's problem, PHOTOPLAY will award the winners with a Deco fan of the music from the picture, "The Merry Miller Story." Answers must be received before May 5. Please attach this coupon to your letter and indicate whether you want LP or 78.

All your letters to Readers' Dept., PHOTOPLAY, 40, Box 1282, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
SOAP BOX

I see by the calendar that Mother's Day is just around the corner...and that's the day when everyone will be paying official tribute to their mothers. It makes me stop and wonder why so many people seem to object to mine. Especially when they don't even know the lady.

For a long time now, I've been tagged "Mama's Girl." It's been rumored that she even has to help me think, "You're out of your teens now," I'm told, "so grow up. You don't need a chaperone."

Of course, I don't need a chaperone. I do, however, need a companion. I've never been able to lose my feeling of shyness, and sometimes I'm a very moody person. I've never been able to sit around on the set and join in the gab-fests between scenes. But everyone needs companionship. And I'm grateful that mother can be there to keep me company.

When she sees I'm in a mood, she knows how to snap me out of it. No funny remarks—just good common sense and a lot of understanding. If I'm depressed, we discuss the reason. Pretty soon she's making me see that things aren't as bad as they seem. And, hingu, I'm happy again.

Mother has been in show business all her life and there's very little she doesn't know about it. She's my personal manager and, frankly, I'd be lost without her. On a picture, for instance, the director has to watch out for the production as a whole. He can't spend all of his time concentrating on one person. Mother watches out just for me. Because of this, she can see things which a director might overlook. She knows best what I can do in my work and she knows my limitations. Sometimes a director will think I've done my best, and he's silent, though dissatisfied. Mother knows differently. And she lets me know it. The result is a much better performance.

One director was very frank with me the first day on a picture. He objected very strongly to mother's presence. He told me that he had once worked with another actress whose mother stayed with her on the set and that she simply couldn't feel at ease while Mama was standing by. "I'm just the opposite," I assured him. "I can't work without her."

For a while, he suffered silently. By the end of the day, however, they had become great friends. And if anyone had suggested she leave the set, I believe he would have left too.

I can't imagine a happier home life than the one our family leads. We've learned to go along and make the best of everything—and to take things as they come. We've been brought up to believe that we should be able to take advice but that we shouldn't allow ourselves to be ruled with an iron hand. I've seen those iron-hand methods and they've split many families.

I've seen many an estranged mother and daughter. My mother is my best friend, and I like it that way. Is that so terribly dreadful?

DEBRA PAGET

I would like to thank you very much for so kindly publishing my letter in the December issue of the PHOTOLAG magazine.

I have received letters from all over America, Canada and also Germany, Alaska, Greenland, Panama, Mexico, France, Ireland and even England.

I have hundreds of letters and books already and it will take me a long time to reply to them all, but will you, if it is possible, inform all these wonderful people that I will reply to every one of them, so if it is a long time before they do receive a reply...please forgive me, I am doing my best.

I always knew that PHOTOLAG was very popular, but never did I realize that it was so widely read. It is a wonderful magazine and my very best wishes for its continued success.

RITA MOORES
New Malden, Surrey

I disagree with Audrey Hepburn when she thinks that her face is awful. I think her face reveals a vivid personality and her eyes a dazzling expressiveness...and that goes for Leslie Caron, too, another girl who doesn't think she is as pretty as she really is. These girls are not the stereotype glamour girls, but nevertheless, I think they are good-looking individuals!!

MISS FRANCES VALIN
Chicago, Illinois

A gang of us here in Korea were sitting around talking about things back home and how often we heard from people in the States...we figured we weren't hearing often enough. I decided to write to you and make an appeal for mail, which is very important to us so far away from home...any help will be greatly appreciated by this lonely GI.

PVT. RAYMOND C. BRINKER, US 23885084
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APO 264 c/o P.M.
San Francisco, California

QUESTION BOX:

Who played opposite Alice Faye in "Tin Pan Alley"? Tyrone Power or John Payne? I say Ty and my friend says John...

MARJORIE SPENCER
Pomona, California

John Payne was Alice's co-star in this one, although Ty has appeared with her in a few others.—ED.

I have just seen "Titanic"...Was John Jacob Astor really killed in the sinking of the Titanic?...I looked in the encyclopedia and found no record there...

SALLY EDWARDS
Elgin, Oregon

Yes, he was. The events and prominent figures portrayed in this film were authentic in every detail.—ED.

My friends and I are having an argument on the subject of Clifton Webb. I think he is dead, but they say he is not. Who's right?

JOYCE TITUS
Paris, Illinois

Clifton Webb is very much alive and we're sure you'll be seeing lots more of him in films for some time to come.—ED.

Please tell me how Esther Williams does her underwater movie stunts. I sit spellbound as seemingly no masks, goggles or such are worn.

MRS. MARGARET NICHOLS
Biloxi, Mississippi

Years of rigid training and practice have equipped Esther with a terrific amount of
Time Magazine reports on recent medical findings about
SKIN OF WOMEN’S HANDS DAMAGED
BY SOAPS, DETERGENTS!

NOW! YOU CAN PROTECT YOUR HANDS FROM IRRITANTS!
USE PLAYTEX® LIVING GLOVES
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Strong soaps, harsh detergents continually dry out
the skin (see photos at left), may even create ugly eruptions. Household cleansers, bleaches, waxes,
polishes may aggravate already sensitive skins. Lotions, creams may create fertile “soil” for germs.
Hot water, oven heat, refrigerator cold, irritating household chemicals, can complete the drying, roughening, cracking — and ruin of your skin and nails.

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Proof In Only 9 Days
Do all your housework — dishes, laundry, cleaning, scrubbing — with Playtex “Living” Gloves. The makers of these gloves, world’s largest producers of dipped latex products, give you —

A Daring Promise Never Made Before:
In only 9 days PLAYTEX Gloves can help restore
the natural smoothness of your hands.
Playtex “Living” Gloves give your skin’s natural oils a chance to bring back the natural loveliness of your hands. Give your hands and manicures the protection they can never get out of any bottle or jar. And: The very first manicure you save pays for your Gloves.
Get them today! Have lovelier hands in only 9 days!

The attention of the medical profession is called to
the article in Time Magazine, Nov. 9th, 1953, and recent article in Sept., 1953 Archives of Dermatology etc., dealing with the effects on women’s hands of soaps and detergents.

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endurance and skill. Don’t forget, too, that she was a national swim champ.—ED.

Who played Peter in ... “Hans Christian Andersen”?...

R. B.
New York, New York
Sixteen-year-old Joey Walsh.—ED.

My mother and I are having an argument about who was in “Red River.” I say Audie Murphy and she says he wasn’t ... Sandra Boucher Wichita, Kansas

Montgomery Clift had the romantic lead opposite Joanne Dru in this Western which also starred John Wayne.—ED.

I think Rory Calhoun is just wonderful, but I don’t have any idea how to get in touch with him. Could you help me on this? I know he’s an independent. Should I write to him care of the studio where he last worked?

B. T.
Brooklyn, New York
Writing to independent actors, it’s usually better to address them c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California.—ED.

Could you please tell me if Mario Lanza sings in the motion picture, “The Student Prince”? ... Varr Mills
New York, New York
Yes, it will be Mario’s voice you’ll be hearing.—ED.

In December Photoplay, it looked like Doris Day had freckles. Does she?

Diane Drake
Rock, Kansas
She sure does. And Dodo’s proud of each and every one of ’em.—ED.

When I saw the movie “Angel Face” I was quite fascinated by the piano solo Jean Simmons had. What was the name of the piece and the composer’s name ... Barbara Santi
Pittston, Pennsylvania
The music was composed and conducted for the film by Dimitri Tiomkin. It is untitled.—ED.

Was Audie Murphy ever married to Wanda Hendrix? ... And were they married when they co-starred in the movie “Sierra”?

Janie Holdbrook
St. Paul, Virginia
Yes. Audie and Wanda were married when “Sierra” was made, but divorced after the picture was released in 1950.—ED.

Calling Nurse Freeman

In your December issue ... a reader suggested casting the Sue Barton Nurse series with Stewart Granger as Dr. Bill Barry and Jean Simmons as Sue. I disagree. I think ... Mona Freeman would be a hit as Sue and John Derek as Dr. Barry.

Diana Danik
Elizabeth, New Jersey

My favorite actress is ... Mitzi Gaynor. Why not star her with that handsome hunk of man, Tony Martin?

Sharon Newman
San Francisco, California

CASTING:

Wanda Hendrix
Saw “The Big Leaguer” and would like to know who played the part of Adam Polachuk. ... certainly would like to see more of him.

Sue Harris
Louisville, Kentucky
Six-foot-three-inch Jeff Richards played the part of Adam, and you will be seeing more of him in “Crest of the Wave.”—ED.

Could you please tell me ... the names of the pictures that Jean Simmons made?

Judith Sheffield
New Britain, Connecticut
Her American films include “Androcles and the Lion,” “Angel Face,” “Young Bess,” “Affair with a Stranger,” “She Had to Say Yes,” “The Actress” and “The Robe.”—ED.

Mona Grant
Easy, South Carolina

I would like to see Debbie Reynolds starring in a real movie. I think she has everything, especially compared with some of the cheap bleached-out blondes who are the latest rage (not to mention anyone personally). Star her in a big musical and I think you’ll have a big hit.

“Mitz”
Milton, Washington
Which of these Make-ups is the Most Flattering to You?

No one make-up is ideal for all complexions—which type becomes you most excitingly? Unless you have proved to yourself which type of make-up is best for you, you actually don’t know how lovely you can look.

Campana makes all 3—Cake, Cream, and Liquid. Read on this page how they differ—decide which is best for your complexion—and start tomorrow to wear the make-up that makes you your loveliest self.

And if you’re not sure—experiment! Wear each of these make-ups on successive days—let your mirror, and lingering glances, tell you. It’s so inexpensive to see “for sure”—so thrilling to find the perfect answer!

CAKE?
Yes, cake—if you like a frankly glamorous make-up, flawless even in "close-ups."

If you’re looking for a dramatic make-up, wear Solitair. No other type of make-up "covers" tiny lines and skin blemishes so completely. With Solitair, your complexion appears completely flawless. Each little imperfection is discreetly hidden. Yet—so rich in Lanolin—this non-drying cake never clogs pores (clinically proved) and never looks heavy or mask-like.

By daylight Solitair is "outdoors-y", with the freshness of youth... by night, alluring perfection—even in close-ups. If you haven’t liked other cakes, you’ll still like Solitair... it’s different from all others.

CREAM?
Yes, cream—if you crave the "natural look" or if dry skin is a special problem!

If you fear the "made-up look"—or if dry skin makes a creamy make-up especially desirable, Magic Touch is ideal for you! This tinted cream is quickly applied with finger-tips. You can feel its softening, lubricating quality as you put it on. Adds soft glowing color and radiant smoothness... covers little lines and imperfections so naturally they seem to melt away.

Used without powder, Magic Touch makes your complexion appear dewy-fresh, with a youthful sheen. Powdered lightly, it gives a lovely mat finish. Rich in Lanolin, soft on your skin, richly protective.

LIQUID?
Yes, liquid—if you can use a make-up so light, you hardly know you have it on!

If what you want most is delicate coloring and the youthful soft look, you’ll find your answer in Sheer Magic! Its dainty color blends your complexion to flower-fresh smoothness, actually gives it the soft look of radiant youth. Little skin faults tactfully vanish, leaving your complexion gloriously even-toned and smooth.

Your skin feels like velvet... baby-soft to the touch! Yet Sheer Magic is so light, you hardly know you have it on. Special moisturizing agents create this youthful effect. A completely new experience in make-up. Try it and see!

Solitair
CAKE MAKE-UP
7 shades—$1.00

Magic Touch
CREAM MAKE-UP
6 shades—$1.00

Sheer Magic
LIQUID MAKE-UP
6 shades—only $1.00

All 3 by Campana... Creator of Fine Cosmetics
The freshness of youth and the heady excitement of sudden success make Robert Francis and May Wynn stand out among Hollywood’s new dramatic teams. These twenty-four-year-olds are the young lovers of “The Caine Mutiny” and neither has ever before played a leading role in a movie. In fact, Bob’s Willie Keith is his introduction to acting! The tall Californian had just completed his Army service when Columbia tapped him for its Navy epic. But May, a native New Yorker, was a show girl and a bit player. In the film’s bitter action, the romantic weekend they share is an unforgettable interlude.
NOW! 3 Great Exclusive Features in One Sensational Girdle!

1. Only Playtex gives you the fabulous fit and control of latex, without a seam, stitch, stay, or bone.

2. Only Playtex gives you adjustable latex garters that let you stand, sit, stoop, or stretch in complete freedom.

3. Only Playtex gives you a fabric lining like this—cloud-soft and cloud-comfortable.

Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles with 4 durably reinforced adjustable garters

No other girdles like them! Smooth latex with cloud-soft fabric lining, these sensational Playtex girdles are invisible under the slimmest clothes, and they have the world's only adjustable latex garters that give custom fit with a touch.

Enjoy these great exclusives in Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles. Discover the fabulous fit, the fabulous freedom only Playtex can give you. The comfort of that fabric lining. The 4 adjustable garters so firm yet so flexible that stockings are held with just the right tension whether you stand, sit, stoop or stretch.

Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles are all one smooth figure-slimming piece. They're second-skin comfortable, wash—dry in a flash.

Playtex. . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.
Playtex Fabric Lined Garter Girdles and Panty Girdles with adjustable garters—at a low, low $5.95. Extra-large size, $6.95.
Fabric Lined Panty Brief (without garters), $4.95.
At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.
(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)
BOYS AND GIRLS, squares and rounds! This past month has been the craziest! People you'd least suspect going in for frantic antics, wild quotes, dinners, preems and parties unending, it seemed.

By now, the world-shaking, but quite amusing and harmless stunt of Darryl Zanuck's flying-trapeze act during the Ciro's party for Terry Moore and dotter, Susan Zanuck, is past history on the front pages. But there were lots of other things to note and enjoy at this unique and festive affair. Spectacular is the word to use for that night when Herman Hover and his beautiful wife, Yvonne, played host to almost four hundred at their cafe, Ciro's, which hush was closed to the public for the evening. First came a sit-down, or rather squat-down, Japanese dinner for thirty—with diners, orientally costumed, consuming strictly Japanese vittles in Japanese style. Then, around nine, came the deluge of glamour-pusses, many of 'em so well camouflaged by their make-up and costumes it took me hours to recognize them. Jean Simmons, for instance; and Susan in her black wig; and Lori Nelson (with Bob Kenaston, young son of Bille Dove!); Cleo Moore and Mitzi Gaynor. Clifton Webb's get-up was a puzzler too—a Japanese kimono and a French beret! Bob Wagner wore his "Prince Valiant" wig. Joan Weldon and Jay Robinson put on what they called a "Chinese Charleston" before the early ayem hours; Jimmy Durante sang; Terry Moore sang, "Give Me a Little Kiss, Willya, Huh?"—then planted a big smooch on boss, D. F. Zanuck. Hey, mebbe that's what sent him flying into the air on that trapeze?

Jane Powell and Mrs. Spike Jones arrived at Ciro's in a real ricksha; Melinda Markey was with Brad Jackson who used to go with Piper Laurie.

During the floor-show part of which I needn't tell you was unrehearsed, the crowd was entertained by a pair of real geisha girls who sang and danced. There were huge blown-up pictures of Terry and Susie in their overseas duds and helmets all over the place. They'd just returned from entertaining the lads in Korea, y'know. Others at this $15,000 party were the Rex Harrisons, Debbie Reynolds, Xavier Cugat and Abbe Lane, Hugh O'Brian, Lawrence Harvey, Craig Hill, Mari Blanchard and Linda Christian. I've left Linda for last—because her costume was the last gasp—and had people pop-eyed! She wore a sarong from bare midriff to ankles and was barefooted. From midriff to neck was absolutely nothing—in the back. From waistline to her ears in front, however, were garlands and garlands.
of fresh flower leis hanging from her neck—and actually covering her modestly enough.

Pardon my pun—but the “Red Garters” preen was the snappiest of the month—with lots of celebs on hand and red garters being tossed around, tried on, posed in—as photogs’ bulbs flashed in the foyer of the theatre. Paramount sent out a bunch of well-stacked chorus cuties in Gay 90’s tights and opera-length hose to pose-prettily during the festivities and toss red garters at the fans in the bleachers. The lucky catchers got into the theatre for free. The gal most talked about during the evening was brunette starlet Maria English, a real beauty who greatly resembles Elizabeth Taylor. Joanne Gilbert, Terry Moore and Zsa Zsa Gabor seemed to be staging an endurance contest as to which could linger longest in the lobby and thereby get the most pictures taken before the movie flashed on the screen. Guy Mitchell and Zsa Zsa (she in platinum gown with wrap to match) stepped out of an old-fashioned horse-drawn buggy before all this pandemonium at the theatre entrance. Terry was with Tab Hunter, Marilyn Erskine with Casey Adams, Mona Freeman and Bob Stack, Aldo Ray with Jeff Donnell, Pat Crowley with Rupert Allen, Corinne Calvet (wearing long gray hair, of all things, and a white gown), the Bob Cummings, the Cecil B. DeMilles, Eddie Robinson, the Dan Duryeas, the Mayor of Beverly Hills.

Mitzi Gaynor furnished a special eyeful at the star-studded Screen Directors Guild Award Dinner. She was poured into a skin-tight all-sequin gowns. John Wayne, who lights up like a neon sign when Pilar Pallette is around, had tiny little Pilar on his arm.

When the Foreign Correspondents gave their Golden Globe Award shindig, it was a few days after Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio had taken their vows, John Wayne, telling the diners why Marilyn wasn’t there to accept her Award, said, “Miss Monroe isn’t present. But then, Scrabble is keeping everyone at home these nights!”

She stuck in her thumb,
And pulled out PINK PLUM
And cried, “What a smart girl am I!”

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sun-ripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, soft-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet’s Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)
Shampoo this diamond sparkle
into your hair with new DIAL SHAMPOO

Only Dial Shampoo with Hexachlorophene gives this complete cleanliness

Now a new *kind* of beauty! This wonderful new shampoo with Hexachlorophene gives hair clean-smelling freshness and a diamond sparkle! You've never been able to get such *complete cleanliness* with ordinary shampoos.

You'll like the unbreakable squeeze bottle, too. Ask for Dial Shampoo today—and find out how easily you can shampoo a diamond sparkle into your hair!

No other shampoo gives this glorious Dial beauty—yet leaves your hair so easy to manage
THE KING ABDICATES

Clark Gable walked slowly to his car, passed the gateman who touched his hat as usual in a good-night salute, across the familiar road that separated the M-G-M gate from the stars' and executives' parking lot. He didn't glance back.

Clark Gable was walking off the M-G-M lot for the last time, leaving behind him twenty-three years of one of the most brilliant careers in motion-picture history. During these years he made more money for his studio than any other single star.

In a real sense, Clark Gable has been the man who never grew old. Sure, grey has come to his temples, as it would to any of us who had lived out twenty-three years of our working life. But his portrayal in "Mogambo" was as exciting as his first performance more than a score of years ago.

On this last day at the studio, it was as if his fellow workers had turned their back on an era—no farewell speeches, no lavish banquet to mark the passing of the King from their ranks. Not even as much as a farewell handshake from the stars whose firmament he ruled from such undisputed heights. It was a lonesome walk through that studio gate, but a dignified one. It marked a passing of a glamorous era of rule by one man—God Bless the King. Long Live the King!
Jeanne Crain and her Paul celebrate return from Africa in Gay Nineties styles at party given for John Wayne.

Ann Blyth and her doctor look dreamy—about that June baby—at costume party for Terry Moore, Susan Zanuck.

Marie Windsor, Scott Brady, Debbie's date, Max Anthony, was a "mystery" to her pals.

Rock Hudson was crazy about living in a house on a hilltop. Then the rains came!

Piper Laurie, who looks good in anything, is going to look mighty cute in that present that accordionist Dick Contino brought back from Japan!
That Certain Party: It's news, even in Hollywood, when the Herman Hovers take over their own Ciro's and give a Welcome Home costume party for Terry Moore, Susan Zanuck and balance of the troupe who entertained our boys in Korea. Oriental in motif, the gold Buddhas, incense and balloon-fish lanterns attracted such far-west beauties as Ann Blyth, who was with her good doctor (natch!) and so radiant over future production plans. Gentle Annie's first baby will be born in June—“May-be on our first anniversary”—and she sings in her first supper club in September at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas . . . Hard-working Scott Brady on location all day had no time to pick up his costume. Instead, he drove a hundred miles and picked up Marie Windsor! . . . "Who needs men!" Terry Moore, stood up in a nice way when Eddie Fisher's plane arrived too late for the party, winked when she said it . . . And devilish Debbie Reynolds produced her promised "mystery guest" who turned out to be former professional baseball player, Max Anthony, now working in the casting office at Columbia. He's Debbie's brother's best friend . . . Blonde and beautiful Kathleen Hughes with golf pro Al Besselink: "I had to be up at dawn, so Al took me home early and I insisted he return to the party. The columnists printed he was putting one over on me—so I got a little extra space!" . . . And while we're on the subject, that was Dietrich's "Destry" costume worn by Jeanne Crain to the Gay Nineties party given for John Wayne. "It was our first party since returning from Africa," sighs Mrs. Brinkman. "Paul grew a wonderful Van Dyke beard over there, which would have been perfect for his gayblade costume. Now wouldn't you know he'd shave that beard off the day before the party!"

Guys And Dolls: Famous accordionist Dick Contino spent his first day as a civilian on the set with Piper Laurie, who was his last date before he went into the army. That night Dick's mother cooked them pizza pie and then he handed out presents he brought from Japan. For Piper, five yards of white brocade silk . . . Rock Hudson's had it as far as hilltop homes are concerned. He was marooned by heavy rains, a short circuit cut off the electricity and a dead skunk floated into his yard! Girl friend Betty Abbott is now helping him find a nice cozy apartment on terra firma . . . And poor Tab Hunter is about ready for a strait-jacket! For weeks he tried to take Debra Paget to the movies. Finally he landed a date and was then forced to cancel it when he suddenly left for the "Battle Cry" location.

Believe It or Not: The ever-surprising Jane Russell, who's been busy recording religious songs, didn't know how to do the Mambo for a scene in "Big Rainbow." The studio had to call in an expert . . . The very gay June Haver may not admit it to the press, but to friends she confides that she's really in love. And June and Mona Freeman got their heads together at a party and told each other why they like "older" men. Now who do you think the girls had in mind? . . . Once upon a long time ago, Virginia Mayo worked in a vaudeville act with Pansy the Hollywood Horse. The girl she got to replace her was Virginia's friend named —Linda Christian! . . . They actually stood in line at 20th to shake hands with Richard (Continued on page 100)
In Japan, Joe has a rival. The whole nation. For everybody's in love with Marilyn

MARILYN MONROE'S HONEYMOON WHIRL

By Sidney Skolsky

Who, better than Sidney, could talk about Mrs. DiMaggio? He started out being a friend of the bride. Now he's a friend of the family.

I've been asked to tell you about the Marilyn Monroe-Joe DiMaggio honeymoon. Me, who wasn't even there because, as you should know, two's a honeymoon—three's a crowd.

And you might as well have 3000 as 3, that's the number of fans—movie and baseball—which greeted the Monroe and DiMaggio when the giant Stratoclipper landed in Tokyo. Even Joe, who's accustomed to crowds, was scared when the Japanese pushed and jammed around the plane. In fact, to tell you the truth, Joe and the officials finally had to sneak Mon-chan through the cargo hatch of the plane so she could make a safe and hand-waving departure. The Japanese people gathered hours ahead of time even though it was a bitter cold day. A good portion of the crowd was made up of teen-agers in their drab school uniforms. In addition, many Japanese women came arrayed in their colorful kimonos, bringing with them beautiful floral offerings. (Continued on page 102)
Underwear is a girl’s best friend

Some like ’em plain, some like ’em fancy. But stars agree—undies are the best foundation for glamour!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Undies have feminine appeal for Lori Nelson of “Big Rainbow”
When Pat Crowley of "Red Garters" pirouettes around a room her petticoats show. She adores them—the more the merrier.
The love story of Montgomery Clift and a girl whom we will call Mary could have walked right out of the pages of some of the world's most romantic fiction. The story would have begun with the recounting of the life of Monty, a boy who through his own efforts rose to fame and fortune. It would have told of his meeting with bubbling, vivacious, beautiful Mary, the daughter of a wealthy executive whose family money had provided her with everything she had wanted.

In the beginning, there was a magnetism of opposites attracting. Monty was the stiff-necked independent boy, dedicated to his art, free of entanglements, of family ties of any sort. Mary was a girl whose family framed her every action with love. Confident of their affection, she was outgoing, generous in her fondness of people. She had the warmth, the sincerity that comes from complete knowledge that nothing could ever really harm her.

Through their association runs the thread of change—a change that was to come to Monty, to his sensitivity to people, to his outlook on life. And their final decision—it revealed a nobility of purpose of which few young people can boast today.

In Hollywood, when Monty first arrived, he was a recluse, the oddity. But this was no new role for Monty. His stiff-necked independence marked him, even in his early days at school. His classroom hours held little appeal for him, for even as a child, the stage intrigued him. His parents were his first audience, a kind and sympathetic audience.

His father, a stockbroker who took up residence in New York after moving from Omaha where Monty was born, sympathetically allowed his son to follow his own dictates. When the family wintered in Florida, Monty was given his first opportunity to expand his talents when he appeared with the Sarasota Players. Meanwhile, his brother and sister went their more conventional way. "I had a mess of education," Monty says now as a simple statement of fact. "When I want to know something, I ask my brother who is a Harvard man or my twin sister who was graduated from Bryn Mawr."

Only once did Monty, in those early years (actually from the trusting age of 14), allow his family influence to get him what he wanted. He arrived from Florida on Broadway with letters from family and friends to a Broadway producer. As a result in 1934 he was cast as one of the youngsters bedevilling Thomas Mitchell in "Fly Away Home."

Shortly he became what one critic called, "That rare creature, a child actor who made good."

In reality, he had only a brief period to luxuriate in the designation "child actor," for already he was tall and talented and as the years and times became more serious, so did his roles.

He carried the brand of Cain, the first murderer, in "Skin of Our Teeth." He was the perplexed George Gibbs (Continued on page 96)
STORY
along the way, love got lost
So your steady hasn’t called for days and your heart is broken. How can you be sure it’s broken? When you’re fifteen or eighteen, do you know what your own heart is? I didn’t when I was that age. And I’m not so certain that I do now. I’m still busy finding out.

You see, the first date a fellow and a girl have is sort of an experiment—on both sides. The second date is a check-up on pleasant impressions you got the first time. After that, some men will ring a girl constantly, date her every night. Sometimes this leads to marriage. My own brother, Walt, who’s eleven months older than I am, met a wonderful girl, dated her once, began going steady right away and married her three months later. And they’re living happily ever after.

But it doesn’t always work out that smoothly. Suppose a man has been rushing you for a week or a month, calling you every hour on the hour—and then, suddenly, not a word from him. You think it’s something you’ve done, or (more bitterly and falsely) something you haven’t done. You feel as if your world’s come to an end.

Well, it hasn’t. And ten to one his disappearing act wasn’t your fault. It’s just that you’re in the middle of growing up, both of you. At your age, your personalities are changing practically from day to day. It takes time to find out not only what kind of a person you’d want to spend your life with but what kind of a person you are yourself.

At fourteen, when I first began dating, I didn’t have the slightest idea what sort of a girl I wanted. But I got a big-time crush on a girl anyhow. She loved horses. I loved horses too. So we dated and we talked horses. Nothing but horses.

The year after that, I lied my way into the Coast Guard. When I came out, I guess I was a different guy. I took up ice skating in a big way. There was a girl at the rink who was as crazy about skating as I was. So I dated her, and we talked skating. Nothing but skating.

And the process of change went on. I got interested in acting and began taking drama lessons, and finally I was discovered for pictures. Now I talk pictures. When I’m with Debbie Reynolds, we talk pictures and acting and picture-making. When I’m dating Lori Nelson, we talk Hollywood and diction and how to handle our next roles.

Is that the end of it? Have my interests stopped shifting around? Have I finished growing up? I don’t think so. When I went on the road in “Our Town” with Marilyn (Continued on page 116)
rush, then drops out of the picture—don’t sit around and brood
A violent controversy over movie censorship is raging across the country, from Culver City to Jersey City, from the luncheon tables at the Brown Derby to the august halls of the Supreme Court. Judges disagree; producers disagree; officials disagree; critics disagree. Almost everybody has been heard from—except the persons whose interests are chiefly concerned. That's you, of course.

It's your morals that are being corrupted by Hollywood movies—or adequately protected or uplifted, according to the viewpoint. It's your sensibilities that are being shocked—or treated with tender care. There has been much talk about public opinion on censorship, but so far nobody can say exactly what that opinion is. *Photoplay* has decided to take the simplest way of finding out—asking you. The ballot on this page is your chance to speak up. Fill it in and we will see that your opinions are forwarded to the men now debating Hollywood's censorship problems.

Should movies be given more freedom from censorship? Are they so fenced in by outmoded bans that they can't get anywhere near the realities of present-day life? Do movies need tighter restrictions? Have they gone on a binge of sizzling sex and raw brutality? Or is the present balance just right? Is there only a healthy amount of regulation? Decide for yourself and vote!

Jane Russell's dance sequence in "The French Line" stopped censor approval!
The Hollywood end of the row began when Samuel Goldwyn, highly respected producer, suggested that the Production Code should be brought up to date to get into step with changed standards in real life. This code is the self-censorship system that the movie industry set up for itself back in March 1930. Toward the end of the silent era, Hollywood became pretty free and easy with scenes of sex and violence. And when dialogue and sound arrived to give movies stronger impact, the storm broke. Church groups, women's clubs, civic-minded organizations of all kinds rained protests on industry heads. State and city censor boards grew so scissors-happy that a picture might wind up with practically nothing left except two people fading into the sunset virtuously holding hands.

Leading producers had earlier formed an organization at a time when a few private-life scandals had brought the whole movie business under fire. Now the producers went into action to defend Hollywood in the new crisis. They made arrangements for the formulation of the Production Code, to set standards of decency in motion pictures. Certain "General Principles" were stated, beginning: "No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence, the sympathy of the audience shall never be thrown to the side of crime, wrongdoing, evil or sin."

Then the boundary lines were laid down specifically under eleven neat headings: (Continued on page 113)
Dear Photoplay Readers—

I have a terrible crush on the mailman. Also a heart bursting with sympathy for him. But I'm not so sure how he feels about me. For the last few weeks he has been staggering around like a blue-suited Santa under the load of get-well messages from Photoplay readers. I shouldn't be at all astonished if he asked for a transfer—like to Alaska!

It's natural for people to want to respond to expressions of concern and cheer, and I want you all to know that I am boundlessly grateful for your interest in my health. Today, I am so busy with my new picture, my husband, my youngster that illness seems a remote experience to me.

An actress can't afford to be sick. She may be perfectly human in other ways and fall in and out of love and have children and go to fancy parties and traipse blithely around the world. But she can't be sick. There’s nothing very appealing about illness, except possibly to doctors and pharmacists. And certainly as movie fans, you people don’t want to think of your favorite actors and actresses in any other condition than the buoyancy of health and happiness. Believe me, that’s exactly the condition actors and actresses like to be in and, indeed, have to be in.

When I started “Lucky Me” at Warners last November,
Marty and my doctor and I decided that for the good of the picture and for my own continued well-being I should find more time to relax from the necessary and ever-present tension of the film sets. In view of the ten or more musical numbers in the picture, each of which is a couple of weeks' workout in itself, this seemed like a sensible idea, and I tried to maintain a more restful schedule during the production.

Between scenes, if I wasn't carried away too much with one of Phil Silvers' capers, I rested in my dressing-room. At noon I scampered off the lot and drove the few blocks...
to my home where I lunched with Terry and my mother and relaxed in the comfortable surroundings of my own house.

If these things sound like the whimsical indulgences of a movie star, I want you to know that they were calculated to allow me to expend all my energy in the picture—and to make it the kind of vigorous and spirited picture that I like to make and that I hope you like to see.

It might be fun to be sick... breakfast in bed at noon, red roses in white vases, everybody administering to your requests and a box full of chocolate creams under the pillow. I'd give it more serious consideration, except for one thing: It would keep me away from pictures, away from the joys of being an actress—and from you, my fans, who have always been a source of deep inspiration to me.

So thanks for writing, "Please get well." Now you know for sure that I am.

DORIS.

A more restful schedule during the production of "Lucky Me" resulted in bringing back that old Day sparkle!
Vacations like this were rare for hard-working Doris. But now she's learned how to relax, she plans to take more holidays with husband Marty.
The other guests were fascinated—and a little apprehensive—when they saw the young mother wade into the pool with her very young baby. But they needn’t have worried. For the mother was Esther Williams and the baby was her daughter, Susan Tenney Gage. Besides, Benjie was there with his life preserver! And Esther, who was herself a champion at fifteen, has a healthy respect for water.

The Gages were at Palm Springs on a holiday. And the heated pool was just right for this newest Gage water baby. Safely protected by her mother’s arms, Susan gurgled and splashed and thoroughly enjoyed her first swim. Benjie, watching, breathed a sigh of relief. This new sister of his was okay. She wasn’t a sissy like some girls!

*Esther is in “Jupiter’s Darling”*
THE FUTURE'S UNCERTAIN

Ever since Jeff Chandler separated from Marge, he's been going around in circles—with the eligible girls in town. But don't pin him down romantically. His two best girls are still daughters Jamie and Dana.
THE PRESENT IS PERFECT

No stunt man takes over for this he-man. In a recent action scene, Burt Lancaster injured a leg. But he takes no chances with his private life. Burt's happily married, the father of four and expecting a fifth
FAIR-HAIRED GIRL

She can't, she says, see a thing without her specs! But if this blue-eyed blonde is near-sighted, Hollywood producers aren't. Ever since she appeared with Gary Cooper in "High Noon," Grace Kelly, who comes from a family of theatre people, has been co-starred with some of Hollywood's top men. Grace doesn't need glasses to see opportunity's at her door!

Grace Kelly is in "Dial M For Murder"
There's an imp in her eyes and gold in her voice. Right now Kathryn Grayson is warbling to the patrons of the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas. And still romantically unattached, although Katie intends to get married again. She wants a husband to love her, more babies to cuddle. But at this moment, to rumors of marriage, Katie twinkles, “Sorry—I'm still free as a bird!”

Kathryn Grayson’s last picture was “Kiss Me, Kate”
Andie Murphy is next in “Drums Across the River.” He doesn’t think he’s the type to play himself in “To Hell and Back,” the story of his own war experiences. But Audie Murphy’s too modest. For this soft-spoken Texan is proving to be the type the fans prefer.
MYSTERY GIRL

Usually, when girls like Jean Peters go to Europe, they come back trailing a romance behind them. But not Jean. She went to Rome to make a picture and is still the lovely riddle Hollywood men can’t solve!
A cookless wife doesn't bother Stewart—he thinks Jean's perfect

BY HERB HOWE

A seventeen-year-old girl named Jean Simmons wrote sadly in her diary of 1935: "Jimmy ruined a beautiful friendship today. He kissed me."

The cad known as Jimmy was born James Stewart in London. Today under the name of Stewart Granger he exults in the fruits of his deadly osculation. Crime pays.

"I have the perfect wife," says Deadly. "She can't cook. She can't make a bed. She will not pick up things. Dammit, she is perfect, and I wouldn't change her."

Asked if things didn't get a little deep around the old Granger manse, he said, "I can cook. I can make beds. And I don't mind picking up things—her things."

Jimmy's things presumably lie where they fall until help arrives.

"We have one maid who comes in every morning. She is perfect."

Everything seems perfect in the Granger home. It's a Byrd house. One of those cozy California nests named for architect Byrd. It perches on a mountain crest as close to heaven as you can get from Hollywood, fourteen hundred feet up as the jaguar flies.

There are two bedrooms, a living room that serves also for feasting and an electrified kitchen. All rooms open onto a terrace enfolding the swimming pool. In the morning Jean and Jimmy can dive from pool edge to Byrd bath. No one is around to see. Only the (Continued on page 105)

Stewart Granger went further—he married the girl! And although she can't cook or make a bed, he still insists crime pays!
If you were in

By

Bob Wagner
If you were my girl you'd have glamour and sincerity. That's the greatest combination a girl can have—either on or off the screen.

love
with me

- You would be a livin' doll. And I mean that more than just figuratively. You would have to be—to put up with me.
- You would be both spirited and sweet. Feminine and forgiving—and this goes for more than just figuratively too. Although I haven't had too many complaints—yet.
- If you wanted me to mellow—just start the turntable rolling with Jackie Gleason's "Melancholy Melody." That's the mellowest, bar none—as are all the albums of his records I have. They're really off-beat—sweet and swooney and the greatest. You would slip too—whenever you heard them—or you wouldn't tell me. In fact, if you didn't think Gleason was the greatest ever—away we'd go . . . before we even got anywhere.
- You wouldn't have to look like Ava Gardner. Although I wouldn't mind! But you wouldn't have to look like any movie star to be exciting and attractive to me. In your own fresh, sweet way, you could have the same kind of dynamite that makes Barbara Stanwyck, Ava Gardner, Joan Crawford and Jean Peters so exciting to watch on the screen. The same earthy quality, the same honesty, Glamour and sincerity—that's the greatest combination, I guess. Either on or off the screen. Give me a girl who isn't afraid to say what she honestly thinks and in an intelligent way. That's the way my girl would be—a girl who really belts them out. As long as I'm not too obviously on the receiving end!
- If you were my girl, you'd be very aware of life and you would never be bored by it. You'd live it to the hilt—but you'd do it purposefully, because you'd be working towards accomplishing something. And working hard to get what you wanted. Whether that something was acting, sculpturing, social-service work helping other human beings or toward making a happy home for your own husband and family. You wouldn't be a floater—who just drifts around and never really gets off the ground. Girls like that may think they're really flying, but as far as I am concerned, they never take off. You would have a warm, enthusiastic interest in life in general. And if it figures that way, a little more than average interest in me. Because that's the kind of thing that keeps a guy on his toes. Really keeps him digging away at what he wants for himself—and his girl.

(Continued on page 94)
Mrs. Koford's designs for daughter Terry's clothes often turn into a local fashion hit.
Use these ideas as your own and you will be as smart as the stars who shine in homemade clothes

your own clothes

- "As soon as Eve ate the apple of wisdom, she reached for the fig leaf; when a woman begins to think, her first thought is of a new dress."

That was the considered opinion of poet Heine over a hundred years ago. And he was so right.

For some Hollywood dolls, a new dress entails an expensive jaunt to Don Loper or Saks Fifth Avenue. Not so, however, for a quartet of the luckiest clotheshorses in town—Terry Moore, Debbie Reynolds, Marge Champion and Leslie Caron. Their fashion salons are right at home—snugly encased in completely equipped sewing rooms. And when fashion-conscious pals of these stars see the distinctive fabrics individually designed into perfect-fitting clothes and inexpensively executed on home sewing machines, their eyes—normally blue or gray or brown—turn a bright green with jealousy.

Terry Moore and Debbie Reynolds, lucky dolls, both have highly skilled and creative mothers who devote every moment they can squeeze from household chores to fashioning almost all of their (Continued on page 118)
THE TRIUMPHANT YEARS

BY
RUTH WATERBURY
There are those who say that every marriage is a gamble. The more cynical will go farther, maintaining that every marriage is a gamble with the cards stacked against the two principal players. In Hollywood, particularly, this view is widely held.

John and Patti Derek do not share it. Emphatically, they do not.

A few months from now—in October, to be precise—the Dereks will have been married six years. Their son, Russell, will be almost five, their daughter, Sean Catherine, just one. They will be either just a shade less in debt than they are now—or a great deal more. They will be quite ridiculously content.

Because in not quite six stormy eventful years, they have discovered what many young couples in Hollywood, as in Peoria, Illinois, never do discover—that marriage is not a gamble, nor a game of any kind, but an education. That whether you flunk out or get passing grades is strictly up to you. More, that while flunking out would leave you, oddly enough, less of a person than when you began, passing grades (there is no diploma) enrich you ever more and more.

They are in love, the Dereks. Not in the wild, fabulous, out-of-this-world manner of young lovers who have no thought beyond the immediate date they are sharing. They are not even in love as were, seven years back, John Derek the young film discovery and Patti Behrs the petite young actress with the faint French accent, the saucy figure, the eager, personal ambition.

No, they have advanced from both those giddy moods. They are a couple now. They are parents now. They have gone through the problems that almost every young husband and wife experience, the quarrels, the worries, the fears of childbirth, the (Continued on page 107)
Are vacation dreams beginning to haunt you? They should be, since May's the month to begin to set your plans for summertime fun.

We're suggesting that you hit the trails for Hollywood, one of the most exciting and fabulous cities in the world. And to help you plan, we've worked out for you a complete week's program in that magic city—a program designed to give you the most, the greatest, but involving the least in outlay of money and time.

Whether you come by bus or by boat, by plane or by train, by automobile with or without a trailer—the best way to case a city strange to you is to take a series of bus tours. You'll find some of them even supply cameras to their passengers and arrange development of the pictures for a moderate fee! So let's go...

Monday: Departure time from the Terminal for this first tour is 9 A.M. Departure from the Biltmore is 8:45 A.M. The tour you want goes to Hollywood, Beverly Hills and the beach. Time taken: 3 hours. Price: $3.50 per person over 12; children, half fare.

As you leave the Biltmore Hotel, notice the Philharmonic Auditorium. Nowadays it houses Sunday church services, the Los Angeles Symphony concerts, the Light Opera season and other cultural activities.

Opposite the Biltmore is Pershing Square, beneath which, these days, is an enormous three-level garage. Once the land was part of a public pasture so designated by the city's founder, Felipe de Neve.

You might also remember, as you gaze over downtown Los Angeles, that the first real orange grove was planted by William Wolfskill, a Kentucky trapper by trade, in 1841. Wolfskill's orange grove was at 5th and Central Avenue, or about seven blocks from the present Union Depot.

Your bus, driven by a qualified guide, will take you out Wilshire Boulevard past the original Brown Derby (named by Wilson Mizner, who said you could call a restaurant by any old name such as the Brown Derby as long as the food was good.)

Your tour will continue to Hollywood, where you will stop at Grauman's Chinese Theatre to view the foot- and handprints of the famous in concrete. Leaving Hollywood, you will pass homes of stars, see the University of California at Los Angeles, the Will Rogers memorial ranch, Santa Monica and the National Soldiers' Home.

(Continued on page 68)
There's usually a rodeo in town. And they usually draw stars like Debbie Reynolds.

Picture posing isn't work for Scott Brady and Marion Marshall on a beach like this.

Youngsters like Barbara Rush, Jeff Hunter, enjoy Lake Arrowhead's many water sports.

Palm Springs, once an Indian reservation, now a playground for stars like Lana, Lex. Bob Taylor loves fishing. If you do, you'll find California is a fisherman's paradise.
When you are in Santa Monica you will be able to see the neighboring beach city of Venice, where—many summers ago—the immortal Sarah Bernhardt lived while she was appearing in Los Angeles.

If you're feeling flush, you might ask your driver (as your tour closes) to drop you at Perino's, probably the best restaurant west of the Mississippi. The cuisine is French, but the check will be Rockefeller—and worth it.

If you're counting pennies, ask your driver to drop you at Wilshire and Western. Walk south two blocks to 8th Street, walk east one block to Carroll's Restaurant. This is a rather small place, but the food is absolutely tops. While Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders and Gary Merrill were making "Witness to Murder," they made Carroll's luncheon headquarters.

After luncheon go to the Ambassador Hotel to be picked up by your bus driver at 1:45 P.M. for the afternoon tour to the movie studios and Hollywood. Price $4.50. Time: 3 hours.

On this tour you will see Angelus Temple, founded by Aimee Semple McPherson, also Griffith Park with its bridle paths, municipal swimming pool, tennis courts, golf course, Greek Theatre and Observatory. After that you will see portions of the Disney Studio, homes of such filmies as Dana Andrews and Bob Hope, Lakeside Golf Course (where beside Bob, Gordon MacRae, Forrest Tucker, Dennis Morgan and dozens of other stars play golf). The trip also shows you the Columbia Studio's ranch where portions of most of the Gene Autry pictures are made. You will also see portions of Universal-International Studios where Rock Hudson, Piper Laurie, Lori Nelson and Jeff Chandler are under contract. Finally you will see the Hollywood Bowl.

**Tuesday** Tour No. 6. Price: $3.25. Time: 3 hours. Departure time from the Terminal: 9:30 A.M.

No trip to Southern California is complete without a visit to Forest Lawn Memorial Park. Your tour will take you through the cemetery and the mausoleum. You will be able to see the immense stained glass window depicting "The Last Supper." While at Forest Lawn also see Jan Styka's masterpiece "The Crucifixion," the world's largest religious painting.

At noon: If you are staying downtown, why not pick up a quick luncheon, but delicious, at Blair's, 716 South Grand Avenue, or at Townsend's, 416 West 7th Street, then go shopping: You'll want by all means to visit Bullock's Downtown at 7th Street between Broadway and Hill; the May Company on 8th Street between Broadway and Hill; Haggerty's (a woman's specialty shop) on 7th at Grand Avenue; J. W. Robinson's is on 7th between Grand and Hope; Barker Brothers (9 floors of things you have been wanting for your home) is on 7th Street between Flower and Figueroa.

If you are talented enough to make your own clothes and bead your own sweaters, you mustn't miss the Paris Embroidery Company at 762 West 7th Street. It boasts the most dazzling assortment of trimmings west of the Mississippi.

**Noontime Food:** If you are staying in the Wilshire district, you might ask your bus driver to let you off at Bullock's-Wilshire. Luncheon in the B-W tearoom is a delightful, restful experience; luncheon from $1.25 up. A fashion show between noon and 2 p.m., but make a reservation.

An alternate is The Patio, a hamburger spot across the street. The entrance building is small, but one goes through this to the umbrella-filled garden beyond. The hamburgers are stupendous, the biggest (6 inches in diameter) in town—75c per copy. Go early, it's usually crowded.

**And Back to the Shops:** After luncheon, a tour of Bullock's-Wilshire in a must. A beautiful store, its stock is very chic, its prices fair for the merchandise offered.

West of B-W three blocks is I. Magnin's Wilshire store (known for its high-fashion merchandise). A third floor department specializes in high fashion at moderate prices.

Whether you start your shopping at downtown Los Angeles or in the Wilshire District, you should take a Wilshire bus to (Continued on page 86)
HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY

PHOTOPLAY TRAVEL FASHIONS

Santa Fe's new Diesel Engine Train


Mamie’s next in U-I’s “Yankee Pasha”

Photo by Erwin G. Lang
FUN AND SUN FASHIONS


Photos on pages 70-82 by Christa

All stars modelling fashions in this section are Universal-International starlets. Universal-International's most recent release is "Yankee Pasha" (color by Technicolor), co-starring Jeff Chandler and Rhonda Fleming.

Photographs on these pages taken at Bel Air Hotel.

MORE FASHIONS →
Here's what you'd find...

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- makeup
- lipstick brush
- charm bracelet
- car keys
- checkbook
- cigarette case
- sun glasses
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- Meeker Maid Billfold containing $4.93

Stop handbag fumbling! Like busy Piper Laurie be quick on the draw with lipstick or billfold. Let a Meeker with its roomy compartments keep your things organized. Smart styles... in top-grain steer-hide... some richly hand-tooled designs... adjustable shoulder strap... at fine stores. Priced from $17.50 plus tax.

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Mix them! Match them! For a separate wardrobe! Colleen Miller wears halter top with matching shorts which are available with co-ordinated print overskirt. Kathleen Hughes likes dressier match of blouse and skirt ensemble. (We added belt.) Solid colors: turquoise, moss green, coral; co-ordinated prints are in turquoise/moss green or yellow/coral. Halter $3, shorts $5, blouse $4, skirt $10. All in sizes 10-18. By Korday. Colleen's moccasin shoes are by Huskies, Kathleen's by Honeydebs, Hat by Veaumont.
Beautiful, but bewitching...that's "Petal Pocket." Why, even when your back is turned it's playing tricks on you. It looks like pure wide-eyed fashion, but it knows its figures—more and less. It's got sorcery inside it that hugs you, holds you, molds you till...well, who could tell? Is that wonderful new shape our "Petal Pocket"...or is it you! 17.95 at your favorite store or write Rose Marie Reid Dept. MP Los Angeles 45, California and for glowing skin tones don't forget your TARTAN SUNTAN LOTION
For where to buy—write:
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Canada: Canada West Shoe Co., Winnipeg

HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY
PHOTOPLAY TRAVEL FASHIONS

For "where to buy" turn to page 95

FUN AND SUN FASHIONS

There is no mistaking the message—travel in comfort and style! Lovely Sara Shane is as fresh as a summer flower in this sleeveless cotton dress, cool scoop neckline with velvet drawstring trim. (Matching velvet belt to minimize the waist.) Olive, copen blue or black background with harmonious multicolored print pattern. Sizes 8-16. $12.95. By Marcy Lee. Sara's chic straw coole hat by Belmar. Directly right: The perfect shoulder-strap bag for traveling! Separate interior compartments for many essentials, wonderfully sturdy, it's genuine steerhide leather. Brown, red, black. $24 (tax inc.) Meeker

TRAILWAYS BUS

MORE FASHIONS→

"Your face may be your fortune... but your legs draw the interest"

says Lana Turner. "And girls who want lingering glances make sure there's no shine on their stockings." Miss Turner and other M-G-M stars always insist on stockings that have a flattering, misty dull look. They wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons with exclusive Face Powder Finish for glamorous leg loveliness at all times. Ask for Bur-Mil Cameo's new 474 needle, 12 denier seamless, the most luxurious seamless stocking ever made.

You'll find that it wears longer by actual test, too. The price? Only $1.65 a pair. Other Bur-Mil Cameo full-fashioned and seamless stockings from $1.15 to $1.65 a pair at your favorite hosiery counter.

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... are there any more
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with plunge neckline punctuated
with buttons 'n' loops.
Built-in uplift bra and side boning
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FUN AND SUN FASHIONS

A two-part composition for sun-lit days. Above, Myrna Hansen wears Travis' orlon and nylon checked play outfit. Halter top is sun-loving and softly rounded skirt is comfortable for informal wear, self-belted. Halter s, m, l. $4. Skirt $9, 10-18. Both come in red, fawn, seafoam with white. By Sporteens. Shoes are Oomphies' new eyelash sling wedge.

For "where to buy" turn to page 95

For golf, two nicely abbreviated pieces. Kathleen Hughes wears matching co-ordinated shirt and shorts. Shirt is sleeveless for added swinging freedom, longer shorts give more covered-up look. Shirt 10-18, $5. Shorts 10-18. $6. Matching hat for solar protection, medium, large. $2.50. Colors as above. By Sporteens. Her golf shoes are by Footjoy.

two shirts in one!

Ship'n Shore Shirtible

Here's the fun shirt of the year! A gay new gingham with long, long tuck-in tails. Wear it as a two-pocket tomboy shirt...then — trim, prim and ladylike later — tuck it into your smartest skirt! Woven gingham washables, 30 to 38.

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DEAUVILLE — Faille lastex borrows the dancer’s leotard, whips pearl shells and rhinestones ‘round its neck and pockets. Black, maize, white, peacock, red, cruise blue, paradise blue. Sizes 32-38. $9.00

DOMINO — Princess line chromspun faille lastex ends happily in an open-pleated bloomer fashion. Black, red, cruise blue, green. Sizes 32-38. $11.00

SEA SPARKLE — All rubber faille lastex gets side-shirring for flattery and rhinestone sprinkles for dazzle. White, rose blush, cruise blue, peacock, black, red, paradise blue. Sizes 32-38. $9.00

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HOLLY

NORA

See Honeydebs at shoe shops and department stores, coast to coast!

Glamorous Mara Corday exposes her shoulders to the sun in new cotton print halter-neck dress. The gathered skirt is gracefully bouffant. (We added the belt.) Smartly suited for after-five with change of accessories. Black/gold or blue print. 10-18. $11. Shirley Falk design for Korday. Shoes are by Honeydebs Below: Susan Cabot looks beautiful in an off-the-shoulder cotton print dress with gay Hawaiian motif. The jersey-lined bodice is shirred and draped, skirt has unpressed pleats. Pleasurable change of pace after day spent in shorts and a jersey. 10-18. Print in navy, brown or red, all with beige. $12.95. By Serbin

Available at better stores everywhere.
BRILLIANT SPORTSWEAR, INC.
1410 Broadway, New York

For "where to buy" turn to page 93

FUN AND SUN FASHIONS

Photographed at Moulin Rouge
A TRAILWAYS HOLIDAY TOUR shows you Hollywood the way Hollywood should be seen! Intimate...close-up views of famous movie studios...night spots...television and radio centers...and homes of the stars. Ask your Trailways agent about Trailways thrift-tailored tours. They are pleasure-planned at a low-low cost you can afford. Mail coupon for full particulars and illustrated folder.
Pert 'n pretty, paneled 'n piped!
One piece, sheath type dress of wonderful, washable rayon linen. Concealed, full-length front zipper. Navy with red and white. White with navy and red. Beige with brown and white. Sizes 10 to 20. $17.95

Photograph taken at Bel Air Hotel

For "where to buy"
turn to page 95

Wonderful loose "shirtable" to wear over narrow pants, shorts, bathing suits. Ruth wears the collar open and the barrel sleeves with tight cuffs pushed up. Ship's-wheel print on combed cotton broadcloth. 30-38. Red/toast, olive purple, blue coral, gold/green, all on white with black touches. $3.98. By Ship 'N Shore

Starlet Ruth Hampton in faille lastex suit with cuffed bodice, nipped-in waist and brief puffed pants which give a slim, long-legged look. White frosting braid trim on the snug torso and bodice and white pleated inserts in bloomer pants add distinctive beauty to stand out on any beach. 32-38. Black, red, navy, green, all with white. $11. By Nanina
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Whether you’re dancing ‘neath the sun or the stars, this Korday orlon is so-o-o fitting...so gay with its whirling skirt and deep pockets. Wonderfully washable Travis orlon-nylon with a seersucker look...takes so little care—gives so much wear! Lynn plaid in aquamarine, shell pink, ocean blue, sunflower. Sizes 10-18. About $15.00

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TRAVIS the first name in nylon, orlon and dacron fabrics

*A DuPont Fiber  **A DuPont Acrylic Fiber
Hollywood Holiday

(Continued from page 68)

Beverly Hills, get off at Beverly Drive and walk the four blocks between Wilshire and Santa Monica Boulevard, viewing the shops. Keep your eye out for celebrities. Also visit Lane Bryant’s beautiful store at 233 North Beverly Drive. Other choice shops: Saks Fifth Avenue, 9600 Wilshire Blvd.; I. Magnin, 9700 Wilshire Blvd.; J. W. Robinson & Company, 9900 Wilshire Blvd; Bullocks-Westwood, 10616 Weyburn Avenue, Westwood Village.

Dinner: For dinner Tuesday night, you might make reservations at Tib Laun (pronounced Loo-ah-oo). See Restaurant list for address and telephone number. So far, no night life has been suggested since you will be intensely sleepy most of the time, having driven or flown the day before. This is because of the sea-level of L. A.

Wednesday: Take the trip to Catalina Island and be sure to take along a camera. Also take along your bathing suit—unless you plan to buy one (a temptation) in Avalon, the chief city on Catalina Island. Your boat train leaves the Pacific Electric Station (6th Street and Main) at 9 A.M. Round trip to the harbor is $1.04. Departure time from Wilmington is 10 A.M. Transit time to the Island is two hours and round trip fare is $6.80.

If you prefer to fly, there are two amphibian departures daily, one at 9:30 A.M. and one at 4 P.M., both from the Wilmington-Catalina Terminal. Time to the Island is 20 minutes and costs $1.84 round trip. When you’re on Catalina, you will want to take the glass-bottom boat trip, 40 minutes, $1.50; the overland—mountain rim trip, 50 minutes, $1.15; and the Bird Park trip.

If you decide to remain overnight, accommodations at Hermosa Hotel run from $4 to $6 nightly for two.

For reservations and further information, call Catalina Island Company, 5555 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood—2111. If you decide not to remain on the island, you will be back in Los Angeles at 7 P.M.

A quick trip to your hotel for a breather, a change of clothes, and two calls for reservations will make it possible for you to have dinner at Ciro’s and catch their show, then to Mocambo for the late one.

Thursday: It might be as well to leave this morning free, so that you can send out laundry and cleaning after sleeping late, or write letters or send cards. Also make reservations at the Wilshire Brown Derby for a noon luncheon—you’re sure to see some celebrities. In one day, we said hello to Don Taylor, Mike O’Shea, John Alvin, and John Derek.

Plan to be at the Ambassador Hotel at 1:30 P.M. to be picked up by the bus for Knott’s Berry Farm; price, $3.50. Knott’s Berry Farm started as a small highway stand; now consists of a tremendous restaurant, a Gold Rush Village and a ghost town, country stores, stagecoaches, an ore railroad and a small chapel. Have dinner there (price in addition but reasonable) and return to Los Angeles in time to take the tour to Olvera Street and China Town, 3½ hours, starting at 7 P.M. Price, $3.25. Olvera Street was Los Angeles’ first Main Street. Here you can buy perfumed candles at the shop of Jose, the Candlermaker, sip Mexican hot chocolate (made with a strong dash of cinnamon) at La Golondrina, or hunt for huaraches, baskets, have your portrait done in pastels, listen to the music of mariachis.

From Olvera Street you will continue to China Town on North Broadway and on to the last sight, Griffith Park Observatory, with its view of the city lights.

Friday: Set out early for The Farmer’s Market at 3rd and Fairfax Avenues. Easy to find in a car and ample parking space easy to reach by transferring to the Fairfax bus at Wilshire.

Spend the morning roaming around the “Farm” of its short section where you can buy Brazilian crocodile bags, Swedish pottery, Guatemalan cottons, goods from Britain, Mexico and the Orient.

Be sure to be back home by noon. You select what you want from the various confections, find a table under a gay parasol.

Plan to be at the Ambassador by 1:30 P.M. to be picked up by your bus drive for the Huntington Library tour, 3½ hours, $3.25. You will see the Los Angeles Civic Center, Sycamore Grove where the various state picnics are held, Orange Grove Avenue which consists of three blocks of the Rose Bowl, Cal Tech where atomic experiments are conducted, Huntington Library, San Gabriel Mission (admission 25¢ to help maintain it).

Friday night, after having made reservations earlier in the week, put on your prettiest short formal (if feminine) or your best dark business suit (if masculine) and have dinner at the Doll’s House, Don, the Beachcomber, The Ranch, El Mirador and Howard Manor are dining spots patronized by the picture set. Also The Tennis Club and The Racquet Club, which are private. However, most privileges can usually be arranged by the manager of your hotel.

Rates during the season run from $25 per day for two, skyward. Restaurant tariffs are about the same as they are at Los Angeles’ better chuck wagons.

If a celebrity hunt at Palm Springs isn’t to your taste, you may wish to consider a trip to Santa Barbara or the small city of Solvang, thirty miles inland from Santa Barbara. Both are lined by three picnicking Danes in 1911. A Saturday morning community breakfast in Danish style and folk dancing on Saturday night ad color to a brief stay.

If you’re on an easy time schedule, you might want to take some far-flung side jaunts; to Lake Arrowhead for summi sports high in the mountains, or to Deaf Valley, the lowest point on the American continent, or a tour down to San Diego and Tijuana, which takes you over the Mexican border. Note: Naturalized citizens aliens should check on re-entry regulations before crossing the border.

Special Events: If you are near you read Los Angeles you should check with the All-Year Club of Southern California, 11 West 6th Street, M’Utual 5369 for information about these: The Remount Pageant at Hemet (usually the last week end in April and the first in May). To Santa Barbara Fiesta (when the moon is full in August). The Fisherman’s Fiestas, in September, when the fleet is blessed before starting another year of comb the deep). Carnival of Lights at Newport Beach (usually in July, a sight of rose petal on water). The Lancers from Huntington Harbant (about every 10 days).

So there’s PHOTOPLAY’s plan to give yo a pack of holiday excitement without breaking the family bank. Have fun!
not me...
yes you!

The Heave Ho—You'll never have bra-sag when you wear Exquisite Form 505. Stitched and reinforced under the cup...to keep the uplift up.

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For fit without fidgets...switch to Exquisite Form 505

Exquisite Form
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Ask for Exquisite Form 505 wherever you buy your bras. Regular or padded bandeaux, three-quarter length and longline styles.

$1.50 as illustrated
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For nearest store, write Dept P 5, 159 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. • Chicago 54 • Los Angeles 14 • Toronto
How to Reach Hollywood:

All roads on the earth and lanes in the sky lead to Hollywood. If you get your kicks on Route 66, you can follow it all the way to the Los Angeles City Hall; if you fly on 101, it will lead you to the Pacific Ocean and impressive Ocean House, once the home of filmstar Marian Davies. If you go by rail, you’ll be able to travel comfortably and luxuriously on regular service trains with special dome-cars for observation of the scenery. If your idea of the best way to start a vacation is on a four-motored cloud, the airline will bring you into Los Angeles International Airport where you will see passengers wearing orchid leis strung the day before in Honolulu, carrying baskets bought three days before in Manila, or wearing sweaters bought four days earlier in Melbourne. Bus travel, too, has been made increasingly attractive and offers excellent low-cost service.

Listed at right is a sectional guide which will give you some idea of the Round Trip cost of transportation from your home to Hollywood. The cost of food is not included in any of the fares, except first-class air fares, which include delicious meals served aloft.

Hotels:

In the list below, those hotels having their own private, heated swimming pools have been starred (*).

*Ambassador, 3400 Wilshire Boulevard, DU 7-1011; $12 per couple up. Set in its own private park, this is the home of the world-famed Cocoanut Grove. Near everything, with its own tennis courts, fine shops, small movie, Dalzell Hatfield art gallery. Reservations required.

*Bel-Air Hotel, 701 Stone Canyon Rd., AR 7-1271; $18 per couple up. Elegant, quiet, reservations well in advance. (Fine dining room, but no supper club, no entertainment because it is located in residential Bel-Air.)

*Beverly Hills Hotel, 9641 Sunset Boulevard, CRestview 6-2251; $19 per couple up. Gathering place of the world-famous.

*Beverly Wilshire, 9514 Wilshire Blvd., CRestview 5-4282; $16 per couple, up. Within walking distance of some of the best shops in the world—J. W. Robinson’s, I. Magnin, Saks 5th Avenue, London Shop.

The Biltmore, 5th Street at Olive—town, Michigan 1011; $9.50 per couple, up. Great commercial hotel; famed Biltmore Bowl and Rehearsal Room, Cowie Galleries, near metropolitan LA shopping center.

*Chapman Park, 615 S. Alexandria, DU 4-1181; $10 per couple, up. In heart of Wilshire district, across street from Ambassador and Brown Derby.


Gaylord, 3355 Wilshire Blvd., DU 9-4161; $9.50 per couple, Wilshire District opposite the Ambassador, next door to Brown Derby. Big and convenient.

Hollywood Drake, 6724 Hollywood Blvd., H-Hollywood 9-2241; $5 per couple. Small hotel on “the boulevard”—reservations required.


Knickerbocker, 1714 Ivar Avenue, Hollywood 5-3711; $8.00 per couple, up. Four blocks from NBC, 5 blocks from CBS, 7 blocks from Mutual.

*Miramar, Ocean & Wilshire Blvd. (Santa Monica), EXbrook 4-3751; $10 per couple. Across the street from the Pacific Palisades Esplanade.

Plaza, 1637 N. Vine St., Hollywood 5-1131; $7.50 per couple, up. Across from Hollywood Brown Derby; block from NBC, 2 blocks from CBS.


Stetler, Figueroa between 7th & Wilshire, MA 4321; $9 per couple. Los Angeles’ newest hotel; Cafe Rouge and Terrace Room popular rendezvous.

*Town House, 2961 Wilshire Blvd., DU 2-7171; $15 per couple. A Hilton Hotel, very chic; near Wilshire Derby and Bullock’s-Wilshire.

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YOU CAN CARRY HOME A BRA THAT KNOWS ITS PLACE

while you go through the busiest day, the dancing-est evening. The artful wiring, the elastic band, the circular stitching work together to give you perfect lift and separation...plus a wonderful new feeling of safety! White only; broadcloth or nylon. A cup, sizes: 32-36. B cup, sizes: 32-40. C cup, sizes: 32-42. $2.95. Sold at fine stores everywhere.

AND STAYS THERE...

SHOW-OFF BY BESTFORM
Nearly everyone who visits Hollywood hopes to have the thrill of being seated next to his or her favorite star. Listed below are some spots where this dream is most likely to come true.

Romanoff's, 140 S. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, CRestview 4-2105. Open Sundays 5:30 until 1 a.m. Other days: noon until 1 a.m. Reservations essential. Dress—you're best afternoon dress during the day; your best cocktail suit at night. Tariff—$10 for 2, up, up, up.


Dave Chasen's, 9039 Beverly Blvd., CREstview 1-2168. Closed Mondays. Other days, 6 p.m. until 1 a.m. Restaurant is cozy rather than awesome as Romanoff's and La Rue are, and the food is spectacular. $10 up for 2.

Sportsman's Lodge, 12833 Ventura Blvd. (in the Valley), STAnley 7-3035. Sundays 4 until 2 a.m.; weekdays 5 until 2 a.m. You can catch your own trout if you prefer. $12 up for 2.

Scandia, 9131 Sunset Blvd. (on the Strip) BRadshaw 2-3959. Closed Monday; other days noon to 1 a.m. Small, intimate room; menu on blackboard consisting of Scandavian specialties. Reservations essential. $6 up for 2.

Tail o' the Cock, two locations: 477 S. La Cienega, BH, BRadshaw 2-2214, and 12950 Ventura Blvd. (Valley), STanley 7-1914. Both open 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m. daily.

Bantam Cock, 643 N. La Cienega, BH, WEst 7143—Daily 5 p.m. to 12 midnight. All three of these restaurants are operated by the same company which insists upon quality, Southern style. Food and service are always tops. Tariff—$6 up for 2.

Brown Derby: Four locations: 1628 N. Vine St., HOLlywood 9-5151. Main DR noon to 11; coffee shop from 7 a.m. to midnight. 9357 Wilshire Blvd., BH, CREstview 6-2311—11 a.m. to 10 p.m. 4500 Los Feliz Blvd., OLympic 2913—Coffee shop 7 a.m. to midnight; DR noon until 10 p.m. 3377 Wilshire Blvd., DUnkirk 4-5151 8 a.m. to midnight. Coffee shop meals are moderately priced; main dining room from $6 up for 2.

The King's, 8153 Santa Monica Blvd. HOLlywood 4-8303. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. daily. Specializes in sea foods flown in from all directions. Reservations.

Cock 'n Bull, 9170 Sunset Blvd., BRadshaw 2-1937; Lunch 12:30 until 2:30. Dinner 6:30 until 10:30. One goes to the buffet table to select one of about six entrees available daily; salad is brought to the table and a waitress serves beverages and dessert. Menu is British; spot is a hangout for writers, publicists, photographers and celebrities. $4 up for lunch for 2; $7 up for dinner for 2.

The Trails, 6501 S. Sepulveda Blvd., ORchard 1-1622; Sundays noon until midnight. Mondays 11 until midnight. Others 11 until 2 a.m. Owned by Esther Williams & Ben Gage. This spot is truly Western in fun, hospitality and the thickness of its steaks. Always a celeb somewhere, particularly around 11 p.m. $6 will do it.

Nickodell, 1600 N. Argyle Ave., HOLlywood 7-3557. Daily 10:30 a.m. until 2 p.m. The hangout of the radio & TV industry, place is mobbed at noon. Reservations essential except mid-afternoon. $5 for 2.

Gotham, 7050 Hollywood Blvd., HOLlywood 9-1438. Daily 10 a.m. until 2 a.m. Typical deli; the younger film set likes to stop here after a premiere. $2 up will do it comfortably.

Barney's Beanery, 8447 Santa Monica Blvd., HOLlywood 4-9908. Daily—5 p.m. to 5 a.m. Unimpressive exterior, but there is a legend that if you sit in Barney's often enough and laugh at the tricks you will see everyone in Hollywood ordering the Beanery's wonderful onion soup. Costs about what you pay at the hangout back home.

Here is a list of restaurants, some patronized by picture people, which serve certain food specialties:

**Chinese Food:** the BEACHCOMBER, 1727 N. McCadden Pl. (1/2 block N. of Hollywood Boulevard) HOLlywood 9-3968. Daily, 4 p.m.-midnight. South Seas atmosphere, rain on the roof, exotic beverages, gorgeous Cantonese food. Reservations essential. $10 up for 2.

**The Islander, in the Roosevelt Hotel, HOLlywood 9-2442. Daily 4-2 a.m. Hawaiian entertainment, dancing for patrons, Chinese menu. $10 up for 2.

**The Luau, 421 N. Rodeo Dr., BH, BRadshaw 2-8484. 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily.** Presided over by Steve Crane, this is the newest, smartest, one of the greatest. $10 up for 2.

**French Food:** PERINO'S, 4101 Wilshire Blvd., DUnkirk 3-1221. Noon to midnight daily. Expensive, but said to be the best restaurant west of Paris. Tariff—$12 up for 2.

**Cafe de Paris, 7038 Sunset Blvd., HOLlywood 4-9812. Closed Tuesdays. Otherwise 5 p.m. to 2 a.m.** After 10 the guests join an accordion player in song. Impromptu floor shows, cozy. Free $5 up for 2.

**English Food:** TALLYHO, 8750 Beverly Blvd., BRadshaw 2-3801. Daily 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Very tavern-in-the-town, fireplaces, hunting prints, copper mugs. $6 up for 2.

**Swiss Food:** SWITZERLAND, 4057 S. Figueroa, ADams 2929. Closed Mondays. Otherwise 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Gemütich—yodeling, rollicking music, dancing, laughter.

**Smoqabord:** BIT OF SWEDEN, 9051 Sunset Blvd., B Radshaw 2-2800. Closed Tuesdays. Otherwise noon to 2:30 p.m. Dinner 5-9:30, Sundays 1 p.m. until 8:30. Don't go here if you're dieting—you'll lose your mind. $5 up for 2.

**Italian Food:** VILLA NOVA, 9015 Sunset Blvd., CREs tview 5-9431. Daily 4 p.m.—2 a.m. Intimate, secluded, charming—food superb. Great spot for sweethearts. $6 up for 2.

**Belgian:** FRASCATI'S, 9501 Wilshire Blvd., CREstview 5-9702. Daily 11 to 11. Opposite the Beverly Wilshire, this place offers interior or exterior dining, everything from a cup of coffee to a steak. $4 luncheon, $6 dinner for 2.

**Hot Fudge Sundae:** C. C. BROWN, 2007 Hollywood Blvd., HOLlywood 9-6675. 11:30 a.m. to midnight. You have never lived until you've dipped a spoon into one of these hot fudge or hot caramel sundaes. Send home a box of Ragtime Chocolates! Live it up. $1 for 2 sundaes, including tip.

**Home-made Pie:** Carroll's 3532 West 8th St. (Wilshire District) Closed Sundays. Otherwise 7:30 a.m.—8 p.m. A homelike spot, the pastry here is the best anywhere, including the great name restaurants. Have only pie some night—although everything else is tops, too. Prices sensible.

**Hamburgers:** PEPY'S, 5800 W. Jefferson (at Rodeo Drive) Sundays, noon to 12:30 p.m. Otherwise 11 a.m.—12:30 p.m. They call their cheeseburgers "dreadmburgers" and they are worthy. $2c wit de woiks.

V.N., 10811 Pico Blvd. West L.A.
Cheeseburgers are 55c; their little thin hotcakes are terrific.

**Off-Trail Fascinations**

The **Self-Realization Foundation Lake Shrine** is a beautiful spot located on Sunset Boulevard just before it reaches Highway 101. It is worth investigating. You can drive into a large parking lot, then wander around, preferably taking the footpath which encircles the lake. The shrine itself is a concrete cask—and beside it is a plaque reading: “World Peace Memorial, dedicated to world brotherhood on August 20, 1950, by Parmahans Yogananda and Lt. Governor Goodwin J. Knight.”

The Memorial contains a portion of the ashes of Mahatma Ghandi. In Arcadia, California (where the Santa Anita Turf Club is located) visit the **Los Angeles County and State Arboretum.** This was once the estate of E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin. A walk through this historic grove will provide a glimpse of the Queen Ann Cottage, now renamed Baldwin Casino. It is said that Mr. Baldwin’s lady guests were established in this wooden palace, ornate with the taste of an earlier generation. The cottage’s marble steps, solid lead bathtub, intimate commode and enclosed lavatory were the last word in elegance when installed.

Also to be restored are the coach barn with its elaborate horse stalls and cast-iron fittings and the Hugo Reid Adobe, where Mr. Baldwin died in 1909.

In Wilmington (the harbor city) be sure to pay a Sunday visit to the historic home of **General Phineas Banning.** Built in 1864, the 3-story mansion still looks down upon its spacious grounds brightened by the giant wisteria planted more than 80 years ago by General Banning’s Chinese gardener who brought the seeds from his homeland.

The house itself has 30 rooms and a double veranda along which hoop-skirted ladies and gallants in the gray uniform of the Confederacy strolled when the moon was high and thousands of candles sent their glow across the waters of the harbor whose building was General Banning’s dream. That harbor is now surrounded by Wilmington, the city General Banning founded in 1869 and named in honor of his home town in Delaware.

If you return to Los Angeles via San Pedro and Palos Verdes, pause for a moment at **Portuguese Bend to see** the only glass church in the world. Designed by Frank Lloyd Wright (Anne Baxter’s uncle) it is a world memorial honoring Emanuel Swedenborg. The **La Brea Tar Pits** are located between Wilshire Boulevard and 6th Street, two blocks east of Fairfax Avenue. Park on a side street, then wander through the area. Some of the pits are still being worked, and scattered throughout the park are stone replicas of the gigantic animals that used to roam this area.

No trip to Hollywood would be quite complete without a visit to one of the **Valentino Shrines.** His final resting place is in the Hollywood Cemetery Mausoleum, and even in this hallowed place, the vaults have found him. The bronze vases set on the face of the crypt were regularly stolen for the first few years after his entombment, and cheap glass vases had to be substituted.

Valentino has been dead 28 years this August, but Dita Flamé, the lady in black, still keeps flowers in the vases.

**Theaters, Radio and TV:**

**Ben Bard Playhouse,** 7165 Beverly Blvd., WEbster 1-2387. Dramatic-school playhouse where you will see tomorrow’s stars. Admission trifling.

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**KORDAY**

**FRENCH LINE SEERSUCKERS BY KORDAY**

*Wherever you like to shop, or write KORDAY SPORTSWEAR, INC., 1385 Broadway, New York*

*...and what a line those Frenchmen have! Voilà Korday’s swirling can-can dress dancing under the stars, about $15. Sunning...contoured bra $2; Riviera shorts $4; hat $2. Not shown: matching skirt $4; sleeveless blouse $3; boy shorts $3. Sizes 10 to 18 in white-striped blue, pink, or brown seersucker.*
The sea view
—mighty lovely this summer! Anni's bloomer-bottom Sea Glamour swimsuit in bias-cut piqué with big dome-shape buttons—wonderful for sun and surfing. Black, white, red, jade, pink. Sizes 10 to 16, 9 to 15. At fine stores everywhere...8.95

HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY
(Continued from page 91)

Biltmore Theater, 520 W. 5th St., Madison 6-8111. LA's one legitimate showhouse where N.Y. plays appear. Admission from $1.65.

Call Board Theater, 8451 Melrose Place, Webster 8-5051. Excellent experimental theatre where talented newcomers are getting a start. Admission reasonable.


Geller Theater Workshop, 6040 Wilshire Blvd., Yorke 5205. Student theatre.


Poodle Hills Theater, Claremont, coming 5-1288. Evening performances Wed., Thurs., Fri. and Sat. at 8:30; matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Sunday Fiesta—5 performances. Weekdays—$1.65. Sundays—$3.00. Lunch from noon to 1:15, $2.00; dinner from 6 to 7:15, $3.00. Spanish-Mexican-Indian folk drama.

Turnabout Theater, 716 N. La Cienega Blvd., CRestview 6-1005. Dark Mondays. This is the Elsa Lancaster theatre. Nightly at 9 she delights customers sitting on old street-car seats. First half of program consists of puppets on one stage; switch seats, watch Lancaster and company on opposite stage. Reservations essential.

Radio Stations: The best way to see radio and TV shows is to write well in advance. If you can't, go directly to the information window at each station and ask for seats.


ABC, 4151 Prospect Ave. (at Talmadge), Normandy 3-3311.

Television City, Columbia Broadcasting Company's impressive new installation is at 7800 Beverly Blvd., Webster 6-3011.

For information about other stations, consult the telephone directory.

Museums & Art Galleries:

Cowie Galleries, Biltmore Hotel, Michigan 6963. Some of the best of the westerners.

Dolby Hatfield Galleries, Ambassador Hotel, Dunirk 7-6702. Glen Lukens ceramics, Millard Sheets watercolors and oils, Bernard Rosenthal struc-
tural sculpture, plus old masters. 9-6 weekdays.

Heilborn Studios, 2350 Hyperion Avenue, Olympia 4500. 4 exhibition rooms: crafts, ceramics (masterpieces from Italy and Finland during the spring). Daily 1-6; Friday evening 7:30-9:30. Closed Sunday.


Mission Inn, Riverside, Calif. Breathtaking re-creation of California life in Mission days.

What to Take Home:

From Patsy Brogan's, 444 N. Camden Dr., BH, CRestview 5-7126—a suit, afternoon dress or cocktail gown worn by a star once or twice. These clothes, once photographed, can't be worn again, so stars turn them over to Patsy who sells them at nominal prices. Proceeds which stars receive go to their favorite charity.

From Black's Indian Store, 6926 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 4-3381—an authentic reservation bracelet or corn-flower necklace set with turquoise. A Persian proverb says, "A turquoise given with the hand of love carries with it true fortune and sweet happiness."

From the Hollywood Magic Shop, 6268 Hollywood Blvd., Hudson 2-9402—party jokes and favors, gags, etc.

From the Patio Shop, 321 N. Beverly Dr., BH, CRestview 1-5271—a fanciful lamp or other bit of bric-a-brac. Owned by Harry Lackman, who directed many of Shirley Temple's early pictures, this shop is one of the most imaginative in town. All designs copyrighted.

From the Artificial Flower Studio, 678½ S. Vermont Ave., DUkirk 8-2653—has artificial American beauty roses, magnolia blossoms, permanent philodendron and thousands of other lifelike plants.

From Gifts For Men, 438 N. Rodeo Dr., BH, CRestview 6-1454—has everything or anything that ever popped up in the dreams of your best beau.

From The Farmer's Market, 3rd & Fairfax, wares from every land for every purpose; the most exciting array of gifts and mementos in the city. Have fun.
The Chief is still the Chief

Now—only 39½ hours Chicago-Los Angeles...Only one night en route westbound...Extra fare dropped...Reserved seat chair cars...Same fine Pullman accommodations...Fred Harvey food—from full-course menus to low-cost budget meals.

Also...Super Chief extra fare now only $7.50 on this all-private-room streamliner, Chicago-Los Angeles. El Capitan extra fare dropped on this only all-chair-car streamliner, Chicago-Los Angeles.
If You Were in Love With Me

(Continued from page 61)

You would call me "R.J,"—or you might even make it "Arge," a blend a few kind friends have pinned on me. When you called me "Bob"—well, that bit would really worry me. I'd know something had fouled up somewhere.

You would be at home out-of-doors. Not that it wouldn't be enjoyable being indoors with you too—after all, there's nothing like a good Scrabble game. But there's a wholesome freshness that goes with an outdoor girl a guy just can't resist—and who would want to? You'd go for water skiing, fishing, tennis, bowling and you'd really know your way around a green—or you'd probably be a golf widow before you were a bride. I play golf as long as there's light enough to see. I wouldn't even mind if you could beat me—and that wouldn't be hard to do. My golf game goes back and forth, and of late it's been going back. We'd play at my old alma mater, the Bel Air Country Club, where I used to caddy for the stars.

We could grab a quick breakfast at Arge's before our golf game. And you wouldn't have to worry about me being on time—not since I've discovered those radio alarms that bounce you awake with no pain. I'm a cat-nap, artist, one of those I'll-just-take-ten-minutes-more boys, but when all that happy music comes on—who wants to sleep? Furthermore, who can? And furthermore, I'd love to look at you over coffee and bacon and eggs. Being less technical, I'd just love to look at you.

It wouldn't surprise you that I'm eating all my meals out now. I used to make my own breakfast, but I panic when everything starts going at once, and what with the coffee perking and the eggs boiling and the bacon burning—it was just a lot easier to get into the car and go over to Arge's. Dinner, I wouldn't attempt any more. No matter what the menu started out to be, nor how merrily I followed "A Wolf in Chef's Clothing," the cookbook Jeff Hunter gave me, I always wound up warming up some enchiladas with a bromide on the side. Anyway, dinner for one's no fun. Dinner for two—that would be more like it... with you.

You might as well know, I'm a complete dud when it comes to keeping house. Why they call you girls the weaker sex, I'll never quite know. But with a year's experience of "bacheling," I'm doing a little better now. I used to just drop things and depend on gravity to get them all back where they respectively belonged. I've gotten better organized now. And a fellow named Floyd, an ex-G.I. who works for a fine cleaning establishment, comes once a week and cases the apartment like a vacuum—picking up whatever needs to be laundered or dry-cleaned. But I'm still a real nothing when it comes to the mechanics of fixing things around a house. I do well to fix the rear-view mirror of my black hard-top Mercury.

You wouldn't be one of those girls who are forever looking into mirrors anyway. That bores me. Out on a golf course or a tennis court, you'd be concerned about your game—and not about how glamorous you looked. If you were my girl, you'd forget the shiny nose and concentrate on that fast serve.

I hope you'd go for simple clothes, but girls usually wear what they figure is the best—and in that, I'm with you. I would really love you in white. Say a white low-cut evening gown—but not too low, about a half-a-whistle's worth. And a white two-piece bathing suit—but not too Bikini... not on you.

You wouldn't wear too much make-up, I know. None of that doe-eyed business or layers of pancake. Just a little lipstick, and I don't care what the make-up experts advise, you wouldn't paint your lips larger than they are. Too much make-up destroys that freshness which is so wonderful. I've never figured out why girls keep working to cover it.

You would have pretty hands for I usually notice a girl's hands first. And when they're soft and feminine and expressive—they say a lot to me. You'd wear your hair loose and a little longer than many of the girls would. Your perfume, I hope, would be Arge's. And please, no corsages. If you wear flowers—just wear them plain. One rose, I think, says infinitely more. You wouldn't be a slinker—not even half-a-whistle's worth. You could be the girl next door—but nobody like you ever lived next door to me!

On a date, we wouldn't live it up too much. And we couldn't, even if we would. Until recently my allowance totaled $25 a week, which gives you a rough idea. When the studio gave me a raise not long ago, I thought I was really living—until my business manager assured me I was not. But you would soon learn that avoiding the plushy night clubs is my pet economy anyway. You can blow a whole week's allowance in them in one evening—easily. And besides, nobody has ever convinced me that being seen there furthers your career. We'd go when Peggy Lee or some-

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*TRADEMARK PATS. PENDING MARKSWAY*
You would believe in hunches, or humor me when I do. And you would, I hope, humor me in an extravaganza or two.

Say like collecting records of Glenn Miller's, Benny Goodman's, Peggy Lee's, Sinatra's or even to my thinking, recording Jackie Gleason's ever made. You would get a little dreamy whenever you heard "Deep Purple," and you'd go for the writing of Samuel Shul- labarger and Ernest Hemingway. We'd have a dundling date every Saturday night with Gleason on TV. You would know I take my steaks rare and my coffee black and strong—and you'd humor me that extravaganza too.

Could it be—Walt—that's where the money goes. And I hope you'd go along with me.

I like sports clothes, but some of my coats would probably fracture even you. I don't like just plain coats and I've made a sporty contrast fact that a lot of some of mine by having the tailor face the sleeves of a dark blue coat with red and a brown with yellow. When you turn the cuffs back, they double as a brace. Too. I can wear them either way, and it gives me more wardrobe changes. But I can't take any credit for the idea. I got it from Gilbert Roland, who does the same thing with plails. And you would probably flip when you saw my next topcoat with the collar and pocket flaps and the split down the back all lined in plaid.

It's just something new, for a change. I've just been trying it for kicks. There are so many of my clothes that I never have to change its appearance anyway.

If you were my girl—you'd know I go too for French-style cuffs and for heavy cuff links. If I could afford them, I'd go for slacks or Mexican hand-woven tamel and custom-made shirts of silk shantung—in stead of the $49.50 numbers I wear around. If I could only stick to a system and budget better, maybe I could. But systems— they've always been weak. With me.

But I wouldn't have to be telling you anything else, you would have a sense of humor. And let's face it, more than anything else—that we could probably use. You could be an actress. Career girls, other things equal, are a cut above average with me. I just haven't been driven by growing up a girl, and age, it seems, hasn't too much to do with this. You'd be a girl a guy could really talk to. And listen to, as well. You'd be a girl who mixes well at parties—don't mean mixy in the furnishings. For above all, you would have consideration for others, and you would never embarrass a hostess, say, by taking one more martini than you should. Call me a square, or what you will, but that's the way I was brought up. I'm not the girl over-indulge. Knighthood may have flowered out (except on the screen)—but ladies ... they'll never go out of style.

Lady that you would be, you'd better never be depressed. And you wouldn't want to have to go out of your way to attract attention anyway. Nor would you talk about other guys to prove your popularity. You wouldn't have to tell me how many hours you've had. That would figure.

The important thing would be that mine tallies up the score.

You would be a movie fan, along with me. And if it wouldn't be asking too much, I hope you could be a fan of mine, too. A guy can't get too much encouragement, and I could sure use your faith in me. Believe me, you can get plenty discouraged watching yourself up on that screen.

You would be my best friend and my most constructive critic. In the intuitive way girls have, maybe you could find out from a few people why they've said success has gone to my head and that I've 'changed.' And while you're finding out what success? You might tell them when I've been misquoted. (I can't go around pointing out, "Look—I didn't say this!")

I can't go around kicking pebbles either. The thing I don't do is work real hard because I want to be as good as I can possibly be ... up there on the screen. As for the other, a guy would be a pretty static character if it didn't even change. The fans change too. If I stayed the same from year to year, they'd grow clear away from me.
(Continued from page 40) in "Our Town." In Lunt and Fontanne's production of "There Shall Be No Night," he was the young Finnish soldier who goes out to certain death.

Directors say, "Montgomery Clift doesn't play a character, he is the character." Inevitably the weight of the tragedy he carried to the footlights penetrated into his own consciousness. His health broke and he regained his strength only by deserting Broadway and giving up his girl. I don't want it to be a manual labor on a friend's ranch.

But peace of mind remained elusive. Returning to New York, he became a key member of a group of serious young actors who asked more of it recast than the applause of enraptured playgoers.

Essentially, they were looking for a standard of values and a way of life, not merely a way to make a living. They found reading more stimulating than adulation, discussion more exciting than night clubs.

The stacks of books and records in Montgomery Clift's apartment multiplied while his wardrobe dwindled. By the time Paramount director Howard Hawks discovered him in a short-run Tennessee Williams play and signed him for Hollywood, he had read those two-necktie stories which later irked him.

Despite his subsequent protestations that he always had whatever clothes he needed, there are those who still assert that he carried with him during his stay in Hollywood a dress shirt which was always either on his back or at the laundry, and a couple of sports shirts, the no-ironing kind, which he rinsed out in the wash basin in his hotel room.

Hollywood swiftly discovered that this handsome young man, who by birth, background and stage success rated an invitation from the best of social circles, much preferred his own company and that of a few long-time friends. Seeing his name in gossip columns meant nothing to him. Neither did he place any importance in being seen with the right people. He made it clear that his time off was spent alone.

And before very long he had plenty of it, for he was having difficulty over pictures. He credited Elia Kazan with giving him the advice, "Take only those parts you can do with integrity, then success will come of its own accord."

Acting on it, Montgomery Clift turned down roles which would have fattened his funds but bankrupted his pride. Before he appeared in "Red River," he was thirteen hundred dollars in debt. His next three pictures paid him one hundred thousand dollars each. But the habits of austerity stayed with him.

He made no secret of the fact that to escort Elizabeth Taylor to the premiere of "The Heiress" he had to rent a dinner jacket he owned none of his own.

Notably, however, he made one impassioned foray into Hollywood society, but even that was done on his own terms.

After "The Search," a strong men-who-placed children, filmed in Europe, he appeared, under sponsorship of The Organization For Rehabilitation Through Training, at a party attended by several hundred wives of executives, writers, and producers to plead for help for needy youngsters in distressed areas. He spoke movingly, drawing on what he had seen during the making of his picture. When the cause was important to him, Montgomery Clift was ready to prove he was no recluse

But on the subject of girls, Monty remained skittish with interviewers. Most frequently seen with him was one whom a reporter called, "a vague sort of mystery woman, always in the background."

Questioned about her, Clift took pains to explain, "No, we're not engaged, we're not in love, we don't intend to marry. She's simply a dear friend I've known for a long time. I've not to rehearse my lines with some one—I can't just go on a set cold—so I rehearse them with her." Then he added, "I want to make it clear there is no romance involved. If I'm seen out on a date with a young girl, I don't want it to seem as though I'm running around."

What the woman in question thought about their relationship remains in the realm of vagueness and mystery. When asked about it, Montgomery Clift would rather not answer even one question because I would not know what kind of a living she was getting into.

Customarily, however, Monty diverted questions about rumored romances by speaking, instead, of his work. There was a forecast of his own ultimate fate in his statement, "I want to be responsible for what I do. If it is something good, I can take pride. If it isn’t, I know it was my choice alone. You’ve got to be in position to risk your professional neck every six months. The most important thing is to be in position to risk it.”

There is indication that throughout his career Montgomery Clift has keenly realized that for every artist a conflict in- side is the price for his success. He has need for love and companionship clashes with his consuming drive to attain perfection in his chosen field.

For the true artist must, first of all, put that desire for perfection ahead of all other interests in life. He must, in Clift’s own words, "Be free to risk his professional neck every six months." The dedicated man will risk everything to maintain such freedom.

Yet, for all his dedication, he cannot escape being human.

He arrives, therefore, during the natural course of events that he finds himself at the point where anonymous praise from audiences is not enough. He seeks also the affection and approval of that one person whom he, himself, holds in the highest regard.

But there is need to find that person in time to find release from the tension which everlastingly drives him toward new achievements.

But here is a new conflict develops and intensifies. He now has two fears. He is afraid to relax the tension, for without it he may not be able to do the creative work which he had dedicated his life. He also is afraid to become so devoted to a single person that the loved one’s welfare may become more important to him than his own freedom.

Montgomery Clift, who has studied the history of all arts, could not fail to be aware of this bitter choice. Music, painting, acting, writing, all have their notable examples. He had reason to reflect that he might have sacrificed either their careers or the women who inspired them.

Until Mary came along, Montgomery Clift had been able to postpone this crisis. His dilemma was best summed up in motto.

But in Mary, he encountered a girl who by background, training and her own feminine instinct regarded love not as an entanglement but as a fulfilment and a way of life.

For here was no mere pampering heiress, no soiled darling beset by the notion that she deserved her praise.

Instead, she has a family history in which she has depended on her wife for...
Dry skin: “Before I used Noxzema, my dry skin actually peeled in spots,” says Cathy Hild of Woodridge, N. J. “Now Noxzema helps it look smoother, fresher.”

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Look lovelier in 10 days
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This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier—helps keep it that way, too!

Here’s wonderful beauty news! A noted skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty care—with a special beauty cream. It helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier and helps you keep it that way!

This new beauty care owes its remarkable effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. It’s a combination of softening, soothing, refreshing and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. And it’s medicated—helps healing—helps keep skin looking fresh and clean!

Feel the exhilarating tingle!
The moment you smooth on Noxzema, you feel a cool, refreshing tingle. It tells you Noxzema’s beauty action is starting to work on your skin problem—helping your skin look fresher, prettier.

Results are thrilling
Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema care for dry, rough, flaky skin; for externally-caused blemishes; and for that dull, lifeless half-clean look of many so-called normal complexions.

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1. Cleanse your face by washing with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema liberally; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear when you ‘cream-wash’!

2. Night Cream: Greaseless Noxzema helps soften, smooth and freshen your skin! (Pat a bit extra over any blemishes—it’s medicated to help heal them fast!)

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Works or money back!
In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 with skin problems to have lovelier-looking skin! If you don’t look lovelier in 10 days—return jar to Noxzema—Baltimore—money back!

Look Lovelier Offer! 40¢ trial size only 29¢ plus tax. See how it helps your skin; then get 10 oz. economy jar only 98¢ plus tax—drug, cosmetic counters.

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encouragement and help during stress and in which women have given both their work and their love to aid their men in reaching their goal. Her family has a history of big risks, big rewards, and above all, hard work and sacrifice.

The tradition of hard work has been carried down to Mary. In her training, responsibility has been emphasized over privilege. She has been coached in the old-fashioned manner to carry out her personal projects without any publicity.

Mary, too, had an ambition—but not the kind that Monty has. More than anything, she wanted to sing. Realistically, she realized her limitations as a performer. And although her father has influence in Hollywood she never used him to further her career.

Her own aspiration heightened her appreciation of Montgomery Clift's talent when they met and her own bubbly happiness made the deepest impression on him. He could have been expected to dislike her on sight, because here was a girl who was the epitome of Hollywood Society (with a capital S) which he shunned. But who can resist a pretty—and trusting—young girl? A young girl who says with contagious enthusiasm as though she had never heard of such a thing as a recluse. "Oh, Monty, we're having a party. You will come, won't you?"

Certainly not Montgomery Clift, for when he likes a person, he responds instantly. Friends say, "You can see it happen. It's as if some one turned on a light."

Following Monty's first attentions to Mary Terry there was a change. The "mystery woman" had long since vanished. He began paying more attention to his clothes. He no longer hid from his fans. He went out more. Montgomery Clift, even while he had not chosen to permit material possession to dominate his life, had known such things from childhood. Drawing on his background, he became an attentive escort for Mary.

His dates with Mary continued in New York, where Mary's parents live and which he still regards as his home. Hand in hand, they window shopped along Fifth Avenue. There was a change, too, in the sort of thing Monty was saying to reporters. Where once he had diverted all references to romance by changing the subject to work, he now remarked, for publication, that he disliked being called "a bachelor."

"A bachelor," he explained, "sounds like a man who intends never to marry. I want to get married some day."

But when pressed to describe the girl he wanted to marry, he again parried, "I like all girls. All kinds of girls, but I won't drag any particular girl into the spotlight by talking about her to reporters."

A little later even that attitude softened. To a columnist, he talked unhappily about a new role, and when asked about his romance with Mary, he smiled and said, "That also is good." It was as if having attained a goal in his career, he could, at long last, allow himself to relax and live a little.

He timed his own return from a vacation to coincide with Mary's return from a cruise. It looked like Monty was at last in love.

But time, maturity and some good hard thinking made these two young people realize that affection was not enough for a life-time partnership. Monty was no less dedicated to his work, no less willing to ever be in a position where economics would dictate his art. Mary, moving in the family orbit of love and attention, was wise enough to know that there are some differences in purpose which cannot be bridged. Montgomery Clift, the man, was wonderful. Montgomery Clift, the artist, assuring himself from normal associations with the kind of concentration which drew from him the restrained, intense performance of Prewitt in "From Here to Eternity" could never be a husband who could put social obligations ahead of his work.

And so these two wrote their own ending to what had been a delightful, warm relationship. One to dream on, but not to have and to hold.

In the Spring of 1953, Mary was married. There was no rebound aspect to their romance. Rather, it was marked by an assurance that their backgrounds, their beliefs, their obligations to each other would allow them to find together the kind of life they both wanted.

And Monty? Montgomery Clift retains the greatest and most demanding luxury and need of the artist. Montgomery Clift has his lonely freedom.

(Montgomery Clift is in Indiscretion of an American Wife.)

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

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Send this ballot to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
I love to wear a sweater

...since I bought my Perma-lift

"Added Attraction"

Padded Bra with the "Natural" Look

Sweaters are a "must" with all my friends, but they just didn't seem to do a thing for me. I wanted to look like the other girls, but most of the padded bras I've seen are so unnatural—so exaggerated.

Then I tried "Perma-lift's Added Attraction" and my troubles vanished. Here's a bra that gives me such a natural figure, my sweaters and blouses look perfect—fit beautifully—just what I want.

The secret is in the concealed, pure white, precision cut, foam rubber pads. The natural shaping is there forever and the pads stay white as long as the long life of this wonderful bra.

So why don't you go to your favorite store today and try a "Perma-lift Added Attraction" Bra. Priced so reasonably—just $4 in fine cotton—$5 in miracle nylon. Strapless style—$5.00.

Enjoy the luxury of this new "Perma-lift" Pantie with the patented Magic Oval crotch. It can't ride up—chafe or irritate—the most comfortable pantie you've ever worn—just $5.95.
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Both in exclusive non-spill applicator vial. So easy to apply.

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**INSIDE STUFF**

Bob Hope’s good-natured kidding about the Monroe-DiMaggio merger has the whole town chuckling. Bob, here with wife Dolores, is in “Casanova’s Big Night.”

In spite of past feud rumors, Gordon MacRae, above with wife Sheila, hopes Doris Day will be in “Oklahoma!” He’s number one choice for role of Curley.
Widmark, who is so loved on the lot everyone was disconsolate when he decided to leave and free lance. To keep peace with friends, fans and studio, Lana Turner's decided to leave her hair dark and wear a blonde wig in alternating pictures. And Guy Madison really threw the masked panel for a loop on TV's "What's My Line?" when he told them he wasn't a blond! Well, he is certainly the boy who should know!

Bride Of The Year: Well, Marilyn Monroe finally got to Tokyo, and then on to Korea. It took a marriage to Joe DiMaggio and a studio suspension to turn the trick. And speaking of the most fabulous blonde since the late Jean Harlow, most of Joe's family was rather upset when his marriage excommunicated him from the Church. In fact, his married sister (she owns half of Joe's San Francisco home) didn't attend the wedding.

Junior Critic: It happened at the James Masons, who were tossing another inimitable party. As usual, little Portland Mason joined the guests at nine-thirty. "We have a wonderful surprise for you," exclaimed Pamela Mason, "we're going to run Hans Christian Andersen!" The picture went on and a few minutes later the fabulous Porty was shrieking at the top of her voice: "I can't stand Danny Kaye—he bores me!" Even the Masons were stunned, accustom to they are to her frankness.

Gable-Gram: So typical, after twenty-three years at M-G-M, Clark Gable vetoed a farewell party when he checked off the lot. According to a close friend: "Clark's tired of living in Hollywood. He doesn't know where to go. He doesn't want to get married, but no matter how often he explains this, his gal friends always get serious and spoil their romance." The King celebrated his fifty-third birthday on the "Betrayed" set. Lana Turner and Vic Mature gave him a cake baked in the shape of a crown. But Clark's little gift to Clark was the white Lincoln convertible with red leather upholstery in which he drove away for the last time.

Hardworking Mrs. Marilyn Bridgman of Watermill, New York has discovered that only Jergens Lotion gives her hands the care they need. She says:

"I scour 4500 pots and pans a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

Detergents are wonderful—but they could have ruined Marilyn's pretty hands. Yet her hands are soft and lovely still. Why?

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With a smooth, blemish-free skin that invites romance

No More hateful blackheads, overly skin or pimples to keep you from having fun. You can be lovely, alluring. It's easy if you take these 3 steps:

Step One: Cut down sweets, pastries, starchy foods. Eat sensibly.

Step Two: Get your skin really clean.* Hundreds of doctors advise Cuticura Soap because it is superfatted and contains soothing, healing Cuticura medication.

Step Three: At bedtime smooth on Cuticura Ointment. This softens and improves your skin as it helps clear up blackheads and externally caused pimples.

In 7 Days you’ll begin to see fresher, clearer, smoother skin, radiant new complexion tone.

Keep It Up. Cuticura Soap and Ointment make your skin lovelier as they help clear it up. What’s more, they also help protect and preserve.

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*FREE Soap sample and Skin Care leaflet giving correct face cleansing techniques. Write Cuticura, Dept. TS-5, Malden 48, Mass.

Marilyn Monroe’s Honeymoon Whirl

I forgot to mention that Mon-chan is the Japanese pet name for Marilyn and means “Sweet Little Girl.” It is just about the most endearing term that can be said in Japanese and denotes quite a lot of affection, in a country where affection is not displayed and where there are no words such as “I love you.”

It’s nice to keep in contact with Mon-chan—but often difficult—especially on a honeymoon. The honeymoon started in California, was interrupted for five days because Joe had to go to New York to prepare some television films (television interferes with everything), and then the DiMaggios continued where they had left off and went to Japan.

I was with Marilyn the day before she left for Tokyo and, among other things, she told me about the California honeymoon. But before I tell you about this, I think I should tell you something about the Japanese honeymoon. To change an old saying, second things first.

At this writing Mon-chan has left Japan and is in Korea entertaining the troops. This is something which she has wanted to do for a long time, and it certainly proves her marriage is a good thing because it helped her fulfill her ambition. I can just see the Monroe worrying whether the boys will like her, worrying about how she looks, especially her hair, and—

About her hair, I happen to know that for a day or so, the Monroe took care of it herself. Then Mon-chan soon discovered Tokyo had, among other things, modern beauty salons. They could do a good job and, although the equipment was the newest, old Japanese customs prevailed. For example, the manicurist stood while doing Marilyn’s nails. This will be something for her to tell her friend Rosie when she gets back to the studio.

Marilyn’s time in Japan as much as the people loved her. It was the third time she had been out of the United States. The other two were: a quick trip to Mexico and one to Canada for the filming of “River of No Return.” Joe is more of a traveler and had been to Japan where he is a hero. They go for American baseball as much, if not more, than they do for American movies.

Mon-chan found Tokyo to be everything Joe told her about it, and then more. For the first few days DiMaggio and the Monroe honeymooned at the Imperial Hotel, which is as modern as any hotel in N.Y. or L.A. It was built by Frank Lloyd Wright, who is, as Marilyn puts it, “related to Ance Baxter.” Here Marilyn and Joe had to practically barricade themselves in their rooms. A large stone at the entrance was crushed under the weight of the crowd eagerly hoping to get a glimpse of her.

The Japanese people were in love with Mon-chan, and the press was soon to be. Instead of hiding out as they had to in the first half of the honeymoon, Marilyn and Joe held a press conference in their hotel suite for two hundred reporters and photographers. I must say that marriage hasn’t changed Marilyn a bit. She was about two hours late for the conference, but she had a good excuse: The way she looked. Of course the newspapers forgave her immediately. I must tell Mon-chan that I’m proud of how she conducted herself at this conference. I realize how nervous she must have been when she entered the room to face the press. Before Marilyn left for Tokyo she said to me: “Hold a good thought for me.” She was thinking of conferences like this, entertaining the troops, etc. Well, anyway, once Marilyn actually faced the press taking, her nervousness disappeared and she became herself, a Mon-chan.

Far from home and the studio, Marilyn’s answers proved that the many remarks crediting her to being strictly true to Marilyn Monroe and were not given to her by anyone to say.

“We are told you do not wear anything under your dress. Is that true?” asked a reporter. He certainly must have seen the fringe of lace peeking from beneath the red wool cloth-tight dress she was wearing. Or it could be that he never got to the bottom of the dress.

“I am planning to buy a kimono tomorrow,” the Monroe evaded with a grin.

Later another newsman, pointed to a dark fur piece the Monroe had just placed over her pressing, then getting ready to leave, asked: “What kind of fur is that?”

“Fox—and not the 20th-Century kind,” she smiled, making obvious reference to her then-current trouble with the studio concerning “Pink Tights.”

When asked about men, she said, “There are several Hollywood actors I enjoy working with but Joe, here, is my favorite man.” She made it clear that she was more interested in making her marriage work...
In Korea, the star’s dressing room was a couple of pieces of canvas stretched across a corner of the stage. But though the weather was chilly, Marilyn’s reception by enthusiastic G.I. audiences was warm. Draped over the canvas is the now-famous purple cocktail gown that she wore during her whirlwind Korean tour.

than having a career, but of course would like to have a happy combination of the two. Joe seconded this notion by adding, “There is no reason why career and marriage won’t mix; it is going on every day all around us.”

I cite these examples to show you the Monroe in action, and you’ll have to admit, any kind of action with her is interesting and newsworthy.

Five days after Marilyn arrived she visited the Tokyo Army Hospital. The place really went into a tail spin when word reached the patients that she planned to visit. They were told she would be in the Red Cross lounge on the 7th floor, and, somehow or other, the wards were emptied as elevator loads of patients reached the lounge. Afterwards, when she made a tour of the wards, the boys kept her busy autographing their casts!

When Marilyn went out shopping on the Ginza, which is similar to New York’s Fifth Avenue or Hollywood’s Wilshire Boulevard, she learned about kimonom and Japanese women. The Monroe was surprised to find out that the Japanese woman always wears an underslip (shirt) with the kimono.

In fact, the Japanese woman makes it a point that the kimono is long enough so her ankles don’t show, and many of them take short steps and walk pigeon-toed so as not to reveal the ankle. The Japanese women, Marilyn was told, are very modest.

This was confusing to Marilyn when she and Joe visited Miyanoshita, a prominent resort outside of Tokyo, and discovered there that it is not considered immodest for men and women to indulge in nude bathing together.

However, one Japanese custom delighted our Mon-chan. She has been practicing it for years in the United States. One

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<th>First Prize</th>
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Here are the Rules—

1. This is entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a Game of Skill. Add together the numbers that precede the drawing of the Swan and get the SUM TOTAL of the figures. The picture is made up of single numbers: 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, and 9. There are no zeros, no ones, no zeros. There are no double numbers like "2L," etc. Just add 2 plus 3 plus 5, etc., and get the correct TOTAL. There are no tricks in this puzzle, just a problem of addition. It is not so easy but if you are careful you may get it exactly right. Only persons sending a $5.00 contribution to our Scholarships Program are eligible for these Cash Prizes. No additional donation will be required at any time during the contest. Checks and Money Orders should be made payable to "SCHOLARSHIPS, INC." Send cash if you prefer. Write us for additional puzzle sheets if you need them.

2. If you send your contribution before the date printed on the entry blank you will qualify for the $500 Promptness Prize and the $1500 First Prize! Enter BEFORE February 1, 1954. The Promptness Bonus will be added to the First Prize only.

3. You should check and recheck your solution carefully before mailing. Once it has been sent it may not be changed or withdrawn. A contestant may submit an additional entry in this contest with an improved score provided each such entry is accompanied by the required $5.00 contribution. This will not affect your entry and contribution promptly. Read the rules carefully. Please do not write for additional information concerning this contest since information that is not available to all other contestants is not given.

4. This contest is confined to persons within the continental limits of the United States. Persons directly connected with Scholarships, Inc. and members of their immediate families are ineligible. Due to the uncertainty of mail address entries cannot be accepted from persons in the Armed Forces. Entries will not be accepted from persons in Alaska, Canada, Hawaiian Islands and other locations outside of the United States proper.

5. Entries will be accepted from February 1 to October 10, 1954. Entries postmarked October 10 will be accepted.

6. In case of ties on this Swan Puzzle the winners will be decided by a tiebreaker number puzzle consisting of drawing a path across a chart of numbers to arrive at a high total. The contestant's position in the winning chart will be determined by the best score submitted; the best answer will receive First Prize, the second best answer will receive Second Prize, etc. In case of ties on the tiebreaker puzzle, prizes will be reserved for the positions of tied contestants and the final order of finish determined by additional tiebreaker puzzles until a definite winner for each prize is chosen. Seven dice will be allowed for working the first tiebreaker puzzle and three days for each subsequent tiebreaker. If ties remain after seven tiebreaker puzzles, duplicate prizes will be given.

7. It is permissible for any contestant to receive help from their relatives or friends but ONLY ONE SOLUTION may be submitted by any group working together, and any solution that has been submitted in violation of this rule will be rejected.

8. A complete report of this contest including the names of all winners will be mailed to every contestant just as soon as the winners have been decided. The winners of this contest reserve the right to decide what publicity they wish to have during the contest and persons who enter agree to accept these decisions as final.

C. L. KITTLE, Contest Mgr.

Miss Dorothy Wittes is one of eight nurses in training at Cincinnati Hospital and we are very proud of her. She is only one of the nurses who are doing their work thoroughly and with enthusiasm.
"Ha!" boomed Jimmy. "So Magnani is great. Am I great? Nobody knows. Nobody goes to see me. That's the old M-G-M spirit. Publicity department boosts Italians. Mr. Goetz! Mr. Goetz!

Mr. Goetz, the top brass, was dead to the hellow. Probably a Magnani fan.

If you don't know when Jimmy is serious, you are safer figuring never. Not always, though. He can blow.

None of them, including Mr. Goetz, is a trifle cloudy the first fifty seconds after waking; thence on, she is sunshine all the day. Temperate clime.

Her spouse, by contrast, is tropical. A blaze of sunshine for long stretches, interrupted by sudden clump of thunder, lightening and tornado that blows down sets and uproots men of oak. The squall subsides as quickly as it came up. Sunshine, rainbows, jokes and pats on the heads of kids after autographs, like the three who stood by the commissary door when Jimmy emerged jovially from lunch.

Admirers of Jimmy's volatile performances in "Scaramouche," "Zenda," "King Solomon's Mines," "All the Brothers Were Valiant" or any of his twenty-four films are not disappointed in meeting up with him. He's Granger plus. He's Cinema-Scope, as a live volcano.

Of all actors he is most gifted by temperament for the hot-headed, swashbuckling, dare-devil. He has the fire you expect in Latins which few have. Fencing and fencing visits are old hobbies.

In "All the Brothers Were Valiant," his fistic manslaught made you feel the Four Great Powers had better consider Jimmy along with bombs—atomic and hydrogen. In the war, he was one of those killed "Ladies From Hell," heavyweight champion of his Black Watch regiment.

Nor is he content lambasting the frail carnivorous human species. In Africa while working in "King Solomon's Mines" he took on five buffalo. The first buffalo stood Jimmy on his head and made him eat grass, most indigestible herb for a man. Thereupon Jimmy fed the buffalo hot lead, the hardest thing for a buffalo to digest. The other four buffalo died likewise of indigestion. Two rhinos crumpled with cramps.

No known mammal of Africa or Hollywood can stand Mister Granger on his head for long. He need not whack actors to steal a show. All he has to do is be hit. His voice has the trumpeting power of a bull elephant. It makes voices of most men sound like the twitter of winged things. And its liquid tones, like an old bass violin, set good women weeping like serpents to the flute.

For all this formidable equipment, Jimmy has moods of wanting to retire. Doesn't think it dignified for a man to spend his whole life making up the mugg and strutting in costume. He wants to be a farmer on acres of cows and horses, pigs and potatoes. But he isn't interested in none of them little California nutty, fruited farms.

"California is the perfect home for the screen actor," says he. "In London you get up in the dark and you come home in the dark. In California . . ."

"You get up with Sunshine Simmons and come home with Sunshine Simmons."

"Right," said Jimmy. "And Sunny Simmons belongs with show business. She is a dedicated actress. I don't mean she is a gaga," he illustrated by bugging his eyes and looking intense. "She just lives in her work. Up at six, off to the studio, home at seven, studies her script, falls asleep."

Naturally she asks Jimmy's advice on interpretation of roles.

"Naturally," said Jimmy, "when I tell her, she knows that is the way not to play it." On second thought, Jimmy said he might not retire to a farm but become a director; he's so sharp at telling others how to act.

When Jean is not working, she sleeps right through the day, or until awakened by her husband, try breakfast. In the evening when he toils over the hot stove browning steaks for her, she does Gene Kelly routines around the swimming pool until supper's ready.

After steak-stuffing, the carnivorous couple often look at television programs. They do not disagree even on this source of marital friction. They have two sets. He looks at the fights. She looks at Lucille Ball.

A perfect home is not right without pets. Jean has five.

"I'm fifth," says Jimmy. "My colleagues are two toy poodles named Young Bess and Old Beau; two Siamese cats whose names I can't give because they are not approved by the Breen office."

Anything more you'd like to ask Doc Granger?

Prescription for a perfect marriage? Sure. Two television sets and Jean Simmons.

How to ruin a beautiful friendship? That you already know.

---

**"How could I ever tell John the truth?"**

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Don't miss—"LONESOME TEEN-AGER"—story of a date-crazy girl in May TRUE STORY, at newstands now.
The Triumphant Years

(Continued from page 65)

agony of a baby's fatal illness, the money uncertainties. The latter are very much with them still, for in actual cash, the Dereks have practically not a dime. Liberated from his contract with Columbia Pictures, which gave him his first chance at fame with "Knock On Any Door" —and, after that, gave him little except misery and a regular salary—John is now a freelance actor. Freelancing may mean something very great for him. Or it may mean nothing. Here, if you like, is a gamble. But John and Patti are facing it with courage and serenity, according to their separate natures.

"I'm not afraid of the future," John tells you almost angrily. "I'm not afraid of it either," Patti echoes, her voice very gentle. Across their most uncrowded living room, which would be much the better for a few more chairs, tables, and other objects of creature comfort, their glances meet; the male, challenging; the feminine eyes reassuring.

Oh, they're master and mistress of a big rambling house set on a high knoll overlooking the San Fernando Valley. They have three and a half acres of land and a swimming pool. But half the land is untitled because the only gardener John can afford is one willing to work for $100 a month or less—and few are. He cleans the pool himself to save the $25 monthly a regular pool man would cost him. Patti has no maid, and they do their own babysitting, spending most of their evenings at home alone with the children, watching TV. Their monthly mortgage payments just about break them.

Not having things—material things—can be a strain on any marriage; it can be more of a strain on a Hollywood marriage. Talking to John and Patti, you have the feeling that in their case the importance of money has been assessed and put in its proper place—not at the bottom of the list but nearer there to than to the top.

About them both, after more than five years, you still sense the glow, the awareness of the really big miracle—that out of all the people in the world each might have met and married, John found Patti and Patti found John.

John was born of two incredible people in the incredible town of Hollywood in the fantastic twenties—August 12, 1926, to be exact—and brought up in a way to make child-guidance experts cringe. His father was a producer. His mother was an actress. From both parents, John inherited astonishing good looks, which have been more of a misfortune than a blessing to him. The world gives lavishly to beautiful girls, but it tends to be stern with extra-handsome boys—as if beauty were something they could help if they'd only try.

John—actually his given name was Derec, Derec Harris—was a very rich and pampered little boy. Sometimes, he lived in a great white house on the then-fashionable Sunset Boulevard and had a swimming pool—when pools were very rare—and rode polo ponies and went places in block-long automobiles. Other times, he didn't have anything.

Sometimes he had a mother and father who lived together and showed him off like a favorite pet. He was supposed to behave perfectly when being shown off, and he did.

His mother loved to walk down Hollywood Boulevard holding two white Russian wolfhounds on the leash. They looked as beautiful and aristocratic as she. Her little son looked beautiful and aristocratic too, and he knew that mother didn't like it if he cried, or even laughed too loudly. Today

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RICHARD HUDNUT

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Patti says, "If only John could learn to express his emotions more! When I'm angry, I explode. When I'm happy, I literally dance with joy. The whole night we thought our baby was dying. John was like a statue, not knowing what to do—suffering even more terribly than I was because he couldn't let any of his fear come out."

With his own lifelong habit of repression, John was first attracted to Patti by her vivacity, her natural good humor, and her romantic nature—which he has—her background had enchantment too, for she was born a Georgian Princess, she had been educated in Paris and she was expected to become a star at 20th Century-Fox, which had imported her.

It's likely, too, that she charmed John with the oldest trick in the feminine lure—by being unlit. The hook—met in a dressing room at 20th Century-Fox and she barely glanced his way. This was a disturbing novelty to John. Ask him now about his frantic popularity with girls in high school and he'll answer, "The princess of Russia.

"Any guy with a convertible is popular in HL." He knows better, now. Girls in school swooned when he went by, just as later, when he clicked in "Knock on Any Door." "Every girl, I mean all the girls rolled their mascara'd eyes at him."

All except Patti. Actually, she was annoyed at him. "I was dying to act," she explains, "and John just didn't seem to care. I couldn't understand anybody could be so indifferent." Now that she's his wife, she knows he wasn't indifferent at all. His attitude was just that he didn't want to hide his real feelings from a world he suspected of being unfriendly.

John at that time wasn't too long out of the Army, where he'd again had a rug-tug. He's one of his laziest and inactive Hollywood background. He was known—vaguely—around Hollywood as a "possibility." He'd had many screen tests, a couple of minor contracts. His parents had been divorced since he was young. He was a rootless young man whose principal strength was that he honestly believed he needed no one and could feel no emotion so strongly that he couldn't hide it.

But something akin to agonism pierced that shell. He began calling her. She gave him one date, then a second and a third. He heard himself confess to her an ambition he'd hardly dared confess to himself—to play Nick Romano in "Knock on Any Door."

The spring melted into summer and John Derek knew he was happy as he had never dreamed he could be. A July day he woke up smiling, thinking of the date he had with Patti that evening. He hated dressing up—still does—but he promised that just for her he'd go not only as far as to wear a shirt with a collar and tie but even a jacket. That he'd be on time without saying anything. He is a bug on the subject of punctuality.

Thus, seven on the dot, he rang the bell at her small apartment. The door swung open and there stood Patti. As always. In an instant, Patti flew out and threw her arms around him, pulling him back inside. He was twenty-two that evening in 1948, and in all his life, this was the first time anyone had ever given him a birthday party.

It's possible—more than possible—that the process of education which was to continue for John throughout his marriage began then and there. For see what came next:

Not many days afterwards, two things happened to him in quick succession. He was dropped from his contract at 20th Century-Fox—and he landed the role of Nick Romano at Columbia. The day he was signed for it, he rushed to Patti, begged her to marry him (of course she had to get her passport in order before she could cross the Mexican border.
The climactic scene in "Knock on Any Door"—climactic, that is, for John's role—was the scene in which he's dying, and on the day that scene was to be shot he was very nearly a nervous wreck. No tears would come. Nick Ray, the director, talked to him. He said to him that he, Bogart talked to him, sympathetically. He walked off, while the whole stage waited. He clenched his fists. He felt as though his whole body were aching—and he knew he couldn't cry. He turned to Miss Harland, the camerawoman who had virtually adopted him after his parents had separated and who had taught him to ride and box and to understand a little about life, and he said in a hushed tone: "He's failed me again. In his part, he would be failing Russ who had never once failed him. He would be failing... Patti."

The realization overwhelmed him, broke through his reserve. He began to cry. But the actor in him remembered his lines, remembered his position before the camera, remembered cues.

But somehow the scene was finished and he had scored. He heard Nick Ray praising him. He felt Bogart shaking hands with him. But he went on crying. They were slapping him on the back and telling him he was great. He wanted to cry. He would be failing Russ who had never once failed him. He would be failing... Patti."

"Who can tell—certainly not John—whether or not he could have measured up to the emotional demands of that scene if he had not met the birthday party, and Patti, and the release her love gave him? The fact is, he did.

Even before he got home that evening, the news was going around. Word that a star had been given a gold wedding ring—word that Patti didn't tell him that she'd already bought a black, sheep nightie and a just-as-black and twice-as-sheet negligee. They intended to surprise each other. They didn't elope to Las Vegas that same night because Hollywood stepped in with friends, Patti's friends. "Happy Birthday!" they shouted.

His reaction was shock. White-faced, he backed away, slamming the door, shutting the hallways. In an instant, Patti flew out and threw her arms around him, pulling him back inside. He was twenty-two that evening in 1948, and in all his life, this was the first time anyone had ever given him a birthday party.

It's possible—more than possible—that the process of education which was to continue for John throughout his marriage began then and there. For see what came next:

Not many days afterwards, two things..."
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Who Is Dr. Munro?
He received his Arts degree from Bowdoin College; his M.D. from the University of Vermont and his B.S. degree from the University of Illinois.

He studied in Post Graduate Study at the University of Chicago, as well as at the New York Post Graduates Hospital and Medical School. Served as the Medical Director for the University of New York and was the Medical Director for the New York Post Graduates Hospital and Medical School.

He was Medical Director of the Lake Placid Club, Lake Placid, New York, and director of the Relief Program for War Surplus, New York City. After the war, he returned to private practice where he has beenettiing to Cardiac Medicine at the Postan Hospital. He is the author of two other books—‘Hurting and Living—You’re Half as Old as You Think’.

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John knew their own car was too shabby to use in such swank surroundings. Hence the rented limousine.

Appalled at the cost of the car, Patti nevertheless threw thrift and caution to the winds and bought a lovely new dress. (John had been able to borrow a dinner jacket from the studio, but this wasn’t a service available to her.) She knew she looked exquisite as they set off to the theatre. But when they reached it and stepped out, the crowd swirled around John. He was borne off and away before he could rescue her. She cried to the police, “Let me through—that’s my husband!” The cop holding her back laughed.

That’s what all you girls say.

While John was being asked to pose for photographs, to speak on this radio mike and that, he did manage to send a studio attache back for Patti. She came through the lane held open for her, smiling and trying to protect her new dress. “Pose with your husband,” a photographer yelled at her. She went into her prettiest stance.

The next day a tactful spokesman for the studio called on her and suggested that in the future she should wear a less conspicuous dress. “You took the attention away from John in the photographs,” he said.

A situation like that is probably an old story to wise women like Eleanor Eisenhower or Eleanor Roosevelt, but it was a bitter pill of realism for a pretty girl like Patti. She swallowed it, though. She didn’t mention the incident to John and she was certain he noticed that thereafter when they were out where spotlights would hit them, she wore the simplest black. He didn’t mention it to her either, but one evening before a big opening he brought home a great package bearing the name of one of Hollywood’s most famous custom designers. She tore it open. Inside was a dress that would have dominated Marilyn Monroe rolled into Hedy Lamarr rolled into Marlene Dietrich.

Patti broke down and cried. “Oh, darling,” she wept, “I’m not going to waste this on the public. I’m going to wear it when we go out alone together.”

“Wear it tonight,” John said with a touch of grimness, “when we stay home.”

They were learning, both of them.

And the fans—John and Patti—would have been less than human if her feminine jealousy hadn’t occasionally gotten out of hand when she read letters from girl admirers that said, “Please, please, on this personal situation, the adoration of a plane. If anything happened to you, I would kill myself.”

Or, once the location of their home became known, the girls who came prowling around, hoping for a glimpse of Patti—Patti will never forget the morning some months after Russell was born when, wearing a beat-up pair of jeans, with no make-up and her hair piled up any old way, she was pushing Pabulum down a reluctant baby throat. Two girls peered in the kitchen window at her, and one said clearly to the other, “It’s that messy thing Patti’s brother.”

“It took me a long time,” Patti says now, “before I came to realize that these girls didn’t love John enough to wash his socks or iron his pajamas. They simply wanted to adore him. Unfortunately, John was hysteric about them as females.”

Imperceptibly, so that they were aware of it only after they were able to look back over periods of time, marriage was changing both John and Patti—maturing them, helping them to grow. They quarrelled, yes—furiously. But even that was an advance, at least for John, who had never before expressed his own emotions. In the heat of an impassioned tirade, one night, he stopped, aghast.

“Why do I let my temper go with you?” he asked. “I’ve never done it with anyone else.”

Patti answered quietly, wisely. “Maybe because you know you can show any emotion to me—and it won’t change the way I feel about you.”

Another milestone in their life. Russell’s birth during her pregnancy. The last four months before Russell (named for Russ Harlan, John’s devoted friend) was born, she spent in bed.

That’s what all you girls say.

Patti was born—with a separation of the esophagus. Only forty babies in the history of medicine have survived this condition. Russell is one of them. In the months following four hours of his little life he underwent major surgery. He pulled through, and they were able to take him home. But he couldn’t be left alone a second. For weeks after his birth, a nurse blushed all over the place like an expert.

Then Russell was born—with a separation of the esophagus. Only forty babies in the history of medicine have survived this condition. Russell is one of them. In the months following four hours of his little life he underwent major surgery. He pulled through, and they were able to take him home. But he couldn’t be left alone a second. For weeks after his birth, a nurse blushed all over the place like an expert.

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Underwear (Continued from page 39)

girls are dressing according to the males.

Neither Janet Leigh nor Tony Curtis goes for Marilyn’s “no underwear” slogan. “I wear a bra,” Janet says frankly. “I’ve got to, with my measurements.” (Highly photogenic measurements, as every fan knows.) “And it’s more provocative,” she adds, “to wear panties and other frilly underthings.” Tony agrees with Janet.

Rock Hudson’s more explosive: “If there’s one thing I can’t stand to look at it’s a girl who’s wearing falsies. I can spot ’em at thirty paces.”

Well, I hate to disillusion the dear boy, but many of Hollywood’s loveliest wear the delightfully deceptively sort of bra, and the result can fool even the eye of the camera. I won’t tell you who the wearers are, but so many names would surprise you. Let me add that Audrey Hepburn’s is not among them. I’ve never seen Audrey au naturel, but I’m told she resembles a classic Greek statue of the goddess Diana. There’s nothing flat about her, except her tummy. She just refuses to over-accen- tuate the positive.

A well-made bra, of course, doesn’t pro- duce exaggerated lines. Debbie Reynolds also speaks up in praise of this bosom friend. Says Debbie severely: “Girls who don’t wear bras or underwear are promoting their bodies, not doing the best for their dresses. I think both should look good.”

Mitzi Gaynor’s reaction is more skepti- cal: “Lots of girls say they don’t wear anything under their dresses. But they do. They just think it’s more sexy and exciting to say they don’t. Me, I enjoy pretty things. Of course I wear a bra! I’m so active that if I didn’t lose my figure.

Native girls in the South Seas don’t wear bras, and their figures go to pot very early.” Bra-topped slips have been a welcome addition to Mitzi’s wardrobe. The unbroken line takes care of those wrinkles.

Marilyn was worrying about, and the brief suits are particularly good under slim suits, since they don’t show when Mitzi sits down.

Though Jane Russell owns one of the world’s most familiar chests, she doesn’t go along with the theory that a low-cut evening dress offers an excuse to dispense with support. She always has a strong-boned bra built into such gowns. Under Mona Freeman’s favorite formal goes a long-line bra that insures a smooth curve right down to her slender waist.

Really smart Hollywood women rec- ognize that even the most naturally beau- tiful figure looks better in clothes when it gets some assistance from art. Elizabeth Taylor, for instance, wears a bra, though in her case nature’s work seems to call for no improvement. I know that’s true, because I happened to be in her bedroom when she was trying on the wedding dress she was to wear at her marriage to Nicky Hilton.

Incidentally, if you think all this talk of underwear makes Hollywood girls sound slightly immoral, here’s proof to the contrary. My son Robbie, then four years old, was with me that day. Before undressing, Liz said to him, “Will you please turn your back, little boy?” I assured her he was probably much more interested in the picture of an airplane he was trying to draw.

Debra Paget goes Liz one better. When Debra’s being fitted for a new dress, she won’t even allow women in the fitting room—except the fitter, of course. These studio fitters could give you an earful about lingerie-less ladies. It’s said they sometimes feel entitled to pin into girls who won’t wear underwear. And naturally

An Entire Year of Hollywood For Your Enjoyment

Once again the editors of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE bring you Photoplay Annual. This year Photoplay Annual is more glamorous than ever! It is a treasure-mine of information about the stars...a real Who’s Who in Hollywood. This book is a collector’s item. A book that you should have in your possession. Here is just a brief description of this truly glamorous book:

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BEST LIKED MOVIES OF 1953—Captivating scenes from the greatest movies of 1953—here are movie memories you will want to keep—forever!


EVENTS OF THE YEAR—The parents of 1953 pictured with their youngsters—memorable weddings of the year—divorces of the year that made headlines—the final curtain, death robbed us of some of the nation’s entertainment greats.

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PHOTOPLAY (Continued)
they're much happier when they're fitting a sumptuous new creation over the sleek lines that only a girdle can give.

It's a significant fact that stars who were once models invariably wear bra, girdle and panties. With their extra professional experience, they're fashionable. Grace Kelly, a tall size ten, used to be a model, and she believes in the streamlined look. When Debbie Reynolds wants to step into a suit, she steps into a girdle first. Many top feminine stars tell me they're taking special care in selecting the right girdles for this season's new flared-skirt suits, which demand the tiniest of waists.

The pro-underwear chorus is an imposing one, harmonizing on various pitches. There are

**Designer Reasons**

Three famous designers make no exceptions in their support of underwear. Charles Le Maire, the head designer at 20th Century-Fox, has this to say on the subject: "Clothes are designed and cut to be worn over undergarments. Otherwise you'll spoil the best-designed dress." Chic Hollywood designer Marusia adds, "Everyone should wear undies, and most of them do. A slim dress requires a girdle." Helen Rose, the head fashion designer at M-G-M, says, "Foundation garments are essential to give a smooth, neat line beneath your dress, especially if you want the effect of a long, slim torso. Without them, you can't avoid wrinkles in your outer garments."

**Innate Reasons**

June Allyson (sounding a wee bit shocked): "I couldn't bear to go without underwear. I'd feel as if I weren't dressed. It's uncomfortable, and it doesn't look nice not to wear it. All girls should!"

Mary Murphy: "I don't like to feel my underwear, and it never weighs more than an ounce, but I'd feel undressed without it."

Corinne Calvet: "Proper underthings give me a sense of security and confidence."

Peggie Castle: "I've been wearing underwear since I was a baby. I'd feel lost without it."

**Practical Reasons**

Lizabeth Scott: "I don't like the feel of clothes on me, but I wouldn't dream of going without undies—ever. Life is such a risk, you know. Imagine being in an auto accident with no underwear on!"

Marilyn Monroe: Take it from me, the Monroe bundles up like the rest of us when she's cold. While making "River of No Return" up in the Canadian Rockies, Marilyn even got out the red union suits she'd worn (between scenes, that is!) on location for "Niagara." She was, by the way, a lingerie model at one time; in back copies of high-style magazines you'll find her in some very cute bra and girdle ads.

But the practical-minded girls are far outnumbered by the stars who love lingerie just for delightful, thoroughly feminine...
I. Crimes Against the Law: II. Sex; III. Vulgarity; IV. Obscenity; V. Profanity; VI. Costume; VII. Dances; VIII. Religion; IX. Locations; X. National Feelings; XI. Repellent Subjects.

This code, accepted by the major Hollywood studios twenty-four years ago, still controls your favorite entertainment today . . . Or does it? Before we see whether or not it will really work, let's see how it works.

The Production Code is administered by nine men, all employees of the Association of Motion Picture Producers. These men are trained social scientists, ranging in age from thirty-five to sixty-five. As a group they represent almost every imaginable kind of social philosophy. They represent all religious backgrounds, a cross section of world geographical experience and a fascinating mélange of intellectuality and vulgarity, naiveť and sophistication, piety and iconoclasm.

A witty director once complained it was a waste of time to tell a risqué story in the Breen office (as the Hollywood home of the Production Code is called). "First of all, everybody's heard it; in the second place, somebody knows a funnier version; finally, these guys can tell you how to clean it up so it can be used as a gag in a picture and how to muddy it up so that it will take the roof off at a smoker." 

These nine very human, beings check every script turned out by studios belonging to the organization to see whether it violates any section of the code. But their work doesn't stop there. A script isn't a finished movie. Lines or bits of action that look perfectly innocent in print can turn out on film looking anything but. Just think what a cameraman can do with a clever angle, an actor with a meaningful glance or an actress with a toss of the torso.

So the movie itself gets a second going-over. If it passes inspection (after some cuts or reshooting perhaps), it receives a Production Code seal and starts on its way to you. Or maybe it will reach your local theatre even without a seal. The restrictions of the code are voluntary; they can't be enforced by law. A few producers have bowed out of the Association (usually just temporarily) and released a picture that had been refused a seal. "The Outlaw" is one instance, though this movie was withdrawn after its first showings, cut to conform with the code and released again with the blessing of the Breen office. But "The Moon Is Blue" went on its way happily without a seal, though censorship bodies in some localities clamped down on it.

These are outright rebellions against the Production Code. Other producers, agreeing with Goldwyn, have merely urged that the Association get together to revise the Code. After all, they point out, almost a quarter of a century has passed since it was formulated. Only a handful of changes have been made in it, and two of these tackled on extra taboos. Meantime, our country has struggled through a major economic depression and World War II. Standards have changed, it is maintained; even the Constitution has acquired new amendments. An entire generation has been born, has gone through school, has undergone combat experience, has worked, bled, loved, married, has children of its own and developed its own viewpoints. And the revisionists say, the viewpoints of this group differ from those of the last generation.

Movie producers must be in tune with the times or they won't be in the producing business very long. If you, and you, and a few million more of you stay away from a picture—no more such pictures will be made. So subtle ways have been devised to get around the Code, and some pictures have even smashed straight through it, apparently with the full approval of the Breen office.

Here is the startling fact: If the Production Code had been rigidly followed and enforced, at least ten of the top box-office and critical successes of 1953 and 1954 to date could not have been made at all!

I. THE MOON IS BLUE

This film was made from the stage play written by F. Hugh Herbert, himself a parent of beloved daughters, whose conversation suggested many of his hit themes and witty lines. "The Moon Is Blue" ran for two years on Broadway, then toured thirty-five American cities, including Boston, without one snip from local censors. Yet, when Otto Preminger made this play into a movie—a near-duplicate of the original—the Breen office refused to give the picture a seal. Under the "Sex" section of the code comes Subhead 3, "Seduction or Rape," stating (under Sub-item b): "They are not the proper subject for comedy."

Let's recall a sample of the controversial dialogue. Maggie McNamara and Bill Holden are riding in a taxi after he has picked her up (with considerable co-operation from her) atop the Empire State Building. She has just discovered that they're bound for his apartment.

Maggie: Will you try to seduce me?
Bill (somewhat astonished): I don't know . . . Probably . . . Why?

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Maggie: Why? A girl wants to know . . .

After all, there are lots of girls who don’t mind being seduced. Why pick on those who don’t?

Bill: Okay, I won’t make a single pass at you . . . I won’t take an oath that I’m not going to kiss you.

Maggie: Oh, that’s all right—kissing’s fun. I have no objection to that.

What was the general reaction to such dialogue? Well, “The Moon Is Blue” has been cleaned up at the boxoffice. A poll taken by a Photoplay reporter returned the verdict that the audience resented. Condensed, twenty-one found nothing objectionable in the picture. Number 22 objected to the character played by David Niven. Church groups and local censors, of course, have been much rougher on “The Moon Is Blue.”

2. THE FRENCH LINE

When this film starring Jane Russell, opened in St. Louis to sellout performances. Refused a Production Code Seal, it was sent back to the cutting room for deletion of a dance done by Jane (who promptly added the missing octaves). The scene, said the nine men, violated Subhead 4 under “Costume”: “Dancing costumes intended to permit undue exposure or indecent movements in the dance are forbidden.”

A dance recently landed another luscious brunette on the cutting-room floor. Taking one look at Debra Paget’s undulations in “The Prince of the Nile,” 20th Century-Fox decided, “This will never get by.” Out the scene went before the Breen office had a chance even to brandish a blue pencil.

3. ROMAN HOLIDAY

Endearing itself to critics and public alike, this charming fairy tale will undoubtedly be shown for years and years even when wines of both generations still learning how to smile.

Yet “Roman Holiday” violates the second General Principle of the code: “Correct Standards of life, subject only to the requirements of the drama and entertainment, shall be presented.”

“Roman Holiday” is, in essence, the story of a rebellious young girl who runs away from the world to be free from what she believes are her mother’s gypsy-like influences. She is inspired by anger and boredom with her job, not by any reason which might be considered desperate, such as mistreatment or threat to her virtue. She falls asleep on a bench in the public street, is rescued by a strange man, spends the night in his apartment, wearing his pajamas. The next morning, instead of rushing back to those who are worried to death over her absence, she continues her brazenness, accepts money from her volunteer landlord, drives a motorbike without knowledge of its operation and winds up in police court, where lenuinity is granted because she is represented as the pride of Gregory Peck. (She isn’t.) Finally she is involved in a sluggish match with duly constituted representatives of her government, convoking one gentleman to brandish guitar which is reduced to splinters. Furthermore, when this miscreant returns to her home, she sasses back those who try to point out that she has caused grave concern to her parents and jeopardized their jobs.

Does such behavior conform to “correct standards of life”? Do you think “Roman Holiday” should have been dropped in the deep hopper labeled “unsuitable for motion-picture production”?

4. FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

If you read the book on which the picture was based, you were undoubtedly astonished at the thoroughness of the clean-up job accomplished in the transition from print to film. The movie was a rousing popular success. It reaped a record crop of awards. Yet, if the Production Code had been interpreted literally, the story would never have reached the screen. It violates at least four sections of the Code.

After the heading “Sex” is the general statement: “The sanctity of the institution of marriage and the home shall be upheld. Lascivious pictures shall imply that low forms of sex relationship are the accepted or common thing.” Says Subhead 1: “Adultery and Illicit Sex, sometimes necessary to plot material, must not be explicitly treated, or justified, even by implication.”

The sanctity of the institution of marriage is clearly labeled a sometime thing when the facts of Deborah Kerr’s marriage to the captain are explained. These facts will not be guessed when the captain goes out on the town with his current girl and is seen by Deborah Kerr and Burt Lancaster, out on a small adventure of their own.

The scene on the beach between Deborah and Burt is not only “explicitly treated” and “justified,” but if it isn’t “presented attractively” then all beauty has gone out of the movie. “The Moon Is Blue” was a moonlit beach where two handsome beings in a passionate embrace are studied through romantic camera angles.

Also completely fractured is Subhead 3 under “Repellent Subjects”: “Brutality and possible gruesomeness (must be treated within the limits of good taste).” What about the moment when the sergeant steps on Montgomery Clift’s hand? Is this shocking? Should there be any implication that Sinatra was murdered by the sergeant because the sergeant represented “duly constituted authority”? What about that knife fight between Clift and the brutal stockade sergeant?

This knife-fight sequence, incidentally, edges warily around one part of the section “Crimes Against the Law.” Subhead (a) under “Murder and Slaughter” says: “Murder must be presented in a way that will not inspire imitation.” While Clift’s knife technique is shown graphically, the actual killing takes place out of camera range. Thus the scene clearly violates Subhead (c): “Revenge in modern time shall not be justified.” True, Clift dies in the end, but not because he killed the sergeant. Should this drama have been presented in a different way?

5. MISS SADIE THOMPSON

This picture is a fine lesson in ways to outwit the code. Reverend Davidson, a missionary in the South Seas, finds he has been hoodwinked by his own tales of adventure and becomes Mr. Davidson, a blue-nosed reformed, merely the son of a missionary. This had to be done to satisfy Subhead 2 under “Religion”: “Ministers of religion in their official character may not be used as comic characters or as villains.”

How about Sadie’s costumes and gyrations? Jane Russell and Debra Paget got censored not because when the camera frame stops at her waist, leaving hip movements to the imagination of the audience.

Then there’s the Code’s word on “Location.” Only one location is listed, and it’s just what you’d expect. “The treatment of bedrooms must be governed by good taste and delicacy.” Remember Sadie lying on her bed, holding the marines spellbound with her blues song? Is it adequate say this shouldn’t be a part of a screenplay? Or should the code be altered?

6. MOGAMBO

The theme of “Red Dust,” with Clark Gable and Ava Gardner, has provided entertainment for millions. But how did it get through the knothole of General Principle No. 2, calling for allegiance to “cor-
rect standards of life?" Look at the plot.

Ava has been invited to Africa by a maharajah (who's never met Mrs. Grundy or chaperones) and has then been stood up. She falls into a casual relationship with hunter Clark Gable. ("Illicit Sex ... must not be ... presented attractively." ) She loses him temporarily to Grace Kelly, the wife of a member of the safari. ("The sanctity of the institution of marriage and the home shall be upheld.") Should screenplays dealing with these subjects be banned?

7. STALAG 17

Bill Holden gives one of the year's finest performances in this wry comedy spiked with melodrama. Yet the hero, in his very personality, violates the "correct standards of life" principle. He is, essentially, a heel interested in his own preservation and comfort, not in heroic self-sacrifice. He makes book on the escape chances of fellow POW's, induces them to gamble (to his profit), and he sells them peeks through a telescope at female prisoners in a delousing chamber.

When his barrack mates suspect him of being an informer, they go in for code-banned "brutality" by beating him to a pulp and promising death for further informing. The death of the real informer at the picture's close violates the same taboo.

8. HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE

This colorful investigation of the romances of three ambitious models raises Cain with "correct standards of life," First, Lauren Bacall secures the Park Avenue apartment which is to serve as base for husband- and fortune-hunting operations by shameless misrepresentation. Next, she sells the furniture (pure theft) for operating capital. Betty Grable goes off to Maine with a married man, thinking that she is to attend an Elks' shindig, and she is punished for this nonsense by falling victim to measles and by falling in love with Rory Calhoun.

Marilyn Monroe is fairly well-behaved in this film, but in "Niagara" she kidded on pants off Subhead 1 under "Costume": "Complete nudity is never permitted. This includes nudity in fact or in silhouette." The shower at the tourist cabin had a translucent (not transparent) partition, but did anybody think Marilyn was bathing with her clothes on?

9. SHANE

Held high in the regard of public, critics and Hollywood, this picture would seem—offhand—to be supersafe from a censorship standpoint. Yet it smashes the general principle covering "Law": "... nor shall sympathy be created for its violation." "Shane" ignores another caution: "The technique of murder must be presented in a way that will not inspire imitation." Anyone can fire a gun; moreover, Alan Ladd is shown teaching little Brandon De Wilde how to handle a shootin' iron.

Think what an exact observation of the Code would do to that mainstay of the industry, the Western. Says the Code's second supplementary warning on crime: "Action suggestive of wholesale slaughter of human beings, either by criminals in conflict with police, or as between war-ring factions of criminals, or in public disorder of any kind, will not be allowed." Tenth warning: "There must be no scenes, at any time, showing law-enforcing officers dying at the hands of criminals." Do we only imagine that we see on the screen gunslingers bush-whacking sheriffs, posses battling mobs of rustlers, ranchers and homesteaders fighting range wars, rival bandit gangs shooting it out?

All this is contrary to the code—but is it really wrong?

10. JULIUS CAESAR

Even Shakespeare must be given generous concessions to get him past the Production Code. Practically all of this play would have to be refused consideration if "correct standards of life" were always adhered to on film. The story deals with the assassination of a head of state. It depicts that assassination graphically. ("Brutal killings are not to be presented in detail.") It shows the corpse clearly. (To be avoided: "possible gruesomeness.")

The lovely silhouette shots of Deborah Kerr and Greer Garson in their filmy nightgowns (what's the Lorn, ye nylon?) are a welcome distraction, but they find a happy idea, rather than a warning, in Section 5 under "Costume": "Transparent or translucent materials and silhouette are frequently more suggestive than actual exposure."

Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet," currently being revived, is an absolute dictionary of Production Code don'ts. It even hints strongly at one theme so far out of bounds that the Code formulators didn't think of mentioning it. But the nine men of the Breen office understandably seem to make special allowances when a classic comes up for approval.

There's the record: ten important pictures, all ten made in direct violation of the code, yet only two undenomed by a Code seal. Do you believe the Code should have been applied strictly in every case? Do you believe the Code should be revised to allow a wider range of movie material?

When the public speaks, Hollywood listens. Your answers to the censorship questions on page 45 may affect the future of your favorite entertainment. Vote today! Mail your ballot today! The End.

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   Norforms are now safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula combats germs right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

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(Continued from page 43)

Erskine, I found myself talking about Life. Yes, Life, like that—capital-L stuff. I know older people smile when you say that. It's supposed to be sophomoric—but, unless you're way ahead of your age, what else are you when you're twenty-two? I don't believe I'm ready to get my diploma in this school yet. I'm still learning.

On any date, no matter who the girl is (in my case), no matter who the boy is (in your case), that's really happening is that you're each practicing at developing your personality—in as flattering a mirror as you can find.

So your ex-stepped has dropped one mirror and gone looking for another. What do you do about it? If I were a girl in that situation, I certainly wouldn't sit around home, feeling sorry for myself, waiting for the phone to ring. You might try calling him—once. Suppose his family tells you he isn't home. Or, if he has a job where he can take a call, you get the old "He's out" bit. And he doesn't call you back. Then let him go!

Let him go, and don't brood about him. Instead, do some useful thinking. If you can recognize mistakes you made, or what you did right, the next time, you can profit by them next time. Believe me, there will be a next time. Look ahead, and keep in mind several things that make a fellow run fast—even away from you. He may give you my own viewpoint, but remember that men aren't all alike, no matter what the old saying says.

"Don't treat that you're serious before he's sure that he is. I don't mean it's wrong to phone a guy. I don't mean it isn't wise to let him know you like him very much. But never let him get the impression you're hooked. Then he'll have to prove that he isn't.

For instance, if I'm taking a girl home, I don't like to hear her say as we part, "Now you call me tomorrow. Now you be sure." I'll call her—if I want to. But if she orders me to, I won't.

As for a girl doing the phoning, this I don't mind—if she has something to say, even something as simple as: "Joe Smith is giving a party this Saturday. Would you like to go with me?" It's nice to know you're wanted. But the girl who telephones and says, "Oh, Hellooo, all gurgly, wanting me to guess who this is, and how stunning is she going to see her—is she had it!"

Lori has often phoned me and said, "Oh, Tab, there's a picture playing downtown, and it's so beautifully directed. I think you ought to see it. And there are a couple of performances . . . really—" With that, we're off on our favorite topic, and usually finish by setting up a date to see the picture together.

Too many mothers have told too many daughters that any friendly advance toward a boy is too much. Actually, just sitting around and being a girl is likely to get you nowhere. That's often a failing of especially pretty girls who do nothing but wait to be admired. You've heard about Hollywood beauties who stay home, night after night, alone. I know why—in a couple of cases, at least. Once, I made a date with a real glamour girl. I was looking forward to a wonderful evening. Then I found that after I said "Hello" she was stuck for an answer. The second time, I learned that I wasn't the only one who wanted to be there. On a date like that, you can't learn anything about the girl you're with—or about yourself.

Is it enough just to be a good listener? Of course, a girl should listen when a fel-

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low's saying something worth listening to.
Of course, she ought to keep her mind on
him and not on the boy at the next table.
But who, except a goon that no girl would
enjoy dating, wants to conduct a mono-
logue? If I were a girl and I had to listen
to a man talking uninteruptedly about
himself, I wouldn't just sit, I'd tell him
to go cut a record.
Marilyn Erskine's likely to come right
out with whatever she's thinking, and
often she doesn't agree with me. We've
had plenty of discussions—not quarrels,
but real talks—considering a subject from
both sides. This I find very stimulating.
I don't believe modern men like dumb
girls. Not that you have to be a great
brain to talk well; it's enough to show
genuine interest in what you're saying
and what he says in reply. An exchange
of ideas and opinions is half the fun of
a date. Right now, you can look forward
to meeting another boy whose thinking
will be different, whose talk will take you
a little further along in your growing-up
stage.
I guess I like honesty all 'round. For
instance, I think it's just good manners
for a girl to be ready to leave when I call
for her. If you're held up for any reason,
there's always the phone. You can say,
"Please pick me up ten minutes later than
we agreed—or an hour later, or whatever
it is. In Hollywood, because of our work
schedules, we often have to do that. Every-
body understands, so everybody has
the manners to phone. Don't let your
date sit around, making artificial conver-
sation with your parents. He'll be thinking
how comfortable he could have been at home—
or out with another girl.

It's all a question of taste and circum-
cumstances. Maybe you think you couldn't
hold onto your steady just because you
didn't have the right clothes. You had
the wrong boy—for you. That's all.

Me, I like a girl who dresses very sim-
ply. I'd rather see a girl wearing a plain
black dress with a little string of pearls
than almost anything else. I hate fussy
formals. But this doesn't mean every
other guy does. Watch how a boy dresses,
and you'll have a pretty good idea how
he'd like to see you dress. I love to see
a girl in good sports clothes, because that's
what I like for myself.

I'm a great believer in sports. You
don't need a date to go swimming or gol-
fing or skating. If you don't know how
to do any of these things, why not learn?
Any sport takes your mind off your
troubles. It makes you feel great—and
when you feel great, you glow, and when
you glow, some new man is going to look
your way. This I guarantee.

But follow your own tastes. I think the
big thing every girl should learn is how
to be her most vivid, individualized self.
This is one reason why I enjoy being with
Debbie Reynolds. She's always herself.

You have to be yourself. But you can
learn just who you are only by growing
mentally and socially. Once you realize
that, you won't give up just because one
certain boy kissed you goodbye. Con-
sider he did you a favor by making you
grow wiser. And the smarter you are, the
bigger guy you can land because you'll
have more to share with him.

Me, I think life is terrific. I want to live
it up every minute, and the only way I
can is to do as wide open to learning and
growing as possible. This should go double
for a girl because a man is actually the
greater dreamer. He wants a girl to in-
spire him. For the girl who does, he'll
perform miracles.

So forget the one that got away—and
raise your sights. That's all you've got
to do.

The End
Make Your Own Clothes

(Continued from page 63)
dughters' beautiful off-stage clothes.

In her lovely traditionally furnished Westwood home, Mrs. Koford, a handsome, youthful grey-eyed edition of her only daughter, Terry, spends a good deal of time sewing in the fourth bedroom, which has been converted into a sewing room.

"I've always loved to sew, consider it an expression of a creative urge, like painting or playing the violin," Koford will tell you. I find it a joy to sew for my daughter; she's so excited about an unusual design; so appreciative; hastens to pass on to me the compliments she receives on the clothes I've made.

"Sewing at home saves money, when you consider that, although I buy dozens of yards of material for a full-skirted formal for around twenty dollars, the heavier type of dress, naturally more professionally made, would easily cost two hundred dollars in a shop. And then it would need expensive alterations. For Terry has a tiny waistline, while her chest measurements are larger than most and she's hard to fit because she's barely five feet two. Clothes made at home give her much more individualized colors, excellently matching fabrics and styles suitable for and fitted to her figure.

"And, in addition, if it hadn't been for our sewing machine Terry wouldn't have had, several years ago, two custom-made curtsies posing for covers. The photographer would suggest costumes and colors; I'd scurry through the materials on hand and whip up an outfit in an evening. I don't know how I've never made, re-modeled, retrimmed; how many separates I've devised into complete outfits by adding and subtracting accessories; how many hats I've made and remade."

"Terry doesn't splurge on clothes, but she does on lingerie—which she loves. And when I gently scold her, she reminds me, 'Look how much money we save on my clothes, and besides, it's much cheaper for you to tell me to stop buying clothes. I've made, re-modeled, retrimmed; how many separates I've devised into complete outfits by adding and subtracting accessories; how many hats I've made and remade.'"

What tireless Mrs. Koford has done is accept the challenge of making change-about clothes which do double duty—like sweaters which look like dresses from a distance, nude eye, tops and full skirts that make cocktail dresses, and at the same time are the makings for several other evening and semidressy outfits. A spray of pink roses, a garnet belt of pink taffeta skirt and a pink blouse make a charming dress. Twin scarfs—one for the throat and another peeping from a pocket—do the same thing.

Mrs. Koford is her own look out for unusual ornaments. Using her imagination and creative ability, she makes these into individualized additions to the sophisticated costumes for which Terry, town's most dutiful girl, is noted. When Mrs. Koford found a few yards of an unusual dappled tweed, the colors of autumn, she made a slim sheath, then finished it off by knitting a stole to match, so that when she was passing a shop that catered to horseback riders, her eye caught a large antique-looking brass ornament used on a harness. It cost a dollar. With a brown velvet ribbon threaded through it, it made a striking sweater accessory. Another time, three embossed metal curtain rings, filed open and worn high on one arm, complemented an evening gown. A cluster of unusual alligator pins which Terry bought in Germany while making a film, are worn at the knee of a gray circular felt skirt. With the skirt,
she wears a ruffled red taffeta can-can petticoat which matches the red lining of her favorite long black wool coat.

At a millinery supply house Mrs. Kofford bought a little costume ornamented with tiny hand-sewned flowers of bronze to complement a chic bronze and gold net ballerina-length gown. The tiny flowers are changed for other evening gowns.

The New York Women's Scrubbing Belt is a distinctive accessory for a blouse by cementing on a huge clump of pearls of all sizes. Tweezers and household cement were the necessary tools.

A remark by her school gave her the idea for "television pants." Bits of discarded colored felt in bright colors were cut out in heart shapes, graduated in size, and appliqued down each side of blue denim, causing the pants to look like hands. A hand-knit-sweater, years old and turning a bit yellowish, was dyed fuchsia to match one of the hearts and a row of tiny felt hearts outline the neck. In this costume, and other tiny suits worn, she wears very feminine tops, Terry is all dressed up...to stay home!

Dozens of cotton sports dresses to set off the tone of sports-loving Terry—as well as other dresses for unusual suits—are whipped up at home. One white two-piece bathing suit actually has a turtle neck.

Both Terry's and Debbie's mothers have only one complaint about their dresses. They who effervesce with bubbling vim and unquenchable vivacity—they hate standing still for the necessary pinnings and fittings. Debbie really sweats it and gives up the super quality of the dress: Terry's mind is on the hundred things she is currently planning and should be doing at that moment. Both are thoroughly appreciative of their good fortune.

For they need an appalling amount of glamorous clothes, socially and professionally. Constantly photographed at premier movies, and premier tv shows under critical appraisal. "I remember once," laughs Mrs. Reynolds, "when Debbie was wearing for the second time a blue net evening dress with bodice covered with blue beads, some fifty fans rushed up to photograph her. Oh, sneered one girl, pulling away her camera, 'I've got a picture of you wearing that. Why don't you wear one of your own?'"

"Even so, Debbie's clothes overflowed her normal-sized bedroom closets and when she told her dad she needed more room, he said I can't tear the house down so you can hang up more dresses." Then Debbie decided on an extra room. She slowed hanging her clothes up, left them all over the house, draped over her bed, some even piled on the floor. One day Dad glanced in her room and saw a true bakery of clothes passed through. "In all my life," he said, "I never saw such a helter-skelter arrangement of keeping clothes. All right, we'll enlarge the room and build in an immense closet from wall to wall!"

"And do you think that solved the problem? Clothes still spill into the room and it never manages to look tidy. Debbie tells me they'll try on six or seven outfits before finally settling on properly dressed. And by the time she's decided, there's no time to put away the discarded clothes. But she still manages to look neat, and takes her "suits" off to the tailor, Debbie, I'm going to have a long-planning hour that made that nothing but 'Put your things away. Put your things away.'"

"Debbie adores clothes; says in the house of her dreams she will have the
biggest wardrobe in Hollywood—an entire room piled so full of fabulous clothes that you couldn't move in it. 'Anything you want—just go in and pick it out,' she says. 'Wouldn't that be dreamy?'

From all appearances, the modest little Burbank cottage where Debbie lives with her family is that dream house. For she has enough clothes to stock a shop. Like Mrs. Koford, Mrs. Reynolds has studied sewing at adult public-school classes. "I learned how to start sewing," Debbie's young and pretty mother says, "because Debbie was so small and undeveloped for her age. Store-bought dresses swallowed her right up. Now we're able to fit those that carry Size seven and five in more adult styles but a few years ago it was impossible to buy things for her."

"When Debbie was sixteen her friends urged her to join in a local beauty contest. Debbie was less interested. 'Look, they're giving every girl a blouse who enters the contest,' her friends pointed out. 'So that's why Debbie didn't enter. It wouldn't fit me anyway. She didn't enter, finally, and that was how she got her picture contract. The contract fit, even if the blouse didn't.'

Though bouncy Debbie is a star, her salary is still low. And she's lucky to have an inexpensive way to meet her wardrobe problem. Mrs. Reynolds feels that style, anyway, is a matter less of money than time and headwork and planning. "I try to think of those things Debbie really enjoys wearing," explains her mother, "those that are 'all right' and those that she dislikes. Then I know better what to add. I've found that the clothes one enjoys wearing, especially if one enjoys wearing them after they cease to be new, are becoming. And these items have certain traits in common. Sometimes I copy Debbie's recent dressing, but I always consider the effect of texture on the lines of the dress. If you copy in stiff fabric lines that are perfect in soft material, you'll be disappointed. Being able to reproduce dresses you've loved wearing is just another of the joys of home sewing."

Debbie's green-gold eyes gleam and her sucy curls tremble as she models her newest white and gray and silver lamé evening gown. The soft bodice accentuates her twenty-twist waistline and the handmade shawes of flowers in lamé cascade gracefully down the skirt. The flowers are red and green and blue and are among other colors to match accessories. "I don't like low cut dresses but I do like my dresses tight," Debbie explained. "I have a dress that I wore for lunch today so that I can get into this dress tonight. I stay around ninety-eight pounds but I do love ice cream sodas. Now and then after too many strawberry milk I have to wait a while before I can get into a favorite dress. When Mother made me a sheath dress recently I told her it was lighter than my skin—I can sit down in my skin but not in this dress!"

The yellow-tipped toes of Mrs. Reynolds a discarded dress figure made to Debbie's measurements some time ago. "I've had to pad the figure a little because Debbie's measurements have changed in the last years. It saves Debbie's time because I can do most of the fitting on it. I love sewing. I lose myself in it; forget to put dinner on the stove; and when I hear Debbie's car come to a squealing stop I know that she'll be home. I can hardly believe that the time's gone. But the flattering results reveal the hours of careful work which go into the professional—made garment."

Marge Champion is in the unique position of having a mother-in-law who makes all her stage clothes as well as her per-
Marge—tightly you chiffon—sweating, nervously. They irritated her, heavy material, in the number of yards to give the necessary fullness to the skirts would make the dress weigh so much that Marge would tire as she danced.

Each of these fabulous dancing dresses has a built-in wired bra; over that is the intricately tucked and seamed bodice. The skirt which contains as many as fifteen yards of pleated net or organza is as light as a chiffon hankie floating on the breeze. Lace, flower or velvet applique, embroidery, sequin, pearl or rhinestone hand needlework are reminiscent of court costumes. And works of art are Marge's great rags of ruffled and pleated petticoats which swirl like foaming waves beneath her skirt.

One star who loves the thriftiness of home sewing—and takes the time to do it herself—is pixie-faced star of "Lilli," Leslie Caron, who came from France. Leslie's childhood was spent in war-ravaged France and filled with want and privation. It was natural to learn sewing but there wasn't much to work with. When she and her mother arrived here from Paris, they brought only one suitcase because they planned to return after Leslie made her test. But it was decided to make "Lilli" here and Leslie had no way to buy and no money to splurge on a new one. But the little ballerina was not upset. She rented a sewing machine, haunted the bargain counters for unusual fabrics and proceeded to make herself dresses of whatever clothes which set off her gamin face, hypnotic eyes and ballerina catlike grace.

Mrs. Champion, Mrs. Koford and Mrs. Reynolds all agree that instruction in sewing classes makes the difference between a made-to-order look and a homemade look in sewing. "Buy the very best materials you can possibly afford if you want the costumier to last you years and withstand repeated cleanings. If you can't afford the best in a certain type of material, change your plan and buy the best in some other less expensive type," urges Mrs. Champion. "Of course, the bargain table is a boon—but only if you know quality; remnants are fine, if usable. Learn to adapt the pattern you buy—to individualize it, to bring out your best features and make it uniquely yours. Too many women snatch precious time from their household duties to make aprons or house dresses. These may be purchased for very little; therefore it's better to use your time making the kind of clothes for your children or yourself which are expensive in shops.

A dress must be well built to be flattering. And with experience comes the professional touch. It's no harder to do a smooth job than to bungle one, and once you've geared yourself to the professional approach, you'll find you come up with professional solutions to any sewing difficulties that arise. Trimming must be used...
as an artist uses his brush. Intelligently applied, trimming makes almost any dress look expensive; it accentuates good lines, minimizes figure faults and brings out fabric color.

All of these home dressmakers have in common the problem of achieving an effect of height for the girl of small stature. They are careful not to clutter up a small-fray figure with unnecessary detail. Unbroken lines from neck to hem help—also short jackets, fitted sleeves, tiny hats and bags, shortie gloves—everything scaled down to a petite figure, nothing exaggerated or overbearing. But not too plain either. For then the wearer appears drab and insignificant. Thus fine, soft detail with interest centered high near the face adds height as does dramatizing the neck-line, for example. Shorter skirts are girlish and youthful; added length of skirt, instead of adding height, makes the dress look too large for the wearer. The short girl's clothes should fit perfectly because a centimeter or two down height means more than a droopy-shouldered, baggy dress. Bright colors, striking detail, not good on the heavier figure, are perfect for the vivacious personalities and definite connotation of these youthful beauties. Most little girls have to be extremely wary of bolero or they risk looking like penguins. But when cut a few inches below the bust-line they make the leg look longer and frequently add height to the entire figure. Since the girl of small stature is frequently inclined to have a high natural waistline, great care must be used in the placement of the belt. The hemline, too, should be placed to avoid showing equal lengths of leg, skirt and blouse. High heels add to height and flatter pretty feet and ankles, and standing tall adds inches also.

But when these home dressmakers sew for tall girls among their relatives and friends, they’ve learned that chandelier-brushing gals get most of the breaks in dressmaking. You know, they’ve dressed clothes off to advantage and they can wear important and dramatic costumes that the short girl finds hard to carry. Dramatic for the tall girl are large splashy prints which appear to cut the height of you, a diagonal panel with hip drape; suits with long torso jackets break up the tall figure; big balloon sleeves and back-flaring jackets help too. Hats with brims add width and balance to profile—pancake-crowned hats are excellent too.

Tall girls must remember to balance the figure by means of longer tunics, fuller sleeves, more draperies, and enormous shoulder-strap bags—all “big” details that break up long body areas and appear to create width.

“One important point for tall girls to remember,” says a champion. “Never wear clothes that fit too tightly or you will look even bigger than you are. Allow for an extra inch or two of ease especially through the skirt and over the bosom. In addition, never stoop or slouch to look shorter. Stand erect. For stooping will never make you look petite. All it does is make your figure look hunched and droopy and your clothes look as if you’ve skated in them. And don’t feel that you must slosh around in flat-heeled shoes all the time. Of course high heels add inches, but they also make the feet look pretty and the legs more shapely. Carefully, doctors say high heels are bad for you!”

Further, these girls know that the more consideration given to clothes before wearing them and while putting them on, the less thought is given to them when they are being worn.

And that is why this quartet of lucky dolls really allot enough time to grooming and dressing properly—and emerge looking taller than you’ve ever seen them. See it just stand out of the pages of a fashion magazine.
Twelve Professional Hints for Home Sewing

(MADAME LILLI DERO, DRESSMAKER FOR MANY HOLLYWOOD STARS, HAS BEEN ASKED TO GIVE PHOTPLAY’S READERS THESE HELPFUL HINTS.)

1. Take bust measurement; buy patterns according to bust measurements, for commercial patterns frequently run a full size smaller than ready-to-wear clothes. If you find alterations necessary for every pattern, save time by making one muslin pattern and fitting it to your measurements.

2. Always buy exact yardage called for in pattern—extra fabric if you are very tall.

3. Hang fabric on hanger instead of allowing it to wrinkle on table as you work; saves ironing.

4. True success in sewing calls for constant pressing as you work. Always press every stitched seam and do a thorough job on side seam which meets a waistline. Do as little pressing as possible until first foundation fitting because you may have to alter.

5. It’s a good idea to use strips of brown wrapping paper under seam when pressing to prevent ridges from forming.

6. You can sew straight seams without basting if you pin very carefully. But set-in sleeves must be basted to look professional.

7. If garment calls for shoulder pads, always fit it with pads which can be pinned to slip straps.

8. Never skimp on seams in playclothes. Make wider seams than usual so they will lie flat after many washings. Wide seams also help to hold the shape and make the clothes look custom-made.

9. When making felt skirts, give seams a professional look by opening them out and then stitching another seam on each side of the original one.

10. Turn up hem with pins five inches apart; check length carefully before sewing for uneven hem line ruins otherwise professional-looking job. In hemming a woolen skirt, use a blind stitch about an eighth of an inch from edge. Thus your hem won’t be pressed through so that it makes a ridge on the outside of the skirt. Crease hems with iron after length is marked. When making circular, bias or four-gored skirts hang for 48 hours before hemming.

11. Here’s a custom trick for putting in sleeves: With your longest machine stitch, baste from notch to notch at sleeve top. Pin to garment, first at underarm, then along top, always holding sleeve toward you. Then baste.

12. Before putting zipper in garment, crease placket with iron to insure straight line and smooth fit.

The End

"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"

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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 10.

✓✓✓ EXCELLENT  ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD  ✓✓ GOOD  ✓ FAIR

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.

✓✓ ACT OF LOVE—U.A.: Kirk Douglas and newcomer Dany Robin team interpret the tragic love affair of a G.I. and a French waif. Filmed in France; interesting backgrounds. (A) February

✓✓ BAD FOR EACH OTHER—Columbia: Liz Scott lures Joe Charleston Heston from mining-town practice in a problem drama. (A) February

✓✓ BAIT—Columbia: Efficiently written little melodrama. Gold prospector Hugo Haas plots to get rid of his partner, John Agar. (A) April

✓✓ BIGAMIST, THE—Filmmakers: Matter-of-fact, understanding study of a solid citizen (Edmond O'Brien) who acquires two wives (Joan Fontaine and Ida Lupino). (A) April

✓✓ BORDER RIVER—U-I, Technicolor: Modest, fast-moving Western. Joel McCrea seeks arms for the Confederacy in Mexico. (F) March

✓✓ BOY FROM OKLAHOMA, THE—WarnerColor: Will Rogers, Jr., and Nancy Olsen score in a delightful yarn of a peace-loving sheriff in a rootin', tootin' town. (F) March

✓✓ CEASE FIRE—Wallis, Paramount: 3-D: Believable story of a day on patrol in Korea, shot there, featuring real G.I.'s. (F) February

✓✓ COMMAND, THE—Warnercolor; CinemaScope: WarnerColor: Guy Madison, aided by Joan Weldon, saves a wagon train from Indians in a vigorous, thoroughly entertaining Western. (F) April

✓✓ CONQUEST OF EVEREST, THE—Technicolor: Scalp-prickling, magnificently photographed record of a true adventure, the British expedition up earth's highest peak. (F) March

✓✓ CRIME WAVE—Warners: Expert, crisp thriller. Detective Sterling Hayden checks on parollee Gene Nelson and wife Phyllis Kirk, snared in a robbery plot. (F) September

✓✓ EDDIE CANTOR STORY, THE—WarnerColor: Keefe Brasselle strikingly impersonates Eddie in an affectionate film biography, from slums to uneasy fame. (F) March

✓✓ FORBIDDEN—U-I: Tony Curtis trails Joanne Dru, gangster's widow, to far Macao, where she is ensnared by Lyle Bettger. (F) February

✓✓ FOREVER FEMALE—Paramount: Young would-be actress Pat Crowley and not-so-young star Ginger Rogers brawl wittily over playwright Bill Holden and his play. (A) November

✓✓ GENEVIEVE—Rank, U-I: Technicolor: Nice British comedy about antique-car fans. With Dinah Sheridan and dashes of sex. (A) January

✓✓ GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—U.A., Technicolor: Robert Morley, Maurice Evans play the light-opera kings in a gay musical. (F) January

✓✓ GIVE A GIRL A BREAK—M-G-M, Technicolor: Pleasing tune-film with Debbie Reynolds and the Champions. Story: Which gal gets the star role in a stage revue? (F) November

✓✓ GLENN MILLER STORY, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Rich in rhythm and genuine feeling. Jimmy Stewart, June Allyson team engagingly as the late bandleader and his wife. (F) February

✓✓ GO, MAN, GO—U.A.: Pleasant, uns amusing tale of pro basketball. Dane Clark guides the Harlem Globetrotters themselves). (F) March

✓✓ GOLDEN COACH, THE—L-F-E, Technicolor: Odd romantic comedy. Anna Magnani is an entertainer in 18th Century South America. Italian-made, English dialogue. (A) January


✓✓ HIS MAJESTY O'KEEFE—Warners, Technicolor: Wild hot fact-based adventures, with But Lancaster as ruler of a South Sea island and Joan Rice as his native sweetheart. (F) March

✓✓ IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU—Columbia: Clever, likeable comedy starring Judy Holliday as a fame-hungry girl in New York, wooed by Jack Lemmon and Peter Lawford. (F) March

✓✓ KING OF THE KYBER RIFLES—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Ty Power wrestles with rebel natives and Terry Moore in a spectacular 19th Century India. (F) March

✓✓ KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Stately, lavish adventure-romance. Taylor, Gardner and Mel Ferrer make up a triangle. (F) March

✓✓ LIVING DESERT, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Beautiful, amusing, exciting documentary of wild life in the Southwest. (F) March

✓✓ LONG, LONG TRAILER, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Luella Ball and Desi Arnaz make a rousing return to movies in the hilarious misadventures of a honeymoon by trailer. (F) March


✓✓ MARTIN LUTHER—de Rochemont: Niall MacGinnis portrays the founder of Protestantism in a splendid religious film. (F) November

✓✓ MONEY FROM HOME—Wallis, Paramount: 3-D, Technicolor: Gambler Martin and animal-lover Lewis set out to fix a steeplechase race in a giddy, giggle-loaded farce. (F) February

✓✓ PARATROOPER—Columbia, Technicolor: British raids (by Alan Ladd, Leo Genn) on Nazis are exciting; the love story isn't. (F) December

✓✓ PERSONAL AFFAIR—U.A.: Thoughtful English movie. Prof. Leo Genn, wed to Gene Tierney, is accused of sex crime. (F) February

✓✓ PICKWICK PAPERS, THE—Mayer-Kingsley: Mellow, adequately stylized British version of Dickens' beloved novel. James Hayter and Nigel Patrick head a fine cast. (F) April

✓✓ RED GARTERS—Paramount, Technicolor: Westerns take a ribbing in an imaginative musical. Rosemary Clooney runs the dance hall; Guy Mitchell trails a killer; Pat Crowley and Joanne Gilbert are decorative. (F) April

✓✓ RIDE CLEAR OF DIABLO—U-I, Technicolor: Fast, humorous Audie Murphy horse opera, with luminous Susan Cabot. (F) April


✓✓ ROB ROY—Disney, RKo; Technicolor: Robust, full-flavored action, shot in the Highlands. Richard Todd plays Scotland's Robin Hood; Glynis Johns, his bride. (F) March


✓✓ SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—RKO: Homespun comedy. Bob Mitchum is a country doc; Jean Simmons, a foolish philanthropist. (F) September

✓✓ TAZA, SON OF COCHISE—U-I; 3-D, Technicolor: Big chief Rock Hudson tries to keep the Apaches on the reservation and off the war path. Barbara Rush is a lovely squaw. (F) April

✓✓ THREE SAILORS AND A GIRL—Warners, Technicolor: Gordon MacRae and Gene Nelson use shipmates' pay to back Jane Powell's stage musical. Some lively dancing. (F) April

✓✓ WAR ARROW—U-I, Technicolor: Army officer Jeff Chandler quells Indians, wins Maureen O'Hara in a brisk Western. (F) February

✓✓ WILD ONE, THE—Columbia: Moody Marlon Brando and fellow motorcyclists disrupt a town in a mystifying, arty drama (A) February
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*Printers' Ink, 1954

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Inside

Liz

The

Terry

Mothers

Boudoir

The

Don

Elizabeth

Debbie

Rock

Laughing

Hollywood

JUNE, 1954  •  FAVORITE OF AMERICA’S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Screen Play by
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Directed by
RICHARD BROOKS · JOE PASTERNAK

Produced by
AN M-G-M PICTURE
That's Hollywood For You

I get Lex Barker and George Montgomery confused, but I don't think Lana Turner and Dinah Shore do. Piper Laurie is a movie star who wants to be an actress. I favor Sunset Boulevard as the road to take to the beach. A little longer than Wilshire, but more picturesque. There's no sexier-looking dish at a party than Linda Christian. And no one shakes the torso better on a night-club dance floor than Mari Blanchard. I suggest Jeff Chandler and Frank Sinatra for the Sky Masterson and Nathan Detroit roles in "Guys and Dolls." Sue me!

Remember way back when studios boasted about their contract list of stars? "This is the most wonderful business in the world, but if we start forgetting it—we people who are in it—how can we expect the public to remember?" Joan Crawford said it, and truer words she never uttered. Actresses who tell me funny stories and slap me on the back aren't sexy. Place a bet on Charlotte Austin, who looks like a younger edition of Paulette Goddard, to make stardom. I'll admit I was startled when I overheard Alfred Hitchcock say, "I want to make a typical Hitchcock-type movie."

Jennifer Jones wearing a blonde wig is a ringer for Gloria Grahame. "Beat the Devil" made me want to see "The Maltese Falcon" again. I like Tony Curtis much, but I like Janet Leigh more. I believe Tony will understand. It seems to me every show on TV satirizes "Dragnet," including "Dragnet." When Marie Wilson arrived late on the set, the assistant director said, "You should have been here at nine o'clock." Marie replied, "Why? What happened?"

I watched Marilyn Monroe being sewed into her gown to attend the Photoplay Awards Dinner. The gal doing the sewing, the gal doing the wearing and the dress itself are all artists in my opinion. I wore a regular tuxedo instead of my grey suit. I don't know why. Staying next to Marilyn in that gown, I could have been wearing the grey trousers with the dinner jacket and no one would have known it. This was Marilyn DiMaggio's first public appearance since her marriage, and the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel really jumped. Just for the record, I'd like it known that I didn't take Marilyn—she took me. I was pinch-hitting again for Joe DiMaggio. I must look up my batting record some night. On the way into the Crystal Room, Marilyn and I ran into Sheree North. This was their first meeting, and I introduced them. The great dialogue between them, again for the record, consisted of "How do you do?" The place was crowded with glamour.

June Allyson watched husband Dick Powell m.c. the event with wonder and admiration oozing out of her like toothpaste from a tube. The Monroe accepted her Gold Medal from Fred Sammis, saying, "What means most to me is that I got this award for my performance." You must have heard this line quoted, but you had to see Marilyn saying it to appreciate it. When the party was over, I delivered Marilyn back to her rooms in the hotel and she gave the Gold Medal to Joe, saying, "Save it, honey."

I'd say Jean Peters is the actress who has made the most improvement, and in the same sentence I'd say Zsa Zsa Gabor is the actress who should make the most improvement. Movie casting sometimes causes real amazement. In "No Business Like Show Business" Dan Dailey plays Donald O'Connor's father, although off-screen Dan and Donald both date Gwen O'Connor. To illustrate what Hollywood is like, let me tell you about a favorite who refused a part, saying, "In my last two pictures I played the role of an actress. I can't again. I'll be typed. People will think I am one." That's Hollywood for you.
From halfway across the world, a lovely young girl goes into the Ceylon jungles...to battle plague and savage elephants...and to learn of her own secret passions—from her husband's best friend!

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Produced by IRVING ASHER • Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE • Screenplay by JOHN LEE MAHIN
Based on the Novel by Robert Standish • A Paramount Picture
SINGER ON ICE

BY

HILDEGARDE JOHNSON

Byron Palmer was on-stage during the dazzling ceremonies of Oscar Night, and, along with other young actors, he stood around being decorative while Connie Russell sang one of the nominated ballads, "Sadie Thompson’s Song." And this was a fine frustrating situation. Byron himself is a singer and a good one. This isn’t the first time his talents haven’t been utilized. Byron scored his first movie hit with a borrowed singing voice: In "Tonight We Sing" Jan Peerce’s robust tenor came out of Byron’s handsome face. Although Hollywood refuses to use his voice others have no hesitation. Soon after the Awards, he left for a singing engagement in Florida.

Like Gordon MacRae, Byron broke into radio as a studio page boy, and he had barely started to work his way up when the war came along. But this actually helped, it finally turned out. Without even asking for it, he was assigned to the Armed Forces Radio Service in the Pacific and made part of a singing group called the Music Mates, which he says was the real beginning of his career.

Back in civvies, he returned to straight announcing, starting with a part-time stint on the program broadcast from Earl Carroll’s night-club in Los Angeles. The presentations always featured plenty of pretty girls. Byron recalls, “You needed blinders to get past those dressing rooms!”

Then he toured with “Hollywood on Ice” as m.c. and featured singer. “I’d come out front and belt out two or three songs during the scene change,” he says. “But I never did learn to skate. In Louisville, I went out on the ice—and landed on it solidly. Two skaters had to retrieve me.”

When a friend in California wired there was a good part open for Byron in a new musical, he flipped. He took the big gamble, quit the ice show and flew west, only to find the part had already been filled. But Byron is the kind for whom adversity is often a turning point, and soon he found an even better role in “Where’s Charley?” Two seasons on Broadway in the Ray Bolger hit established Byron as an important personality on the musical stage, and when Hollywood grabbed him, he’d sung leads in popular operettas all over the country.

By then, two studios were after him. When Byron finished “Tonight We Sing” at 20th, he went into “Ma and Pa Kettle at Waikiki,” which U-I will release next year. And though 20th had signed him for only one picture, the sneak-preview audience was so enthusiastic over this newcomer that the studio promptly tied him up with a seven-year contract and gave him the romantic (but non-singing) lead in “Man in the Attic.”

Off-screen, too, Byron’s cast to type for romance. In April of last year, a final divorce decree put him at the top of the eligible class. The reason for the failure of his marriage to actress Joanne Ransom is simple and unhappily familiar, “I married when I was only nineteen,” he says, “and that’s too young.” But he has no regrets about one result of his marriage. Talk to him for any length of time, and out comes his wallet with the miniature portrait of a chubby eight-year-old beauty with smooth blonde hair—Linda Lou.

“If anything could have held that marriage together, she would have,” he says.

Since his divorce in 1952, Byron’s had plenty of dates, of course. At the moment, however, there’s no indication that Byron is in a hurry to get to the altar again. He sounds pretty well contented with his bachelor quarters in the Hollywood Hills. Music usually fills the European-style, vine-covered cottage. “First thing in the morning, last thing at night, I have the record-player going—classical or popular, but no loud jazz. I like Dinah Shore and Tony Martin, and I love the songs from the corny old operettas.”

Byron obviously has his heart in his career, and he has a strange problem to lick, having made his movie debut with only half his talents on display.

“Now all I need is a chance to show what I can do with my own voice in a singing role. After all, I feel pretty silly not doing the one thing I can do best!”

So it seems likely that his future bride—whoever she may be—will have to wait until he’s established as a screen singer.
DIAL M FOR MURDER

STARRING MILO MILLAND, GRACE KELLY, AND ROBERT CUMMINGS

COLOR BY WARNERCOLOR

SYNOPSIS: A woman answers a mysterious phone call, a case of murder

WRITTEN BY FREDERICK KNOTT

MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DIMITRI TIOKIN

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS
Hollywood Party Line

BY EDITH GWYNN

well, there’s no use starting off with anything but the story-book wedding and the fabulous reception and dinner dance which Jack and Mary Benny gave their lovely dotter Joan. It was in the Crystal Room at the Beverly Hills that 19-year-old Joan took handsome 26-year-old Seth Baker as her groom—in a room bedecked with thousands of white blossoms, including hyacinths, lilies of the valley, white tulips and rare white lilacs flown in from Holland! Into this bower came the bride in her $2500 gown of brocaded silk (Don Loper had the material especially woven for her in France).

A princess could well have envied Joan’s bridal outfit—it took six weeks to make! There were thirty-five yards of the white silk, fashioned into Infanta lines, a wide scooped neckline with small standing collar, long sleeves with points at the wrists, bodice fitted tightly to her tiny waist. Then great folds of the brocade to form the enormous skirt under which were two pleated white net petticoats, plus two petti’s of white silk.

Her bridesmaids were floating in longish, simply cut, full-skirted dresses of real white Alençon lace over pale pink, and the maid of honor similarly tagged in the same lace over pale blue.

Also into this bower came almost six hundred guests to feast on caviar at a buffet table laden with imaginative food and to sip an unending flow of imported champagne. To say nothing of the five-tiered wedding cake—one of the largest ever put together.

If there was a top star or executive in Hollywood (aside from many of the younger players) who wasn’t there, I’ll be plumbderned! No one can ever accuse Jack Benny of being a cheap skate again—for he happily shelled out close to $50,000 for this event—and all Hollywood is still talking about it. (Not the shelling out—but The Ball!)

Jack and Mary (she stunning in a voluminous gown of pale pink chiffon with long chiffon cape that fastened at the neck) wept a (Continued on page 10)
New! a shampoo that Silkens your hair!

So alluring—so enchanting . . . this silken shimmer for your hair!

Just one shampoo with New Drene and your hair—

yes, yours—will shine like silk, feel like silk, act like silk!

This is a New Drene formula—

so Mild you could shampoo every day!
Hollywood Party Line

(Continued from page 3)

Jean Simmons, with Stewart Granger, was an elegant figure at Gold Medal party in pale pink mouseline de soie over satin. Below, Doris Day, Esther Williams, Donna Reed, June Allyson make some repairs bit as Joan and Seth exchanged platinum bands in a double-ring ceremony—later sent them on their merry way to a Honolulu honeymoon. Some wondered how the bride and groom managed to last out the hours of smiling, shaking hands, posing for hundreds of pictures by almost as many photogs—while the guests dined and polished the dance floor to Freddie Kar- ger’s wonderful music. When it was all over, someone asked Seth what he thought of big fancy weddings. The tired lad replied, “You wouldn’t print it, doll!”

After such a lavish spread, it was hideous to pick up the papers a couple of days later and find Seth being splashed all over the front pages by his ex-wife, Joan Baker, who’s claiming her divorce in the Virgin Islands isn’t legal yet!

But nothing on the night of the wedding could have marred the beauty of the celebs drifting past my eyes. There were Ann Blyth with Jim McNulty; Evie Johnson, a knockout in white with much glitter. (Linda Christian wore black, saying she didn’t think anyone but the bride ought to wear white at a wedding!) Jeann Martin, in a bouffant white, very décolleté and heavily beaded, danced and danced with spouse Dean . . . ditto Gloria and Jimmy Stewart. Alan and Sue Ladd, who’d arrived from Europe the day before; Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger. Barbara Stanwyck (in black lace over pearl gray) and Vic Damone, Ethel Merman and Bob Six, the Ronnie Reagans, the Dennis Days (Dennis was the only man in the place not in tux), the Jack Palances, the Bob Hopes, Frankie Sinatra and Nancy, too, but not together. Gab from the girls agreed that the gowns on Gracie Allen and Joan Caulfield were the partiest.

Another smallish and different approach to a party was the one given by Ruth Lewis and Gail Gray, who told their free-wheeling friends to come without dates. This resulted in some new pairings at going-home time. Melinda Markay and Jeff Chandler latched on; Garry Steffen, who’s been going with Susie Zanuck, left with Sheila Connolly, and Susie joined up with Casey Adams. Nora Haymes left for a late snack on the Sunset Strip with Brad Dexter, and Gwen O’Connor (Don’s ex) was whisked away by Bob Calhoun. Only Suzan Ball (and who had a better right?) brought a feller, her fiancé, Richard Long. Suzan was on her crutches, but as I write this, she is doing so beautifully preparing for the use of her artificial limb that she and Dick expect to be wed by the time you read this! And courageous Suzie (whose U-I contract only awaits her recovery) expects to walk down the aisle unaided to say her “I do’s”!

Rhonda Fleming and Dr. Lew Morrill gave their first party in their new home and invited, among others, the crowd who were going along with them to the Brazilian Film Festival. That included June Haver and Fred MacMurray, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman, Irene Dunne, the Bob Cummingses, Ann Miller, Greer Garson and Buddy Fogelson, Joan Fontaine and Collier Young, Walter Pidgeon, Janie Powell and Eddie Robinson. And y’know something? Several in the group above-mentioned had never met each other!

Of course, I’m not going to go into the details about Photoplay’s wonderful (as usual) Gold Medal Awards Dinner at the Crystal Room on account you’ll see and read all about it elsewhere in this issue. But it sure was a dilly—with more stars than ever. And Marilyn Monroe’s entrance (again as usual) almost stealing the show. Marilyn looked so well and seems to have won so much more personal popularity as Joe DiMaggio’s bride.

And, just as quickly, I have to tell you that glimpsed in the powder room for quick repairs to appearances were Doris Day in a tailored lace over satin formal. Esther Williams in gold tissue faille, Donna Reed in dreamy white with embroidered beading, and June Allyson in the simplest lace over silk. The whole affair was tres élégante!
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BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

LAUGHING STOCK

A catty movie queen met Ilka Chase at a party and said, "I loved your autobiography. Who wrote it for you?"
Ilka snapped back: "So glad you liked it, dear. Who read it to you?"

A kidnapper on Art Linkletter's show was asked what a zither is.
"Something you use to button up your pants," came the answer.

Irene Ryan was asked about her long radio career.
"Yes, she said, "I've been in radio since 'One Man's Family' was just a guy standing in front of a drugstore whistling at girls."

Two movie dolls were discussing a third and one of them meowed:
"She's lovely, she's engaged, she uses—everybody!"

Sober-faced Jack Palance gave Fox a bowl when he answered a publicity questionnaire. Sample questions and Jack's answers:
Q. What is the first thing you notice in a person?
A. Whether the person is male or female.
Q. How often do you have your hair cut?
A. When I don't hear so good.

Hollywood man to a friend, "I still yearn for the good old silent days."
Friend: "Then why don't you get a divorce?"

A friend got Bing Crosby on the phone recently from his Elko, Nevada, ranch. Bing apologized for his party line and then quipped, "We've got more listeners on this line than Bob Hope has on his whole radio network."

Fred Allen says he bought a bowling ball and when he got home he found a thumb in it.

Jack Benny, praising Director Mervyn LeRoy's talent for discovering new stars, told a Hollywood group, "He walked into a drugstore for a soda and discovered Lana Turner. That proves what clean living will do. He could have walked into a saloon and discovered Phil Harris."

Overheard at Ciro's:
"She tried to regain her youth, but the Navy wouldn't release him."

Since that $5,000,000 settlement, how about writing her name B0,000,000, B0,000,000 Rockefeller?

Sign on a Hollywood delicatessen:
"Bagel and lox sandwiches prepared by native chef."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Beat" on your local TV station

Denise Darcel
soon to be seen co-starring in the Hecht-Lancaster production "Vera Cruz," (Released through United Artists—Color by Technicolor) says, "No other girdle at any price gives me the support, comfort and freedom of an invisible Playtex Girdle!"

Hollywood Stars Recommend
PLAYTEX
Living Girdles

Hollywood stars can afford any girdle—and still they insist on Playtex! Why? Because no girdle does as much for your figure or fashions as invisible Playtex.

Playtex slims, trims and smooths away inches—without a seam, stitch or bone! It's all latex—absolutely invisible under the sleekest sheathes, skirts, slacks.

Washes in seconds—pats dry with a towel! At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

Top Designers—Like Top Stars—Praise Playtex!

BERIN
PLATTX
CASSINI
PARIS

PLAYTEX® Living® Girdle (with garter) . . . . . . . $3.95
PLAYTEX Living Panty Girdle (with garters) . . . 3.95
PLAYTEX Living Panty Brief (without garters) . . 3.50
PLAYTEX Fabric Lined Girdle . . . . . . . . . . . 3.95
PLAYTEX Magic-Controller® . . . . . . . . . . . . . 7.95

Extra-large sizes, slightly higher

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending
(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)
"Young Skin" Problems?

In the teens, "Young Skin" no longer means the baby-soft complexion you were born with.

All at once, it seems, everything "goes wrong." Excess oil oozes out, in spite of frequent scrubblings. Yet, at the same time, skin grows too sluggish to throw off its daily accumulation of dead cells. These dried flakes cover and choke pore-openings. Then—enlarged pores and blackheads may appear.

Today—skin doctors say that excess oil and dead skin must be cleared off. Now specially for "Young Skin" problems, Pond's brings you a greaseless Treatment based on this medical theory. Hundreds of girls have tested it. They say it really works!

Quick-working "Young Skin" Treatment

Reduces large pores
Clears off oiliness
Leaves skin soft!

Pond's "Young Skin" Treatment—used every day—keeps your skin looking fresh and clear! And it takes only 1 minute! Just cover face deeply, except eyes, with greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on 1 full minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action dissolves away choking oil and dead skin debris . . . frees tiny skin glands to function normally. After 1 minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. Now see how tingling fresh your skin feels, how much smoother and cleaner it looks!

Heavy make-up doesn't flatten "Young Skin"

For a delicate, natural powder base—use a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Not greasy. Holds powder!

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Hollywood Whispers

Romances that may be on the verge of a surge: Don Taylor and Teresa Wright, Pier Angeli and Carlos Thompson . . . And about how Piper Laurie and Dick Contino, whose romance was first thought even by insiders to be a publicity build-up, are fooling people a little bit and showing signs of being seriously attached. But the wise ones still take this romance with a large grain of salt.

Look for this one to come true about the middle of the bridal month of June, only this time it'll be an unbridling. Jon Hall let the regretful admission fall from his lips to a few pals in an unguarded moment at the Moambo. Frances Langford, he said, is about to give him the matrimonial heave-ho after 10, these many years. That's one marriage which looked more and more permanent as the happy years flew by. Frances, Jon confided, allowed her eyes to linger too long on a handsome lad—but she's been quiet about it.

About Marilyn Monroe's new '51 contract at 20th Century-Fox, which was personally negotiated by her agent, Charlie Feldman, and Darryl Zanuck, with plenty of top-drawer legal talent looking over both their shoulders. Insiders report that twice-bitten Zanuck, after taking it on the chin from both the Monroe and Marlon Brando, who walked out on the commitments at heavy cost to the studio, demanded and got the ironclad clauses in her ticket, and she'll pay through her pretty nose for any more diddles . . .

The long-awaited crisis and showdown between Gregory Peck, who's been away from Hollywood too long, and his Greta. It was clear all along that Greta wanted to patch it up, but what went on in Greg's heart remained a mystery.

Jess Barker, who hasn't taken the split with Susan Hayward very graciously, capped the climax by refusing to sign a joint income tax return. That set Susan, the wage-earner, back plenty of money.

. . . The rags-to-riches story of Edmund Purdom, who was living over a garage and wondering how he and his bride were going to eat when lightning struck and he captured the Marlon Brando role in "The Egyptian," one of the top acting plums of the year and one which very well could make him an Oscar contender for '55 . . .
Casual, carefree— that's the "Ascot"— thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Beau Belle" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves exactly where you want them.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Melody" hair style. So simple! No help is needed.

Bobbi is perfect for this gay "Miss Ginger" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

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.

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.
HERE, in the savage beauty of the wilderness, she forgot she was the honky-tonk dancer, the gambler's doll, the sultry ballad singer. She was a woman in love, following her man through the churning death-trap of Devil's Teeth, through thundering gorge and Cree ambush … through the most perilous wilds in all the Americas.
Robert Mitchum!

for each other... for **CinemaScope**

do of drama and emotion in **Scope**
DIRECTIONAL-STEREOPHONIC SOUND!

**River of No Return**

**TECHNICOLOR** • Produced by **STANLEY RUBIN** • Directed by **OTTO PREMINGER** • Screen Play by **FRANK FENTON**
Prince Valiant

The bold old days of King Arthur have returned, in even more spectacular guise than "Knights of the Round Table." In this adaptation of the popular comic strip, Bob Wagner's a stalwart hero, a Scandinavian prince out to defeat the pirates who have driven him and his parents into exile. At Arthur's court, he becomes squire to Sir Gawain, portrayed by Sterling Hayden as a bluff, good-hearted fighting man. Bob's enemy (and King Arthur's, he finds) is the Black Knight, whose identity is a mystery. However, no movie-goer will trust James Mason very far, for all his elegant manners. Wagner, Mason and Hayden are involved in a romantic tangle with Janet Leigh and Debra Paget. But the battles command chief attention and backdrops have a fine medieval feeling.

Victor McLaglen is Bob's Viking ally in desperate danger

Carnival Story

A broadly told tale of passion on the midway gives Anne Baxter a real gamut-runner of a part. Battered and bedraggled by life in post-war Germany, she's grateful for a menial job with a third-rate American carnival visiting Munich. Her "benefactor" is Steve Cochran, an obviously no-good Barker toward whom she feels instant attraction. But the carnival's chief star (Lyle Bettger) gives her a chance to regain self-respect by training her as partner in his daring high-dive act. She accepts his offer of honest love and marriage, yet can't resist the stealthy advances of her lover. There's a promise of violence in this set-up, and it's kept. Bettger shows appeal, dropping his well-known sneer to share with George Nader the hero's stunt in a gaudily effective emotional drama.

Anne finds a new experience in Lyle Bettger's gentleness

Casanova's Big Night

Bob Hope's in fine fettle during his latest jape, undertaking the preposterous job of impersonating Casanova. The famed great lover of Renaissance Italy has skipped out of town to escape his creditors. Just after he's left, these angry tradespeople find he was about to be offered a job— to test the virtue of a nobleman's fiancée (Audrey Dalton). If he succeeds in leading her astray, he'll be paid handsome. Bob, a humble tailor, cowardly as ever, is drafted to cash in on Casanova's reputation, do the job and collect the pay-off. With him on his crazy venture go Joan Fontaine, a determined shop-keeper, and Basil Rathbone, supercilious valet to the real Casanova. Wild gags mix with hair-breadth escapes; in one scene Joan wields a rapier to defend Bob, reversing the usual routine.

The finery disguises Joan and Bob, crashing a court ball
Night People

Projecting all the shrewdness, toughness and integrity that an American Army officer should have, Gregory Peck paces a first-rate cast in a crackling melodrama of modern Berlin. A youthful GI (Ted Avery, actually borrowed from the Army) is kidnapped into the Red East Zone. Peck, chief Intelligence officer, contacts the boy's captors through a pretty secret agent (Anita Bjork). He's told that they'll return their prisoner—if the Americans will hand over to them two anti-Nazi Germans vengefully wanted in the East Zone. In on the decision is Broderick Crawford, excellent as the GI's influential father. The love interest is hazy; Greg's awfully chummy with both the lady spy and his secretary (Rita Gam). Vigorous dialogue keeps tension high, though there's little physical action.

Off on a secret mission, Gregory bids Rita Gam good night

The Naked Jungle

Here's a neatly constructed thriller with a new and horrifying sort of menace. Isolated in the jungles of South America, Charlton Heston has concentrated his whole life on wresting a plantation from swamps and making it yield him a fortune. Now he wants a wife to grace his mansion in the wilderness, so his brother in New Orleans sends him a proxy bride. Eleanor Parker matches Heston's forceful performance in this husband-wife duel between strangers—her pride pitted against his ingrained possessiveness and ignorance of women. The situation is deadlocked when that menace comes on the scene—no science-fiction monster, but a vast army of soldier ants on the march, devouring everything that lives and heading straight for the plantation. The battle provides a chilling climax.

Braving the jungle with Charlton, Eleanor turns coquette

Rose Marie

The conventions of the old-time operetta are lovingly preserved in a musical romance of the great Northwest. Ann Blyth's an orphaned French-Canadian tomboy, adopted as mascot by Howard Keel and his fellow mounties. Finally shipped off to civilization, she's turned into a bemuddled lady. The astonished Keel promptly falls in love with her, but he has a rival in Fernando Lamas, a carefree trapper whose natural home, like Ann's, is the wide open spaces. This innocent triangle is complicated by Lamas' arrest for the murder of an Indian chief. Between interludes of plot, the popular classics of the score (like the title song and "Indian Love Call") take over. The comedy relief's handled by Bert Lahr, as a bumbling mountie, and Marjorie Main, as Ann's rough-and-ready foster mother.

The ghost-voice of an Indian girl haunts Fernando and Ann
The Siege at Red River

Plenty of local color and lively action decorate a Western set in Civil War days, according to current fashion. Loyal Southerners Van Johnson and Milburn Stone, pretending to operate a medicine show, are traveling west with one of the newly invented Gatling guns, cleverly stolen from a Union-convoayed train. A pursuing force led by detective Jeff Morrow pins the Confederate pair down in a Texas town. Here Joanne Dru, daughter of a doctor now in the Union Army, is trying to carry on her father's practice. Her beginning romance with Van is smashed by his lie that he's a draft-dodger from Boston. Indians and dastardly Richard Boone also interfere.

Beauties of the Night

Dreams, music and sharp comment on modern life mingle enchantingly in a gay French movie (titles in English). Gerard Philipe is a poor young composer, scraping along by conducting a school music class and private piano lessons. The steady racket of city streets and the razzing of practical-minded pals drive him to take refuge in sleep and dreams of the good old days. He goes back to 1900, then to 1840, then to 1789, and in each era he's heroic and successful, wooing such beauties as Martine Carol, scantily clad Gina Lollobrigida, Magali Vendeuil. All Gerard's fancies are wonderfully interwoven with his waking life, in a potpourri of slapstick, sense and beauty.

Riding Shotgun

Can you imagine Randolph Scott being accused of cowardice, treachery, killer instincts and plain inaction? Seems ridiculous, but just such suspicions, inflaming a frontier town, produce a different sort of horse opera. A stagecoach guard, Randy's captured by bandits and left to die. But he escapes, discovering that the stagecoach robbery was a leint, designed to lure a posse away from a town that's due to be looted. He hurries to the threatened town, where he gets an unenthusiastic reception. In fact, a lynch mob forces him to barricade himself in a cheap saloon, befriended only by his sweetheart (Joan Weldon) and the deputy sheriff (Wayne Morris).

Dangerous Mission

It's an interesting notion to set a gangster thriller down in the exhilarating vistas of the Rockies. But this melodrama starring Piper Laurie and Victor Mature doesn't live up to its possibilities. In New York, Piper sees a murder committed. Realizing her own life is now in danger, she goes to Glacier National Park, taking a job in the resort hotel. Two men track her down; Vic, supposedly just a tourist; Vincent Price, an amazingly leisurely magazine photographer. Which is the gang's trigger man? Which is the law? You guess. Betta St. John's a winsome, deluded Indian girl, and the scenery's magnificent—until the climax, when phony sets are substituted.

Witness to Murder

An expert at the portrayal of suppressed hysteria, Barbara Stanwyck has a good vehicle in this ingenious suspense film. She's a sensible decorator, living alone in a Los Angeles apartment. One night she sees an across-the-street neighbor (George Sanders) in the act of strangling a woman. A conscientious citizen, she promptly calls the police. But by the time the arrive, Sanders has hidden the corpus delicti—and no evidence of a murder exists. Barbara's continuing protests are (wit Sanders' connivance) taken as the ravings of a psychopath. On Gary Merrill, as a police detective, sympathizes with her. It's an absorbing yarn, marred by an implausible ending.

Rails into Laramie

Some unexpected quirks of plot brighten a fast-moving out door melodrama. John Payne's a reluctant but dogged Arm servant assigned to cleanse Laramie, Wyoming, of lawless elements, and to expedite the building of a railroad, stalled at that point. He finds that an old buddy of his, Dan Durье, in bosoming the town, deliberately lending railroad workers wit drink and gambling so that Laramie will remain a profitable end-of-the-line boom town. Two women are involved: Joyce MacKenzie, as Dan's disillusioned but loyal wife; Mari Blandard, as his handsome, knowing partner in the saloon business. Watch what happens when Mari upholds women's rights!

Ma and Pa Kettle at Home

The perennially popular series plays along with a novel batch of comic misadventures. It's refreshing to find Percy Kilbride and Marjorie Main, their smarining offspring and the Indian hired men back at the old farmhouse. Their son Bre Halsey has entered a magazine contest with a highly imaginative essay on his parents' "ultra-modern" farm. To keep from making a liar out of their boy, the Kettles try to make the old place live up to his description. They devise makeshifts to fool the prissy magazine editor (Alan Mowbray) and good-natured photographer (Ross Elliott). The knockabout comedy culminates in a fake raid. Brett romances Alice Kelley.

The Long Wait

The second movie based on a Mickey Spillane book provides the expected amount of gore and gruesomeness, but it's amusing as "I, the Jury," Anthony Quinn's appropriately tough as the "hero" (not Mike Hammer this time), going through the paces of the amnesia plot. He's lost his memory in a highway crash that also took the skin off his fingertips, destroying his fingerprints. Backtracking to find out who is Quinn arrives at a town where he's recognized as a man wanted for murder. Because of his accident, the police now can't pin the crime on him. So he begins investigating it himself, sparring with racketeer boss Gene Evans and four alluring girls.
Your hair is romance

...keep it sunshine bright

with White Rain

As surely as sunshine follows rain, romance follows the girl whose hair is bright to see, soft to touch, fresh as a spring breeze—the kind of hair you always have when you use New White Rain. This fabulous shampoo sprinkles your hair with sunlight. And with sunshine all around you, love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter... the essence of romance. Ask for White Rain, the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!
long-lasting! with NO brownish, dull look!
Pond's "Lips" stay on—bright, kissable are all in exciting new "Ever So Red"! provocative "Dreamy Pink"!

... AND IN THE BIG NEW GOLDEN SWIVEL CASE, ONLY 59¢
2 wonderful new ways to make a man's head spin!
READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

The Editors of Photoplay tell me I have received a lot of criticism because I seem too placid and uninterested about my future. I'm sorry that fans feel this way because it isn't true. I'm not uninterested about my future. And if I seem to be too placid, it's because I've learned that for me at least being placid pays off.

Recently the studio presented a stage show called "Inside U-I" in which I was assigned to play a role like every other part I've played: a sweet girl. But I wanted to play Nora, the hussy, in the scene from "Here Come the Clowns."

I mentioned it to Estelle Harmon, the U-I drama coach. I guess I mentioned it to her ten times a day, and finally I was given the go-ahead although everyone was skeptical—except me. I never worked so hard in my life, but it paid off, and the critics were wonderful. One director came backstage and shook my hand. Another said, "I'd never have believed you could do it."

Maybe now I'll begin to get more challenging roles. I hope so. But if I do, it won't be because I can scream louder than the next girl. Actually I've never even raised my voice. I'm still the girl with the placid personality, and I hope I stay that way. I have a bunch I'll get more of what I want that way.

Lori Nelson

Wouldn't it be wonderful if June Haver and Fred MacMurray really did marry? They each have suffered so much sorrow and unhappiness: Fred with the prolonged illness and death of his beloved wife and June's terrible sorrow over the death of her fiancé and her disappointment at the time she left the convent.

I am sure all their fans and friends are praying that these two will find the happiness they so richly deserve— together.

MRS. EDITH LONG
Houlton, Maine

After your December issue came out with a picture of 5 GI's in Germany, they were overwhelmed with mail. One young lady of 17 even went so far as to send a big box of homemade fudge. Being the one elected to write and thank her, I found I had lost her address while moving from one place to another. All of which brings about my writing now, as I know that she'd be glad to hear we all enjoyed her fudge. I would be very pleased if you could print this in your column, as I am quite sure she would see it in a future issue. Hope I am not pushing my luck too far, I realize that you cannot always be doing favors for a GI.

Pvt. R. Perrino
Det. "A" 7809 SCU
APO 164
c/o PM, New York

Although I usually disapprove of articles which probe deeply into the personal lives of the stars, I want to thank you for the illuminating article on Gail Russell in the March Photoplay.

Gail has been tops with me for a long time and, if she wants to, I hope she returns to the screen eventually. But her personal well-being comes first and I'd like her to know that I will always be pulling for her—and for Gwy Madison, whose dignity in the face of trouble should serve as an example for all of us.

JIM MEYER
Miami, Florida

I would like to see more of Teresa Brewer. She's a doll.

ROBERTA LEWIS
Charleston, West Virginia

Last night I saw "Julius Caesar" at the film festival here in Djakarta and I want to thank M-G-M for giving us such a great motion picture with such a wonderful cast. It sure is good to see Greer Garson again after a long absence from the screen.

L. E. WESTPHAL
Djakarta, Indonesia

I wish people would quit criticizing the actors and actresses on their personal lives. I think that what they do is their own business. Take Gene Nelson and Jane Powell. Maybe they made a mistake and maybe not. Maybe if people would lay off, these marriages would last.

Do the people who criticize the stars think they themselves are so perfect that they have never made a mistake? Let the stars alone and let them iron out their own problems.

LAURA HESS
Rockford, Illinois

I guess it matters not if Debbie Reynolds has blue eyes on the cover or brown eyes on page 39, she is still a beauty!

HERMAN BANDY
Cambridge, Virginia

CASTING:

When I heard that Bette Davis was again cast as Queen Elizabeth I, it delighted me. Then I read that production on the film was held up because no Sir Walter Raleigh could be found, so I decided to do some research on my own. I've been going mad trying to find a good portrait of Raleigh in his youth and I've finally found one painted by Zuccaro dated 1583 showing Raleigh at about 31. I found a striking resemblance, and I'm willing to bet anyone that it is practically a spitting image of Richard Burton. He's definitely the man, since he not only looks the part, but after seeing him in "The Robe," there's no one who'll dispute his ability.

JERRY DIOLONI
Providence, Rhode Island

I thoroughly disagree with the suggestion that "South Pacific" should star Gordon MacRae and Doris Day. I was fortunate enough to see the road show of "South Pacific" with Martha Wright and Webb Tilton, and I just can't see Gordon and Doris. My only suggestion—how about Martha and Webb?

DORIS BALARO
Vancouver, Washington

(Continued on page 27)
At Last! The make-up that keeps its promise!

Only Creme Puff makes you look so pretty so quickly... stay so pretty so long!

Just the kiss of a puff and this magical make-up—Max Factor's wonder blend of creamy make-up base and powder-brings a soft, lovely look to your skin.

It veils tiny imperfections instantly... yet always feels fresh and light.

Yes, Creme Puff is the smoothest of make-ups...blended to super smoothness with lanolin-rich creams. It can't dry your skin. It can't absorb the natural skin moisture that causes other make-ups to streak or turn orangey.

That's why only Creme Puff by Max Factor looks so lovely—so long.

Creme Puff comes in 7 complexion-true shades. In star-studded compact, $1.25 plus tax; in De Luxe golden-tone compact (refillable), $3.75 plus tax. At department and drugstores.

Smooth, lasting loveliness— with just the kiss of a puff.

Creme Puff
made only by MAX FACTOR
HOLLYWOOD

Creme Puff (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood creamy powder make-up.
If the cast for "Giant" has not yet been chosen, I think the following would be wonderful: Richard Basehart as Bick; Ava Gardner or Jean Simmons as Leslie, Bick's wife; Robert Wagner as their son; Bick's son's tennis player.

Terry Moore as their daughter; Louis Calhern as Uncle Bawley; Susan Cabot as the son's wife and Steve Cochran as Jett Rink.

I have just finished reading "The Devil's Laughter," by Frank Yerby, which would make a wonderful movie with a cast as follows: Lance Fuller as Jean Paul Marin; Elaine Stewart as Lucienne Talbot; Lori Nelson as Nicole la Moyette and Cathy O'Donnell as Fleurette. I think this story would do wonders for the actors I've cast.

What I feel is a wonderful possibility for a motion picture was presented last night on the popular television program, "This Is Your Life"...the life story of Alice Marble, an outstanding athlete and an unbelievably brave woman. Her experiences would certainly include all the material necessary for a top film, comedy, tragedy, courage and fame.

For the title role my thought turned immediately to Shelley Winters who not only physically resembles Miss Marble but who also has the tomboy qualities and the warm and sincere personality so typical of this fine tennis player.

John Derek passes a "flight" test

...We wish Paramount would remake "Wings" using the following stars: Bob Wagner as Johnny; John Derek as Dave; Debbie Reynolds as Mary and Janet Leigh as Sylvia.

Weathers Inc...

(Continued from page 25)

She has a tremendous beauty advantage—she uses

Helene Curtis spray net

No other way keeps hair so softly in place all day

yet won't dry hair—adds flattering silkiness—and contains exclusive Spray-on Lanolin Lotion

Just one magic moment gives your hair flattering, day-long smoothness. Simply press the button—and the magic mist of Helene Curtis spray net keeps your hair the way you set it—softly, naturally, invisibly—all day, all evening. No more unsightly, straggly wisps nor unruly end curls.

For quick "emergency hair-do" when an unexpected invitation catches you with hair badly in need of setting, just put hair up in pin curls wherever your coiffure needs freshening up...spray net it, and let it dry Presto—hair can be beautifully groomed, for any occasion.

Ava's a "Giant" favorite


Helene Curtis spray net

(Continued on page 30)
Which of These Make-ups is CAKE?

Yes, cake—if you like a frankly glamorous make-up, flawless even in "close-ups."

If you're looking for a dramatic make-up then wear Solitair. No other type of make-up "covers" skin blemishes so completely.

With Solitair, your complexion appears completely flawless. Each tiny line and imperfection is discreetly hidden, leaving only faultless smoothness and beautifully-blended color. You may be amazed at the thrilling difference in your complexion, when Nature's little "errors" are artfully covered!

Yet—so rich in Lanolin—this non-drying cake never clogs pores (clinically proved). And so feather-light, it never looks (or feels) heavy.

By daylight Solitair is "outdoors-y", with the freshness of youth... by night, alluring perfection—always flawless-looking, even in close-ups. If you haven't liked other cakes, you'll still like Solitair... it's different from all others. (And for shoulders or legs, there's no make-up like it.)

Solitair CAKE MAKE-UP
7 shades—33¢, 65¢, $1.00

Which of These Make-ups is CREAM?

Yes, cream—if you crave the "natural look" or if dry skin is a special problem!

If you fear the "made-up look"—or if dry skin makes a creamy make-up desirable, then Campana's Magic Touch is ideal for you!

Magic Touch is a tinted cream quickly applied with finger-tips. You can feel its softening, lubricating quality as you put it on. Adds soft glowing color and radiant smoothness... covers little lines and imperfections so naturally they seem to melt away—so natural, it seems like your own skin!

Used without powder, Magic Touch makes your complexion appear dewy-fresh, with the slight sheen typical of youthful skin. Powdered lightly, it supplies a lovely mat finish. It's rich in Lanolin, soft and pleasant on your skin, richly protective against dryness, dust and grime.

So if you would have your complexion subtly whisper of "natural beauty"—or if your dry skin needs creamy make-up, you'll find Magic Touch is wonderfully right for you!

Magic Touch CREAM MAKE-UP
6 shades—43¢ and $1.00

All 3 by Campana...
the Most Flattering to You?

LIQUID?

Yes, liquid—if you can use a make-up so light, you hardly know you have it on!

If what you want most is delicate coloring and the youthful soft look, you'll find the answer in Campana's new liquid, Sheer Magic!

Sheer Magic is a completely new experience in make-up. As you apply this tinted liquid, you'll see its dainty color blend your complexion to flower-fresh smoothness, actually give it the soft bloom, soft look, of radiant youth. Little skin faults tactfully vanish, blended into soft harmony that makes your complexion gloriously even-toned and smooth.

Your skin feels like velvet...soft, pliable...actually baby-soft to the touch of a finger! Yet this make-up is so light, you hardly know you have it on. Special moistening agents in Sheer Magic create this look, and feel, of youthfulness. Softening as a lotion—it protects your skin.

If you can wear a sheer make-up, you'll be thrilled with Sheer Magic. Try it and see!

No one make-up is ideal for all complexions—which is right for you?

Cake...Cream...or Liquid...which make-up becomes you most excitingly?

No single make-up is ideal for all complexions (just as no one suit is perfect for all figures). Unless you have proved to yourself which type of make-up is best for you, you actually don't know how lovely you can look. Rare indeed, is the woman who really knows!

Campana makes all 3—Cake, Cream, and Liquid. Read on this page how they differ—decide which is best for your type of skin and complexion—and start tomorrow to wear the make-up that makes you your loveliest self.

And if you're not sure—experiment! Wear each of these fabulous make-ups on successive days—let your mirror, and lingering glances, tell you. It's so inexpensive to see "for sure"—and so thrilling to find the perfect answer!

Solitair Cake—Magic Touch Cream—and Sheer Magic Liquid—all from Campana...at cosmetic counters everywhere.

From the House of Campana

...where science and research join hands to give you the finest beauty products in the world.

Sheer Magic

LIQUID MAKE-UP

6 shades—only 79¢

Creator of Fine Cosmetics
I think Janet Leigh and Grace Kelly should play sisters. There is a striking resemblance between the two.

William A. Rose
Cliffside Park, New Jersey

QUESTION BOX:

In 49 years, this is my first letter about an actor or actress. But my friends and I fell very much in love with the young actor who played Willie Schwartz in "The Glenn Miller Story," and we'd like to know who he is.

We would like to know his name so we can watch for him when his pictures are advertised. Also, do you have a little information about him?

Mrs. Josie M. Corakas
Miami, Florida

That was Bart Walker. He's nineteen: 5'9", 155, brown hair and brown eyes. The brother of vocalist April Stevens, he has been in show business for sixteen years, played with Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Horace Heidt and Freddy Martin. He is also in "A Star Is Born."—ED.

Could you please tell me if and when a picture named "New Orleans" came out and who were the stars?

Ellen McLaughlin
Dorchester, Massachusetts

Released by United Artists on April 18, 1947, it starred Arturo de Cordova and Dorothy Patrick.—ED.

Who played the part of Johnny Kisco in "Those Redhearts from Seattle"?

Vera Rap
Kansas City, Missouri

Gene Barry.—ED.

Who played the part of the reporter in "Split Second"?

Peggy Jackson
Cambridge, Ohio

Keith Andes was Larry Fleming.—ED.

What is the name of the native girl that Burt Lancaster first met in the movie "His Majesty O'Keefe"?

She was not Joan Rice. Would you also tell me where I can get information about her?

Ralph Solomon
San Francisco, California

The girl who played Kakofel is Tessa Prendergast. Suggest you write to her at Warner Bros.—ED.

When was "My Darling Clementine" produced? I say it is an old picture. Others in the family say it is a new picture.

Edith Moren Baker, Oregon

20th Century-Fox released it in 1946, so it's neither old nor brand-new.—ED.

Please settle an argument. My friend insists Montgomery Clift is in his middle twenties, and I say he is in his early thirties. Who is right and what is his real age?

Barbara Mei
College Point, New York

You're right. He was born November 17, 1920.—ED.

My friend and I are having a spat about whether Howard Keel is married or not and how old he is. My friend says he is married and is around 33. I say he isn't married and is about 37 years old. Who is right?

Sharon Greene
Lowville, New York

Afraid you're wrong, Sharon. Howard was born April 13, 1919, and married second wife Helen Anderson in 1949.—ED.

Cheers for Glynis Johns! My friends and I think she is tops. How about some information on her?

D. K.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Born in South Africa in 1923, she has reddish-blond hair, blue-grey eyes. 5'3 1/2", 108 lbs. Married David Foster in 1952, has one child by a previous marriage to Anthony Forwood. She was in "The Sword and the Rose," "Rob Roy," and "Personal Affair" among others.—ED.

Who played the part of Jeanne Crain's boy friend in "Vicki," and where could I write to him?

Evelain Steil
Buford, North Dakota

Elliot Reid played Steve Chistenson. Contact him at 20th Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills.—ED.

Please settle an argument! I would like to know how many times "Gone with the Wind" was made and who were the leads each time.

Mrs. Edward Redmond
Decatur, Illinois

GWTW was only made once. M-G-M released it on January 17, 1941. It starred Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland.—ED.

Available at better stores everywhere.

Brilliant Sportswear, Inc.
1410 Broadway, New York
Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn’t the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn’t tell her.

Why risk the stigma of halitosis (bad breath) when Listerine Antiseptic stops it so easily . . . so quickly.

**No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This . . . Instantly**

Listerine does what no tooth paste does—instantly kills bacteria, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

**Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste**

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it’s easy to see why Listerine “belongs” in your home. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic every morning . . . every night . . . before every date.
SWIM CAPS

with Aqualox Seal

America’s most beautiful and fastest selling swim caps—high styled for 1954 “hair do’s” by the best U. S. and foreign designers. Only Sea Siren has Aqualox positive water seal — keeps hair dry without uncomfortable pressure.

and with Lustre-Sheen, a new miracle finish permanent color guard that keeps white caps whiter, colors brighter, 8 lovely colors, 3 sizes for perfect fit.

get set for summer fun! Get Sea Sirens at your favorite drug, variety or department store.

Pretty Products, Inc., Coshocton, O.

If your dealer can’t supply you, don’t settle for less — use coupon for prompt post-paid delivery.

Send — Sea Siren Caps @ $1.00 each.

CIRCLE COLOR: WHITE, YELLOW, RED, BLACK, RIO ROSE, CYPRESS GREEN, BALI BLUE, CHARTREUSE
CIRCLE SIZE: SMALL HEAD SIZE 21 to 22, MEDIUM 21 ½ to 22 ½, LARGE 22 ½ to 23.

Name
Address

MONEY, MONEY ORDER OR CHECK ENCLOSED

HE’S A KILLER DILLER!

- Not since the heyday of the crook-film stars has an actor won so many fans by acting mean and murderous. In only eight movies (latest, “Sign of the Pagan”), Jack Palance has registered as a unique personality. Even in a minor role like the gunman of “Shane,” which earned his second Oscar nomination, he stands out. His is an American success saga, from the mining town of Latimore, Pa., to a Broadway role in “A Streetcar Named Desire,” then to Hollywood. His 6'4" frame and bony features (rearranged by a prize-ring fling and a wartime plane crash) are ideal equipment for villainy. But they disguise his actual self. Watch him in action and remember, if you can, that he’s a quiet family man, husband of TV actress Virginia Baker and father of Holly and Brook. When he radiates pure evil that’s real acting!

His “Man in the Attic” (Constance Smith, Byron Palmer) was a maniac.
Reader's Digest Reports:

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
with Miracle Anti-Enzyme Ingredient GARDOL®
HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF!

(Proof that Brings New Hope to Millions for LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY)

5 QUICK FACTS FROM
THE READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE

“What About Anti-Enzyme Toothpastes?” December, 1953

1. Reader’s Digest says—The most effective anti-enzyme toothpaste ingredient tested was developed in the Colgate laboratories.
   (It’s Colgate’s miracle ingredient Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate)—found in no other leading toothpaste!

2. Reader’s Digest says—One of the foremost dental authorities in the world proved that this ingredient binds itself effectively to the teeth—holds, acid formation below the decay level in 95 per cent of cases tested.
   Unlike ordinary toothpaste ingredients, effective only for minutes, this protection won’t rinse off—won’t wear off—
   all day or all night!

3. Reader’s Digest says—Even 12 hours after brushing, this new Colgate anti-enzyme discovery continues to guard against the enzymes that cause tooth decay.
   (Thus, regular morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!)

4. Reader’s Digest says—in full-year clinical tests, supervised by leading dental authorities—4 out of 5 of the people who used New Colgate’s with Gardol developed no new cavities at all!
   Distinguished dentists examined this evidence and agreed—New Colgate’s with Gardol gives the surest protection against decay ever offered by any toothpaste!

5. Reader’s Digest says—New Colgate Dental Cream is the only toothpaste with clinical proof of its effectiveness in actually reducing the formation of new cavities.

NOW! NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CONTAINS GARDOL
(*SODIUM N-LAUCYOL SARCOSINATE)

For LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES
Give your hair a lanolin lift!

Give your hair twice the twinkle with the shampoo containing twice as much lanolin.

Helene Curtis lanolin shampoo

Lanolin Lotion Shampoo $0.29
Lanolin Creme Shampoo $0.49

Rory Calhoun plays pal to Tommy Ritter, on U-I's "Dawn at Sororro" set. You too can join Rory by sending in a contribution to United Cerebral Palsy, care of your postmaster during the month of May.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT—U.A. Directed by Rene Clair; Claude, Gerard Philipe; Edme, Martine Carol; Les, Gina Lolohirigida; Suzanne, Magali Vendeuil; Mme. Bonacera, Marilyn Butcher; Opera Director, Paola Stoppa; Roger the Mechanic, Raymond Bussieres; Leon the Policeman, Bernard Lajarrige; Paul the Pharmacist, Jean Paredes; Gaston, Raymond Cordy; The Old Gentleman, Pala; The Postman, Albert Michel.

CARNIVAL STORY—RKO. Directed by Kurt Neumann; Willy, Anne Baxter; Joe, Steve Cochran; Frank, Lyle Betiger; Vines, George Nader; Charley, Jay C. Flippen; Peggy, Helene Stanley; Groppo, Adi Berber.

CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT—Paramount. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod; Pippo Popolinic, Bob Hope; Francesca Bruni, Joan Fontaine; Lucio, Basil Rathbone; Elena Daligambetta, Audrey Dalton; Stefano DiGambetta, Hugh Marlowe; The Doga of Venice, Arnold Moss; Forezzi, John Carradine; Maggiorino, John Hoyt; Duchess of Genoa, Hope Emerson; Raffaele, Duc of Genoa, Robert Hutton; Edo, Leon Chanin; Bragaglia, Raymond Burr; Signora Rossa DiGambetta, Frieda Inescort; Corfa, Primo Carenza; Ignazio, Vincent Price; Carabaccio, Frank Puglia; Signor Alberto DiGambetta, Paul Cavanagh; Giovanni, Romo Vincent; Captain Rugolo, Henry Brandon; Signora Forenzi, Natalie Schaler; 1st Prisoner, Douglas Fowley; Gnocchi, Nestor Paiva; 2nd Prisoner, Lucien Littlefield; Maria, Barbara Precking; Beatrice, Joan Shawlee; Amadeo, Oliver Blake.

DANGEROUS MISSION—RKO. Directed by Louis King; Matt Hulett, Victor Mature; Louise Graham, Piper Laurie; Joe Parker, William Bendix; Paul Adams, Vincent Price; Mary Tiller, Betty St. John; Kalonai, Steve Darrell; Mrs. Elster, Marlo Dwyer; Dobson, Walter Reed; Pratt, Dennis Weaver; Elster, Harry Chesire.

LONG WAIT, THE—U.A. Directed by Victor Saville; Johnny McBride, Anthony Quinn; Gardner, Charles Coburn; Syren, Gene Evans; Venus, Peggie Castle; Wendy, Mary Ellen Kay; Carol, Shawn Smith; Tony, Dohores Donlon; Tucker, Barry Kelley; Lindsay, James Millican; Packman, Bruno Ve Sota; Hellboy, Jay Adler, Logan, John Damler; Pop Henderson, Frank Marlowe.

MA & PA KETTLE AT HOME—U.A. Directed by Charles Lamont; Ma Kettle, Marjorie Main; Pa Kettle, Percy Kilbride; Sally Maddocks, Alice Kelley; Elwin Kettle, Brett Halsey; Alphonse Mannering, Alan Mowbray; Grooduck, Oliver Blake; Cromer, Stan Ross; Billy Reed, Emory Parnell; Billy Kettle, Richard Eyer; Pete Crusty, Ross Elliott; Farmer Maddocks, Irving Bacon

NAKD JUNGLE, THE—Paramount. Directed by Byron Haskin; Joanna Leininger, Eleanor Parker; Christopher Leininger, Charles Heston; Incacha, Abraham Sofaer; Commissioner, William Conrad; Boat Captain, Romo Vincent; Medicine Man, Doug Fowley; Graber, John Dietz; Kutina, Leonard Strong; Zala, Norma Calderon; Foreman, John Mandelbeld; Indian Boy, Ronald Alan Numania; Graber's Indian, Bernie Goerzi; Fat Man, Jack Reese; Bit Indian, Todd Redwing; Indian Wife, Filer Del Rey; Indian Lover, John E. Wood; Graber's Indian, Jerry S. Groves; Bit Indian, Leon Lontoc; Native, John E. Wood; Indian Husband, Carlos Rivero.
HELD my breath as I went into the lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel Crystal Room to attend the Gold Medal Awards banquet and ceremonies—and I don’t think I let it out again until Mom and Dad took me home at midnight. There wasn’t time to do anything as earthly as breathing.

Above everything else, I had wanted to meet Esther Williams and as soon as I entered she materialized in front of me. Then, even before she could hand back my autograph book, the second portion of my dream came true—Tony Curtis bent down to whisper something and suddenly his arm was around me and photographers were taking my picture.

Is it any wonder now I’m back home in Van Horne, Iowa, that I have to look at my autograph book, see the beautiful evening gown hanging in my closet and take out the pictures to reassure myself that my attending (Continued on next page)
The red carpet was out for the Gold Medal guests who'd come to share in *Photoplay's* biggest night of the year.

Pier Angeli gave youthful sparkle to party. Date is Jeff Richards.

The Mike O’Sheas. Her gown was gorgeous and so was Ginny Mayo.

Jeff, with rising newcomer Bella Darvi, left next day to plug songs.

Alan Ladd and Marilyn Monroe were abroad when they were named top performers of 1953. But they came back for those Gold Medals!
the Gold Medal Awards dinner was for real? For nearly a month before the dinner, I'd let my imagination run riot—ever since the day I received the telephone call from Photoplay telling me I'd guessed the winners of the Photoplay Gold Medals and I would be going to Hollywood.

I met so many of my favorite stars before the banquet that my head was still swimming when we sat down. I can't begin to tell you all the wonderful people I met, but they included all my favorite stars and probably most of yours too. I met Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean, Piper Laurie and Dick Contino, Janet Leigh, Gene Nelson, Jeff Chandler, Cameron Mitchell, Dick Powell and June Allyson, Donald O'Connor and Julia Adams and Ethel Merman and, oh, so many others!

Then Mom actually gave me a sip of her champagne just so I could feel really grown up, and after we were finished everyone watched Alan Ladd receive his Gold Medal. And then Marilyn Monroe—everyone gasped when she got up, she was so beautiful, all shimmering in a silver-looking dress, and everyone applauded when she smiled as she received her Gold Medal. I was so grateful to both of them for winning and making it possible for me to win too, I was speechless. Then, after Ethel Merman and Donald O'Connor sang the duet which ended the show, I was so sleepy I could hardly stay awake until we reached our apartment at the Chateau Marmont.

And magnificent as the Awards dinner was, that isn't the end of my memories of this fabulous trip. I'll never forget Biff Elliot, who was the star of "I, the Jury," and his beautiful wife, Bette. When they met me at the station and Biff greeted me with "Hello, princess!"

I really felt like Cinderella. Then we stepped into a beautiful new Ford sedan, which had been placed at our disposal by Joe Saunders of the National Car Rental System, and we were off to Hollywood.

And how could I ever forget that magical moment at 20th Century-Fox when we were taken into the office of Charles LeMaire, who designs all the glamorous clothes for the stars at 20th, and he brought out the dress that had been made especially for me to wear at the party. Beautiful Bella Darvi, next to be seen in "The Egyptian," stopped by the fitting room and when she saw the dress, she said that when she was a little girl, it had been her dream to wear a dress exactly like this one.

While I was waiting for the dress to be finished, I was taken into the beauty parlor at the studio and Gladys Rasmussen, who fixes Marilyn Monroe's coiffure, set my hair. And even just going to the Gold Medal banquet party was exciting. Lance Fuller, who is going to be seen in "This Island Earth," and Rand Saxon, who was discovered by Mr. Sammis of Photoplay and is now under contract to Universal, picked us up at the hotel.

Nor did the excitement stop when the party was over. The next morning we went to the Universal-International studios and met Audie Murphy entering the commissary, then took a tour of the Farmers Market until it was time to change clothes and be taken to the Holiday House on Malibu Beach for dinner.

The last day we spent at the Arrowhead Springs Hotel, which is located in some of the most beautiful scenery in the world.

And then finally it was all over, and I was almost glad to be going home. Everything had been so perfect I'll have these wonderful days to look back on and remember.
"cute tomato"!

by Cutex

NEW... the FRESHEST, RIPEST RED ever Cultivated...

Prettiest Pick for Lips and Fingertips!

Warning to bachelors! Here comes the gayest, brightest, cutest breath of spring that ever breezed into town! It's YOU... flaunting this season's fresh and flirty new red..."Cute Tomato" by Cutex.

A stop, look and whistle red... that's just your dish for spring!

Separates by Cole of California;
Fabric by A.B.C.:
Look for "Cute Tomato" fashions when you shop!

Help Yourself to "Cute Tomato"... in
Chip-Pruf Cutex, America's best-wearing nail polish, 15¢
Pearl Cutex, new iridescent polish—the last word in luxury, 39¢
Cutex Stay Fast, creamiest, longest-lasting lipstick ever created, 59¢
Cutex Duo Vanity Stand with Pearl Cutex and Stay Fast Lipstick, 98¢.

Prices plus tax
No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

There's Cold Cream now in Camay

"Your skin will love it!"

says Mrs. James Fritzell, a radiant Camay Bride. "Camay with cold cream is so luxurious! I tried it the minute I heard about it, and I think it's the most marvelous complexion care ever!"

New Luxury at No Extra Cost! Camay is the only leading beauty soap that contains precious cold cream. And women everywhere tell us it's the most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care.

Whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling marvelously cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll love Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, rich silken-soft lather, and caressing fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap in all the world!

Now more than ever ... The Soap of Beautiful Women
During the past few years there has been a tendency on the part of all of us to scoff at motion pictures and the town of Hollywood in which they are made. Television came along to usurp momentarily the place of Hollywood in our hearts. Idols fell. It was smart to “dig the dirt” on actresses and actors, to hint in public print the things not fit to be said in polite parlors in proper homes. It’s true that certain persons in Hollywood brought on much of this scandal by publicly flouting the ideals of decent behavior. But, to Hollywood citizens’ plea that they were cleaning their own houses, many of us turned a deaf ear.

With such clean, wholesome entertainment as “The Glenn Miller Story,” gripping drama such as “The Caine Mutiny,” colorful pageantry such as “Prince Valiant,” being shown on our nation’s screens, it is time to take stock of this community called Hollywood. It is time to reaffirm our faith in the human decency that is inherent in the stars and in the leaders of an industry which can create such fine entertainment.

To this purpose, PHOTOPLAY is now rededicating itself.
Ornitz
Hollywood
Rock

Hudson: Working overtime on "Bengal Rifles" gave pal Jeff Chandler a break!

The Beefcake Boys: Bob Wagner tore all the way back from La Jolla (he was visiting his parents) to keep a promise. A close friend has three little girls who worship Bob and every year they ask him to ride in the Girl Scouts parade and help them sell cookies. This year the cookies sold like hot cakes! Debbie Reynolds was in the parade too and later, just like old times, she and Bob had coffee together in Beverly Hills... Scott Brady's buddies refer to him as "Nature Boy
Brady” since he makes those daily trips to Malibu Beach where May Wynn lives. The cold waters of the Pacific hold no terrors for the year-round swimmer, who’s also a steak-and-potato man who loves to barbecue for May’s guests. According to Scott, he’s had his fill of free-lancing and will willingly settle down with any studio that offers him the right deal . . . And speaking of contracts, Tab Hunter who prefers to free-lance had to give Warners an option on a long-term contract before they’d cast him in “Battle Cry.” When he left for the Puerto Rico Island location, Tab received a first-aid kit from Lori Nelson. It contained pills for everything from a tooth-ache—to a toe ache! . . . While Rock Hudson worked all night in “Bengal Rifles,” it was a break for Jeff Chandler. He got to date Betty Abbott! And speaking of Rock, a fan sent him that white leather-bound album of “Glenn Miller” tunes that cost twenty-five dollars. There was no return address, so Rock asked Cal to express his gratitude here! . . . Personal to Fernando Lamas: “Every unattached glamour girl in Hollywood wants you for dinner parties—but they can’t find you! Even your agent swears he’s out of touch!” The truth is, Fernando’s back bothers him much more than his heart. He’s suffering from sciatica, the result of an old and painful back injury, so his doctor ordered him to remain incommunicado in Palm Springs. Once a week, Fernando slips into (Continued on page 98)
• Out of this world with Liz, riding the clouds toward the sun, an old Liz-lover felt he was on the plane for paradise. Liz too was elated—Mike was waiting in Paris. "We are having another honeymoon, Mike and I," Liz said.

"How many does this make?"

"The first was at Alpe d'Huez," Liz said. "Only a week because of work. Later, three months honeymooning in Copenhagen and Rome and Capri. Now every weekend in Paris."

It seemed to me there must be a clause in the motion-picture Moral Code forbidding actresses to go on honeymoons every weekend, even married actresses.

"Have you read the Moral Code, Liz?" I asked.

"I have read all Mickey Spillane," Liz said.

"Mickey Spillane did not write the Moral Code, Liz."

"I love the way sleuth Mike Hammer melts women with his kiss of fire," chortled Liz. "The kiss of fire!"

"Liz!"

Paternalism is pardonable in a pappy who remembers Liz the whizz on roller skates, black hair flying in a cloud or a sprite on a wild horse taking the jumps.

Daredevil Liz must now content herself with reading, rather than living dangerously herself.

Switching from kiss-of-fire Hammer to Phil Marlowe, private eye of Raymond Chandler's epics, she expressed concern over Phil's frigidity under women's fiery kisses. Was he inhibited? Her anxiety was relieved when I revealed that Phil was melted down by a millionairress in Chandler's latest book. He still showed abnormal virtue though, I said, in rejecting all gifts, even the engraving of Abe Lincoln on a treasury note. This abnormality did not disturb Liz. (Continued on page 113)
Their millionaires could give them everything but—the love no money can buy

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

It’s the most natural thing in the world to want to marry the richest boy in the block. Doesn’t the dream of every young girl contain a tall, dark, handsome youth with whom she can drift through life without financial worries? To catch a man who can buy tickets to the ends of the earth today, instead of waiting for a possible tomorrow, who can afford a Cadillac right now instead of a beat-up jalopy, who can match diamonds to the gleam in a girl’s eyes—isn’t this part of the dream? And when you are among the world’s most beautiful and most talented women, why should your dream be different?

Unfortunately, to the bitter disappointment of Hollywood’s beauties, dreams are not the stuff reality’s made of. Could anyone be more beautiful than Elizabeth Taylor or Lana Turner? More talented than Leslie Caron? Just as you and I are enchanted, so were the men whose millions can buy anything for the lady of their choice. Almost anything, that is.

I remember the beginning of the romance between sweet Leslie Caron, star of “Lili” and “An American in Paris,” and handsome Geordie Hormel, the young heir to the fabulous meat-packing fortune. He had his music, his money; Leslie had her dancing feet, her career. And so they were married. I lunched with Leslie when she came back from the honeymoon and she was still on cloud number nine. “We are so (Continued on page 102)

$1,000,000

Janet Leigh passed up a fortune when she rejected Arthur Loew Jr. for the love of Tony Curtis. Below, with Arthur, Nancy Sinatra

“Marriage is more important to me than a career,” said Leslie Caron. But two years later she danced away from the Hormel millions
As the wife of Aly Khan, whose father, the Aga Khan, controlled the purse, Rita Hayworth paid a bitter price for the title Princess.

Marriage to Don Topping put Lana Turner in society, left her with heartbreak and debts. She's a million times happier with Lex Barker.

HEARTBREAKERS

Her marriage to Nicky Hilton was a fabulous fairy tale with an unhappy ending. But it matured Liz Taylor for life with Mike Wilding.

Now Hollywood wonders whether Gene Tierney will profit by the experience of Rita—or take that chance on love with playboy Aly.
STRICTLY PRIVATE AFFAIR?

How much should be printed about a star's private life?

In January, Photoplay featured an article called "Jeff's Other Love," describing the childhood friendship of Susan Hayward and Jeff Chandler in Brooklyn and their unhappy marriages in Hollywood after they had each achieved success.

The Editors thought it was a powerful and revealing story of two top stars in whom Photoplay readers have shown extraordinary interest. It was a warm story of ambition rising above all obstacles and a hopeful one for the future. But Jeff Chandler feels that his past should be his own. Was Jeff justified in his stand?

You are the final judge. Does a star have the right to make his personal life a strictly private affair? Or is the public—you—entitled to know all the things you want to know, and need to know, about your favorite stars?

PHOTOPLAY

Should or Should not write about a star's private life?

You decide.

Think carefully before you answer the question above. What you tell us will influence the type of articles you'll read in Photoplay in the future.

Answer

Name

Address

Paste this ballot on a two-cent postal card and mail to Readers' Dept., Photoplay, P. O. Box 1282, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
I found I didn’t need books to bring up my children. The right answer was in my heart.

Ricky’s always laughing, the life of the party. Pammy is gentle and thoughtful.

MOTHERS ARE FOR LOVING!

BY JUNE ALLYSON

- As a mother, I’ve always had to work things out concerning my children, in my own way. Some mothers find their solutions in psychology books. But for me, I know that deep down within my heart I’ll find the answers. When Pammy and Ricky have to be disciplined I try to make them understand it’s a sign I care. Youngsters have to feel that from parents. Take away love and you take away the surest guarantee that a child will attempt to work through his problems. As far as I am concerned children can be children. And if that means noise, that’s all right with me. I draw the line only when I think Pammy and Ricky might be endangering themselves or others. As a working mother, I’ve learned to make the most of the time I can be with my children, to relax and enjoy them. And when I hear their happy voices, I know I needn’t worry. Pammy and Ricky know for sure—mothers are for loving.

Pictures by Ornitz • June Allyson is in “Executive Suite”
My playtime with Pammy and Ricky is... brief when I'm working. I make every minute count.

Cuddling and love—they mean so much to a child.
Terry can take it!
On Christmas Eve, a heartbroken Terry Moore lay face down on an Army cot in the Far East and tried to cry away the hurt and shock and bewildered disappointment that had engulfed her a few hours ago. Until then, everything had been so perfect, and Terry's heart was filled to overflowing. In her mind she could see the upturned faces of the audience she would soon be playing to, the most appreciative audience in the world—the lonely GI's in Korea—happy and smiling because it was Christmas and someone from home had remembered and come all the way to entertain them. It wouldn't take away all the loneliness that comes from being away from home on Christmas, but for a few hours, at least, they would be happy. Terry had almost cried when she thought how lucky she was to have this opportunity. And now she lay sobbing. Continued on next page
Terry can take it!
Continued from previous page

Terry's philosophy in life is to learn from everything that happens to her

She had just been told that she was not good enough to entertain these lonely men and been ordered home because the authorities said her ermine bathing suit was so sexy it constituted a menace to the morale of the GI's.

Terry buried her head in the pillow and her body was torn with wracking sobs at her disappointment. And as she thought of the world-wide publicity that was probably being given her deportation order, shame was added to the disappointment. Everyone would be laughing at her and even her friends would think the whole thing was nothing but a deliberate publicity stunt.

"It's so unfair," she sobbed bitterly. "It isn't a bathing suit at all. And it certainly isn't sexy. If I'd wanted to be sexy, I'd have worn something slinky and black with a slit in the skirt—and put out one knee like Dietrich. Fur isn't sexy. Fur makes me look like a little round Teddy bear, and in white it's perfect for Christmas." And she couldn't help wondering why all this had happened to her. Her costume wasn't anywhere nearly as abbreviated as the one being worn by another girl in the troupe.

The next morning, Terry was still red-eyed from crying the entire night, but her bitterness was gone. "I guess that's just one of those things," she said to her mother. "But I did want so much to entertain the boys." Her mother patted her gently on the arm and continued packing, and after a little while Terry went outside.

Almost before she was out the door, a group of GI's spotted her and rushed over, surrounding her and all talking at once. Out of the confusion, Terry caught one sentence. "If you think that bunny suit of yours is sexy, you should have seen the show before this."

For a moment Terry began to think she was besieged by autograph hunters and she reached in her bag for a pencil. Then suddenly everyone was quiet and one of the men handed her a little piece of metal. Terry looked at it and gasped. It was a medal, a symbol of bravery on the field of battle, and Terry knew how much it meant to the man who had earned such distinction.

She tried to pull her hand away. "Oh no! I couldn't accept this from you."

"Please, Terry, take it," the man said. "It isn't much but it's all I have, and I want you to know we're glad you came and we want you to stay."

And then—almost as if they were doing her a favor—the other men filed past and laid their medals in Terry's numb hand. "We're with you, Terry. Thanks for coming."

Terry's eyes filled as she realized what these men were doing. All over the world people might be laughing at her—even her friends—but here were these men, the lonely GI's who really knew what was happening, giving her the most touching testimonial possible.

Finally Terry turned and stumbled inside the hut, speechless and touched to the heart.

And in a few hours this spontaneous verdict was reinforced by a wire from Washington reading: "We prefer Terry Moore stay." It came a scant hour before Terry and her mother were to board the plane for their ignominious trip home, and Terry's disappointment vanished as she went happily about the business she had come for—entertaining the GI's.

But much of the shame remained from the publicity that had been given her bathing suit. As she had suspected, many people did think she had staged the whole thing as a publicity stunt, and some of them even began to imply that the only reason she had gone to Korea was for publicity. Even many of the people she had thought were her friends began to sing the same chorus. Terry was hurt and shocked beyond words.

But then letters began to pour in on

Terry and her mother are close companions, discuss her future and career
Terry and her mother flipped when told they were going to the Cannes Film Festival, all expenses paid, later were heartbroken when Terry was hospitalized and they couldn’t attend.

Terry that told an entirely different story. Grateful letters, thanking her “as the parents of one of the boys so far from home—God bless you, for brightening their lives—even for a little while.” Angry letters from GI’s decrying “the pseudo-patriots who try to dictate to other people what’s right and wrong.” Admiring letters saying what a lucky guy her brother is “to have a sister like you.” And lonely letters still pour in, letters straight from the heart to her own, beginning, “It’s raining tonight in Korea, Tiny Terry—and there’s only the memory of your visit. I’ve relived it a thousand times...”

And in a white bungalow in West Los Angeles these many evenings, Terry Moore has relived it too—with them. They’ve answered her own heart in a troubled time when she’s been accused of using her Korean trip for personal publicity. When she’s been maligned by the very people she had thought were her friends and criticized for socializing too much, butterflying around, for being fickle and flitting from date to date for sweet publicity’s sake. When she’s been stabbed in the back in print with untruths and sexy innuendoes and tabbed heartbreakingly as Terry ‘Ermine Panties’ Moore.

It isn’t true, the things they have been saying, but that doesn’t take away very much of the sting, and being one of the top stars in the business just makes her all the more vulnerable, because everything she says and does is in the public spotlight.

Right now Terry is facing the same thing that almost every girl faces at one time or another—that sudden day when friends are no longer friends and nothing you can do seems to be right. It happens to everyone, and when it does, it is one of the stiffest challenges a person can face. Sometimes it even marks a turning point in the person’s life, especially for a star who has not only her personal life to worry about but also has (Continued on page 99)
WHO STOOD OFF 250 NAZIS
EALS SHOW FROM GENERALS

Tahn, Who Came Up Hard Way to Bal-
Kid Commission, Wears About All
Decorations There Are.

WHO STOOD OFF 250 NAZIS
EALS SHOW FROM GENERALS

This is YOUR LIFE
Audie Murphy

By Ralph Edwards
Audie Murphy thought he had
won all his battles when he made
his heroic exit from war. But he
had still harder fights to win.

You need no introduction here. Not only have the eyes
of Texas but the eyes of the whole world been
upon you since you were seventeen. Soldier and star.
Yours is a life that stretches from cotton fields to
carbines and now before the cameras in Hollywood.
PHOTOPLAY hasn't pages enough to present here all
those who've shared your eventful twenty-nine years.
Among them, those so well remembered who've walked
with you through misery and victory. From the deep
heart of your own homeland, through the desert of
North Africa, across the beachhead at Anzio and
through green vineyards in France.
Through the years, you've had many names. They've
called you "Short-breeches" and "Irish" and ducked
when they called you "Baby-face." Many have called
you hero—though you yourself called heroes those
"who didn't come home." Courage in any form is still
a tender word to you. A word nobody uses who calls
you friend.
Once you defined bravery. "I'll tell you what bravery
is," you said. "It's anger, and hunger, and wet and cold
—and wanting to be back in a (Continued on page 94)
Motherhood can be a

Nine Months' Beauty

Esther Williams is in "Jupiter's Darling"

This star has had three children and still kept her famous figure.
If you want to know my qualifications for this particular article I can only give you the facts, Ma'am. In less than four-and-a-half years I've produced three babies—the first August 6, 1949 and the third (and I hope not last) on October 1, 1953. As a motion-picture actress, my work calls for tip-top physical health and constant attention to what I laughingly call "my looks." And I'm convinced that any Lady-in-waiting can emerge from pregnancy with the expectation of looking better and feeling better than ever and also with a better figure than she had before.

To do this is not easy. For nine months, from the time a gal feels she is being followed by some bird that could turn out to be a stork, she needs to fortify herself with large amounts of will power and self-imposed discipline. And after the Great Day arrives, she must continue for a few months to pay strict attention to exercise, diet, rest and beauty routines.

Pregnancy makes tremendous physical, emotional and mental changes in a woman. And because of these new, and sometimes frightening, sensations it is easy to slip into seclusion, neglecting daily

Continued on next page→
Motherhood can be a
Nine Months’
Beauty Course

beauty routines, foregoing daily exercise in the open air, nibbling all day long on everything in sight, wallowing in self-pity while contemplating not a Lost Weekend but a Lost Waistline.

Still I say Life Can Be Beautiful if you’ll make it so.

Obstetricians are in agreement that pregnancy is not an illness but a perfectly normal experience. They also feel, as one of them said, “The informed woman today realizes that in pregnancy she should have care as exacting as in pneumonia; she in turn should be as obedient to her doctor as if she were diabetic. For nine months a pregnant woman is in training as surely as an athlete, and for a much more precious cause than the honor of the greatest alma mater, you’ll have to admit.”

Before our eldest son was born, I developed a profound respect for my body which I had too long taken for granted. I planned to give it the very best care possible so that it, in turn, could do its natural job effectively. When Dr. Bradbury said, during my first visit to his office, “This is what you were designed for,” I knew he spoke the truth. And when he discussed diet, weight control, rest, I resolved to obey his commands as if he were a hard-boiled Marine sergeant.

Let’s talk first about exercise. Today, more and more women are saying, “I want to have my babies and my figure too!” They’re living proof that a Blessed Event does not, in itself, ruin a woman’s figure. Just look at the curvaceous mothers of two and three children on the

7
APPROVED EXERCISES

1. Stretch arms sideways, then raise, bring hands together. Lower arms, rest. Repeat five times

2. Relax arms at sides, breathe with abdomen five times

3. Feet slightly apart, bend knees upwards. Raise buttocks so body rests on soles and shoulders. Press knees together, contract muscles of lower abdomen at same time

4. Raise one knee sharply towards abdomen and bring foot down to the buttocks. Then straighten out leg, lower it to bed. Do this first with one leg, then with the other
stage, in films and TV. Control of diet and general health, firm support of maternity bra and (if needed) maternity girdle, exercises to strengthen the abdominal wall and the pelvis before and after delivery and a good-sized dose of determination are needed. An athletic girl may get right back to her prepregnant figure; a girl who has gained far too much may have a real fight on her hands. But her figure is always within a mother’s control, for the changes wrought by pregnancy are not permanent.

When one friend who has heard me stress exercise while awaiting a pablum-muncher—and afterwards—asked her doctor why he hadn’t prescribed exercises for her, he said, “Oh, I’ve given instructions and given them but I’ve found that so few mothers have the will power to do them that I just don’t bother any more. They say they are too tired and too busy and then they get guilt complexes about neglecting their exercises and it only upsets them.”

I believe that simple daily exercise before and after baby comes—prevents flabbiness, poor circulation, helps tension and insomnia, eases the stages of labor and also pays a pleasurable dividend in rediscovering a pre-baby waistline and bustline. Those who pay no attention to diet and exercise increase their size—as they increase their families.

Your doctor will tell you what exercise you may take during pregnancy and he’ll stress that the important thing is to avoid overdoing it and (Continued on page 84)

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**TO REGAIN YOUR FIGURE**

5. Raise first one leg then the other without bending the knee, lower slowly, using abdominal muscles. Then raise both legs at once, lifting higher as you grow stronger

6. Lying flat on bed—be sure to discard pillows—raise head and try to place chin on your chest without moving any other part of the body. Repeat exercise ten times

7. Stretch out on bed, without pillows, cross arms on chest. Then raise head and shoulders, just enough to clear bed at first. Later, try to rise to sitting position with your feet crossed and arms clasped behind your head
When early last spring, Janet Leigh politely told her M-G-M bosses that, please, she would like a month’s leave of absence, those bosses were startled and perturbed—not so much by the request itself, as by the glint of determination in Janet’s hazel eyes hinting that if she didn’t get what she asked for, she was prepared to take it. This, they felt, was not like the Janet they knew. They were so right.

“A month’s leave of absence?” they asked. “What for?”

“A vacation,” Janet told them.

“Oh—you’re thinking of going somewhere? Taking a trip?”

But Janet shook her blond head. She was not thinking, she said, of taking any trip. She just wanted to stay home. And when she spoke the word home, she seemed to be hugging to herself a special secret delight.

“But,” she said, “it has to be a real leave of absence. No telephone calls, no interviews, no photographers taking pictures for a magazine layout, no publicity cocktail parties or appearances at premières. No scripts to read—definitely underlined, no scripts to read!”

“Well!” said the bosses to one another, resignedly. “Women! Actresses! Even sensible, businesslike, co-operative actresses like our Janet (Continued on page 106)
LEIGH
Jane Russell's Happiest Year

By Beverly Ott

She was living in Columbus at the time—in a state bordering on heaven!

Mrs. Coney still remembers that night when she saw young Mrs. Waterfield sitting alone on the front steps. A light rain had begun, but the girl apparently hadn't noticed. She sat looking into the apartment, where the lights were warm and the atmosphere homelike.

"What in the world are you doing out in this weather?" Mrs. Coney asked quietly.

"Thinking," said the girl. "I've been thinking. I guess I'm happier right here than I've ever been in my whole life."...

"And I believe she was," says Mrs. Coney today, "Of course, I knew nothing about her life—except that she had been in movies. She never talked about it. No one here had seen the film she'd made, but everyone had heard of her."

In Hollywood, and elsewhere, Mrs. Waterfield was known as Jane Russell. This was 1943... another wartime year when people lived uneasily in a... (Continued on page 109)
The young man standing at the door had his arms so full of bags and bags of groceries, his face was half-hidden and he could scarcely spare even a pinky to buzz the bell. He had grapefruit and soup and potatoes and milk and lettuce and celery and pate de foie gras—and a huge slab of mouth-watering steak big enough to feed at least ten people! It was the greatest.

When the woman opened the door, she didn’t bat an eye. “I’m sorry,” she said, “You have the wrong apartment. I didn’t order any groceries.”

Then she saw who was behind the small mountain of paper bags and flipped, “Marlon! Come in! Come on in!” She hugged his arm and tried to rebuke him. “But you shouldn’t have brought anything.”

Marlon Brando grinned happily and swaggered into the kitchen as if he owned the place. “You said it was pot luck,” he quipped, “and that’s what I brought—a pot o’ luck.”

As usual, Marlon was crossing up the people who claim he is selfish and (Continued on page 104)
Is Marlon Brando as bad as he’s printed? Here is what an ace reporter learned about the man some critics call...

WILD ONE
This is not something for the boys! But you will be if you follow Elaine Stewart’s beauty routine.

- Definitely in the Crawford-Dietrich-Turner tradition, Elaine Stewart, M-G-M’s newest glamour doll, smiles provocatively and says, “I have no beauty secrets—no special creams made for me at midnight by a mermaid under water, no incantations to make my eyes shine or potions to keep my skin flawless. But,” she adds, seriously, “I do have my own particular beauty routine. I devote one night a week to it—absolutely regularly and absolutely every week.”

Elaine knows that pretty faces are a dime a dozen in Hollywood. And beautiful figures are no novelty either. But the combination of both is rare—and potent. Elaine has both and she means to keep both. And more than most girls, this rising young star understands the basic beauty techniques that make the difference between being just another pretty girl and an irresistibly appealing woman. It is to her own brand of feminine allure that her weekly beauty sessions are dedicated.

She chooses Monday evening for her beauty rites. One of Hollywood’s most sought-after dates, she looks forward to it as a luxurious time to relax after a busy weekend. On Mondays only, Elaine eats her heaviest meal at noon, with only a light supper at night. That’s to help her get a sound nine-hour beauty sleep—not the least important part of any beauty program. This girl is too smart to overlook what sleep can contribute to sparkling eyes and satiny skin.

An hour after supper, Elaine starts her (Continued on page 92)
Don't Twist Cupid's Arm!

by Piper Laurie

Not long ago, shortly before my twenty-first birthday, I sat with my escort—a boy I'll call Jimmy—at a ringside table in Ciro's. I'd just finished a superb dinner, the orchestra was playing my favorite dance music and before long I'd be watching one of the most famous night-club acts in the world. Despite all this, I wasn't having a particularly good time.

When Jimmy excused himself for a moment to table-hop and say hello to some of his friends across the room, I sat there feeling miserable and not knowing why. Just then Ann Blyth and her husband, Dr. Jim McNulty, came dancing past. Both of them smiled at me. Ann was radiant with happiness, and Dr. Jim looked like a man who'd won the most precious prize in the world, as indeed he had.

I thought, "There goes the girl I'll be like when I'm twenty-six, if I'm lucky—and smart." Five years ago Ann was my age, just getting well established, not married and not engaged to anyone. I remembered how people had been constantly asking her why she didn't do something about marriage and how she'd laughed at them all in her sweet way. The laughter had said in effect, "When I find him, you'll know it."

She probably chose to put in many an evening alone before she finally found her Dr. Jim—rather than date just for the sake of going out. But here before my eyes was the result of her patience and good sense—the happiest girl in (Continued on page 86)
“When a girl's lonely it's easy to be grateful for companionship. But gratitude certainly isn't love.”
The Bride Is

Queen for a day in beautiful silver-white—silvery tones mark gown as 1954's most elegant. A Photoplay Exclusive! Rita Gam is enchanting in traditional imported lace over satin and nylon tulle. Bodice is frosted with iridescent appliques, gathered skirt sweeps into handsome cathedral train which may also be worn floor length. 8-20. $125. By Arden of Campus Bridals Inc. Matching jeweled pillbox, silk illusion veil. By Lori. Cultured pearl necklace, earrings. By Imperial

The Bridesmaid Is

Lovely Eva Marie Saint in soft froth of nylon chiffon, a pretty and gay complement for the bride's gown. Attendant's dress is proper for the wedding ceremony, dances happily on for later party-time wear. Draped cowl neck scoops becomingly in front and back ending in fly-away panel. Coral, pink, blue, aqua, white, maize, lilac. 7-15, 8-16. $40. By David Klein. Organdy bonnet in matching colors. By Bridal Modes. White glacé shortie gloves. By Alexette Bacmo
Rita Gam's latest is U-I's "Sign of the Pagan"

Eva Marie Saint is in Columbia's "On the Waterfront"

Bouquets courtesy of Irene Hayes

For helpful hints on how to apply wedding-day make-up see page 49

FOR MORE FASHIONS →
The Bride's Jewels

Matching diamond and gold engagement and wedding rings. Artcarved.
17-jewel watch with gold-filled expansion bracelet. $47.50 (plus tax). Orloff

The Bride's Gifts

Pretty bed linen set: double-size white percale sheet, white pillowcases with gay candy-stripe trim, in blue, pink, yellow, green. $14.95. By Wamsutta

Always-fresh fitted percale sheets in yellow, pink, blue, lilac, green, rose. $2.89. Matching cases, 98¢. By Stevens-Mohawk

For sleepy heads, a foam latex pillow with washable cotton cover. $8.95. By Wamsutta

All-matching ribbed bath accessories—face cloth, 49¢; hand towel, $1.29; bath towel, $2.98; bath mat, $4.95. White, pink, aqua, blue, green, coral, yellow, burgundy, orchid. Wamsutta

To cook foods quickly and deliciously, a 4-qt. aluminum pressure cooker. $12.95. Wear-Ever

For good-tasting coffee brewed just right, a 2-cup aluminum percolator. $2.95. By Wear-Ever

Any bride can cook with this 10" fryer with non-tarnishable cover. $8.25. Hallite by Wear-Ever

Complete your cooking utensils, a deep pot and cover to match fryer. $6.25. Hallite, Wear-Ever

To dress a handsome table, six-piece sterling silver luncheon place setting in the new "Rose Solitaire" pattern. $29.75 per setting (tax inc.). By Towle

Easy-to-clean round aluminum covered serving dish, 9" in diameter, can double as two individual dishes. $10. Kensington

For hot sauces, a fine sterling silver pipkin. $17.50; sterling tray, $5 (tax inc.). Towle

On opposite page; "Black Forest" 400-day clock, polished brass, glass dome. $26.95. Kundo

Good tools are practical helpmates. Set of six steel knives, will not chip or peel, $45.30 with handsome holder included. Cutco

Set of eight stainless steel steak knives in mahogany case. $43.40 with case. By Cutco

Table-chest for all your sterling and stainless steel services. Blonde or dark finish, with 5-piece starter set of "Silver Rhythm" pattern in sterling, plus one 4-piece setting in stainless steel, "Stockholm" pattern. Complete: $106 (tax inc.). By International Sterling

Sectional sterling-silver candelabra to be used in variety of ways for entertaining. Console candleholder $17.20 each; pillar $17.15 each; branch $38.60 each (tax inc.). Westmorland

Regency aluminum canape plate can also be used for fruit or flower or vegetable arrangements. About $10. By Kensington
Cup and saucer in new “Crossroads” pattern. Grey and white or all white. $2.95. By Arzberg.

For the most precious part of your table setting, this six-piece solid sterling set in new “Decor,” $42.25 (tax inc.). By Gorham.

Elegant tall teapot in solid white porcelain. $5.95. Arzberg.

For informal or formal table settings, silver-plated bread tray in “Spring Garden” pattern. $10 (plus tax). Holmes & Edwards.

Decorative matching sterling silver berry spoon, $18; server, $13 (tax inc.) “George & Martha.” By Westmorland.

**The Bride Goes Away.**

For smooth, slim lines, a fabric-lined latex girdle without seams, stitches, stays and bones. Full Freedom. Wonder White, pink, S, M, L. $7.95. Playtex

For "where to buy" see page 89
To bring out the hidden glamour of your beauty zone*

Wear Life Bras by FORMFIT

If you are one of the 47 out of every 100 women who are dissatisfied with the bra they’re now wearing, know the thrill of wearing the right LIFE BRA! Because only Formfit makes bras for every figure need!

In all the world there’s not another figure quite like yours. It’s this difference that makes it necessary to have bras designed to fit the under developed bust, as well as the firm, the pendulous, the “A” through the “D” cup.

Perhaps you are one of the 47 out of every 100 women now dissatisfied . . . perhaps you didn’t know that brassieres, whether strapless, longline, padded or bandeaux are available to meet your own individual requirements.

Know, as our designers know, a bra must fit you — you must not be uncomfortably molded to a bra. No other brand offers the precise fit made possible by Life Bras. Life by Formfit offers the largest selection in the world. Surely you’ll want to make your next bra—a Life Bra. All the better stores have them. Prices $1.25 to $5.00.

FREE! “Your Figure Type—What To Do About It”—This new, informative Formfit booklet shows how you can determine your figure type, and how to make the most of it. No cost or obligation. Mailed in plain envelope. Write to The Formfit Company, Dept. S-54, 400 S. Peoria, Chicago 7, Ill.


That Best-Dressed Look

For more fashions, turn to page 90
Photographs
by
Sterling Smith

DANCING
SPRITE
Once upon a time Debbie Reynolds vowed she'd quit movies if "stardom ever became dull!" We don't think there's a chance of such a catastrophe happening to Deb's admiring fans. For nowadays, life's anything but dull for this dancing doll who, in between picture chores, voice and fencing lessons, finds time to study ballet. Deb, who recently scored in the St. Louis stage show of "Gigi," loves to dance, hopes to do more musical films. Deb's date life is busy too. And once a boy holds her in his arms on a dance floor, she has him floating on air!
GOOD MAN GETS BETTER

Richard Allan is in
"The Egyptian"

Our boy Dick Allan got off to a great start. In “Niagara,” he was Marilyn Monroe’s secret lover. In “The Snows of Kilimanjaro,” his dancing lured Ava Gardner from Gregory Peck’s side. And the readers of Photoplay voted him tops in the “Choose Your Stars” contest. He knows he’s lucky to be in 20th Century-Fox’s “The Egyptian,” though he has a minor part. In a sure hit, Dick Allan’s on his way to the top
Donna Reed's slip from the motion-picture ways of virtue was brief but profitable; her "hostess" in "From Here to Eternity" led the Academy to designate her the best supporting actress this year. Now she has reformed, back in the popular Westerns—and no heroine can be more virtuous than a Western heroine. That's good casting, for in real life, Donna is sweet Mrs. Tony Owen, the devoted mother of Penny, Tony, Jr. and Timothy.
A colorful, offbeat character when he first arrived in Hollywood, Victor Mature is no longer just a "beautiful hunk of man." With his simple, moving portrayal of Demetrius in "The Robe," Vic established himself firmly as an actor of real stature. The role won him a PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Citation as one of the most popular performers of the year. It was natural that Vic would follow this success with "Demetrius and the Gladiators"
If a Duke can succeed a King, then John Wayne is the logical successor to Clark Gable. For this rugged guy has the same hold Clark has had on people of all ages. Always good copy, on-screen or off, John proved his popularity with his fans during his fiery divorce bout with Chata. Now he’s dating another Latin lovely, Pilar Pallete. How serious they are, only they know. But one thing we know—John’s not the lone-ranger type!

ROMANCE, WESTERN STYLE

John Wayne
is in
"The High and the Mighty"
(Continued from page 84)

resulting from facts, is used to a
great deal of active exercise, as I am, naturally you can take more.

Besides gardening and walking a couple of
miles every day (more probably than you
ever did before), a very delightful way of
simple exercises for general fitness, to
make the muscles elastic and freely mov-
ing, to strengthen the joints of pelvis and
lower back and to maintain good posture.

Choose the time of day at which such exer-
cise is to be given; in each case the exercises may vary. The
post-natal exercises shown on page 60–61 are
generally approved by most doctors. In
addition to those shown, many doctors
recommend no less than thirty minutes' exer-
cise. Do not, however, attempt to use
these without checking your own doctor.

Also ask your doctor about continuing the
exercises you've always indulged in. He'll
most likely tell you that during
pregnancy, a woman can safely do anything
she's used to doing, so long as she doesn't
let herself get overtired.

Sawhills in pregnancy—and as soon as possible—I swim daily. Dr. Bradley
permitted me to keep on teaching blind
children to swim until my seventh month.
After that, he decided that lifting the chil-
dren in and out of the water was too
dangerous. Each time, at the beginning of
the seventh month I lose an argument with
my good doctor on the subject of simple,
nonsynthetic swimming as a physical
exercise. On most days, I'm not much of a
swimmer and I never took a course in med
school on how to deliver a baby under
water!

The right diet is, of course, of enormous
help too in keeping you well and control-
ling weight gains during pregnancy. And
at times, it may be difficult. But diet is
never a constant hazard with many pregnant
women. I once saw an expectant mother, awaiting her first
baby, dig into the whipped-cream pie too
gloriously at a party. I almost felt like
putting her in the corner and saying some-
things. I restrained myself, but I did
ask her, "How much does your doc-
ctor want you to gain?"

"Oh," she said, "the silly man says not
more than twenty-five pounds!"

"That's what my doctor has always told
me," I said. "And I have never gained more
than that. Six weeks after a baby comes,
I'm back to my regular size."

"But I'm so hungry all the time," she
whined. "I still have two weeks to go,
but I've gained forty-two pounds."

"Didn't you follow your doctor's diet?"
I asked.

"Oh, no, my mother says I've got to eat
for two. And, anyway, she says I'll lose
it all as soon as the baby comes."

There's a very foolish girl—wrong
on two counts. (One is forty-two
pounds immediately after Junior is born
nor should she eat for two. And she's both
paying a doctor and—paying no attention
to his advice."

Without authority? The pregnant woman
should choose an obstetrician she likes and trusts
and then follow his instructions as care-
fully as if he were the coach on a football
team and she were the star player.

Doctors are quick to admit that many of
the complications and most of the discom-
forts preceding a Blessed Event stem
from overweight. So it is not unusual these
days for the doctor to begin weight loss
immediately. Organic change now begins to
gain excessively, to be put on
a strict 800-calorie reducing diet with
adequate amounts of vitamins, minerals
and calcium added. Fat or slim—the wom-
man who doubles her food intake multiplies
her troubles. A comfortable pregnancy, an

efficient lab and a fact that back
depends to a large extent on diet.

As my doctor explained it to me, the
old wives' tale of eating for two is half
right—in a special way. He urged me to "eat for two" in the quality of food—not the number of calories. That, he tells me, is twice as important as usual during
pregnancy. Two lives depend upon it.

Accordingly, I ate a balanced diet, es-
tially the diet everyone should follow
during health. Even I drank a
quart of milk or substituted some cheese
for part of it; a liberal serving of lean
meat (liver once a week); two eggs; three
time—birds and vegetables and
more servings of green and yellow
vegetables; raw salads; whole-wheat bread
and butter; occasional baked potato and,
now and then, a simple dessert such
as custard or sherbert. Vitamin pills and
Calcium I swallowed daily, but I avoided fat-
tening foods, highly seasoned dishes and
salty foods. I cut down on salt and
had no more than six glasses of liquids daily.

Too much salt makes for water
in the tissues; during pregnancy, this
is more pronounced and shows up in puffy
cheeks, fingers and ankles.

A friend of mine gained thirty-eight
pounds in her first pregnancy. Because
of her cumbersome size, she had a difficult
and long delivery and was told that those
pounds were lost through stress. I'm respon-
sible for a delicate and sickly baby. During
her second pregnancy she cut down smoking,
gave up cocktails, but kept on playing
golf until she couldn't see the ball at her own
feet. There's apparently nothing harmful
beginning (thirteen pounds too much for
her small frame and 5 foot 1 height). So
her doctor urged her not to gain over
seven pounds . . . and she didn't. Just be-
cause she gained twenty-five pounds above
her ideal weight.

Looking at herself one day in my
mirror, she said, "My skin looks actually
luminous; my hair has a wonderful sheen
about it. My figures are perfect!"

"But I'm so hungry all the time," she
whined. "I still have two weeks to go,
but I've gained forty-two pounds."

"Didn't you follow your doctor's diet?"
I asked.

"Oh, no, my mother says I've got to eat
for two. And, anyway, she says I'll lose
it all as soon as the baby comes."

After the third or fourth month, the
urethra contracts and becomes very dry and
seals so—remember
lots of cream (not the calorie kind)
but that which you lavish on dry hands, elbows, legs. And gently massage
through the middle

Nothing helps the mother-to-be as much
as knowing that she's suitably and becom-
ingly dressed. And with the pretty and
inexpensive maternity clothes on the mar-
et, it's so easy to flatter and camouflage
the figure. But don't start wearing your
maternity costumes too soon before your
pregnancy is apparent. I turn my profile
to a full-length mirror and see if it's time
to take action.

Finally, I don't say that having a baby
is a breeze. You wouldn't expect to build
a house without some hardships. The
production of a baby is certainly as im-
pressing. And, of course, you'll be sure to
hear someone say, "How wonderful you look. Nobody would
guess the Big Event is only two months
away."

Most thing about the time and effort
you give to insuring your health—and the
baby's—is the big dividend it produces
in radiant skin, gleaming hair, sparkling
eyes and better-than-ever figure. In addition,
you'll be sure to feel the difference during
these months. For there is never a time
in a woman's life when she feels more
worth while and, well, to be exact, pro-
ductive. And that could be more reward-
ings than children?

The End
Today's No. 1 make-up fashion

Angel Face

Not a greasy make-up! Not drying or "cakey"!
No wet sponge or gooey fingers. Here is the world's easiest complexion glamour! Just a touch of the Angel Face puff—and a delicate, soft-tinted, born-beautiful look is yours!

No loose, spilly powder!
No overloaded, sifty puff. No powdery "clumping" on your face. Angel Face goes on like velvet... clings much, much longer than plain powder. Can't spill! Because Angel Face by Pond's is creamy-smooth powder and foundation in-one!

Better than money in your purse!
The adorable ivory-and-golden Mirror Case
When you need to "look like a million" in a hurry—nothing's so valuable as an Angel Face Mirror Case in your handbag! Proof—more women use it than any make-up! With puff, mirror, choice of 7 heavenly skin tones—the Mirror Case is only $1!
Don't Twist Cupid's Arm

Hollywood, dancing with the proudest man.

Suddenly the parallel between Ann and myself hit with a stunning impact. I was the girl Ann had been five years ago, but I was doing exactly the opposite of what she had done. I was here tonight with Jimmy, not because I was interested in him at all but because I hated to face a lonely evening at home.

I'd come back from a trip to New York where I'd been made to feel important and desirable and wanted—a movie star. Then for a while nothing had happened, not even any dates. When I met Jimmy at a party, and later he called to ask me out, I hadn't remembered anything about him except that he was good looking, was under contract to a studio and danced beautifully.

Now, when he returned to our table, I took a critical look at him and realized that he was a boy who obviously was investing his time with me here at Ciro's in the hope we'd be seen together and make a column or two as a romantic item.

It was at that moment, then and there, that I made up my mind never to let fear of loneliness rush me into marriage. If the joy and beauty which Ann and Dr. Jim possessed were the wonderful reward for being patient and waiting for love and marriage and home and children—even if it meant years of waiting—that was good enough for me.

I did my best to be the kind of guy companion Jimmy desired this evening, since I'd accepted a date with him, but with the mental reservation that it would be the last. If I needed anything to clinch my resolve never again to settle for anyone like him, it came the next day as we passed through the bar later that evening. There I saw another friend of mine, whose story I knew as well as I knew Ann's—except that it was the exact opposite.

This girl (I'll call her Julie) had married young and recklessly, only to discover that her new husband, whom she'd known only a few weeks, seemed to prefer drinking and other women to a quiet life at home. She protested, they disagreed violently, and off she flew to Reno.

The decree was scarcely cool when she met and started dating another boy who was also totally unsuited to her. Before long she began to know it. She had already agreed to marry him. But a few days before he was to leave on a personal appearance tour she asked him to postpone the wedding, at least until after the tour. She wanted time to think things over.

Julie had spent so much time with him that she had neglected her girl friends and family and, suddenly, for the first time in a year, she had time to herself. By coincidence she wasn't working just then, so within a week she was bored. There was nobody to go riding with her and she discovered that it was no fun going to the beach alone. An important premiere came up and certainly she couldn't go unescorted.

She sat in front of her TV set and watched all the other stars arrive and be interviewed, and big tears of self-pity dropped into her lap. The boy she'd sent away began to look pretty good again, despite his many faults. So he did get loud and boisterous at parties—at least they were of parties—we were having fun. Maybe she could cure him of the all-night poker sessions after they were married. He might even take a different attitude about having children.

At the three weeks of this, Julie had forgotten even these things about him. All she could remember was that he was attentive, danced divinely, wore a dinner jacket the way Galahad wore his armor and that he was heavenly to kiss. When he returned from New York she was at the airport. She flew into his arms before he could get down the steps. They were married immediately.

That had been a year ago. Tonight, in the bar at Ciro's, they were still together, still married. They were quarreling fiercely. She certainly didn't look happy.

I guess it all boils down to a sense of self-sufficiency. If you have that, being alone can be a joy.

I know most people think that a girl in the movie business, surrounded by attractive and interesting people, would have to work pretty hard just to be alone, much less to have time or opportunity to feel neglected.

The first type I'm often asked out, but when you're twenty-one, many of your friends are married or at least going steady. There's a shortage of men who haven't already found their girls, so if you really mean it, there's no reason for you to feel neglected.

The second type is the exact opposite—

I've seen a lot of girls left hanging by themselves, but I've never seen them so contented. If you're the kind of girl that's happy just to be alone, you're better off that way.

But the longer you insist on having a date every night, the less you'll be able to enjoy yourself on the occasional evening when you're left on your own.

It seems to me that a girl's whole future—romantically, at least—is colored by her attitude toward dating. If you lack confidence and your ego needs constant bolstering, or if you just can't stand to be left out of whatever might be happening, I think you're better off that way. But it's not important.

But the longer you insist on having a date every night, the less you'll be able to enjoy yourself on the occasional evening when you're left on your own.

I know you've had arguments with yourself about putting other girls in your place.

When I met and started dating another boy who was also totally unsuited to her. Before long she began to know it. She had already agreed to marry him. But a few days before he was to leave on a personal appearance tour she asked him to postpone the wedding, at least until after the tour. She wanted time to think things over.

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he is not in the least impressed by who or what you are or what you do, and he darned well wants you to know it. He may go out of his way to be completely uninterested in you, and he may even tell you about his date with you, which he may have already seen the other day.

There was more, sort of half-kidding, half-sneering. By the time I finished shadow-boxing with that one I was so confused that I actually did end up "table-hopping and smiling" in some plush club after all.

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watch for...

the exciting new

photoplay fashion guide

your guide to fashion trends, color information, good taste in dress

complete details in the july issue of photoplay

on sale at newsstands june 9th!
For brides of the past, present and future!

LANE CEDAR CHESTS

There's no happier way to get started with your wedding day plans than with a Lane Cedar Chest! Magically, it gathers gifts—the kind every bride-to-be wants for her home—heavenly blankets, exquisite linens, dainty lingerie.

A Lane helps you to be the perfect housewife, too—providing such safe and hand-some storage space. It keeps precious woolens—suits, sweaters, dresses, coats—sweet-smelling and fresh—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can.

One nice garment saved from moths can pay for your Lane Cedar Chest! At most leading furniture and department stores.

Also makers of Lane Tables.

Lane is the only pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of 1/4-inch red cedar in accordance with U.S. Government recommendations, with a free moth-protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued 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 at... $49.95* Easy terms

*$5.00 higher in the West due to higher freight costs—slightly higher in Canada.
"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"

says

Candy Jones

(Mrs. Harry Conover)

Conover School Beauty Director

"I've seen this soap help girls from 11 different countries—with every type of skin—dry, normal and oily."

"It's such wholesome beauty care!" says chic Paris stylist, Georgette. "No wonder American complexions are so pretty!"

French women are wise in the ways of beauty," says glamorous Georgette, "but I must say I've learned a lot about complexion care since I started using Cashmere Bouquet. My skin tends to be oily, so Candy taught me to beauty-wash by creaming this rich, mild lather over my face with my fingertips. It leaves a fresh glow, a softer, smoother feel. And I love the flowery fragrance!"

P.S. "Cake make-up helps oily skin keep that glowing, Cashmere Bouquet look all day. Cream-base foundations tend the same perfection to dry skin."

"You must be the woman who didn't have to worry about that question. Nobody around for her but Adam. But it seems obvious that after the first meeting or so, a sensitive girl can tell whether she's going to like a boy or not. There are the little things he does, the way he smiles, what he says, a look... Either these things ring true or they don't. You don't have to hear the chiming of bells to know. Warmth and closeness and a feeling of rightness are enough."

Second question: If you go out with a bore, he might take you to a party where you'd meet the man of your dreams, so why not chance it?

Well, men have a code about such things. "She's a great girl, but she's Joe's and he's my buddy." You would hardly endure yourself to either Joe or the dream-boy if you took the offensive. Finally, how much chance is there that you'll find an exciting, attractive, eligible man wandering around alone at a party? If he's attached, then you have your own code of honor.

Finally, a lot of girls ask: But what about my mother? She's at me all the time, nagging me to get married. How do I stand this?

If your mother won't listen to reason, or if she still keeps up a well-meaning campaign to show you the advantages of marriage and point out the pitfalls a single girl may be led into, you'll probably just have to grin and bear it. Fortunately I've never had too much of a problem in this respect. My parents appreciate that I've grown up and that I'm capable of being alone and liking it.

I want to make it clear that I'm not shying away from dates, love or marriage. I have any normal girl's instinct to size up a man as potential husband material the first time I meet him.

For myself, I look for basic honesty first. Sometimes too much frankness offends people, but I'll take sincerity even with a dose of social error.

Naturally I want him to have a sense of humor that matches mine, which is a trifle off-beat. And if it should turn out that he is also kind to animals, I think I'd hand him my date book and let him fill it in himself.

That may seem over-simplified, but remember that honesty and a sense of fun indicate other things. A man who laughs easily won't boil over at little things; if he can laugh at himself, he won't get stiff with dignity and be hard to live with. If he likes dogs and cats and birds it means he'll like babies and you. And if he's honest there will be few secrets or doubts standing between you.

Some fellow might have all these qualities and still not be the boy for you. When a girl is lonely it's easy to be grateful for understanding companionship. That can become tenderness, and the first thing she knows she thinks it's love.

Still the extra spark might not be there. It seems to me that if she thinks of him only when she's playing solitaire or knitting a sweater or reading poetry, it might be just moon dust instead of the real thing.

But if his face keeps popping up when you're at work or when you're having a wonderful time with other people; when you aren't lonesome, and yet you can't get the thought of him out of your mind—ah, there's the difference! A thousand poets have described love, physicians have tried to dissect it, philosophers have charted it, artists have painted it, and still no girl really knows its nature until it happens to her. Believe me, a girl can tell. And that's what I'm waiting for.

The End
WHERE TO BUY  
PHOTOPLAY  
STAR FASHIONS  

Campus Bridal Gown:  
New York, N. Y.: Emily Fifth Ave.  
Hartford, Conn.: G. Fox  

Lori Bridal Hat and Veil:  
Chicago, Ill.: Bridal Modes  

David Klein Bridesmaid's Gown:  
Chicago, Ill.: Carson, Pirie Scott  

Bridal Modes' Bridesmaid's Bonnet:  
Long Beach, Cal.: Schick's  
Philadelphia, Pa.: Gimbel's  

Hautmacher-Vogel Suit:  
Chicago, Ill.: Carson, Pirie Scott  

Orloff Watch:  
Detroit, Mich.: Russek's  

Artevance Rings:  
At all fine jewelers  

Span-Lo Panties:  
Wherever fine lingerie is sold  

Artemis Slips:  
San Francisco, Cal.: The Emporium  

Carter's "Ballerina" Gown:  
Denver, Colo.: Daniels & Fisher  
Philadelphia, Pa.: Gimbel's  

Lollipops Briefs:  
Boston, Mass.: Jordan Marsh  

Raynauds Housecoat:  
Baltimore, Md.: Hutzler's  

Chicago, Ill.: Chas. A. Stevens  

Ladue Cedar Chest:  
At all fine furniture and department stores  

NEW PIN-ON PERFUME  

Heart-shaped pellet of French perfume,  
cased in lace with a fine jeweled pin  

make-up for the bride  

Ann Blyth is in  
"The Student Prince"  

Ann Blyth was one of the most beautiful brides our town has ever seen,” recalled Bill Tuttle, head of the M-G-M make-up department. “She had the look of natural radiance that belongs to every bride. What’s more, every bride can have it. Every girl should be a star on her wedding day,” maintained the man who creates make-ups for M-G-M stars. And here’s his advice to June’s leading ladies throughout the country.  

“Because of the white wedding gown and white around the head and face, make-up should be light to avoid strong contrast. Ann’s complexion looked as smooth as her satin gown. Her foundation was matched, as it should be, as closely as possible to her skin’s natural coloring and was applied more sparingly than when she wears darker colors.  

“Rouge, too, should be used with a light hand. Ann used just a touch because she remembered that when she gets excited her cheeks redden.  

“Powder is the setting agent for foundation,” he went on to say, “and it should be applied heavily, patted in well, then brushed with a ball of cotton to remove the excess and bring out the natural sheen of the skin. The same effect can be accomplished with a wet sponge or by splashing water on the face and blotting it dry.  

“Eye make-up should be used sparingly,” he continued, “especially on blondes, so it won’t give an artificial look. Definite colors such as bright blue or green should be avoided in favor of blue-grey or brown shades. Ann accented her sparkling Irish eyes with a touch of blue-grey shadow. Brows should be pencilled naturally with dark brown instead of black pencil, in short strokes rather than one continuous line. Dark brown mascara, too, is preferable to black. Apply it thinly, then use a clean brush to separate the lashes.”  

Bill suggests a pinkish lipstick because white around the face will make it appear darker. And because everyone will want to kiss the bride, he advises a liquid lipstick or a fixative worn over the lipstick. Nail polish should be clear or match the lipstick, he feels, or have a frosted pearl finish like the one Ann chose.  

For an evening wedding Bill suggests a more prominent make-up to compensate for artificial lighting which takes out a certain amount of color. “A little more rouge can be used,” he says, “and a brighter lipstick. But there should be no variation in the foundation coloring. And if the bride is naturally dark or sun-tanned, she should match, rather than attempt to lighten her complexion. In her case, a lighter foundation will give a mask-like, rather than a delicate appearance.”  

Bill prefers simple hair-dos for brides. “Ann had a soft permanent three weeks before the wedding,” he said. “She wore her hair drawn back from her face and secured with two small combs. She used a liquid spray to keep it in place without having to worry.  

“Naturalness is the keynote for brides of today,” he concluded. “For that matter, for every girl, whether she’s today’s bride—or tomorrow’s!”
PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS
PRESENTS

FOR
THE BRIDE'S
TROUSSEAU

“Dancetime” white embroidered nylon sheer waist-whittler bra. garter belt. 32-38 A, B, C. $5. Lovable

Long-line wired strapless. Rayon satin with nylon lace top. White only. 32-40 B, 34-42 C, $5. By Bestform

On top of cedar chest:
Soft nylon chiffon tricot gown, pearl smocking, ballerina length. Pink, turquoise over pink. 32-36, $22.95. By Carter Print nylon peignoir, lace trim. 10-18, $17. Pink, blue, white. By Raymodes Lollipop’s combed cotton panties, nylon cuffs. White, pink, lavender, blue, red, mint green. 4-8. 79c. Modern Globe, Inc.

In drawer of chest:
White batiste camisole slip, eyelet embroidery, lace trim. 32-44. $3.98. Artemis Rayon panties, elastic band at waist and legs. Pink, white. 5-8, 59c. Span-lo Polished cotton slip. 32-40. $5.98. Artemis Modern cedar chest with pull-out storage drawer. Comes in Blond Oak, Seafoam or Cordovan Mahogany. $79.95. Lane

Photograph by Del Hayden
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 use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected underneath your make-up.

For mild, fragrant Dial washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. And there's nothing else as good. It clears the skin of unseen bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

Until Dial came along, no soap could remove these trouble-makers safely and effectively. Photomicros at the left prove it.

No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left on skin after washing with ordinary soap. (So when you put on make-up, they're free to cause trouble underneath.) No. 2 shows how daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of them. And Dial's AT-7 clings to your skin, so it continually retards the growth of new bacteria.

When you first try this beauty-refreshing soap, you'd never guess it gives you such benefits. Doctors recommend it for adolescents. With Dial your skin becomes cleaner and clearer than with any other type of soap.

Let mild, fragrant Dial protect your complexion—even under make-up.

P.S. Shampoo a Diamond Sparkle into your hair with new Dial Shampoo.
Elaine Stewart's Boudoir Secrets

(Continued from page 69)

beauty program head first by massaging a liberal amount of a cream treatment thoroughly into her scalp and all the way down her hair to the very ends. Beautiful hair usually, if not dulled by dry splitting ends, is much more important to Elaine than a complicated hair-do. Nothing could be simpler than her soft, gleaming fall of hair—and nothing could be more devastating. Ask the male population of Hollywood!

Gathering her hair into a coarse net, the kind that professional beauty shops use for under the driver, Elaine is ready to step into her bath. She finds a warm, but not hot, tub the most relaxing, especially one softened with a lightly scented bath oil. After a long, lazy soak—half an hour—anyway—she's ready for a brisk scrub. This is a girl who's smooth all over! And to be sure of it, she does an extra job on back, arms, legs, elbows and knees.

There's no place more comfortable for a pedicure than the tub. And there's no one fussier about feet than Elaine. Keeping them as dainty and attractive as her hands is one of the details that add up to Hollywood's her completely feminine look—especially since she often goes about in practically barefoot sandals and slacks and likes to wear backless, frontless, almost shoeless slippers for dress-up. Draping her towel over the side of the tub, she goes to work with an orange stick wrapped in cotton and dipped in cuticle remover, using it gently to remove the cuticle each toenail at a time when dry and tidy. After her bath comes the fancy finish—polish to match her fingernails. And she checks her toenails every day for chipped polish, just as she does her fingernails.

Defuzzing her legs is a chore that Elaine, like everyone else, is completely conscientious about. The difference is that she finishes the job with a generous smoothing of hand lotion. Without getting those lovely legs and awed by their satiny sheen, you'll know it's the sleek smoothness of skin you're admiring and not some special kind of sheer hose she wears.

Her face gets its usual nightly cleansing, followed up by an application of rich cream. She keeps it on for twenty minutes, then removes the excess with a tissue so there's no greasiness left on her face or neck. Then she combs her bedclothes. Her eyebrows, too, get an overnight smoothing treatment with a coating of vaseline. She feels that it keeps them sleek and glossy.

She's ready for bed now, except for something very special in the way of head caps. Because the cream treatment is still on her hair—it gets washed out the next day—she wants to protect her pink-embroidered bed crown from the sleep of bedclothes. Her eyebrows, too, get an overnight smoothing treatment with a coating of vaseline. She feels that it keeps them sleek and glossy.

Best part about this Monday-night routine is that it doesn't take more than an hour or so—and the real solid work gets done while she sleeps. For ten or twelve hours her hair has to lie unchambered, and skin are being pampered luxuriously.

On Tuesdays Elaine has a cream shampoo. She usually finds that one shampoo a week is just right for her and she likes to have a professional do it. She finds it having her hair set professionally once a week keeps it in shape and assures its casually artful line. But that's all she leaves to the experts. She's a firm believer in the brush, brush-like, routine to keep her hair gleaming all week. Between shampoos, to be sure there's not the slightest trace of dust on her hair, it gets a once-over—lightly each day with a brush whose bristles are covered with a thick layer of absorbent cotton. Then the cotton ball is discarded and she continues to brush for five full minutes, using a rolling motion, upward and away from her head to stimulate the scalp.

She's an honest-to-goodness hairball herself. If you tell a story to a hairball, you should pass on to her, as she says, "Is that all right?"

If you're like some women, your own "Summer Almanac" will revolve around "those days" of the month. You'll put a cross by a long auto trip, a question-mark by a week-end invitation, a definite "no" beside a swimming date.

Yet summer could mean so much more to you, if you'd only make up your mind to change to Tampax now. This internal sanitary protection does away with hot, chafey external pads...makes it possible for you to take baths and showers, even go swimming, on those trying times.

Odor, an especially acute summer problem, is prevented from forming. Disposal problems vanish. Tampax leaves no tell-tale outlines beneath lightweight summer clothes; in fact, it's both invisible and unfelt, once it's in place. And Tampax itself is so small a month's supply can be carried in the purse.

Plan now to make this summer a Tampax summer. Get Tampax at drug or notion counters in choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
"Why Be Fat?" says Mrs. Tyrone Power

"I Lose Weight Without Any Trouble!"

Nowhere in the world will you find women so figure conscious as in Hollywood. You know that Ayds really works when lovely women like Linda Christian tell you how it has helped them lose weight easily, pleasantly and safely!

Proved by Clinical Tests!
With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. It contains no drugs or laxatives.

Guaranteed—A Lovelier Figure!
Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan. You, too, must lose pounds with the very first box ($2.98) or your money back.

Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you! At drug or department stores.


Linda loves the sea, the surf and the sunshine. "I recommend Ayds," says Linda. "It has done wonderful things for my figure."
Spend your money and he’ll keep his job!

This Year the government will spend 5 billion less dollars than it did last year, because it doesn’t need so many guns, tanks, planes and other implements of war. This was your money paid to the government in taxes. Now the government’s letting you spend those 5 billion for yourself.

The important thing to remember about this is: The production lines that turned out those products of war now have to turn out peace-time goods. If you don’t buy the automobiles, the clothing, the freezers, the washers, vacuum cleaners, toasters, mixers that American factories are now manufacturing, the men on production lines will be laid off. And then they won’t be able to buy the things you are making.

If you continue to spend your money wisely for the things you need, our working men will continue to have money to buy what they need. On the other hand, if you’re one who is waiting for bargain days, remember that if you depend on your buying what is made now. A bargain is no bargain if you wait until there’s no money with which to buy it.

This is what all of it means in terms of people: Joe Brown works on an assembly line making washing machines. Even though Joe is making more than ever before, Mrs. Brown decides she’d better put off buying that new refrigerator they’ve been needing so long. On the other hand, Bill Smith works on an assembly line making refrigerators. When Mrs. Brown decides not to buy a refrigerator, she makes Bill Smith’s job unnecessary, and he gets laid off. Bill comes home without his job and tells his wife, “Better hold off buying that washing machine you wanted till I find some other work.” Bang! Joe Brown finds himself out of a job, too.

So if you want to protect your own job, buy now—but wisely—buy what the other fellow makes, and he will have the money to buy what you make.

To have your cake, you must eat it. And, if you eat your cake, there won’t be any breadlines, there’ll be saleslines.

THE EDITORS

(Continued from page 57) country like this. That’s what bravery is.” You call yourself a gambler. But whatever the stakes, you’ve always had to come from behind to wit. There’s no other way.

You’ve cursed many times the youthful face that’s always seemed a stranger to your seasoned years. “I’ve never been young,” you’ve said. “Never felt young.” Hard work and responsibility have been yours since you were twelve years old. You were born grown and you’d lived a lifetime . . . and more . . . before you turned twenty-one.

You were born fighting, too. Fighting for food and clothing and shelter enough for your mother and her large family. Fighting for knowledge and recognition. For your place in the sun—where your suit should be. And you’ve made your own place—one higher than any you’d ever envisioned.

All of it begins with a determined Irish dream that kept you company, while you chopped weeds in a Texas cotton field. Remember that dream with us now, Audie Murphy, for this is your life.

We’re going back now, Audie—back to the little farm near which Huntington, Texas—the little farm your father, Emmett Murphy, worked as a sharecropper, raising cotton. It’s June 20, 1924. You don’t remember the day—but you later make it the world reason to remember. But your oldest sister, Mrs. Corinne Burns, now of Dallas, Texas, remembers that date very well.

“I sure do remember, Ralph. I was fourteen years old when Audie was born. He was the cutest baby I’ve ever seen. Big eyes—that laughed at you all the time. I gave him his middle name, the Leon—in his honor. He’s the only brother my father has never forgiven me. But I thought they sounded nice together. Audie wasn’t the oldest boy in our family of nine, but from the time he was six in the world my mother and I took the worry and responsibility and looked after the family as best he could. Audie was mother’s favorite—she tried to make it a happy life for him. He always put on the show of a laugh. And there was little enough for any of us to laugh about. Mother had so much faith in him even then. I remember she was always saying, “If Audie just had a little more of that child’s soul, he’d make something of himself some day.”

Your mother, quiet Josie Killian Murphy with gentle brown eyes, glossy black hair, and a bright thing about her face. Audie. She couldn’t know then that you some day would make that chance and more. But she too seemed to be searching for something. Perhaps the same something you were later to find. It was her laugh. And there was little enough for any of us to laugh about. Mother had so much faith in him even then. I remember she was always saying, “If Audie just had a little more of that child’s soul, he’d make something of himself some day.”

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It’s 1930—and you enter Celeste Texas Grammar School. You take part in school activities, even playing Santa Claus with a pillow fattening your costume. But most of the time you find yourself in the company of the other children who call you “short breeches” and run. Your mother washes your one pair of overalls every night and she’s always at it. She’s an old washwoman and you wash the clothes she’s made. And every time she washes them they shrink more.

Your is a keen eye and a true aim. You learn to shoot rabbits with a slingshot and to fell a squirrel with one stone. They are for the few who must do their own shooting. You learn to handle the with the other children who call you “short breeches” and run. Your mother washes your one pair of overalls every night and she’s always at it. She’s an old washwoman and you wash the clothes she’s made. And every time she washes them they shrink more.

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The weary months drag by. The war moves to the Vosges foothills and on October 2 you get the Silver Star. According to your buddy, Martin L. Kelley, now of Bar Harbor, Maine, "Murphy wasn't even supposed to be on that patrol. He just tagged along with them because it was a dull day and he didn't have anything else to do."

On January 26, in the Battle of the Colmar Pocket, you order your company to fall back, and you remain alone to direct the artillery fire. A forward field artillery observer, Lt. W. E. Ishpenning of Jamestown, North Dakota, tells how—stop a blazing tank destroyer—you almost single-handedly stop a counter-attack of German infantry supported by six tanks. You're directing the fire with a liaison officer on the phone, and when he asks, "How close are they now?" you say casually, "Hold the phone, I'll let you talk to one."

For this, you get the Congressional Medal of Honor.

You're wounded three times during action, but you shrug it off. To an anxious sister back in Farmersville, Texas, you write, saying, "The fruit cake was good, the one piece I got," but you, yourself, can't understand why your "luck" holds.

In an Army hospital in Southern France you meet a paraplegic, Perry Pitt, today your neighbor in Van Nuys, California. Perry will verify your beef that the whole operation was "just laying around" in the hospital waiting for your gangrenous hip to heal.

"Yes, Murph was always trying to advance when they wanted him to keep under cover. He kept hopping up the aisle on his good leg and the nurses were always making him retreat. Some of the guys there from his outfit told me he saw more action than even the Army knew—but then they ran out of medals anyway. We used to talk about what we wanted to do when we got back. Murph thought he might have a store. Back home in Iowa I'd always wanted to have a stock farm."

It's June, 1945, now, Audie Murphy, and hiding among a plane load of generals, you hope to come home "through the back door." The fifth time, your luck doesn't last. You're in for the full treatment. Parades, speeches, bunting and bands. You're escorted into Farmersville by fire engines to the roped-off square. You're invited to speak before the legislature. You're guest of honor at Texas A&M, and your portrait's hung in the state capitol.

Home seems more real to you in your sister's small cottage, surrounded by relatives popping questions at you. Your sister, Nadine, just a leggy ten-year-old when you went away, is a slim, attractive brunette—and like any brother you want to know, "When did you start using lipstick?"

You pay the down payment on a big, two-story white house large enough for the whole family. Then, restlessly, you wonder where you will go from here. Your hip wound rules out West Point, and you consider becoming a Texas Ranger. One thing sure, the battle of "short breeches" has lost its sting. All the things that once you wanted seem unimportant now. For you know that the great ones of the earth are guys like Lattie and Kelley and Fife.

As days go by, Audie Murphy, you realize you've still got another battle ahead of you. Perhaps the biggest of them all. Learning to live again. And believe again.

But back home you soon meet men who help you rebuild faith. Men like James O. Cherry, of Inter-Theatres, who advises you like a father on every score; the late C. O. David, Dallas oil man, who offers you help financially; Ray Woods, Dallas automobile dealer, who insists on loaning you a car to drive. You have three fathers—more than you've ever had.

She stuck in her thumb,

And pulled out **PINK PLUM**

And cried, "What a smart girl am I!"

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sunripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, off-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet's Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)

Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet

We teach our Conover School students how to use Cashmere Bouquet Indelible-Type lipstick, they apply, splash cold water on their lips, then blot. The color clings for hours!

Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover) Director Conover School

Cashmere bouquet

**INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK**

Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

7 Cover-Girl Colors **49¢**
Driving home from Dallas one rainy night, you pick up a hitchhiker who soon slaps you across the mouth and attempts a holdup. You're struck by the irony of it all. To go all through the war and then get it from a maniac like this, despite his 150 pounds! You fight it out in the mud beside the road and win. At a gas station you call the highway patrol. Some people accuse you of staging the whole thing as a publicity stunt. But State Highway Patrolman Everett Brandon believes differently, and he runs down a long prison record on the man. Brandon becomes your close buddy of today.

It's July 16, 1945—your picture appears on the cover of Life Magazine and three new people enter your own life. James Cagney offers you a motion-picture contract. On a mined battlefield in France, Spec McClure, Hollywood columnist before he joined the Army Signal Corps, spies a best-up copy of Life blowing across the field. The youthful Irish face, too young for its medals, sticks with him. It's Spec McClure who later assists you to put down on paper your book, "To Hell and Back," and at a Dallas airfield, a pretty, dark-eyed air hostess, Pamela Archer, is entranced with you. Through the months, she becomes an ardent Murphy fan, saving every clipping—and six years later she becomes your wife.

But in Hollywood, the months roll along confusingly. This is a battle you're not geared to fight, for you're unfamiliar with the tactics of the opposing team. Then, after all the restless waiting, when you finally get your first part—it's two lines in "Beyond Glory," starring Alan Ladd. But you get to West Point—on location. Then Cagney drops your option. You refuse to commercialize on your war record. As a man of action and few words, you don't understand those who seem to be all words and no action, nor why they make glowing promises they never keep. So in Hollywood you start again as a private and work your way up—but then this has been the story of your life.

With your option now dropped, you're living in a two-by-four apartment over a noisy bus stop trying to make ends meet on your $88 pension—and still send money home. Terry Hunt, whom you've been mustering out of the service, insists you bunk in a resting room at his health club. You work out there regularly in the gym. You sleep on a massage table because it's more comfortable for your war injuries. Now and there you still talk about going back to Texas. But Terry Hunt has a thought that can discourage it.

"I always kidded him, Ralph, telling him he'd sure have to pick a lot of cotton back there to make up for what he gets in one week here. Audie's had enough bent-over kind of cotton picking for life. I knew he had until he takes it in Hollywood—if he would just wait it out. I'd remind him that the stakes are high here—and worth waiting for. Sometimes he'd help out around the club, putting the girls through their exercise routines. Not long ago one of them remarked that she'd seen a picture in a magazine of Audie Murphy—"You know," she said, 'he looks a little like the boy who used to work me out in the gym.' That was modest Murph. They didn't even know who he was."

It's July, 1948—and your friend Spec McClure keeps urging you to start "To Hell and Back." You want to get it all down on paper, too. "So, I won't have to think about it any more," you say.

But you have reasons to think plenty—when you go back to France as the honored guest of the French government. Back to that land so well remembered, with every road and every ravine still an open wound.

This time no booming artillery welcomes you, but the frayed clothing, the thin faces, the ghostly ruins haunt you. Near the place where you won the Congressional Medal of Honor, a whole village turns out to honor you. The old Mayor dressed in his shabby black coat, children in costumes line the street and sing Alsatian folk songs for you. Watching their faces, the tears come. You remember you directed artillery fire on that town.

You hunt out another remembered terrain, too. Behind a farmhouse through rich green vineyards, you come to a man who can show you where he spotted you as you went by the farm on the way to the enemy by air. Then, after the war, you come back again and find the man is a Medal of Honor winner himself. Pmc.

Back in New York, reporters swarm about you, America's most decorated soldier, who returned to the battleground for the first time. They're full of questions—all the same. They want to know when you are going to marry Wanda Hendrix.

It's January 8, 1949—and your wedding captures the romantic imagination of all.

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"I was sick with fear"

Countless people—beset by problems of love, hope and jealousy—have found the answer to their dilemmas on radio's "My True Story." For this true-to-life program presents, in vivid dramatic form, the files of "True Story Magazine"—and includes people who might very well be you, your family, your friends. Listen and hear how they solve each heart-rending emotional conflict.

Tune in "MY TRUE STORY"

American Broadcasting Stations

"THE FAMILY DRUDGE"—gripping story of a teenager who had to seek happiness away from home—is "must" reading in June TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. at newsstands now.
New beauty for your hair with

RICHARD HUDNUT

Enriched Creme Shampoo

This amazing shampoo creation, with elemental protein of real eggs powdered in a wonderful cleansing formula, adds new gleam to hair instantly! Hair itself is protein so it naturally benefits from this affinity of protein to protein.

Enriched Creme Shampoo, a golden lotion creme, sudses quickly even in hardest water. Gently, efficiently, it rids hair of loose dandruff and dust—puts nature's own sheen in hair.

CREME RINSE takes only a minute more—seals in the gleam. Leaves hair tangle-free and easy to set. Try it on children's hair too, no more snarls to comb through!

Both come in 60c and $1 sizes. Tax on Creme Rinse only.

RICHARD HUDNUT

3 minute
egg-sheen!

3 different methods!

Your choice with the all-new

RICHARD HUDNUT
Home Permanent

Your choice of 3 waving and drying methods! And exclusive Beauty Rinse Neutralizer guarantees you best results, no matter which method you use!

1. MOST CASUAL! For soft waves and casually curling ends, use the easy Richard Hudnut Pincurl Method.

2. FIRMEST! The Richard Hudnut Salon Method is the professional way to get deep, lasting, natural-looking waves and bouncy curls.

3. STEP SAVING! This is the most satisfactory On-Curler Method because Beauty Rinse Neutralizer safeguards your hair. It works instantly to give you firm, springy curls!

Audie Murphy's in "Drums Across the River."
exciting new pictures!

Off-Guard Candids of Your Favorite Movie Stars

★ All the selective skill of our ace cameramen went into the making of these startling, 4 x 5, quality glossy prints.

★ New poses and names are constantly added. Keep your collection up to date by ordering from the convenient list below.

ROBERT WAGNER

Circle the numbers of your choices and mail with coupon today. 12 pictures for $1; 6 for 50c.


Hollywood and then slips right out again.

The Hollywood Scene: Terry Moore arriving at a dinner party in a plunging neckline and carrying school books! She had to attend her night class for Language Appreciation first! . . . It's all been very hush-hush, but Judy Garland was so unhappy over her costumes in "A Star Is Born" famous Jean Louis at Columbia (who made that transparent number for Dietrich!) was allowed to take over . . . How ironic can fate be! Stewart "Beau Brummell" Granger finally got back to Jean Simmons from Europe—with his face covered with fever blisters! . . . And Bob Hope who fell asleep under a sun lamp, took one look at his flaming kisser and cracked: "This is the color Crosby turns when he tries to put on his shoes!"

Blonde Blitz: Battle fatigue is nothing compared to the minor revolution caused by Marilyn Monroe's visit to Korea. Her skin-tight, low-cut, purple satin gown that caused all the commotion is for business purposes only. Joe DiMaggio doesn't like it, so his dutiful wife promised never to wear it when she's at home baking a cake! Although the GI's had Marilyn's calendar picture pasted all over their barracks, they were suspiciously missing when she paid them an official visit. When Marilyn announced over the loud-speaker that she couldn't sing because of a "chest" cold—Korea almost collapsed!

Stor-Studded Evening: The Gold Medal Awards Banquet was the final fling in a round of wonderful evenings at which Mr. Irving Manheimer, publisher of Photoplay, and his gracious wife, Ruth, put in an appearance. Among those hosting were the Lex Barkers, the Ty- rone Powers and the Stewart Grangers.
Terry Can Take It

(Continued from page 55)

her film career hanging in the balance.
That she's been made Hollywood's
whipping girl by so many angels those
who really know Terry Moore. And how
hurt Terry has been by the whole thing
only those closest to her will ever know.

Outwardly, Terry's met the maze of sexy
digs by plunging into her career, study-
ing voice placement, singing, dancing—
just keeping feverishly busy. Always in-
defeatigally anyway, she now spends time
as if it were going out of style, from the
time she leaves the house at 8:30 a.m. for
her first lesson until she whirls in the door
at night. Terry will tell you self-improve-
ment runs in her family. "My grand-
father's seventy-five—and he's just de-
dicd his grammar needs improving, so
he's studying English now."

But her mother is concerned. "She's
working much too hard. People tell you
not to worry about what you read or hear.
They say this happens to anybody on the
way to the top. But when she's your
daughter and you know she's being made
an unfair target—how can you help
worrying?"

Inwardly, with her own aversion to
gossip in any form, Terry is still shocked
that so many were willing to condemn her
without even knowing the facts and that
the press, with which she's always co-
operated, is still ready to manufacture
and misconstrue. She's hanging on hard
to her well-tried philosophy that some-
thing good eventually comes from any
experience in life.

From childhood Terry was conditioned
for the bumps along the way by her
mother's teachings that weathering them
builds character. 'Mother always said
that if we're able to take one discourag-
ment, it makes the next one easier. That
they all build character.' And in four-
teen years in pictures, Terry's had many
already to build from. She played her
first part in pictures when she was ten
years old, portraying Brenda Joyce as a
child in 20th Century-Fox's "Maryland."

She was very excited about it and went
around school "really living it up—always
talking about my movie."

When it actually came out, she had been
cut completely out of it, and the other
kids openly scoffed and accused her of
lying. Next, she read for the lead in a
Paramount picture, and executives glow-
ingly promised her a part in it. She wound
up with one day's work playing a movie
extra whose big scene involved running
up to the girl who got the lead and ask-
ing her for an autograph. She couldn't
be blamed if she feels today much the
same as she felt as a ten-year-old when
she sobbed rebelliously to her mother,
"And don't tell me it builds character.
I've got all the character I need. I don't
want any more!"

Significantly, though, the religious phi-
losophy books she keeps close by the bed
in her pink-velveted boudoir for night
reading help to underline the comforting
reminder: "Today is the tomorrow you
worried about yesterday, and the quota-
tion: "I have to live with myself, and
so I want to be fit for myself to know . . .
Whatever happens, I want to be—self-
respecting and conscience-free."

"Freedom of conscience is the most im-
portant thing of all," she believes. "As
long as your conscience is free—you
shouldn't worry too much. But . . . it still
hurts. I've always been taught to trust
people and to give everyone the benefit
of the doubt. We're told that we shouldn't
judge one another."

As an aftermath of the Korean incident,
columnists, always quick to latch onto anything colorful or sensational, have seemingly gone out of their way to throw the whole book at Terry Moore and to give any item about her a sexy, unsympathetic slant.

At the party Herman Hover gave at Ciro's, welcoming Terry and Susan Zanuck back home, Terry asked Susan to sing the song she'd done on the show in Korea, and Susan then retold the story by saying Terry must do her number, "Give Me A Little Kiss, Willya, Huh?" Susan looked around the jammed club for Jimmy Durante to stand in for the GI who always worked in the number with her. Durante had gone home, and Susan said, "Daddy, come here." Terry ended the number, as usual, with a quick kiss. A syndicate photographer flashed the picture and the next day Terry and her family were shocked to see the picture spotlighting a whole column titled, "How to Get Ahead with the Boss Department."

Listening to a famed commentator's description of a fight in a Sunset Strip night club between two men over the girl with them, she was shocked to hear him add erroneously that the girl was Terry Moore. One columnist itemized her "staging it" at the Mocambo wearing a gown so low cut that a sneeze would have closed the club.

"But I wasn't even there," Terry pointed out in amazement. Another, mentioning that she wore a high-necked gown to the "Cease Fire" première, couldn't resist saying, "Terry Moore was covered up—for a change." Another premier, Terry delayed entering the theatre by the studio's publicity men, who kept posing her with attending dignitaries and whisking her up to microphones to tape radio interviews. Later, a reporter accused her of deliberately being late and out-zza-zzing Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Reading such items, Terry, bewildered and unhappy, decided she just wouldn't make public appearances again.

But this isn't the answer either, she's found. Invited to a big soiree recently, Terry had been rehearsing a difficult dance routine all day and she was begging off—when it was pointed out to her that she couldn't offend the important producer who was giving the party. He had come to the party when she got back from Korea, and she couldn't offend him by not going to his party. "I must go, you go, they make cracks. If you don't, they still do. You just can't win," she says wearily.

She was hospitalized for the ear infection still hanging over from Korea when she read, "The public is getting tired of Terry Moore's escapades. Her mother answered the phone to hear her husky, "What do they mean? What escapades?" Terry can't understand either why her critics are now levelling on her mother too, accusing Mrs. Koford of being an overambitious movie mother and pushing Terry. As her mother says, "I've never pushed Terry into anything. On the contrary, my worry is that she'll work too hard and overtax her strength. Like any mother, I'm concerned about her health and well-being, and if she is unhappy to be sure, I'm standing close by to help soften the blow."

And Terry doesn't quite know what to do about the criticism she's received for being sickly, sickening the social butterfly. Trying to analyze the whole thing soberly and find any possible why, Terry believes it's because she doesn't date anybody steadily. That afterthought be one reason they think I 'butterfly' around. Other girls have all gone to a lot of the same parties in the past, but nobody's said anything about them because they were dating steady. I haven't found mine yet. Unfortunately, I wish I had. I'm just not as lucky as they've been.

Recently when Eddie Fisher was in Hollywood, a columnist falsely itemed that he was asking for Debbie Reynolds' phone number and emphasized he had not called Terry Moore. Actually, Eddie had been calling Terry ever since he'd arrived. He'd invited her to the big party NBC gave for him, but she hadn't thought she should go. "If he'd called," she said, "I'd have called exclaiming, "But that isn't true! Why would anybody say that?" He suggested Terry have dinner with him at Rainbows'—which would prove the untruth.

"No," she said wearily, "there would only be more publicity." Then with a touch of the old impish Terry, "Come over to my house, I'll play all my Frank Sinatra records for you." They played records and had a wonderful evening, with Eddie pep-talking Terry plenty about paying no attention to the slaps taken at her.

Ultimately, those closest to Terry don't believe that her natural sunny philosophy has changed or her refreshing zest for living has run curbed. Her parents have watched Terry's weather challenges—whatever the form—with a positive healthy approach. And with the courage of her own convictions,

she signed a fat contract at Columbia studios with nothing at all in the offering because she felt she was making no headway. She didn't work for some time and has no money to pay for her lessons, then they gave her a part in a play at La Jolla, and got the lead in "Man on a Tightrope." Long typed as a "sweet young thing," she still didn't hesitate to go after the sexy young siren in "Come Back, Little Sheba." As Terry says now, "Nobody ever thought I could do it—except the director. He was from Broadway, and he didn't know I wasn't supposed to play sexy parts." When he offered her "Pink Tights," acquaintances pointed out indignantly that she would probably only be used to "put a fire under Marilyn Monroe." But Terry was all for making the living if she may be, she said sensibly, "but even if I don't get the part, this will be an opportunity for me to show the studio I can sing and dance—and they're paying for special arrangements with music and costumes I couldn't afford."

Like any lovely vital girl in any other town who just naturally steals the show with her talent and looks and that electric warmth that enlivens any atmosphere and draws people always has been a target for a certain amount of jealousy and envy. Being in movies, she admits, made it real rough during school. Terry's position as a former model over. She learned never to mention movies, and she concentrated on making top grades. "Terry didn't want the others to say, 'She's in pictures. She thinks she's important. I couldn't afford,'" she says.

When she graduated from junior high, a group of girls cruelly conspired to make her do a last-end lot of work. To celebrate, they were going to Hollywood to see a show at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, and Terry was flattered when they invited her to come along. That was the big event then, she still flinches and it's something—going to Hollywood without any chaperones," Terry recalls. She was to meet the others at the corner of Brand and Broadway in Glendale after playing. She was excitedly dressing when two other girls came over and warned, "They told you to be there at five—thirty—but they're all going to go there at five." Shocked, Terry realizes the others had planned all along.
to stand her up and just leave her there waiting on the corner. "I'll always remember the girls who told me. We went to Glendale to the show, they spent the night with me, and Mother made hot chocolate and we had a great time. I'll never forget—"

Terry wasn't too much fun for the other girls to be with anyway. "They were always getting together and gossiping and cutting somebody up—and I just couldn't do this. They thought I was a square." But in the long run it paid off. Eventually the other girls all got mad at each other and went to Terry for advice, and she wound up being friends with all of them because they trusted her. "It takes a long time, but it's worth it. They're all still my friends now. I'm invited to all their baby showers."

But for a long time Terry was pretty much a mystery to the other girls. They were sure she was either too good or too dumb. One afternoon they were playing the "Truth Game," in which the girls told one another's faults. They said one girl was boy-crazy, one too sloppy, one two-faced. When they got to Terry, one of the girls said, "You're just too nice. Or maybe you're not too smart. That must be it. You must just be dumb. When people make remarks— you don't even notice. Terry sat still a moment, then finally said, "Really?" and surprised them all by repeating three remarks she knew the same girl had made about her. "What am I supposed to do? I just ignore them," she said quietly.

Eventually, through hard work, through sticking to her own principles and staying in the background and writing and producing plays for the others to star in, Terry was elected president of class after class and became one of the most popular girls at Glendale High.

But today's is a different and more formidable kind of "truth game." For Terry, the same rules will eventually win.

All Terry's accent is on her career now. "I try not to go out at all any more," says Terry. "I've had almost no dates since I got back from Korea." One of the few was with Tab Hunter, who flew back from the "Battle Cry" location in time to escort her to the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards dinner. "I haven't even stepped inside the Mocambo or Ciro's—for the party that was given for us. But the publicity still hasn't died down."

One slur, however, doesn't worry her: the rumors that Terry would like to return to Korea, but that she wouldn't be welcome there. She plans to go back to Korea all right, but with the Army's very special blessing. Colonel Joe Gocitz, head of USO, has declared publicly, "I want Terry Moore cleared." As for the GI's, they had no complaints the first time around.

For all the aftermath, the look on the GI's faces when they were alone after the troupe left would take Tiny Terry back there. "Words can't express it," she says slowly now. "It tears your heart. You could tell just what they were feeling. The birthday party was over, and they were so lonely and let-down—they almost wished we hadn't come. That's why I'm going back as soon as I can."

With her buoyant spirit, Terry was never meant to live in the wings or in shadow—but confidently, joyously center stage. And hers will be a more confident act tomorrow, for having weathered today. When the shooting's all over, the same rules for living will have won. Keep a full heart and a free conscience. And this above all—be able to live with oneself. Ask anybody who knows her—Terry Moore couldn't be in better company.

The End
(Continued from page 46)

sympathetique,” she cooed dreamily. “I cook for him every night. We are so gay, we laugh all day long. He understands me. He's artistic. We like to stay home.

When the rumors started, Leslie assured me, “I tasted a little fame. But for me, marriage is more important.” And watching her serious pixie face I thought, “This French girl has her dancing feet firmly planted on the ground.”

But the very things that were at first attractive became the very things that drove them apart. Leslie's dancing feet could not be stilled. Public adulation is a header champagne than Geordie could buy in bottles. Leslie walked out on Geordie, not even stopping to pick up her diamonds—after just two short years of marriage. Geordie could buy her anything she wanted, but all she wanted was a pair of dancing slippers.

In some ways, Leslie is one of the luckiest of the girls who married millionaires. I've been around Hollywood a long time. I've seen stars swear to love forever today and seen them hate for the same period tomorrow. And nothing can surprise me too much. But even I was amazed at the fantastic fizzle of the marriage of gorgeous Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton.

It was so exciting at the beginning. The most beautiful movie star marrying everything a young girl dreams of getting for a husband—young, good-looking, rich as all get out and very charming. “I'm madly in love with him,” Elizabeth told me sincerely during their short engagement. “He's the most wonderful man in the world. And I realize that Nicky is the only man I have ever loved—or could ever love.”

Elizabeth invited me to her mother's house to inspect the huge square-cut diamond engagement ring. Nicky bought her an expensive car and an exquisite mink jacket. Patina, I think it was called. Anyway it was grey. “Till death do us part,” she murmured softly in the flower-decked Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills. She floated in a white trance at the huge reception afterwards in the swank Bel Air Country Club. Nothing was too good or too expensive for Elizabeth.

Later I saw Elizabeth when they returned from the honeymoon, up north in Monterey. Elizabeth was thin and strangely irritable. But that was only the beginning of their mad, dash for happiness. The lovely movie star and her millionaire husband went to Europe, to try in some manner to build a marriage. The strangest stories were whispered back to her frantic family in Hollywood. Stories of the most beautiful child bride in the world crying all alone as she sat by a window overlooking the beautiful Mediterranean Sea. Of hysteries, of scenes no longer played in private on the luxury liner bringing them home. Of doctors in New York and Chicago forbidding Elizabeth the right to visit her husband because he added to whatever it was that was making her so ill.

In Elizabeth's case, everything happened for the best. During their brief marriage to Nicky, she grew up—from an emotional child into a woman who knew the values of love, marriage and a family. Perhaps if she had not experienced that early mistake, she would never have been able to appreciate and enjoy her present calm role as Mrs. Michael Wilding. She is only twenty-two now, but she knows full well that money can buy everything but happiness. Today Elizabeth knows the real source of contentment: an attractive home, a handsome son, another baby rumored on the way—I hope so—and a husband who worships the ground she walks on and gives her stability and a real basis for happiness.

I did some moralizing in my column when Bob Topping walked out of his marriage with Lana Turner. Bob owed her $90,000, I said, and yet his steel-tycoon grandfather left him a trust fund worth several million dollars. Lana had trusted him with money just as she had trusted him with her heart. Bob wanted Lana, the movie star, as his wife, but he resented everything which Lana needed to do (in all clear conscience) to maintain her career as a movie star. I'll never forget the day he called the studio and demanded that they stop production and send Lana home to him at once! He resented her fans so deeply, he alienated untold numbers by rushing Lana brusquely past autograph seekers, past persons who just wanted one look at her in the flesh.

Lana would have willingly given up her career to be Mrs. Topping, private citizen. How she wanted their child! She stopped working but she lost her baby. While Topping wanted her for his wife, he in spite of this was neither willing to have her give up her career nor make the sacrifices necessary for her to continue it.

Today Lana is Mrs. Lex Barker. Lex doesn't earn anywhere near Lana's salary but they are both confident that some day he will—meantime he pays her share. He's proud of Lana as a movie star, cherishes her as a wife. And they're happy. I'll bet
Janet Leigh was smarter than most people realize. We all thought she would marry Arthur Loew, Jr., a bright, smart young man who would inherit millions from his grandfather, the founder of M-G-M. But Janet was a girl who knew that love was the most important ingredient of a marital relationship and that money couldn't matter less. Janet visited Arthur's family in Arizona and found them more than ready to welcome her as a daughter-in-law. Yet Janet could have had millions but her level eyes saw what her level head wanted to see, her heart did not belong to Arthur.

Instead, Janet married the man for her heart, Tony Curtis, who supports his own parents and who'll never be rich, no matter how much they spend. He's an exception, a mansion, be it every so richly appointed, would never look like home to Janet unless Tony was there. No amount of money can buy for these two what they possess—a wonderful understanding of each other's problems, a sharing of disappointments and heartaches together, a bond of respect for everything each has been able to contribute to the other.

Single girls who are now searching for an ideal mate might well follow Janet's example. For instance, I'm glad that Debbie Reynolds is taking time with her answer to playboy magazine. Bob was first turned down by filmente Diana Lynn—and there have been others since. And that should spell danger to Debbie.

Another girl who might well profit from the past experience of the Reynolds, who has been following in Rita Hayworth's footsteps with Aly Khan. There aren't many men in the world who could be richer than Aly will be some day—or even as solvent as he is right now. But the difference between money and happiness with Aly should be obvious to Gene.

Marilyn Monroe is the perfect example of a girl who kept her feet on the ground. There's no doubt at all that Marilyn had the whole world to choose from. But Marilyn had the good sense to marry a man who has enough money to live on comfortably, but not so much that he has to worry about it.

Almost without exception—and the exceptions are so rare that they seem to prove the rule—the millionaire's daughter to marry a star is a far cry from the ideal husband. Usually he is exactly the opposite. Instead of being a strong man with a stable personality, who can understand and sympathize with her frustrations, and counterbalance the tremendous emotional flights that inevitably accompany a triumph in a star's life the millionaires who marry movie stars are usually other women, who want to buy their way into Hollywood's glamour and become a part of its magic without having to work for it.

There are exceptions, of course. Greer Garson's Buddy Fogelson is a wonderful guy and I believe he'd be just as great if he were a poor man. You should have seen him washing dishes in my kitchen at a party when the plates were a generous man—witness the full-length mink coat he gave Greer on her last birthday, and the jewels. But he gives of himself, too. "For the first time in my life, I'm not worried about anything," he says recently. And Greer is a girl who doesn't fool herself. She doesn't have to. She married one millionaire who is one in a million!
boorish, temperamental and unpredictable. He was confirming the exact opposite view expressed by the people who worked with him during the filming in New York, of “On the Waterfront,” Horizons, the Yodora picture soon to be released by Columbia.

“On the Waterfront,” they will also tell you, was no luxury assignment. Based on the true story of the effect of the rackets on the individual lives of dock workers near every foot of it was shot during midwinter along New York harbor or in slums of adjacent New Jersey cities.

“Working under such circumstances,” says one of the actors grimly, “the weaknesses and the shells showed up fast.”

The fact that Brando stood this test rallied these co-workers to his defense, for shortly after “On the Waterfront,” many called Brando a heel and worse.

This was the time sequence: One, only hours after “On the Waterfront” was finished, Brando flew to Hollywood to start work on “The Egyptian” for 20th, for which he was already committed. Two, shortly after he jumped the set and returned to New York. Three, his psychiatrist announced he was “very sick man,” unable to work for several weeks. Four, 20th, claiming willful breach of contract, slapped him with a two-million-dollar damage suit.

This suit has since been settled out of court, and at press time Brando will play the part of Napoleon in “Desiree” for 20th, but at that time it was open season on Brando. Gossips raged.

The more reputable comments drew an analogy between his personal way of kicking Hollywood in the teeth and the character he portrayed in his recent off-beat picture, “The Wild One.”

In it, he played Johnny, sullen leader of an outlaw motorcycle gang, the Black Rebels. In one scene a girl, noticing the gang name on the back of his leather jacket, asks, “What are you rebelling against?” and Brando, with an insolent grin, replies, “What’s ya got?”

That, contended his critics, was Brando himself—a violent person with no regard for the rights of others who sits alone the moment destructively when something displeases him.

But the cast and staff of “On the Waterfront,” notably old friends and new professional actors and the doorknockers who were hired as extras, saw a much different Marlon Brando.

Says the hostess he surprised with the armload of groceries, “Marlon is so considerate that sometimes you’re sure he can read your mind. Since I had gone over to Jersey to visit the set I had no time to shop.”

She is Mrs. Karl Malden, wife of the actor who has a key role in the waterfront picture.

Karl nods in agreement based on long association. Their friendship began when both appeared in Broadway play called “Truckline Cafe” and continued in “A Streetcar Named Desire.” While Brando brightened his star with”Julius Caesar,” Malden was earning his own top credits in “Take the High Ground” and “Phantom of the Rue Morgue.”

He says, “Marlon notices another actor’s reaction. It’s easy to work out a scene with him. Dramatically, he has an acute sense of right and wrong. This is one guy I can trust.”

A new friend, Eva Marie Saint, a television-trained actress who plays her first motion picture role opposite Brando, discovered she could trust Brando as soon as she tried out for the part.

Understandably nervous, she went to the Actors’ Studio to audition. Director Elia Kazan explained the scene.

“Playing the exact role of a girl who sees good in everyone, but who also has ideals,”

Then he turned to Brando. “You’re Terry. You’re a young tough on the edge of the rackets. You’ve never had an affair with them. You’re having an affair with a girl who sees good in everyone, but who also has ideals.”

Says Eva Marie, “Other actors had told me that Marlon was good to work with, but what happened was almost unbelievable to me. He gives so much of himself that he makes it real, instead of just a scene. Before I knew it, I actually got mad at him instead of merely pretending to.”

Wise Kazan then changed the pace. He gave them a gentle scene where Edie, in anger, comes to Terry’s apartment to apologize.

Says Eva Marie, “I could practically see the chip on Marlon’s shoulder when he glared and said, ‘You think I’m not good enough for you, don’t you?’”

She smiles at his solution for the scene. “We talked things out, then he taught me to treating Marlon is a wonderful dancer.”

Eva Marie contends that after such help on an audition she couldn’t help getting the part. She certainly did not expect, however, that it would also be exciting about her success. “After all,” she explains, “he was the star, already signed. I was just the young hopeful.”

But it could be that Brando remembered his own anxieties in finding his first major role. He might have remembered how he felt when, without a cent in his pockets, he walked from mid-Manhattan to a highly offbeat and hick-hiked to Tennessee William’s seaside cottage to audition for “A Streetcar Named Desire.”

For Brando contributed handsomely to her celebration. Says Eva Marie, “I was in a Broadway Show. When I came into my dressing room, there was a big bouquet of red roses, a bottle of perfume, and a card from Marlon saying, ‘Congratulations—you’ll be wonderful friends.’”

Shortly, she learned that was only the beginning.

Eva Marie’s first call to the set came one of the bright brisk days when they brought a longshot autumn to New York. On Manhattan, it had been comfortable to wear just a light coat, but across the Hudson, on a Hoboken rooftop, the wind had a sharp bite.

Marlon and Karl Malden, who plays the priest, were in the midst of a scene when she turned up. She found a place to stand quietly. She thought he had not noticed her arrival.

But at the first break, Marlon was at her side saying heartily as if he were welcoming her to a party, “Good to see you. Let me get you a chair. Are you warm enough?”

His question, “Are you warm enough?” was to be repeated frequently during the next three months, for the balmy days soon ended. There was snow, then smog, there was icy rain, there was wind.

But through it all, the shooting went on. They worked in freezing damp warehouses, on ice-caked piers, in back streets and tenement rooftops, in flats, in churches and parks.

Always, they were cold. Eva Marie cast as the daughter of an unemployed longshoreman, had a wardrobe to match—one $10.95 dress, one $39.95 coat. When they
went down to the docks where wind sloshed the dirty water up into a spray, her teeth chattered.

She begged Director Kazan, "Couldn't I have something warmer, maybe a pea jacket?"

Kazan, whose reputation is based on realism, turned her down. He wanted to show what effect the weather had on the people. "Sorry," he said, "but you're a poor girl. You have just one coat. It's thin. You're always cold."

To others on his staff, he said delightedly, "See what I mean? Here we get the real feeling. You could never fake this on a steam-heated sound stage."

Shortly, however, even Kazan got enough realism. Cameras froze. Eight of the two hundred actual longshoremen who were employed as extras decided it was too much for them. They asked to be paid off. It was easier to go back to wrestling cargo. Standing around, waiting in the cold for the camera to turn their direction, was more than they had bargained for.

The actual manual labor of acting and filming had become a war, with the weather their enemy. Said one from the Hollywood staff, "The cold gets into your mind as well as your body. It slows you up. You can't think of anything except how miserable you are."

Under such conditions, Brando's only responsibility was to take the best possible care of himself so he could play his own scenes. He should have headed for the nearest warm spot.

Instead, he was all over the area, joking, asking questions, learning.

In the beginning, the for-real longshoremen failed to appreciate his attention. To them, the movie picture was their own amusements, turning into filmed make-believe the bitter problems of their own lives—the back-breaking work, the danger of oppressing the racketeers, their job insecurities.

As they saw it, their duties did not include teaching a matinee idol how to hoist cargo. Resentfully, they muttered, "Who does this guy Brando think he is, anyhow?"

But when, in scene after scene, they saw that he wasn't afraid to get his hands dirty, that he was sure on his feet, that when action called for it, he was right there, pushing his own weight, lugging, sweating and gripping the same as they were, their antagonism broke down. As he questions about how to do things grew more knowing, they started to teach. In off-moments, they would sidle up to say, "You're doin' it the hard way, Bud. Now next time, try this."

It was the same with the boxers. Tony Galento and a number of other ring headliners were cast as the tough mugs. With them, a deal developed. He helped them with their lines, they coached him in punching.

Because of Brando's real interest and desire to learn, few realized that his off-camera activity was making another contribution to the picture. By breaking up the frigid boredom of sitting around, by telling people they were doing fine, he was like a good military officer, rallying his men during a lull in the battle.

The respect Brando earned from the men showed in other ways. When the wives of the extras showed up with the family Brownie to take pictures of their husbands with the star. For them, Marlon posed with the same enthusiasm he displayed when the big cameras were rolling.

But the men's real accolade came at the end of the picture. They invited him to come over to one of their hangouts to hoist a glass of beer. It was their way of saying, "We figure you for a good guy."

Through it all, Brando was happy. Despite rough work and bitter weather, he enjoyed every moment of the filming of "On the Waterfront."

Just a few days later, when his difficulties with 20th Century exploded into headlines one of the picture's Hollywood staff tried to explain the contrast in his behavior. "The only thing Marlon cares about is acting. He hates the additional prerogatives of being a star. To him, they're not prerogatives, but burdens. This guy not only doesn't need a swimming pool, he doesn't want one."

Eva Marie Saint sums it up in feminine fashion. "Other than my husband, Marlon Brando is the nicest man I know."

But there will always be some people whom Marlon Brando, The Wild One, irks. It happened even during the filming of "On the Waterfront."

It was just before Christmas and the company had taken a break to eat lunch and thaw out.

Blue with cold, Brando came into the hotel which served as their headquarters. A civic group was having luncheon in the dining room. In the corridor, grade-school youngsters dressed in white robes of Christmas angels were waiting to sing. When they spoke, Marlon, they shrieked with delight and ambushed him.

He waited patiently while the kids rounded up scraps of paper and a pencil for autographs. He apologized because his hands were frozen stiff. "I don't know whether you'll be able to read this," he warned them.

His explanation and his plight carried no weight with one golden-curled cherub. Inspecting his autograph, she turned up her nose, then remarked in most audible and very superior fashion, "Humph. He'll never get an A in penmanship."

The End

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**Secret Life of Janet Leigh**

(Continued from page 62)

get this way sometimes." Whereupon, they granted her a month's leave.

It was something of a triumph for Janet. Not over the studio bosses, over herself.

One more precisely, over that part of herself which is Janet Leigh, film star.

"I needed that month," she says now, "to be just plain me—Janet Curtis, Tony's wife. I wanted to sit in the sun on the patio and not even think if I didn't feel like thinking. I wanted to read some books that had absolutely no picture possibilities, and shop for things I didn't need and probably wouldn't buy, and try out a recipe or two, just for fun.

Surely that's a modest list of desires, but just as surely, a list which would not even have occurred to the eagerly ambitious Janet of seven years ago.

During those years, Janet progressed from a new and promising Hollywood discovery to her present secure position as one of the biggest box-office draws among the younger actresses. She gained for herself a reputation for dependability—which meant you could count on her not only for a fine acting job on the screen but for cheerful performance of all the time-consuming chores which go with stardom. The personal appearances, the interviews, the attendances at parties and premières, the hot long sessions with photographers, costumers, and make-up men—she took them all in stride. Temper and temperament were alike unknown to her.

And this was so because Janet is that kind of a person. She is a subscriber to the rock-rubbed old adage that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Her joyful discovery that she was pregnant didn't slow Janet down. She was already slated for "Prince Valiant" with Bob Wagner—an important picture and a fine part—and the studio production timetable was such that she'd be able to report for work as planned. Tony was due to make a picture in Honolulu, and they would be apart five weeks. Janet looked forward to rehearsals as a means of making the separation more bearable.

When the startling thing happened.

With Tony three thousand miles away, Janet lost the baby.

"I knew what was happening to me," she recalls. "Yet on my way to the hospital I was quite calm. I didn't go to pieces until it was all over. Then I sat in my hospital room and couldn't stop crying. I hadn't let Tony know—I didn't see how he could help me and I didn't want to upset him so terribly in the middle of making a picture. But our parents were wiser than I was, and they decided he should be told and cabled him. He telephoned me at the hospital—and just talking to him did help me. It was wonderful to hear his voice, reassuring me that he loved me and that we'd have our baby some day. Of course I knew how broken up he was. Tony is very emotional, and he'd be so happy about the baby. But he was trying to hide his own sadness in order to help me. I felt that I was seeing a side of him I'd never even realized existed. His strength and maturity made me proud of him, and I felt better."

Later, after he had returned from Honolulu, Tony did break down, in delayed reaction from worrying about Janet. But by then, Janet's own grief had softened and she was able to comfort him.

The unspoken fear of both, of course, was that Janet might never be able to bear a child. But Dr. Sarah Pearl, her obstetrician, put their minds at rest on that point. A miscarriage was nothing unusual in a first pregnancy, she said, par-
particularly for someone who lived as intensely as did Janet. "You've been running without a reserve tank," she told her bluntly. "Slow down. Relax. Take vitamins and get more sleep."

Which was an easy thing for the doctor to say, but not so easy for Janet to do. "Prince Valiant" was ready to start shooting, and after that she was penciled in for two others, "The Black Shield of Falworth," in which Tony would be co-starred with her, and "Living Up." But Janet did what she could in the vitamin and more-sleep departments. If she and Tony went out for an evening, you'd see them quietly leaving the party early. And there was a further change in their mode of living which they made.

In the three years of their marriage, Janet and Tony have had three different homes. Their first was a small apartment. Their second was a huge, plush apartment—a penthouse affair, seven rooms, $400 a month rent. It was fine for entertaining and impressing people, but it had one big drawback—you had to climb three flights of stairs to reach it.

When they thought they were going to become parents, Janet and Tony made plans for moving out of their penthouse. Indefinite plans since there was, after all, plenty of time. But after the miscarriage, moving seemed more urgent. Those stairs didn't fit in with Janet's new regime of getting more rest. Last fall they found, and settled down in, a charming eight-room Spanish-style bungalow on a corner lot in Beverly Hills.

"We rent it, of course," Janet says hastily, lest one get the wrong impression. "We can't afford to build or buy our own place yet. But just the same, we both feel more permanent—more as if this were our first real home. There's something about having your own roof over your head, and your own front and back yard, that you can never get in an apartment, no matter how nice it is."

So it was to this home that Janet returned for her month's leave of absence—to take stock of herself and her life.

It's something most of us need to do now and then—to look at the goals we set ourselves at some earlier time and decide whether or not they are the goals we would still choose. In Janet's case it was imperative because she had achieved her first desire: she was a successful film star. Now it was time to add to her goals, to reach even higher for fulfillment.

Out of this realization came Janet Leigh's secret life. It is truly secret. She will not, cannot, discuss it. But its existence is implicit in the things she does say about herself, her marriage, her hopes for the future.

"I think I am a fortunate and happy woman," she says brightly. "I have a profession which interests me and a husband whom I love. Because his work and mine are alike, we can understand each other's career problems—and be more tolerant of the demands our careers make. For instance, I can understand when Tony has to be in bed early to get full rest before an early studio call. The same thing happens to me. And I can understand, and not feel slighted, if his work takes up time he'd otherwise be able to devote exclusively to me."

"I don't believe," she went on, "that a wife should be totally dependent on her husband to fill her days. If I didn't work in pictures, I'd work in some other field, or find some other activity which would allow me to be more than just a housekeeper. My next picture will be "Athena," and I'll want to get started—so soon as my month is over. The important thing I see is it to function as an individual—a..."
person. If you can do that, you will function at the same time as a wife, a woman, and—in my case—an actress."

And as a mother?

Janet said frankly, "I hope we raise a large family. I was an only child, and I remember how lonely I was. More than anything, I want children. Every time I see a mother wheeling her baby down the street I wish I were in her shoes. I would give all the fame I have just for the happiness of being able to say, 'This child is mine and Tony's.' But on the other hand, I don't believe I have to stop working because of motherhood. I feel that mothers shouldn't submerge themselves completely in their children—to do so isn't healthy for either child or mother."

What Janet did not say—very carefully did not say—was that she had put her career, even mentally, in second place to either her marriage or her hopes of being a mother. You do not say such things for publication when you are a young player under contract to a watchful and nervous major studio. She will do anything—within the framework of her career, if possible, outside it, if necessary—to have children.

Janet could make no other decision. It simply wouldn't be possible for her—her whole character forbids it. Family ties, human relationships, mean a great deal to her. Children mean even more. A few years ago she adopted the entire population of the LeRoy Home for underprivileged boys in the California town of LaVerne. The welfare of these kids became her special project, which she pursued with typical Leigh zest, making the 70-mile round trip to visit the home as often as possible and on each Christmas playing Santa Claus with a party, a show, and gifts for every boy. For a new kitchen in the home, she raised $5,000 on one occasion and $2,500 on another.

Sponsorship of the LeRoy Home was enough, perhaps, before Janet saw her hopes of having a child of her own snatched away from her. It isn't now. Losing her baby shocked her into an awareness that she owes a responsibility to herself as well as to the studio which employs her and the fans whose interest, in the last analysis, makes the movie machine possible. That responsibility, naturally, includes Tony, whose latest picture for U-I is "Johnny Dark."

Working wife and star though she is, Janet's philosophy of marriage leads her to put Tony's welfare and Tony's wishes just a bit before her own. "People say Janet spoils me," Tony grins, "and I guess she does. But I don't think it's wrong. I've learned that she's unhappy if there isn't something she can be doing for me. 'Don't you want something to eat?' she's always asking when I'm relaxing. 'A peach—or maybe a pear? I'll peel it for you. How about a glass of soda?'

"And you like it," is Janet's rejoinder. "Why not? Any man would—it gives him a feeling of being head of the house. Which, my darling, you are." Her voice is low, but there is a note in it that tells you she is speaking the simple truth.

Very much aware of Tony's wish for children, Janet would make any sacrifice to give them to him, quite apart from her own desires.

No sacrifice may be necessary. No real sacrifice, that is. A change of viewpoint may suffice. A determination to live at less than the concert pitch, an enlightened selfishness that will enable her to say "No" to studio requests when she would much rather say "Yes," these, almost certainly, will give Janet the family she and Tony long to have. But until time tells its tale, Janet is living a secret life, one built on hopes and dreams.

The End
Jane’s Happiest Year

(Continued from page 64)

world that had no need to call its own. In the entertainment world, it was the year a film called “The Outlaw” opened for a short while and then closed amid cries of public indignation. The subject of the controversy which raged across the nation was a nation nationally pictured reeling in a haystack.

Although “The Outlaw” had not yet found its way into national release, its star, Jane Russell, was well known. Indeed. Her name had become a synonym for sex appeal. However, she had yet to prove her ability to do anything more than send sultry looks sizzling from frame to frame. A lot of stars have started their careers with similar publicity and they’ve gone on to give performances that have the critics cheering,” says one of Jane’s friends. “The year after “The Outlaw” was making a movie that should have been able to spend furthering her career... working and studying as she has done since to perfect her singing and dancing and acting ability.”

Yet this was the year in which Jane Russell disappeared from Hollywood—to seek a happiness which fame could never give her. She chose to leave success and financial security behind in exchange for another sort of security—the kind which comes from loving and being loved, needing and being needed. She chose marriage.

The man’s name was Robert Waterfield. She’d worshipped him from afar for what had seemed like a century. A school football hero and “older man,” he didn’t know she was alive. Then one day he turned around and she happened to be there—alive and grown up and slightly breath-taking. When he looked at her this time, he finally saw her and had to admit that she wasn’t such a repulsive child after all. That was the beginning of their courtship.

They dated for five years and it was during this time that she became a movie star. And when “The Outlaw” played briefly in San Francisco, Jane was on hand to do eight or nine daily stage shows. When the picture was banned, she promptly refused to continue personal appearances and went on suspension. Robert was visiting her at the time the commotion began and, in the midst of the confusion and conferences, he made a very sane suggestion. “Come on home and let’s get married,” he said. And Jane, knowing of his impending induction into the Army, made her decision.

Two weeks after their wedding, Robert left for Officers Candidate School at Fort Benning, Georgia. A week later, Jane followed. There were no special movie-star privileges. She traveled as best she could by train in a two-passenger coach seat shared by three. Air-conditioning was a prewar memory and any thought of sleep was usually interrupted by the cries of unhappy babies. When they weren’t consoling one another, Jane and the other wives took turns consoling the babies. Because troop trains received priority, the trip took five days.

When Jane arrived in Columbus, her black taffeta dress was as crushed as her spirits and her high heels felt like stilts. With the exception of the boy who volunteered to carry her suitcase into the Travelers Aid office, she knew no one.

Her first step was to look for a place to live. Everyone with a spare room in Columbus had pitched in to help in overcoming the housing shortage. Even attics were being cleared and rented, but space was still scarce. After several hours of searching, Jane returned to the Travelers Aid. “I’m sorry, but this is where I’ll have to sleep,” she told the lady in charge. “Just

Jane’s Happiest Year

(Continued from page 64)

world that had no need to call its own. In the entertainment world, it was the year a film called “The Outlaw” opened for a short while and then closed amid cries of public indignation. The subject of the controversy which raged across the nation was a nation nationally pictured reeling in a haystack.

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she joined Pat in the bond tank which was sponsored by local radio stations. Because of the wage freeze, each week they brought home salaries of only eighteen dollars apiece. Bob drove twenty-one dollars per month. The grand total was their entire income.

All the time, Jane lived for the end of the workday. Then she'd walk through town and catch an Army bus to Fort Benning and spend a half hour with Robert. They'd sit under a tree by the side of the road and try, as best they could, to plan their future. They built their house a hundred times and always the foundation was a "some day."

"It was crazy," says Jane today. "It was wonderful."

When the half hour ended, she'd catch a bus back to Columbus, walk through town again to her own bus stop and head home for dinner. The schedule was interrupted by a crisis which came to the bond tank. Neither Jane nor Pat knew how to keep books—one of the duties for which they had been hired. And the books refused to balance. Then, too, friendly ushers at a near-by theatre had invited the girls to come in any time and see a free movie. They took turns slipping away and invariably one of them would be missing when the executives came by. It happened once too often, and one day they found themselves unemployed. However, the girls did recover from a sense of mathematical inadequacy when they learned that the employees who followed them into the bond tank were also unable to balance the books.

About this time, Robert received his commission and a two-week furlough, during which the Waterfields spent in California. Jane wrote to Howard Hughes telling him that since she had signed a contract she thought she should fulfill her part of the bargain. But she did want to be with Robert as much as possible. "Howard did a wonderful thing," she says. "He put me back on salary, gave me a bonus and sent me back to Columbus."

And there was time for making friends—and the friends Jane made in Columbus have remained her friends. Not long ago when Jane went east on a personal-appearance tour, she called Doris and Charlie Taylor to invite them to be her guests while she was in Birmingham, Alabama. The Taylors, who still live in Columbus, bundled daughter Tracey into their car and headed for Birmingham, where they had a large-type reunion.

"But it's a wonder we ever actually became friends," Charlie grins, recalling his first meeting with Jane.

When Robert received his commission, Jane became entitled to officers' wives' privileges at Fort Benning. One day she decided to take up horseback riding. She was accustomed to a Western saddle, but they gave her a horse with an English saddle. And she'd never met a more obstinate horse.

It was customary to take a few turns around the paddock before obtaining approval to ride outside. The general idea was to ride around the ring, but Jane's

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horse kept taking a short cut through the middle. Lt. Taylor, the officer in charge of the stable, stood watching her. She got mad. She gave the animal a piece of her mind—all her heels. Seeing this, Lt. Taylor began to burn. “That’s no way to handle a horse, young lady,” he shouted. “All right then, you take him around,” Jane shouted back.

He tried. He, too, found himself taking the short cut. Then he dismounted and shouted, “Get this horse off the property!” He turned to Jane. “I’m very sorry,” he said. After which he added, “But the fact remains—you still don’t know how to ride.”

“So teach me,” said Jane. So she taught him.

“Right away, she wanted to know when she’d be ready to go along on one of our hunts,” Charlie Taylor recalls. “I told her she’d need five or six more lessons. As I might have expected, she appeared at the stable the next day with khaki pants and an old sweater. Then we had to find some boots to fit her. Before we left, I asked if she was sure she wanted to go. ‘Sure,’ she said.

“We covered about twenty-five miles that morning. On the way back, Jane had nothing to say. Just gritted her teeth and hung on to the horse. But after that, she really ever missed a hint.”

Jane went with Charlie to get his marriage license and was on hand to meet Doris, his bride-to-be, when she arrived for the wedding. Along with another couple, Tracy Belton and Charlie Wake, they stood up with the Taylors when they were married. Today both the Taylors and the Waterfields have daughters named after Tracy Wake.

It was during their year in Columbus that Jane and Bob began to set the pattern for their married life and created the formula for their successful marriage. “Robert was a woman’s man,” says Jane. “And we’d meet at home—the way we do now.”

“They’re as different as their interests,” says Charlie Taylor. Bob’s reserved. He doesn’t warm up to anyone unless they’re known to him a hundred years. If he has anything to say, he doesn’t anything—a quality which few of us have.

“One thing’s certain. Jane must be the star at home, but when Bob gets home, he’s the star.”

Jane seemed to be summing up her feelings on an autographed picture which now rests in the Taylor’s scrapbook. One of the famed haystack photos and across the top is written: So what? Jane Waterfield.

“It’s like a Cinderella story,” says Mrs. Coney, who has followed Jane’s and Bob’s careers since their departure. “Thinking of the way they lived here, they can appreciate success more than someone who had an easy time, and I doubt if it’s changed them at all, she wanted to be happy with Bob.”

Today, the Waterfields live in a luxurious home on a Hollywood hilltop. They have two lively daughters and even the Bradstreet could not sneeze at their bank account. Jane seldom talks of her marriage, but there is no doubt in anyone’s mind that it comes first in her life. It always will.

She’ll never forget that day in Columbus when their future was to be decided. Robert had gone to the post to get the results of a physical examination. They were to learn whether he would receive a

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medical discharge or whether they would be going on to another post. While she was waiting, Jane put her thoughts on paper.

“It's very strange,” she wrote. “A milestone. What will it be? Robert will drive in soon with the answer and I'll know by his face—before I'll be going home. Home? Free? Or what? Macon, Georgia; the desert; North, South, East or West... crowded dirty streets, couples holding close when all around is strangeness. Working for semblance of home and finding unconscious happiness in their effort. But they live in the past and the future; the present is unreal.

“Will I be allowed to go home? Is it possible that we might settle and go ahead with our lives, or will it be postponed like all the others? And if we go home, will we stay close and fulfill our dreams and plans we made another of his very sane suggestions. “Let's go home," he said.

The END

Liz Takes French Leave

(Continued from page 45)

“We seldom see money, Mike and I,” Liz said.

“Does where the shy stuff hide?”

“Oh, business manager, agent, taxes, payments on the house,” Liz said. “I am hungry.”

Her hunger was not due to poverty. She had breakfasted in London on fruit juice, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee, but that was hours before she started.

She was saved from collapse by the magic appearance of the stewardess with tea and sandwiches. The stewardess was rewarded with a large, genuine smile. Angel Liz is heaven's child; her wide smiling quick response. She has had but two subjects for sorrow: Nibbles and Nicky.

Nibbles, her chimpanzee, passed away in his fifth year from overindulgence in chocolate-marshmallow sundaes. He died happy, Liz observed philosophically. Liz herself inclines toward the Epicurean school of chocolate-marshmallow philosophy. After Nibbles' demise she found consolation in his biography which she composed and lovingly illustrated. It was a bestseller in chimpanzee circles.

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Liz, in whose deep sea-blue eyes lie fathoms of weariness, does not subscribe to the illusion of age.

“I was in love with Nick when we married and I'm sure he was in love with me," she told me with the Benevolence of one whose life is an open book. “It didn't last long, but I wouldn't say it was his fault more than mine. Maybe we didn't love one another as much as we thought and took too much for granted.

After her divorce from Nicky, she married Michael Wilding, twenty years older, and the roost ducked fearfully over the difference in age. Again Liz brushed away
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without a worry that cobwebbed fetich, "If you fall in love, you fall in love; nothing else matters," she said. "You certainly don't start making comparisons."
Mike for his part says, "I am mentally retarded, completely," and adds, "Liz is way in advance."
"Every American woman should know an Englishman," Liz stated.
"Mike is always relaxed," she added. "He is as lazy as I am."
"Some American men are lazy," I said patriotically.
Mike says Liz always have her beauty because of her gift for relaxation. "She is incapable of worry," he explains. "I have never known anyone like her."
Before Liz flew to London for their marriage in 1952, Mike called her to be sure to bring her birth certificates, divorce papers and other documents required for a marriage license. He met her at the airport and asked at once if she had the papers.
"No," said Liz, blandly. "She showed no concern, no clapping of the brow or, 'My Heavens! I forgot them.'"
Mike says. "She just smiled and took my arm. We had to do a lot of telephoning and writing to satisfy the registry bureau."
"Liz is never on time," says Mike. "Only exception was our wedding, and that was because Anna Neagle, her attendant, needed her umbrella.

The only time Mike was known to show perturbation was for the wedding. He is casual and carefree, looking with humor on all things. Formality is beyond him. He does not own a matched suit of clothes. Tweed jackets and flannels are his natural attire.

Mike does Liz romantic injustice in declaring she is never on time. Liz never misses a single weekend and plane departure. But this may be due to the labor of Paul Mills, personal relations man for M-G-M, who officiates over Liz's punctuality as Anna Neagle did.

At the Paris airport of Le Bourget, Mike, debonair and youthful in his usual tweeds, embraced Liz off the plane.

"Hungry?" he asked, showing deep understanding of his little wife. "Provided I have had nothing to eat for twenty minutes.

They paused only for a apéritif before speeding to the Mediterranean Place de l'Odeon, their favorite lunching spot. On I'm three kippered, 60c, and a baby lobster. There were two ecures. Now triplets lobsters greet her arrival.

"I have been dreaming of this all week," Liz said with a honeyed smile for Mike.

Liz's requirements on the tiny tendrils of baby lobster to knot two hearts in a happy wedlock. Fortunately the Weddings share interest in many things: bacon and eggs, for example, Mickey Spillane, animals, singing, and football. And, of course, is Michael Winding II, age one.

Mike Esq. was holding the fort in London with nurse Yvonne Lang while mummys, and in Paris. He is the image of his dad, who exclaims fervently, "He looks like Liz, thank God." Handsome, magnetic and affable of nature like his parents, he also has interest in many things. "We try hitting three hearty meals," says his mummy with sympathy.

In Paris, mummy and daddy, after lunch and long loafing over coffee, went window-shopping along the Rue de Seine. Art is "slowly" painting, strolling and loafing. Transcending all, of course, is Michael Winding II, age one.

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The only time Mike was known to show perturbation was for the wedding. He is casual and carefree, looking with humor on all things. Formality is beyond him. He does not own a matched suit of clothes. Tweed jackets and flannels are his natural attire.

Mike does Liz romantic injustice in declaring she is never on time. Liz never misses a single weekend and plane departure. But this may be due to the labor of Paul Mills, personal relations man for M-G-M, who officiates over Liz's punctuality as Anna Neagle did.

At the Paris airport of Le Bourget, Mike, debonair and youthful in his usual tweeds, embraced Liz off the plane.

"Hungry?" he asked, showing deep understanding of his little wife. "Provided I have had nothing to eat for twenty minutes.

They paused only for a apéritif before speeding to the Mediterranean Place de l'Odeon, their favorite lunching spot. On I'm three kippered, 60c, and a baby lobster. There were two ecures. Now triplets lobsters greet her arrival.

"I have been dreaming of this all week," Liz said with a honeyed smile for Mike.

Liz's requirements on the tiny tendrils of baby lobster to knot two hearts in a happy wedlock. Fortunately the Weddings share interest in many things: bacon and eggs, for example, Mickey Spillane, animals, singing, and football. And, of course, is Michael Winding II, age one.

Mike Esq. was holding the fort in London with nurse Yvonne Lang while mummys, and in Paris. He is the image of his dad, who exclaims fervently, "He looks like Liz, thank God." Handsome, magnetic and affable of nature like his parents, he also has interest in many things. "We try hitting three hearty meals," says his mummy with sympathy.

In Paris, mummy and daddy, after lunch and long loafing over coffee, went window-shopping along the Rue de Seine. Art is "slowly" painting, strolling and loafing. Transcending all, of course, is Michael Winding II, age one.
Both Mike and Liz were ardent painters in their teens. This year in London a wealthy widow left Mike a bequest of thirty guineas in her will because she had seen him at age nineteen working as a pavement artist to earn money to rescue a dog from the pound. Along the Thames embankment he had placed on sale his entire collection of paintings from art school. When sales lagged, he offered to do portraits of passers-by on the sidewalks for threepence each, money back if not satisfied. The widow, Mrs. Mary Salvage, a lover of animals, cherished that memory for twenty-three years.

Liz's love of animals is likewise legendary.

"Our home is an animal shelter," muses Mike.

The shelter comprises a main house of four large rooms—a super-size kitchen—and a guest house of three rooms. It is situated on a hill above the mists of Beverly. The ample grounds and swimming pool afford relaxation for both human and animal families.

The animal residents, who entertain stray guests on a lavish scale, include as of latest census: Honey, a golden retriever; Fricka, a shaggy-haired, blue-eyed Gigi, the poodle; Gigi's daughter Mugwumps; two Siamese cats, two Maltese cats and King the horse.

King is the star boarder. He was discovered by Liz for the role of The P in "National Velvet" and he reciprocated by carrying her to stardom. When M-G-M gave the King to Liz at the end of the picture she declared in song: "I wish that it was the happiest moment of her life. For twenty years King has loathed in luxury, love and kisses.

While Liz and Mike were visiting the animals of Paris, the zoo cannily offered for sale a surplus elephant for $4,850. Liz was tempted. It was without doubt the biggest bargain in Paris. Mike tactfully suggested tea and led Liz to a taxi. The elephant collapsed in tears.

That evening, Liz and Mike went to the Lido on the Avenue des Champs Elysées, a night club with a review they consider the best in Paris and to 'Ciro's' where the gypsy violinists always serenade Liz with her favorite airs.

They finished the night at Mike's favorite Russian boîte. The musicians greeted them with songs with Mike's theme of the night as he sang. He sang the song in Russian. At age two and a half, Mike spoke Russian better than English. He attended kindergarten in Russia, where his father, a retired English army officer, had business before the Bolshevik revolution. All he remembers of the language now is the words of one song. He speaks French and German and says he aims to speak good international English like Ronald Colman and Larry Olivier.

At the Russian night club, patrons burst into song as the spirits moved them. Mike urged Liz to sing. She loves to sing, especially with baritone Mike, who complains that she holds back her voice in public.

"Liz is a bathroom soprano," Mike says. "She is at her best in the shower. If she doesn't sing there, I yell, 'Sing, Liz, sing,' and the rafters rang. She has a huge voice, vibrato—like Kathrin Grayson's."

After the song fest in the Russian club, Liz and Mike were inspired to trudge up the butte of Montmartre and greet the dawn from the terrace of Sacré Coeur, the highest point in Paris.

The sun breathed a flush on the city below. Birds struck up the morning serenade. Along the terrace balustrade, at intervals, couples merged in single silhouettes. In Paris, lovers are conspicuous if they fail to merge. Liz and Mike do not choose to be conspicuous.

THE END
BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for months indicated. For this month’s full reviews, see page 18.

+++ EXCELLENT  ++ VERY GOOD  + GOOD  + FAIR

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.

++ ACT OF LOVE—U.A.: Kirk Douglas and newcomer Dany Robin interpret the ill-starred love affair of a GI and a French waf. Filmed in France; interesting backgrounds. (A) April

++ ALASKA SEAS—Paramount: Stauch Brian Keith and shifty Bob Ryan battle over Jan Sterling and northern fishing grounds. (F) May

++ BAIT—Columbia: Effortlessly written little melodrama. Gold prospector Hugo Haas plots to get rid of his partner, John Agar. (A) April

++ BEACHHEAD—U.A., Technicolor: Gripping action story of World War II. Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy and Mary Murphy elude Japs and get vital information on a Pacific isle. (F) May

++ BEAT THE DEVIL—U.A.: Wonderfully wacky characters in a melodramatic satire, shot in Italy. Bogart tangles with uranium-seekers, eccentically neglects Gila Lollobrigida to dally with Jennifer Jones. (F) May

++ BOY FROM OKLAHOMA, THE—Warners. WarnerColor: Will Rogers, Jr., and Nancy Olson score in a delightful yarn of a peace-loving sheriff in a rootin’, tootin’ town. (F) March

++ COMMAND, THE—Warners; CinemaScope. WarnerColor: Guy Madison, aided by Joan Weldon, saves a wagon train from Indians in a vigorous, thoroughly entertaining Western. (F) April

++ CONQUEST OF EVEREST, THE—U.A., Technicolor: Scalp-licking, magnificently photographed record of a true adventure, the British expedition up earth’s highest peak. (F) March

++ CREEATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON—U-I, 3-D: Exciting if unscientific science-fiction. Richard Carlson and Juliana Adams find a prehistoric fish-man in Amazon jungles. (F) May

++ CRIME WAVE—Warners: Expert, crisp thriller. Detective Sterling Hayden checks on parade Gene Nelson and wife Phyllis Kirk, snared in a robbery plot. (F) September

++ DRIVE A CROOKED ROAD—Columbia: Mickey Rooney’s fine as a first-rate but under-sized driver-mechanic lured into crime by Dianne Foster. Taut, well-scripted action. (F) March

++ EDDIE CANTOR STORY, THE—Warners. Technicolor: Keefe Brasselle strikingly impersonates Eddie in an affectionate film biography, from slums to uneasy fame. (F) March

++ ELEPHANT WALK—Paramount, Technicolor: In a flamboyant drama, Liz Taylor’s the bewildered bride of Ceylon tea-planter Peter Finch. With exotic locales and Dana Andrews. (F) May

++ EXECUTIVE SUITE—M-G-M: A star-bright cast topped by Fredric March and William Holden shows the intense struggle for power that follows a business tycoon’s death. (A) May

++ GENEVIEVE—Rank, U-I: Technicolor: Nice British comedy about antique-car fans. With Dinah Sheridan and dashes of sex. (A) January

++ GLENN MILLER STORY, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Rich in rhythm and genuine feeling. Jimmy Stewart, June Allyson team engagingly as the late bandleader and his wife. (F) March

++ HELL AND HIGH WATER—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Gaudy action yarn. Wildmark captains a sub checking on Red A-bomb activity, romances with scientist Bella Darvi. (F) May

++ HOLLY AND THE IVY, THE—London Films: Splendidly acted though talkative British movie. Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton, Celia Johnson tell the intimate story of a country minister and his unhappy family. (A) May

++ INDISCRIMINATION OF AN AMERICAN WIFE—Columbia: Unusual drama, shot in Rome. Tourist Jennifer Jones tries to end her love affair with an Italian (Montgomery Clift). (F) May

++ IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU—Columbia: Clever, likable comedy starring Judy Holliday as a fame-hungry girl in New York, wooed by Jack Lemmon and Peter Lawford. (F) April

++ LIVING DESERT, THE—Disney, Technicolor: Beautiful, amusing, exciting documentary of wild life in the Southwest. (F) March

++ LONG, LONG TRAILER, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz make a rousing return to movies in the hilarious misadventures of a honeymoon by trailer. (F) April


++ MARTIN LUTHER—L-I: Rochemont: Niall MacGinnis portrays the founder of Protestantism in a splendid religious film. (F) November

++ MONEY FROM HOME—Wallis, Paramount: 3-D, Technicolor: Gambler Martin and animal-lover Lewis set out to fix a steeplechase race in a giddy, giggle-loaded farce. (F) February

++ NEW FACES—20th; CinemaScope, color: Bright, sophisticated stage revue filmed with the original cast, including Eartha Kitt. (F) May

++ PHANTOM OF THE RUE MORGUE—Warners: 3-D, Technicolor: Chiller about atrocious murders in Paris of 1900. Psychologists Steve Forrest and Pat Medina are threatened. (F) May

++ PICKWICK PAPERS, THE—Mayer: Mellow, adeptly stylized British version of Dickens’ beloved novel. James Hayter and Nigel Patrick head a fine cast. (F) April

++ RED CARTERS—Paramount, Technicolor: Westerns take a ribbing in an imaginative musical. Rosemary Clooney runs the dance hall; Guy Mitchell trails a killer; Pat Crowley and Joanne Gilbert are decorative. (F) April

++ RHAPSODY—M-G-M, Technicolor: Romance given weight by fine music and real European locales. Liz Taylor’s a possessive rich girl who loves villain Vittorio Gassman. (A) May

++ RIDE CLEAR OF DIABLO—U-I, Technicolor: Fast, humorous Audie Murphy horse opera, with luminous Susan Cabot. (F) April

++ ROB ROY—Disney, RKO; Technicolor: Robust, full-flavored action, shot in the Highlands. Richard Todd plays Scotland’s Robin Hood; Glynis Johns, his bride. (F) March


++ SASKATCHEWAN—U-I, Technicolor: Satisfying Northwestern. In the Canadian Rockies, mountie Alan Ladd defends Shelley Winters and other whites against warring Sioux. (F) May

++ SHE COULDN’T SAY NO—RKO: Homegrown comedy. Bob Mitchum is a country doc; Jean Simmons, a foolish philanthropist. (F) September

++ TAZA, SON OF COCHISE—U-I: 3-D, Technicolor: Big chief Rock Hudson tries to keep the Apaches on the reservation and off the war path. Barbara Rush is a lovely squaw. (F) April

++ TENNESSEE CHAMP—M-G-M, Anesco Color: Cheerful, off-beat tale of a religious hillybilly (Dewey Martin) groomed for the prize ring by unscrupulous manager Keenan Wynne. Shelley Winters scores as Wynne’s wife. (F) May

++ TOP BANANA—U-A., color: Literally photographed Broadway musical. Phil Silvers is hilarious as a coniving TV star. (F) May

++ WILD ONE, THE—Columbia: Moody Marlon Brando and fellow motorcyclists disrupt a town in a mystifying, artsy drama. (A) February

++ YANKEE PASHA—U-I, Technicolor: Florida adventure story. Jeff Chandler’s a frontiersman come to North Africa to rescue Rhonda Fleming, enslaved by Barbary pirates. (F) May
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