Scoop!
Inside Story of the John Wayne split-up

I Love MY Lucy"
Desi Arnaz

Doris Day
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TAKE YOUR CHOICE:

COLOR-HIGHLIGHTS  Use Nestle Colorinse after every shampoo to remove dulling soap film... or whenever your hair looks drab and "lifeless", use Colorinse to add glamorous, new color-highlights. Colorinse also makes hair softer, silkier - easier to comb and set. Choose from 10 shades that rinse in—shampoo out! 6 rinses 25¢, 14 rinses 50¢.

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TEMPORARY COLOR TINTS  Blend-in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair—enrich your own natural hair color or add exciting, new, youthful color with Nestle Colortint. More than a rinse, but not a permanent dye. Available in 10 glamorous shades that will last through as many as 3 shampoos! 6 capsules 25¢, 14 capsules 50¢.

Nestle Colortint

LIGHTER, BRIGHTER COLOR  Lighten blonde hair, brighten brown hair, add glamorous golden streaks, accentuate red tones in brunette hair or disguise gray hair—it's all so quick and easy with Nestle Lite, the only non-ammonia hair lightener. Nestle Lite leaves hair soft, silky, wonderfully natural-looking. $1.50. Retouch size 69¢.

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BROWNETTES:  Lighten hair to a golden brown... or add henna, auburn or rich brown color.

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BRUNETTES:  Lighten your hair color... or add gold or red color, or deepen its blue black brilliance.

BLONDES:  Restore the golden color of youth or add henna or auburn color.
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...Four times better than Chlorophyll
...Four times better than Tooth Paste

STOPS BAD BREATH UP TO THREE—FOUR TIMES LONGER

Listerine Antiseptic was recently tested by a famous independent research laboratory against three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes. Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping breath odors than any of the products tested. By actual test, Listerine stopped bad breath up to three to four times longer than any of the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes!

ACTS ON 3 AREAS WHERE BREATH ODORS CAN START

Look at these actual test results!

1. TEETH
2. MOUTH
3. THROAT

Listerine, Chlorophyll, Tooth Paste

ODORS REDUCED-4 HR.

*Average of two leading tooth pastes, three leading chlorophyll products

NO CHLOROPHYLL KILLS ODOR BACTERIA LIKE THIS...INSTANTLY

The reason why Listerine gets these better results is perfectly simple. While bad breath is sometimes systemic, by far the most common cause is oral fermentation of food particles caused by bacteria.

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No chlorophyll, no tooth paste offers clinical proof like this of killing bacteria that cause bad breath.

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"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"
See your paper for time and station.

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* * *

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* * *

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Another glorious "first" from M-G-M! This great NEW picturization of the most famous of all romantic adventures sweeps across the screen in magnificent TECHNICOLOR!

The audacious adventurer who impersonates a king!

Stewart Granger

The lovely lady of royalty romanced by the impostor!

Deborah Kerr

The wickedest villain in all Christendom, Rupert of Hentzau!

James Mason

The heroic Colonel who is loyal to the crown!

Louis Calhern

The beautiful conspirator who lures men to doom!

Jane Greer

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Presented by M-G-M

Screen Play by JOHN L. BALDERSTON and NOEL LANGLEY
Adaptation by WELLS Root from the novel by ANTHONY HOPE and the dramatization by EDWARD ROSE
Directed by RICHARD THORPE
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN
AN M-G-M PICTURE
New finer MUM stops odor longer!

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

• Protects better, longer. New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!
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• The only deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.
• Delicately fragrant new Mum is useable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.

MAZING magic tricks that boy Tony Curtis does—for anybody who will sit down for twenty minutes and watch him perform. Been training six hours a day for his Houdini role in Paramount's picture of the same name. Quite adept at card tricks, disappearing things like lighted cigarettes and such.

A

Just married. Rhonda Fleming and Dr. Lewis Morrill at their wedding in Kanab, Utah.

ESTHER Williams enjoys a dance with Harry Karl, host of supper party at the Mocambo.

AMazing magic tricks that boy Tony Curtis does—for anybody who will sit down for twenty minutes and watch him perform. Been training six hours a day for his Houdini role in Paramount's picture of the same name. Quite adept at card tricks, disappearing things like lighted cigarettes and such.

Real happy because he's going to get to saw his lil' ole wifey in half, too. Janet's busy living off the fat of the land at MGM in "A Steak For Connie" and getting herself built up for the Mrs. Houdini routines. The thing about Tony is — when he was in the Navy he broke his hand and it's tougher for him to manipulate these cards and leggerdamn paraphernalia than for most. He's sure catching on though—and dearly loves doing it. The Curtis' chums, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, are turning over their brand new Paramount dressing room to the kids for their stay on that lot.

Eye-tin-errary of the Sinatras—trip to Lake Tahoe with Frankie's three kids, back to Nauth Cal'ina to see her folks (Frankie's never met them), both going to Africa when Ava starts "Mogambo" with Clark Gable. ("Mogambo" has nothing to do with the famous Hollywood night spot Mocambo). Frankie and Ava get awful mad when it's printed that they're fighting, so there. She's been taking piano lessons, he's learning to play the flute. Their only duet so far is "Swanee River."

Well, then. In "Niagara" whose number do you think Marilyn Monroe dials? Her own. But you can bet your TV set it'll be changed before the picture comes out. Big ole pearl ring Joe Di Maggio gave her isn't on her engagement finger though and no-

Jimmy Craig and his wife were guests at the Marie MacDonald-Harry Karl Mocambo party.
By MARY MARATHON

If you saw "The Greatest Show on Earth" you're probably still palpitating, as I am, to that great big beautiful hunk of male, Charlton Heston, who played the "boss man" of the circus. Well, let me tell you—Chuck (that's what his friends call him, so I'll call him that, too!) made such a hit in that swell picture that he was immediately slated for other big things, including "The Savage," which theatres will be showing in November.

Chuck plays a white man who, when he was a little boy, was rescued from sure death at the hands of the Crow Indians by their hated rivals, the Sioux. He grows up learning to love his adopted people. When the whites and the Sioux threaten to start a war, he is caught between loyalty to his own race and to the Sioux, who have been so good to him.

The white girl who makes him realize that his true happiness lies with her in his own world is played by Susan Morrow, a 19-year-old beauty you're going to hear about. She and lovely brunette Joan Taylor as the Indian girl, also in love with Chuck, are both young stars with great promise you'll enjoy watching. Handsome Peter Hanson, cast as Susan's brother, completes a foursome of Paramount's most interesting and exciting new personalities. You will really get a charge out of Chuck as the virile, hot-blooded hero of "The Savage" and you'll chalk up another hit for this bright and attractive new star.

If you'd like a drooley photo of Chuck for your dressing table mirror, I'll be happy to send you one. Just make sure you write me for it before November 15, 1952 or I won't be able to send it to you. Address me care of Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Another film I want to recommend to you is "The Turning Point," a thriller I am sure you'll enjoy as much as I did when I was privileged to attend a preview of it. William Holden, Edmond O'Brien and lovely Alexis Smith really do a solid job of entertaining in this modern story of the smashing of a big city crime syndicate.

I don't know whether you heard this yet, but Bill Holden was recently voted "Mr. Dreamboat" in a poll conducted by the bobbysoxers of America, and he sure lives up to his name in his big love scenes with glamour girl Alexis. The part Edmond O'Brien plays is a big change from his recent boots-and-saddle roles. He's the fighting lawyer whose dangerous job it is to turn the tide against crime in a city riddled with it. Believe me, this one will have your pulses hammering with excitement, it's that suspenseful and gripping.

P.S. Next month I'll have news for you about "Road to Bali," the travel-laugh film co-starring Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour, that everyone is waiting for.
Joe Pasternak whispers a compliment to hostess Cyd Charisse on her very successful party.

Virginia Mayo, lovely star of "Back To Broadway," and her husband, Michael O'Shea, step out for the evening and dine at fabulous Ciro's.

Party-giver Marie MacDonald swings into a mean Charleston with guest Ben Gage at supper party she and hubby, Harry Karl gave at Mocambo.
Burt Lancaster as The Crimson Pirate

"Booty or Beauty... I take what I want!"

Filmed in the Mediterranean and presented by Warner Bros.

Written by Roland Kibbee, Produced by Harold Hecht, Directed by Robert Siodmak

A Norma Production • Distributed by Warner Bros.
Amazing New Chin and Throat Strap!

15 Minutes a Day Brings Thrilling New Loveliness!

Today thousands of happy women are giving thanks—because they have discovered the amazing new loveliness this wonderful Model Chin and Throat Strap can bring them.

Many women despair when they gaze in the mirror. If you are one of these, here is new hope! Now you can look for a vast improvement in a few weeks!

Just use this wonderful Model Chin Strap method regularly 15 minutes a day, exercising according to directions, and massaging with any throat cream. The natural movements of your chin and neck do their part. Muscles obtain the exercise they need; circulation is stimulated. Soon you should notice a vast improvement. In a matter of weeks you can expect new loveliness. And you can help keep that new loveliness by regular daily use.

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in Just 7 Days

Cuticura Soap and Ointment bring radiant new tone, promptly help clear up blackheads and externally caused pimples. To speed relief, try new “invisible” Cuticura Liquid during the day. Buy!

Table companions at the gay Marie MacDonald-Harry Karl affair at the Mocambo are Mrs. Wesson, Joy Page, William Orr, Dick Wesson.

Danny Kaye, star of “Hans Christian Andersen,” at the Mocambo with his wife, Sylvia, after returning to Hollywood from European tour.

Betty Grable gave Dale Robertson a haircut in 20th’s “The Farmer Takes A Wife.” He was a little nervous about it until Betty assured him she’d had plenty of practice trimming and shaping the manes and tails of all her horses. Being a horse-lover himself, Dale relaxed and enjoyed the tonsorial treatment.

Same picture—no self-respecting Southern gent would work in this because the 300 mint juleps served in a wedding reception scene aren’t only just tea—they also have synthetic rubber mint sprigs added.

Donald Buka, now appearing in “I Am Jack Mortimer,” spies friends on arrival at airport.

Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck were on the same lot, MGM, but there was practically no meeting between them. Bob lunched in the commissary every day, but Miss S. stuck to her dressing room on acct. she didn’t feel so hot. She and Ralph Meeker fell off a cliff at Laguna doing a scene for “Jeopardy” and it wasn’t funny either. Crooked her up quite a bit. *

Ty Power laffed like mad at the fellow who’s teaching him how to cheat at cards for U-I’s “Mississippi Gambler.” Harry Mendoza, this fellow, shows Ty how to do a cold shuffle with a marked deck, played in a scene where Ty catches him cheating—that evening he got into a friendly game with some of the extras on the set and lost two bucks playing draw poker. *

Debbie Reynolds vacationed at Arrowhead, learned to water-ski. People are complaining that Debbie should learn some etiquette too. How to behave at parties and previews, for instance. *

Director Joe Newman, on location in Arizona with 20th’s “Pony Soldier,” asks Will all the stars take their places? Instead of Ty Power (yep, he’s making that one, too), Cam Mitchell and Penny Edwards stepping up, four Navajo Indians came forward. Turns out their names are John Bright Star, Elmer Twin Star, Fats Falling Star and Jimmy Star. So why shouldn’t they step forward? *

Whole town’s talking about Betty Hutton and Charles O’Curran anking Paramount and starting out on their own. But while Betty’s resting her voice (that old trouble’s still around) the newly married pair are plenty busy—first thing was a trip to London’s Palladium, then they’ve got big, big plans for TV and indie movies. Coupla talented people like that shouldn’t have much trouble getting jobs. *

Jane Russell, trying to find out where a preview of Para’s “Son Of Paleface” was going to be, kept dialing and dialing the studio to ask. Got a busy signal every time, so finally she started to complain to the operator—realized she’d been calling her own number all the time. Did she feel crazy, man.

(Please turn to page 16)
GOWER CHAMPION
with an assist from his wife, MARGE, tells you...

"THERE'S MORE GLINT
IN A MAN'S EYE WHEN
THERE'S NO GLEAM
ON A WOMAN'S STOCKINGS"

"In our new picture for M-G-M, Everything I Have Is Yours," says Gower Champion, "Marge and I play a husband and wife dance team who drift apart. As usual, it's the accumulation of little things that leads to the big bust-up."

Any smart woman knows that appearance, too, depends on little things—which can harm it or help it.

That's why so many stars, like Marge Champion, who work under bright lights and the merciless eye of the camera, invariably wear Bur-Mil® Cameo® stockings—with exclusive Face Powder Finish.* Cameo's permanently soft, dull finish provides the greatest aid to leg flattery since nylon itself!

...and up to 40% longer wear by actual test!

*TRADEMARK

"Even Hollywood legs are more glamorous in Bur-Mil Cameo Stockings," says Monica Lewis, selected as "The Most Leg-O-Genic Girl in America" by the Society of Illustrators, and starred with Marge and Gower Champion in M-G-M's Technicolor picture

"EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS"

BUR-MIL CAMEO STOCKINGS
WITH EXCLUSIVE FACE POWDER FINISH
From $1.15 to $1.65

"A PRODUCT OF BURLINGTON MILLS...WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF FASHION FABRICS"
This is a picture of a BOON*

*BOON, a benefit enjoyed; a thing to be thankful for; a blessing.

Webster's Dictionary

Make no mistake. The cards aren't stacked FOR women . . . at least not on those days. But for modern women, single or married, there is one blessing—wonderful Meds tampons, the sanitary protection used internally. Meds are small white tubes of surgical cotton . . . each in an individual applicator for easier, quicker use. Do try Meds and discover that they're simpler, safer, easier, more comfortable than you ever thought tampons could be.

For free sample package of Meds in plain wrapper write Miss Crenning, Personal Products Corp., Dept. SC-11, Millburn, N.J. (1 pkg. to a family, U.S. only.)

Make Gifts Exciting!

with Crinkle Tie

"THE GIFT TIE THAT CURLS"
10c and 25c King size
at leading variety stores

Smart effects, talked-about packages—dozens of decorator bows—easy with Crinkle Tie, "The Gift Tie That Curls."

NEW! Illustrated step-by-step booklet. How to wrap, tie, make party favors, decorations for all occasions. Mail coupon and 10c.

Macdonald Carey restrains Anne Baxter as she and Catherine McLeod exchange "kind words" in romantic comedy, "My Wife's Best Friend."

your guide to current films

by Jehna Mannen

a loaf of bread, Valjean, with the help of Bishop Edmund Gwenn, and a change of name, embarks on a new life that holds fortune, fame, and great honor. However, when Javert brings to trial an innocent man and accuses him of being Valjean, the real Valjean confesses thereby giving up everything for justice. The hounding starts anew, but this time, the showdown between the sworn enemies results in victory and peace for the battered Valjean. Excellent movie adaptation which includes Sylvia Sydney, Elsa Lanchester, Cameron Mitchell and Debra Paget in supporting roles.

My Wife's Best Friend

20th Century-Fox

THE immortal novel of Victor Hugo comes to life again with Michael Rennie starred as Jean Valjean, and Robert Newton as Javert the police officer who hounds Valjean throughout the major part of his existence, even though the ex-prisoner has more than expiated his past crime. After receiving his parole, having served 10 years for the theft of

Les Miserables

20th Century-Fox

CONFESION might be good for the soul, but it certainly doesn't cut any ice with the soul-mate, as Macdonald Carey finds out after he tells wife Anne Baxter about a lukewarm romantic moment he shared with Catherine McLeod. Anne's bosom—you can say that again—friend. It happened while Anne was visiting in New York and Mac wanted something other than time hanging heavy on his hands. When Anne allowed herself to be talked out of starting divorce pro-
"I flirted with trouble in New York!"

"It was a glorious, bright day," explained Doretta Morrow, "when Steve and I set out to see the sights of the city. But there was a wintry nip in the air, too, and when we got back from our ferry ride I knew I was in for trouble.

"The wind atop Radio City was terrific. After extreme exposure like that, Jergens Lotion is a blessing. It works so wonderfully fast. Try this and see why! Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens..."

"My hands and face were chapped raw from the biting breeze. Fortunately, at home I had soothing, pure white Jergens Lotion. It smooths and softens chapped skin in no time!"

"Apply any lotion or cream to the other, then wet them. Water won't bead on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care.

"Next day, my skin was soft and smooth — right for romance and close-ups." No wonder Hollywood stars choose Jergens Lotion 7 to 1. Use Jergens Lotion regularly to keep your skin lovely, too. It protects against roughness and winter chap — costs only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax."
The NEW Rain Dears (by LUCKY)

**DE LUXE**

*TRIPLE-THICK non slip TREAD*

have a... that now... will **OUTWEAR RUBBER BOOTS**!

Rain Dears are 100% fully molded with no seams to come apart.

Rain Dears are made of NORLON... the new miracle material that's transparent, featherweight, tougher than rubber.

*FASHION FIT* for French or Cuban heels.

In Children's Sizes, too! At shoe, notion and rainwear counters everywhere

PATENTED

At shoe, notion and rainwear counters everywhere

A serious moment for Robert Mitchum and Ann Blyth in RKO's war film, "One Minute To Zero."

ceedings, it's only because her feminine mind has conjured up some other horrible tortures for her erring husband. One of these schemes has to do with playing the femme fatale for millionaire Lief Ericson who leaps at the bait and conclusions. What started out to be a gag develops into a dilly of a domestic smash-up until Anne realizes she's carried the injured wife act just one step too far. A honey of a comedy with snappy dialogue, new blonde tresses for Anne, and that delightful newcomer Casey Adams.

Betty Hutton, Ralph Meeker in show business story, "Somebody Loves Me."

**The Devil Makes Three**

MGM

POSTWAR Germany provides the background for this interesting chase thriller. Gene Kelly returns to Germany to look up the family that helped him escape the Nazis during the war. He finds things changed quite a bit. The couple is now dead and their daughter, Pier Angeli, is shilling drinks in a trashy niterery and has a sideline in smuggling. Convinced that Pier is working for a new up-and-coming group of Nazis, Kelly, who has been asked to look into the matter by Intelligence, allows Pier to talk him into making a smuggling trip. The stuff they're carrying proves to be nothing of importance, but accidentally
Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

Dial’s AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It’s as simple as that. Of course Dial’s bland beauty-cream lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more!

Here’s the important difference: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

---

brella for a single second—took it to the Fijis with her. Reckon she thinks she’s still in Eng., where it rains pretty often.

* * *

Cute little Chinese gal, Judy Dan, won the title of “Miss Hong Kong,” fourth place in the “Miss Universe” contest and is now in “Sixty Saddles For Gobi” at 20th. The producer, Stanley Rubin, was yakking with Richard Widmark, also in the pie, and they decided she didn’t look Oriental enough for the part. So an American makeup artist went to work on her, adding Asiatic touches here and there.

* * *

On her birthday, Esther Williams was swimming around in her new MGM-er, “Dangerous When Wet,” with a new charm for her bracelet. Mermaid charm from her ever-lovin’. Got a crystal mink from him, too. This is the newest and, of course, the most expensive type of mink you can find.

* * *

Joan Evans, just back from her honeymoon with Kirby Weatherly, reported for work with Audie Murphy in U-I’s “Column South,” whammed into a doorway on the set and got herself a black eye. Audie was telling her about having to come back from his wedding trip early for a two-minute love scene. Joan, who makes violent love to Audie in this epic, asked him who the girl was. He allowed it wasn’t a girl at all but his horse.

* * *

Jean Peters’ got worms. Zillions of ‘em. Imported from England, all 2,000 to work and slave in the soil of her garden so her camellias will grow better. Isn’t that a bird? Well, maybe the birds should stay away, all in all—imported worms are hard to come by.

* * *

She should invite Olivia de Havilland over to help out. Miss O., working on “My Cousin Rachel” and living in a hotel, misses her garden so that she zips around the 20th lot on her lunch hour, snipping flowers like mad. Don’t let those studio gardeners catch you, girl.

* * *

Peggy King, the new little gal who looks like and sings like Judy Garland (you’ll see in MGM’s “The Bad And The Beautiful”) was crazy about the trumpet in Ray Anthony’s band—named Knobby Lee, but there wasn’t much they could do about dates because she was appearing with Billy Daniel at Mocambo and he was busy tooting with the band. Now if she married him we’d have another Peggy Lee, girl singer, sounding like Judy, Confusing.

* * *

Only thing young Colin Kelly III wanted to do when he visited his uncle out here was to meet Roy Rogers. This was all arranged and he was a happy kid. He’s the son of the great war hero, Colin Kelly II, you remember.

If these apartments could talk—Mona Freeman’s got the apartment Ronald Reagan used to live in. Mona’s ex, Pat Nerney, has the one the present Mrs. Reagan (Nancy Davis) used to live in. The Ronnie apartment is the same one Jane Wyman lived in before Ronnie married her. Well, you take it from there.
Once he loved... in the bitter-sweet of Parisian nights. And now he searched for his lost soul... through a war in Spain... and the hippopotami-teeming waters of throbbing Africa. And here at the foot of the great mountain of Kilimanjaro, at the edge of "Ngaje Ngai," House of God, he stood... and he dared not enter—for his life as his loves had been a sin!
Jeanne Crain, with hubby Paul Brinkman, waves to cameraman as he takes their picture at the party given by Marie MacDonald.

Tyrone Power and Linda Christian at the Tony Martin-Cyd Charisse party for visiting potentates.

NEWSREEL

Marie MacDonald welcomes guests Ann Blyth and Dr. McNulty to her party at the Mocambo.

Host Tony Martin introduces Ann Miller to his guest of honor, the Maharajah of Jaipur.

Comic Dick Wesson, his wife and Andy Russell having fun at Marie's party.
it's fresh! it's fabulous! it's for YOU

"RED HOT 'n BLUE"
by Cutex

For that Beautiful American Look

... Cutex creates “Red Hot 'n Blue”... a sizzling shade of red—mellowed with a sweet touch of blue! Light your lips and fingertips tonight with this new color magic that starts hearts beating... phone ringing... things humming beautifully for you!

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Evening Separates
by Nelly de Grob
"that beautiful American Look"!

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Glorified by RED HOT 'n BLUE..."that beautiful American look"...the fresh, vibrant, lovely look that invites compliments, inspires romance...can be yours with these exciting products.

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Michael O'Shea goes along with a publicity stunt and puts the garter on his wife, Virginia Mayo, at the premiere of "She's Working Her Way Through College."

Joan Rice, British motion picture star, enroute to Suva, Fiji, to play opposite Burt Lancaster in "His Majesty O'Keefe," stretches her legs at airport between flights.

Audrey Totter relaxes between scenes with Richard Widmark during the filming of the light comedy, "Top Man." Audrey's now in Far East entertaining the GI's.
look lovelier every hour...

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Look your prettiest, any time, anywhere with this dreamy foundation, tint and powder all-in-one. Dream Stuff pats on in a minute...yet lasts for hours, smooth and radiant. Not drying or greasy; never "cakes." You can't spill it! Five fashion-right shades. Smart plastic compact is wafer-thin. Buy one today... look lovelier tonight!

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Ruth Roman and hubby Morty Hall at his birthday party. They expect the stork soon.

NEWS

Esther Williams, Joe Pasternak, honored guest Maharajah of Baroda and hostess Nancy Valentine.
Attentive Peter Lawford and June Horne at the affair given by Nancy Valentine for Maharajah of Baroda.

Kay Faylen and Steve Cochran were among guests at the birthday celebration given by Ruth Roman for Morty.

Dawn Addams in a costume representing the new song, "Montmartre," at polio benefit at the Bel Air Bay Club.

Olga San Juan entertains at a party with a sentimental number from her role in the Broadway show, "Paint Your Wagon." Among listeners is hubby, Edmond O'Brien.
"I Want
a Genius!

At 16, Yvonne De Carlo knew the kind of man she would one day marry and the picture hasn't changed

By Michael Sheridan


If one may be so bold as to coin an apt, if also somewhat trite phrase, it would be to say that in Hollywood, romance, like time, marches on.

Love, like fashions, changes fast in the city of celluloid, conundrums and coincidences—and no one knows this better than sultry, svelte Yvonne De Carlo who made up her mind about men ten years ago—and, miracle of all Hollywood miracles, has seen no fit reason to change it.

Hollywood's number one exception to the rule, Yvonne De Carlo doesn't believe that life, or circumstances, or even environment can change a woman's first ideals of love—and a true picture of the one man who can arouse it.

"If a girl is in her sane mind, she can make it up about the man she wants, right from the start, and nothing in the world can change her first conception of the dream she wants to attain," she once told this writer. "I was 16 when I knew the kind of man I would one day marry—and the picture hasn't changed."

Through the years, Yvonne has kept this picture warm, glowing and everlasting—like a desert sun. (Please turn to page 52)
HALLOWE'EN is a prankish, funfilled holiday just made for a pixie-spirited creature like Debbie Reynolds, who is devilishly charming and always bubbling over with enthusiasm for something new. To add to the mischievous side of this day of days in October, Hallowe'en also brings with it a dream world—the excitement of masquerade balls and make-believe—the mystery of being someone else. To an actress, this is an everyday challenge, though it need not always be make-believe. In her latest MGM musical comedy, "I Love Melvin," Debbie dreams she is a glamorous screen star, but so far as she is personally concerned, this is a dream already accomplished. Her success as a movie star is a very real thing indeed. And don't forget that she's got glamour—for that's no dream either.

Bob Wagner, doing nicely with roles at 20th, continues as Debbie's No. 1 beau. He was a constant set visitor.
"I'm now studying Italian like mad," declares Shelley, a brand new person as Mrs. Vittorio Cassman.

Shelley Winters, like Hollywood, has changed. You can see the transformation written all over her. It's especially noticeable if you haven't talked to her for a year, and you remember her as a somewhat turbulent young lady who seemed to have a penchant for stirring up a remarkable breeze wherever she went or in whatever she did.

Our luncheon meeting was scheduled for noon, and Shelley appeared a few minutes after that. She stood in the doorway momentarily until she spotted us, waved a greeting and started across the room. After a half dozen hellos en route and belated congratulations on her marriage to Vittorio Gassman, she arrived at our table.

"I suppose," she said, after we exchanged greetings, that I should arrive in all my new dignity, with high heels and furs." She was wearing a beautifully tailored slack suit and silk blouse. "I was studying my Italian language records to the last minute, and didn't notice how fast the time went by. Next time it will be a mink coat, hat and all the trimmings, I promise!"

To indulge in a bromide, we (Please turn to page 56)

Shelley, typical honeymooner, accompanied Vittorio to Mexico when he went there on location for "Sombrero."
John and his wife, Esperanza Baur. They have been married eight years.

To be the wife of a screen star is difficult. Six times "Chata" left John and six times he went after her. Now pride has stepped in—and it's the end.

By
Frances Lane

"Chata," her mother, John. He was away a lot, she became restless, lonely.
JOHN WAYNE was in the middle—in the middle of divorce negotiations with his wife Esperanza. Understandably, he preferred to hibernate. But the St. Joseph Hospital requested him to head the benefit at the Valley Garden Arena. As No. 1 box-office star, his appearance—alone, would insure thousands of dollars at the gate for a needed charity. John put personal matters aside and played the show.

On stage, he was smiling—the successful, kind-hearted, lusty, rugged, John Wayne of the movies. Off stage, his "hail-fellow-well-met" popularity was evidenced. He was mobbed by fans, friends and former co-workers.

"How are you Duke?" they asked.

"Fine," he said. Many he called by name inquiring the health of their wives and children. Then he stepped into his car and the smile left his face. He was a lonely man, sad and weary. "I can't believe that I have lost Chata," he remarked in a low voice—half to himself and half to a friend who had accompanied him. He loved her.

I have known John Wayne for several years. To know him at all is to like him—to admire him. I knew before I asked that he would not discuss the news in the papers that he and Chata were through. He did confirm the announcement that this time he wanted her attorney, Jerry Giesler, to get it over as quickly as possible; that their beautiful $140,000 ranch home in San Fernando Valley was for sale; that, if Chata didn't file the divorce in thirty days, he would. John knew no other way. He was at the end of his rope.

Time, pride, personalities and human emotions play many tricks. Even a strong love can weather two strong demanding personalities—for only so long. Chata (Spanish for Pug Nose), as John affectionately called her, is half Spanish, half French—fiery and docile, temperamental and loving, fascinating, possessive and proud as her heritage. And John—a lovable sweet guy, argumentative and stubborn, a great friend, restrained and impulsive—she discovered is a man's man. No woman will ever harness him.

Generous to a fault and loyal, he loves people and he loves his friends, all of them. A wife is a part of him. He expects her to go along with him—sharing his life—as he lives it, always being there like his right arm.

When friends claim priority of his attention, he (Please turn to page 38)
Just relaxing... water-skiing, sunbathing, boating and being together... That's the Betty Hutton-Charles O'Curran recipe for a heavenly, though belated, honeymoon. They went to Lake Tahoe, one of the most enchanting spots in America, for six glorious, carefree weeks. Betty and dance-director Charles met while they were both working on "Somebody Loves Me," and apropos of the title, fell in love and were married immediately after the Paramount picture was completed. The happy newlyweds have all kinds of plans for the future—including the production of their own pictures with Betty as the star.
Time!

Mr. and Mrs. enjoy the view from their cottage window.

They just can't keep it a secret. That look in their eyes says there's no doubt that the O'Currans are a very happy couple, indeed.

Betty hopes for the best as Charles tastes a sample of her cooking.
I could go on and on—there's so much to say about her, especially as Lucille Ball Arnaz—but to sum it up, I love her. I've been my wife for over ten years now and I should know. Lucy and I have had a strange kind of life together. It's been full of laughs—and some disappointments. But we wouldn't have wanted it any other way. We're both glad, however, that a certain TV show called "I Love Lucy" came along and was lucky enough to be a hit, for it was this that finally gave us the chance to be a family.

For the biggest part of our married life, Lucy and I had a long distance kind of marriage. I was away most of the time on the road with my band while Lucy was in Hollywood doing all right by herself in pictures. Frankly, I'd have liked to work in Hollywood too, but somehow the opportunities that arrived for me were usually in other cities.

Neither of us liked the situation, but it couldn't be helped. Looking back on it now, I can appreciate how tolerant and
understanding Lucy was about my work. She knew an actor had to act and that a musician had to play music. So she raised no objections about the work that constantly separated us. Yet, I knew it made her as unhappy as it did me.

Then one day we got an idea. Why not try television? We could at least get together. The kind of show? We both thought of a husband and wife type of format, but everyone said, "No one will believe you're husband and wife." Lucy and I had the unique idea that we would be believed simply because we happened to be husband and wife.

Before we made any moves though, Lucy and I decided to take an act out on the road and test the public's acceptance of our Mr. and Mrs. status. We did some of the things we have done on our TV show. The response we got in all the cities was beyond all our expectations. Even the critics liked us. We came back home convinced we could safely try a television production based on our ideas.

I talked to two people, Harry Ackerman. (Please turn to page 70)
that man Sanders!

Though he flaunts a glib tongue and cutting phrase, George is actually a shy man

By Fredda Dudley Balling

THE least-known gentleman in Hollywood is, in all likelihood, George Sanders.

That suits him fine.

Probably there is no other male star, always excepting King Gable, who appeals equally to men and women in an audience. Women are attracted because of his manner: a compound of weary suspicion, lazy passion, and wry humor.

Men like him because he appears to be what the average guy dreams of being in his Walter Mitty moments: physically commanding and spiritually prescient, as competent in a barroom brawl as in a boudoir.

Oddly enough, those who know George well insist that the man himself, stripped of his cynicism, is an intellectual type modified by a self-conscious reserve. As a lad, it is said, he was shy and awkward, perturbed about how to manage his vast framework while keeping his feet out of banging doors or irrationally placed buckets.

The shyness persists. When an interviewer asked him what he most disliked about Hollywood, he responded sadly, "The heartiness. One comes to the studio in the morning and one must shout and wave furiously at every familiar face. 'Hi, Joe, good morning!' 'H'ya, Al, how's a boy?' 'Be seeing ya, Mac.' And so on. At noon, one goes to the commissary out of human need for nourishment, not to tax one's strength in joyous greeting, yet the same hilarity is again considered necessary good manners. At night, one must once more greet every fellow worker, as he inches his way toward the exit gate. 'Good night, Pete, see you in the morning.' 'Cheerio, Henry, have a good day?' 'Going to the preview this evening, Bob?' Good lord! In England, no man is so cordial to another chap until he has known the fellow ten years and has made a pass at his wife.'

His manner: a compound of weary suspicion, lazy passion, wry humor, appeals to women. Marta Toren and George Sanders do some investigating in Columbia's "Assignment-Paris."
With Audrey Totter. Like all shy people he has stagefright sometimes.

At first consideration, this might seem to be the complaint of a true misanthrope, but second thought and Mr. Sanders' added comment, "It seems such counterfeit gaiety, like the first act of 'Petrushka,'" reveals the man's essential nature. He admires sincerity.

He disdains fake friendship and he has no time for meaningless camaraderie. He is romantic enough to believe that the cordiality he gives or receives should spring from the heart, a refreshingly simple attitude in these ultra dalkearnegie days.

Like all shy people, he suffers occasional attacks of stage fright. Impossible as it seems for this malady to have set fire to the arctic wastes of George Sanders' icy composure, it has happened. When he sang "Some Enchanted Evening" on one of Hedda Hopper's Sunday night radio shows, his voice—for the first three or four bars—was that of any frenetically eager novice trying to form words around the heart in his mouth.

Possibly his nervousness was caused by the fact that "Some Enchanted Evening" is a love song. (Please turn to page 62)
Chorus girl Doris Day is mistakenly Belger to represent the U. S. in Paris.

With her best foot forward, Doris goes into a lively routine and proves she's a first rate dancer in this Warner musical.
**DORIS DAY, who gained popularity and made her way to the big time via her terrific singing voice, is now equally acclaimed as a dancer, and a top-notch one at that. After a refresher course in ballet, which she hasn’t tackled since she was a youngster, Doris was ready to breeze through some intricate comedy dances for her new film, “April In Paris,” in which she plays a rowdy chorus girl. She also sings a long list of marvelous new songs, including the prophetic opening number, “It Must Be Good,” a statement no one need challenge.**

Right: Singing “It Must Be Good.” Doris may one day be starring for her manager hubby, Marty Melcher, who plans to turn producer.
SOME people around Hollywood say Aldo Ray is a character. He says he isn’t. That depends on what you mean by a “character.”

“A few years ago people called a Hollywood guy a character if he wore funny hats, dark glasses, mis-matched slacks and jackets, loud shirts and a towel around his neck instead of a scarf,” Aldo points out. “I never dressed that way and never will.

“Now there’s another style of dressing that makes you a character— sloppy blue jeans, T-shirts, sneakers, worn in town. That’s fine for the country or the beach or the backyard. But I’ve never gone for that ‘sloppy sartorial school’ in town, so I don’t qualify on that score as a character.”

“Most people who label a man a character also imply rudeness on his part—maybe that he’s always late or insults people just to be different. This I don’t like. I make a point of being prompt. I don’t break dates at the last moment. I don’t insult people. I keep out of fights and brawls. I don’t throw firecrackers in hotel lobbies. So why am I called a character?” he asks.

“I live at the beach because I like the beach. Does that make me a character? Thousands of other people who live there for the same reason aren’t automatically accused of ‘going Hollywood.’

“I wouldn’t mind being called an individualist. I think I am. I think everyone should try to be. Why just follow a pattern?” he queried with deep concern.

Aldo was delivering his arguments over lunch at a little Italian restaurant near his home studio, Columbia. He had long since finished “Pat And Mike” at MGM with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy, had been on two long personal appearance tours, and was waiting for his next assignment at Columbia, which will be “From Here To Eternity.” But he was checking in at the studio almost every day. He’s not one to lose touch with things.

“Okay. You win so far, Aldo,” we conceded, pronouncing his name Awl-dough, as it was pronounced when we were introduced to him a year ago.

“Please. The name is Al-dough. First syllable just like Al. Do you mind? It’s a different name. It’s mine. I like it right.”

We certainly didn’t mind; a man should take pride in his name, say we. It’s part of his individuality—and Aldo certainly has plenty of that. He also has great vitality, enthusiasm and confidence. Some people misinterpret his confidence and that’s another reason they call him a character. We mentioned this to him.

“I think most people are dishonest with themselves. They don’t properly analyze themselves or else they come up with a wrong analysis. They don’t give themselves enough credit for their abilities and contrarily they don’t recognize their own limitations. I think I know mine, so some people call me an egotist.terms
When you say things honestly about your past and they turn out to be quotable, you're tagged a character

By Dorothy O'Leary

—says Aldo Ray

“When I was a kid I decided I wanted to get in politics. I intended to go all the way to Washington—and I would have, too, if I'd stayed with it. I think I could have made the Senate. Not the White House. I'm only first generation American and I think that would have been against me. But I could have been a good Senator,” he said with conviction.

You think that sounds like conceit? Well, we don't and here's why. Aldo isn't the untutored diamond-in-the-rough that you might imagine. In high school, he often earned straight A's, was always in the top section of the class, academically. Twice he was president of the California Scholarship Federation. When he went to Vallejo Junior (Please turn to page 64)
Kirby and I didn't know one hour before the ceremony that we would be married that night. All we needed was for someone to agree with us—that if this was really right and we wanted to get married now without waiting longer (we had already waited over a year)—then we should. All we needed was someone to say it. Joan Crawford, my godmother, agreed with us and an hour later, we were being married in the den of Joan's home.

A year ago, Kirby and I told our respective families that we wanted to be married. Katherine and Dale, my parents, have always been enormously impressed with Kirby. They liked him the first time they met him, which also was the first time I met him. Kirby is a Los Angeles boy. He went to college in Cleveland, Ohio, joined the air force when he was 18, was engaged in the European theatre and emerged a lieutenant. When he returned home, his friends suggested that he become an actor. Kirby was studying with my drama coach, Bob Paris, who suggested that he bring Kirby to my house one night so we could read lines together. (Please turn to page 68)
Marriage

Those conflicting reports

Joan says Kirby never kissed her until eight months after they met. Then they knew it was love—and for keeps.
W OULD you have guessed that a tough, two-fisted guy like Alan Ladd has an especially soft spot in his heart for a brood of white hens? Sure enough, Alan's just mad about his modern poultry ranch in beautiful Thousand Oaks, Calif. When his picture chores are done he assumes full charge of ranch operations on weekends, and proudly delivers eggs to friends and neighbors during the week. He's extra enthusiastic about the whole enterprise, and from the way things look, so is every member of his family.

Although his coops already hold 3,500 hens, it looks like Alan is considering an addition to his chicken farm—he's reading up on how to raise turkeys. That will probably come next.

Left: Alan climbs aboard his tractor to finish storing the hay—one of the many different chores of the weekend rancher.

Ready for an inspection tour of his farm and the colorful surrounding country, Alan prepares to saddle his horse, "Jimmy."

Weekend

Left: Relaxing in the hayloft between jobs on his ranch, Alan is currently appearing with Virginia Mayo in Warners' "The Iron Mistress." He'll make his next film in Europe.
Left: The whole family—wife Sue, Alana, David and even Alan—get a kick out of watching the electric sorter grade eggs.

Fascinated by the modern electric candling machine, little David tests an egg while his father looks on with just as much interest.

Rancher

Left: In his machine shop, Alan works at his lathe to complete some parts necessary for a new chicken coop. Looks like Rancher Alan Ladd has become a real jack of all trades.

A proud moment at the end of the day, Alan totes 15 dozen eggs into the storage room. You can't say this is soft work—but Alan seems to be enjoying every single minute of it.
IF CARLETON CARPENTER had ever been afraid of anything in all his twenty-six years, he might never have left Bennington, Vermont, at all! Why, he was born to live and die where all the Carpenters had been born and some had died... where the years went on pleasantly and evenly... where you walked down the main street and you knew everyone. You visited with the man who ran the grocery store, the man who ran the book store, and the man who owned the drugstore. Your father knew his father before him. They were staunch and rugged as the fir trees... pioneer stock, the backbone of America, upholders of tradition, holding steadfast to a nostalgic, gracious past with stubborn pride. In such a town, everyone knew everyone. They had known everything about your heritage long before you came along. You had your place in the community and that's where you stayed—living a good, respectable, uneventful, pleasant little life.

"I was afraid it would happen to me," said the lanky, six-foot-four, ever restless young New Englander. "So I ran away from home when I was thirteen years old and joined a carnival. I called myself Professor Upham and I did a magic act which I had been perfecting for years. This was my first taste of show business... the honky-tonk music, the merry-go-round, the cotton candy, the wonderful and exciting jugglers, the death-defying trapeze artists, and all the fascinating side shows. These people came from a different world, and I knew then that Bennington, Vermont, was going to lose one Carpenter after having so many generations of them around. I think my family was a little worried about me. I was not growing up according to tradition and in a small town, everyone worries about what the neighbors think about you. I'm sure my mother felt that it was just 'Summer madness' and that I'd be back home when the Summer was over, and ready to go back to school in the Fall."

So after a Summer with the carnival, Professor Upham became just plain (Please turn to page 65)
When he first went to New York he was as fresh as country butter, but in two hours had a job.

"Good job, nice girl, small town life. Nothing wrong with that... but," says Carleton Carpenter, "I wanted to be an actor!"

By
Ruth
Cummings Rowland

"My family worried about me. I was not growing up according to the New England tradition."
when Jack Frost bites


b. Sweaters for sizes 34-40. Classic pull-over in Zephyr wool, $1.98. At NEISNER'S. Cable-stitched cardigan, $2.98. At McLELLAN. Sweater blouse, with turtle neck, in tan or grey stripes, $2.98. At NEWBERRY. Generous wool squares in pastels and plaids, 98c. At G. C. MURPHY Stores.

c. For boys, from sizes 4 to 12. Lined jacket, dirt resistant and water repellent, $2.98. Hockey cap, 49c. At KRESS Stores. Lambskin ear muffs, 59c. At NEISNER BROS. At McCOR: Colorful wool gloves, $1.39. At KRESGE Stores: Idle Hour wool sock, with leather soles, just $1.98.

d. For a warm Winter, Snugmodes for the feminine members of the family. Rib-knit cotton is contour shaped. In small, medium or large sizes. Vest and pants sold separately. For misses' sizes, 39c; ladies', 49c; extra-large, 59c. In pink. At J. J. NEWBERRY Stores.

Prices subject to change.
For nearest store, write to
SCREENLAND, 444 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

f. Mandarin-style pajamas for girls who wear sizes 8 through 14. Flannelette pajamas in a pagoda-printed pattern, on white background. Solid-color pants and matching trim on jacket. Colors are pink, blue, maize or aqua, $1.98. At KRESS Stores.

Screenland Fashion Feature

Janice Carter, with her dachshund, Liebchen. Janice is currently appearing in RKO's "The Half Breed."

NECKLINE of this nylon sweater is studded with pearls, outlined in white and gold thread. Price: $3.98. Colors: white, pink, maize and powder blue. Sizes: 32-38. Taffeta skirt, $3.98, comes in black or navy. Elastic waist cinch, 98c, in black, navy, white or red. Earrings, 10c. Necklace, 50c. Gold bracelets, 39c each. Pearl bracelet, made out of another necklace, 50c.

Sweater, skirt, belt and jewelry all for about $10. At KRESS Stores

By Martha Harrison
Thousands Now Play Who Never Thought They Could!

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Play Right Away...EVEN IF YOU DON'T KNOW A NOTE NOW

PORT WASHINGTON, N. Y.—As explained by a new FREE BOOK, anyone who wishes to play piano, guitar, accordion, or any other musical instrument can now learn quickly, through "Easy As A-B-C" Method.

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Over 8,000 people, including housewives and business men, bakers and bookkeepers, children and retired folk have taken up this modern way to learn. On this page are shown just a few of their actual reports—telling how well they have done and what it means to them.

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Of all the younger stars in Hollywood, she probably knows better what she wants of life as it concerns marriage, a husband, and a family—because she set herself a definite pattern in her earliest years.

One night, several years ago, this writer was dining with Yvonne at The Tropics, in Beverly Hills, California. That’s a restaurant where the Hawaiian waiters wear leis, and drinks come in tall glasses frosted in all the colors of the rainbow, and a synthetic rain beats on the bamboo and glass roof. It’s an exotic scene, and the food is exotic, too—in complement to Yvonne De Carlo who looks her best in any place far removed from a modern civilization.

"Just as I like to eat differently," she explained, "I have different ideas about most things. Men, for instance. Because I am achieving stardom, I am constantly tied up with romantic juveniles—so that I can get into the columns—and I have never been so bored."

She toyed with her frosted drink.

"Most of the men in the movies don’t know what to talk about when they get out with a girl," she said, musingly. "They play with the silverware on the table, do tricks with match sticks and dinner napkins, and tell the latest, not-so-funny stories. I like candlelight, and the kind of conversation that means something."

In those days Yvonne De Carlo was seen in many of the better public places with the heart throbs of those years: actors like Turhan Bey, Robert Stack, Rod Cameron. The newspapers were always quick to say: "This time it’s serious. Watch out for Yvonne’s waiting down the aisle with X...

Such statements brought more laughter to Yvonne than annoyance. "I don’t know where we’ll both be in ten years from now," said Yvonne, "but I bet you the price of this dinner that I’ll still be unmarried, and still sure of what I want—a man who has achieved something in his own world, a man who can think, a man who can talk—and a man who is not so tied up in his own self that he will neglect the woman who loves him."

What Yvonne was trying to say is that she would never, never marry an actor. Her own experience had taught her what can happen to a woman who makes a bad marriage. Her father, connected with show business, had deserted her mother on the eve of her birth. Penniless, her mother had to seek out a kindly doctor and an understanding hospital to bring her fatherless daughter into the world.

"When I marry," said Yvonne, slowly, "I shall make sure that security goes hand in hand with love. If I fail to make a career for myself in the movies, I would want to be sure that my husband can take and understand the failure, and still provide adequately for the continuance of our life and love together within his own resources."

Today Yvonne De Carlo is a wealthy girl. Her movies have all made money, and she with them. She owns a nice house, a good car, one of the most extensive and tasteful wardrobes in Hollywood—and travels around the world absorbing the romance and excitement of foreign worlds with an almost childish hunger.

"I missed so much in my earlier years," she says, "that I feel anything can quite make up for the poverty, the drabness, the insecurity that almost broke mother’s heart—and very nearly my own. But youth survives almost everything, and today I am making up for lost ground."

Hard? Yvonne is not hard. She’s just practical. Her own agent, Paul Kohner, will tell you that Yvonne has learned a lesson that most actresses should learn: the tragedy of want, the value of money, the treasure that is a belief in oneself.

One of her directors says, "Yvonne may not be the most talented girl in the world, but she is the most confident. While she lacks the artistry of a Pavlova, there is no ballet sequence she won’t tackle. Although her voice is only fair, she will face the tough audience of the Hollywood Bowl in an operetta. As for her acting, no script leaves her—because she believes in what she is doing."

When it comes to the men in her life, Yvonne has the same confidence. She believes that she can let one ardent swain go after another until the right man comes along. "She’ll wait for that man until she is gray haired, if needs be," reveals one of her close women friends. "What she despises in a man most of all is inferiority, a lack of poise, an aimlessness about his own way of living."

For a while Howard Hughes’ name was linked with Yvonne’s, and so was Ali Khan’s. Perhaps these two men, out of all the men Yvonne has gone around with, are nearest to her concept of suitability. Hughes, because he is a great man in the field of aviation, a man whose word is law in countless directions, a man who would handle his wife as he does everything he tackles—in a grand manner.

In Ali Khan, Yvonne recognizes many of the values she seeks in a husband. He stands for glamour, other women are mad about him, he is intelligent, graceful, amusing and devil-may-careish. He is also unpredictable. A great attraction in Ali Khan for Yvonne is that other women have failed to hold him—and this actress loves nothing better than a challenge.

Many movies (and many men) have gone by since that last dinner at the Tropics, in Beverly Hills, and it is a little more than a coincidence that Yvonne, on the return from one of her perennial trips to Europe, should speak frankly to the press on very much the same matters on which she spoke over Bombay Duck to this writer, ten long years ago.

"It is a biological necessity for me to idolize a man for his accomplishments," she said, gravely. "You can find a lot of wonderful guys in the world who are taxi drivers or cowboys—but not for me."
Keeping your hair as glisteningly soft and healthy as it should be is often a rather baffling problem—particularly if it’s been damaged by last Summer’s sun baking, or over-permanentizing. There is an answer though, in the Breck Cream Treatment. Your favorite beauty shop has both professional and home-size tubes of the Cream Treatment so that you can have the benefit of expert ministrations at the salon or take your supply home and give yourself the works. In either case, the procedure is the same. First, your hair gets thoroughly shampooed and rinsed. Next, while your hair is still wet, but no longer dripping, on goes the Breck Cream Treatment. The cream is supposed to be combed well into the hair so that it all has a fair share. After this step, hot towels are applied for about fifteen minutes. This is simple enough when two towels are used alternately. Of course no single treatment is going to be able to accomplish a miracle of renovation but a series will do a world of good.

If you’re still looking for the perfect shampoo—the one that will give you a shining clean, manageable head of hair, without benefit of special rinse or other additional attention, the Cuticura people have a remarkable new formula that may well be the answer. This new Cuticura “Triple Action” Shampoo is, as you might suppose from its name, a concoction that is designed to cleanse hair and scalp in even the hardest water, and to bring out all the natural highlights. Built right into the formula is a special conditioning agent. This is no small achievement, for to accomplish these desirable results it was necessary for the research chemists to combine a proper proportion of soap and soapless detergents that would increase the cleansing value as much as 5½ times yet leave no dull film, as a soap tends to, or overdryness, as is the case with detergents. The Cuticura liquid shampoo won’t even cloud or separate. What’s more, there’s a special bonus for you when you invest in your first 85c bottle—a pair of Shampoo Goggles that come for free when you send in the top of the carton with the printed flap.

When it comes to the final touch of a hair make-up to add tone to uninteresting coloring, you’ll find that the Charles Marchand Company has anticipated all your needs—even to the point of making a special Marchand color chart to take all the guess-work out of the Hair Rinse procedure. The Marchand Hair Rinses come in 12 different shades, each one named and numbered, for fool-proof identification. There are six treatments in every 25c package. All you do to give yourself a treatment is (1) shampoo your hair, (2) pour one quart of warm water into a basin and dissolve one envelope of Rinse in this water, (3) stir the Rinse with a small brush and apply it to your hair, brushing away from the scalp, (4) rinse your hair thoroughly in clear, cold water. That’s all there is to it.

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New World For Shelley
Continued from page 28

"Before my marriage, I couldn't sit still for five minutes. I had to be on the go all the time, being with people, doing things, working, shopping, or anything else that kept me on the move. I used to go to parties and only skim the surface socially, chatting lightly and moving from one person to the next. I realize now that I missed many opportunities for real friendships.

"In Rome, after I got to know Vittorio well, I pointed out to him that it was hard for me to understand the working habits there. People worked until 12:30 or 1:00, went home until 3:00, and then came back to work until 7:00 or so. The pace seemed too leisurely for me, and I felt that the loss of that time meant a loss of earning power.

"Vittorio's simple comment was: 'With your system you might make more money, but when would you have time to enjoy it?'

"Marriage has taught me to be alone and like it. Vittorio plans everything down to an organized schedule—a time for reading, for letters, for music, and so forth. He has shown me how to weigh the importance of matters, how to decide which things should be done first and which can wait until tomorrow. This quality alone has helped me unclutter my one-time jammed daily routines.

"I know too that I'm gradually learning the secret of how to entertain, and enjoy our parties as much as our guests do. You may wonder at this, but how many hostesses of your acquaintance can be perfectly at ease when they have a gathering at their homes? I wasn't one of those! I fretted and worried for fear that people weren't having a good time, and I suppose just thinking those thoughts showed plainly to everyone else.

"I find that I'm beginning to like people more than ever before, simply by watching the way Vittorio gets along with them. I think this is really an accomplishment when you're practically a stranger to the country and the language. He asks them questions, and he's genuinely interested in what they have to say. My talk with others formerly was, I'm a bit ashamed to say, nothing more than what I thought was smart repartee, a lot of sounds signifying nothing. I'm glad those days are gone forever.

"I'm learning the knack of suavity and sophistication from my husband just in observing the way he can carry a tricky situation.

"The most important lesson Vittorio has taught me is the full meaning of patience. I realize now that one of the prime reasons for many of the disagreements which clouded my life in the past came from my frank blurring out of the thoughts that struck me at the moment. If I didn't like something, I said so in no uncertain terms, and let the chips fall where they may. Being temperamental may win you temporary gains, but the ultimate cost isn't worth it. You and everybody else wind up with edgy nerves.

"Vittorio has brought home to me the
fact that there's a propitious time for everything, and that the immediate moment may be the worst of all. This is especially true in the creative work, where tempers often are surface-deep and ready to explode at the slightest provocation. As Vittorio puts it, "I love you because you're so alive and quick, but when you get an idea, write it down and think about it for a half hour. If you still think it's good, then say it." Need I point out that this sage counsel has already saved me immeasurable moments of grief and I feel better daily because of it?

"Generally, I've picked up some of the other rewards that seem to come only with marriage. I find that I have more interest in women, and that I enjoy listening to mothers talk about their children. I even join in on the conversations, although I'm frank to admit that I don't know very much about them, but I have a hunch all of it will come in handy when we start raising a family of our own.

"Naturally, we expect to have children, and as for the number, I guess I'll let time take care of that. Our general plans include a divided stay here in Hollywood and in Rome, where Vittorio also works in films, and on stage, and last but not least, this year will direct three modern plays and three tragedies for the Italian National Theatre. We'd like to keep one home here, and one there. Wouldn't this be wonderful for the children—they'd be bilingual in no time?

"All this may sound like an idyllic description of a much-in-love girl extolling the virtues of her husband, so let me quote someone else who commented recently on Vittorio's work when he gave a poetry reading recently here in Hollywood. Said the critic: 'He reads poetry as Caruso once sang...is the ultimate achievement in the interpretation of verbal phrases, in that he makes them seem that they were created the moment he speaks them...when the mood of poetry took over, the theatre was filled with a shining splendor of artistry.' Can you wonder why he gets such acclaim when you know he has done 92 plays and about 30 movies at 30 years of age?

"On the other extreme, I'll reveal one thing about Vittorio that I'd like to be able to change. He drives one of those foreign cars with a typical European's lack of concern for speed. Your heart is in your mouth the moment he steps on the gas pedal and it stays there until the drive is over, which is being held down to Tia Juana the other day, and I'm not yet recovered. In fact, someone overheard my loud complaints to him, and the next day the gossip columnists reported that all is not well with the Gassmans. It certainly isn't when it comes to his driving! If that makes me a backseat driver, I'm guilty.

"Finally, for the first time in my life, I am completely happy. I have a totally fresh sense of values which seem to have opened up a new world to me. I'm fired with an ambition to correct past errors and to go on to better things both in my personal and professional life, because, to quote another Italian proverb, I now 'sleep well, love happily and have no fear of tomorrow!'"
Inside Story On The John Wayne Split-up
Continued from page 31

expects her to knowingly understand. He has no conception of a woman riding saddle. That a woman demands when a woman loves. That, love is her whole existence.

That is the way it has been with John and Chata from the first. Love—great love, violent arguments, misunderstandings, quarrels, separations, tenderness, the joy of knowing together again. Longing for their child, nurses for the baby, too. LOW prices.

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John was lonely. He's the quiet type and since Esperanza was just learning English, she was the least gregarious at the party. She had an infectious grin and John felt comfortable and at ease with her. She loved the red roses on the table and John found himself remembering his own mother's red roses when he was a boy.

The beginning of Chata and John was eight years ago when Esperanza Baur, Mexico's twenty-year-old film star, was signed to a contract by Republic Pictures. Marion Michael Morrison, "Duke" to his friends, and John Wayne to the public, was then separated from his first wife, Josephine. The first Mrs. Wayne,
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ish food. You should taste her Enchiladas," John said later. Four years later, they were married at a little Long Beach Church. They honeymooned in Honolulu. When they returned, John was asked about the sights in the South Pacific. He gave them the story they didn’t mind. If a half dozen of John’s friends showed up and stayed on for dinner—it was okay by her. Chata simply whipped up an extra batch of enchiladas. If men put their feet on the furniture, even wore muddy boots into the house or set iced drinks down on the tables that left water rings, Chata smilingly wiped it up later — and said nothing. Cigarette ashes on the rugs, she agreed, were good to keep moths away. And she liked a ranch style living room with John’s guns, saddles and ropes in easy reach. The decor was not feminine but Chata was.

If John came home early from the store, and the radio was playing, of course Chata didn’t mind. She would up in a poker game and didn’t come home until dawn, that was okay. How he loved her.

On rare occasions, very rare, they’d dress up and go out. A blue suit is the height of formality to John. And they’d whisper together Spanish love words only they understood and they’d rehearse before hand. And the perfect marriage.

Chata got a bad case of make-up poisoning—developed from an allergy. She didn’t want John to see her—with her face broken out. "She doesn’t know that her face isn’t all I love. I love her," John had said. Chata had flown down to Mexico to see her own doctor. A couple of months later, John didn’t hear of it. He didn’t have to believe or disbelieve, not he and her."

Chata returned. When Duke, who had now fallen into a weekly poker night routine with the boys, said, "Honey, I’ll be out late tonight," she rebelled. Their first quarrel, like all Hollywood items, was headlined in the columns. Tongues began wagging. There were those who called Chata. "I wouldn’t stand for it," they’d advise. And soon, everyone was running their lives and their love was running itself. John has a heart to equal his size but, by nature, he is stubborn and, because he likes to thoroughly understand, he is argumentative and he can be downright onery. And Chata’s Spanish explosive temperament often took a stand. Together, with two positive dispositions, instead of the Hollywood family blend—they had arguments—violent arguments. And Chata would run off to Mexico and her mother. And John would keep the wires hot to Mexico City asking Chata to return.

Out of 365 days of the year, he averages 390 working days—and he has continued this schedule for the past six years. With such hard work, John began to subconsciously rebel that Chata should so frequently upset his peace of mind. Twice, he caught the plane in the middle of the night after getting a picture script revised to be shot around him. He went after Chata and brought her back.

That first Summer, John had taken his brood of four—Michael, Antonio, Patrick and Melinda—with him and Chata for six weeks on a yacht at Catalina. This was a happy time. Chata watched the love John had for his children and secretly she hoped for one of their own. But fate was not kind and they gave up the quest.

And it was difficult, friends say, for her to always smile when the children, naturally, freely talked to their father of their mother. This they did without meaning to hurt Chata, and John, understandably, would never tell his children not to mention their mother.

The children always spent the day before Easter or a birthday or Christmas with him—and the real holiday with their own mother.

Not only Chata but Duke’s old cronies—Preston Foster, John Ford, Johnny Weissmuller—the boys he’d known when he first made “Stage Coach” years back — went to the Hollywood Club for cards, go hunting, pal around—were complaining that they never saw Duke like in the old days. The reason: Duke was making one picture after another. He was constantly living by an alarm clock that went off early each morning. "As soon as I get set, Duke tells me one morning, “you and I are going to take another second honeymoon to Honolulu. We’ll never be fifty miles within the sight of an alarm clock. We’ll take a boat and take the kids and set out to sea—and just be together.”

Duke never believed himself a great actor. In spite of being the hottest star on the screen, he’s skeptical. He believes, since he worked up the hard way, that this success and demand, “won’t last long.” He’d better make the pictures while he is in demand. He wanted to get enough ahead to send four kids through college and give them the proper start in life.

Duke made pictures and Chata became restless and lonely. She said, “How many hours a day can a girl take care of a rose garden?’’ And whenever Duke was at home—so were all of his friends—who wanted to catch up on their friendship. Not to mention the many who share in Duke’s earnings—for Duke believes in sharing his good fortune with those who need it.

The kids spent weekends there too and the little house seemed smaller and smaller. One day, Duke observed, “We need a bigger place. We’ll get it, Chata.”

Chata went to Mexico to visit her mother—and divorce rumors popped. Duke, who is a member of Motion Picture Alliance, was becoming more and more prominent as a civic personality. It looked like Chata might never come back but Duke always remembered to wire those seventeen red roses on the seventeenth day of each month. And after three months, he flew to Mexico and he and Chata were again a happy, laughing, loving pair. Chata
accompanies him on a six weeks' movie good-will tour of South and Central America. Then Duke left for Ireland to make "The Quiet Man" with John Ford.

Over in Ireland, Duke was lonely. Lonely for Chata and the kids. One night he telephoned and asked their mother if the children could fly over and join him. The next plane found the young Wades Europe-bound with Chata. They made their screen debut in the picture—and John was the proudest father in all Ireland. Michael went to Rome and telephoned Wayne, Sr.—who's as fussy as a mother hen with his brood—every night.

Prior to his departure for Europe, Duke went back to New York for up buying the Norris golf $140,000 estate in Earning. It has a swimming pool, guest house, stables and acres of lawns. John planned it as a surprise for Chata. He called in painters and interior decorators and then he lost his nerve. "She'd want to do it her way," he finally concluded. "Better wait until she returns." But he remembered to meet all of her prize possessions from the old house where they had lived for five years. Things like a pair of drinking mugs, their chairs and footstools before the fire. And Chata's rose garden was transplanted on the new place.

"The kids love this place—they have room to roam around and don't feel they are always underfoot," John said, "I've always wanted a place big enough for all of my family and my friends."

After the big house-warming, their marriage seemed quite secure—but by Christmas time—it was off again. John flew to Mexico to work out details of "The Alamo" to be filmed there. This time, he was in Mexico and the papers said Chata, in Los Angeles, was retaining an attorney to file for a divorce. But Christmas day, John hopped a plane and flew to Hollywood to be with her.

Honolulu was the next locale and Chata went along. This would return them back to the scene of their honeymoon six years before. John wired ahead for the same room—same setting—everything would be the same. Anticipation, it seems, was greater than the realization for Chata quietly returned home alone—and left again for Mexico.

John Ford, godfather to John's eldest son Michael, attended the boy's high school graduation at Loyola with Josephine Wayne. They stood proudly together. How proud John would have been of Michael. A new car order was his gift and way of expressing it.

When John returned from Honolulu—again he found no Chata. Just a big empty estate in Earning—"She has gone. This time I've lost her," he concluded. Pride stepped in. She wasn't coming back. She had again hired an attorney to negotiate a separation. And this time, John said, "Let it go ahead. If she doesn't this time, I will." Pride and hurt do strange things to a man—and to a woman.

Their friends still insist they love each other. Other friends insist that one day John will go back to Josephine, the mother of his children, whom he has never really ceased loving. Time will tell.
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That Man Sanders!
Continued from page 37

ience something to be handled, by a romantic man, with overt tenderness. Everyone knows that the bashful boy always drops the roses he is trying to present to a lady. Certainly, singing in public was not a terrifying new experience. Playing his own accompaniment, George was one of the musical enthusiasts of the London Mayfair set, when—as a talented dilettante—he extended his flexible bass voice like a persuasive arm to caress feminine patrons of impeccable West End clubs.

Even now, in highly congenial company and mellow mood, George is capable of turning into the barack’s room balladeer most likely to end on Broadway. His repertoire is extensive, his presentation lusty. The sessions do not take place, of course, in educational groups. George is romantic enough to hold the old view that ladies should be excused after dinner to exchange tatting patterns while the sharp.” The wine went into wine, cigars and ribaldy.

He has the true Englishman’s conviction that his home is his castle and what occurs there is his secret. During his early days in Hollywood he refused to describe his marital status, saying that it was the affair of no one whether Cupid’s battle with him had resulted in marriage or not.

He had reckoned without the long nose of the U.S. Government, which passed a law requiring employers to withhold a portion of each employee’s salary check as down payment on income tax. The amount of that tax being determined by a man’s domestic situation, George was forced to reveal, because of financial consideration, what he had held concealed for years—success or failure.

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Friends of both George and Elsie are agreed that life must not have been simple for Mrs. Sanders. Her liege lord, like the average American teenager, was enamoured of his blue jeans, sneakers, and a blue work shirt with collar open and sleeves rolled up. His idea of the idyllic life was to don this costume around ten in the morning, take himself to his workshop and remain there until hunger chased him into the kitchen. It was during this period of his development that George built a rather elaborate telescope for transporting himself visually to get a job which was more than a task which challenged his mathematical ability (said to be of genius proportions), possessed his time, and kept him elisted from less lofty-doned fellow beings. He was averse to leaving the house for any reason at all, saying nothing about trips to night clubs, picture premieres, or what are laughingly known in Hollywood as social events.

Shunning social contact was undoubtedly another exhibition of his frustrated romantic nature. When he first came to Hollywood, it was with the idea that much of the world’s beauty and wit were concentrated in the motion picture in-
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When he was asked what seemed to be the source of the sour moments in his marriage, George explained that Mrs. Sanders resented his attitude toward her television career. "She became angrier when I failed to watch her. She became angrier still when I explained that I was much too sensitive an artist to watch her."

Such a statement might lead the innocent to believe that George takes his own career seriously. This is partly true, partly debatable. Like all truly romantic people, he is able to create the perfect illusion before a camera; he is perfectionist enough to be letter-perfect in his lines. More than having committed the script to memory, when he reports on a sound stage he has absorbed the narrative to the end of creating a convincing character.

However, when asked how he selects his parts, he says, "I quickly thumb through the script, counting the lines. I divide my salary by the number of lines in the story. Then I compute the number of days off I shall have during the shooting schedule. If the balance between these considerations is weighted on the side of profit and leisure, I accept the part."

Perhaps the best summary of the wryly romantic man who is George Sanders is contained in one of his own epigrams. When asked whether he still followed his celebrated practice of falling asleep in his dressing room at the instant he had finished his day's work, he "take no matter how tumultuous his personal problems at the moment, or how nerve-wracking his professional life, he responded urbaneely, "Of course. After all, I've found life on the slopes of a volcano to be most pleasant—between eruptions."

"I'm Not A Character!"—Says Aldo Ray

Continued from page 41

College and the University of California at Berkeley he majored in history, minored in political science, always with an eye toward that political career.

In 1930 when his townfolk in Crockett, California, suggested that he run for constable, he gave up his scholastic career, directed his own campaign and beat the man who had been in office 16 years! Seven thousand people elected him the peace officer of their town—and he was only 23 years old! He has every reason to think he could have gone on and up! It was sheer happenence that Aldo became an actor and indirectly his politics helped. Let's backtrack a little.

Aldo was born in Pen Argyl, Pa., on September 14, 1917, the son of Italian immigrants Silvio and Marie DaRe. (That's pronounced Dal-Re, and he adapted the latter half for his screen name.) When Aldo was 9, the family moved to Crockett in agricultural, central California. Aldo was a good athlete and made the high school football team as a 14-year-old freshman. On the day of graduation he received his induction notice from the Navy and went into serv-

ice on June 26, 1944. He elected underwater demolition work and served as a frogman for two years in the Pacific.

"People have told me, 'You must have no nerves or else you were crazy to choose such a hazardous job.' Which do you think?" he asks with a grin.

After his discharge in 1946, he went to college, then was elected constable on November 7, 1950. Several months after Aldo took office, his younger brother, Guido, who was a student at Francisco College and a producer that Columbia Studio would interview football players in that section, to appear with John Derek in "Saturday's Hero." Not having a car, Guido persuaded Aldo to drive him to the city and go to the interview with him for moral support. Aldo had no ambition for another he was liked being constable.

But Director David Miller turned down Guido and chose Aldo! Miller asked him to read from the script.

"I'm no actor. All I did was one high school play. I can't do a good reading," Aldo protested. "I could do a political speech."

Miller told him to go ahead, for he
Carleton Carpenter, who, at thirteen years old, was already over six feet tall and looked like a scarecrow, all arms and legs—but in his heart a seasoned performer.” He went back to school, but determined that he was never going to settle down on the farm.

“I was always running away from home. I’d get some little job and after it was over I’d come back home. I was worse to my mother. My father never said anything. He was always a quiet man and I didn’t learn until I was seventeen that he was a terrific guy with a wonderful sense of humor,” said Carleton. “You know something, maybe he had some of the wanderlust in him, too. He finally had the courage to break with tradition. The whole family—my sister and her family, along with my parents—has only recently moved from Bennington to Florida, and they’re having the time of their lives!”

The struggle between getting a practical job and living the “respected life in the community,” and the unceasing desire to break away from the Victorian pattern of living and become an actor was a pretty big decision for a young man to make. “If I had only realized what a terrible decision this was and how bewildered my family was by my ambitions for an unconventional career, I would have been afraid to go out into the larger world.”

“So Maybe I’m Not Conventional!”

Continued from page 46
the 'cold and wicked world' ... which in my case never turned out to be either cold or wicked ... and I would have remained in my attractive hometown and settled down as my family urged me to do. I knew I could always earn a good, honest, respectable living. I almost married a nice hometown girl and if I had, we would've settled down to a quiet, family life. Nothing wrong with that set-up ... but, gee! I wanted to get into show business!"

Carleton has always run true to form in what literature has recorded for us about the character of the New Englander ... shrewd, thrifty, industrious, canny, enormously stubborn ... who never spent a "luxurious" day in his whole life.

Even to this day, in spite of his success as one of the "bright young actors on the screen," anything over nine dollars always seems like a million to Carleton. But instead of banking all of his sixty dollars, as any sober, practical-minded Carpenter would have done, he threw discretion every which way. He took the whole amount and went to New York. "I left a farewell note for my family, telling them I had gone out to conquer the film."

Of course the world to Carleton was Broadway!

In discussing this daring flight from the bosom of his family, Carleton says, "I don't know whether you're afraid of the known or the unknown. I've always been afraid of things I couldn't see or control. But somehow dramatic things, like leaving the old homestead and embarking on a most uncertain career like the theatre, had never presented fear to me at all. It must have been my brash, foolishly courageous youth that got me anywhere at all. I guess I was afraid of being afraid, and so rushed in where angels feared to tread." To this day, with a great deal of success in every branch of the theatre—singing and dancing and even playing the piano in bars on Third Avenue in New York (when there weren't any jobs on Broadway), doing radio shows, acting in television, writing songs, appearing at the best night clubs, making personal appearances in every important theatre all over the country—Carleton Carpenter still has that "seared look of a jack rabbit fixin' to jump."

So, off went Sir Galahad in his shining armor to slay the dragon. But in this case, Sir Galahad was without his shining armor. He was a sliver-thin beanpole, an awkward small-town boy who gave the appearance of ever-lustingly growing out of his clothes. His sleeveless were never going to cover his wrists and his trousers were never long enough to cover his legs. He was fresh as country butter ... a real Booth Tarkington character come to the big city. He came with lots of ingratiating charm to "slay" the big producers, who are sometimes more formidable than any dragon.

It must have been Carleton's youthful eagerness, and his complete ignorance of the ways of show business that landed him a job in three days ... in a musical! If he had known any better, he would never have been so foolish as to think one can get into the inner sanctum of the theatre by knocking on the door of the stage entrance and asking the stage manager if there was any need for a young man of his particular type. But that's just what he did ... and he landed a job! This was much easier than picking apples, or fixing lobster traps or running a magic shop.

"On the third day, I went backstage at the Winter Garden during a matinee. Milton Berle was playing. I'll never forget that day. I asked the stage manager if he needed someone like me. He told me that he had just given a part to a young man who had been there ten minutes earlier. Somehow this encouraged me like mad. I had lost a part by ten minutes, but if I had been there earlier, it looked like I might have been in show business! He told me they were casting for the road company of "The Chocolat Soldier" in some theatre on 52nd Street. Believe me, I got there like lightning. From there, I was sent over to the Shubert office. A man at the piano asked me if I could sing. I told him I could. All the singing I had ever done was in the glee club at High School. So he played some scales and I sang them and he said I was okay, to come around the next day and sign a contract! New York. Broadway, the policeman on the corner, the automat never looked so wonderful to me before. I was in a show. I was going to get fifty dollars a week and my name was going on a contract! No wonder Professor Upham believed in magic!"

"So I went back to Brooklyn and called the principal of my high school and told him what had happened. You see, I was beginning to be afraid that everything was happening too fast ... and once I got going in a show, maybe I'd never go back to school to get my diploma. I'd always had pretty high grades, and just needed a few credits to graduate, so I suggested that the school send me lessons while on the road and I would do them, and return them by mail. I could take all my examinations by correspondence!

The principal was very understanding ... said he'd take it up with the school board and wire me the next day. Well, he did wire me ... collect, sixty-three cents worth ... and this is what he said: "Proposition not good."

Carleton never signed the contract. Instead he went back to Bennington to finish his schooling. By this time, his family was getting used to his unpredictable behavior. They had come to one decision about him anyway. He certainly didn't resemble anyone in the family, excepting his grandfather Carpenter's mute who was almost as stubborn as Carleton was and just as determined. In less than three months, by dropping all his social engagements and doubling up on all his subjects, he received his diploma. With this part of his life out of the way, he packed his bag a second time descended again upon his mother's second cousin in Brooklyn who, by the way, was also getting used to the unpredictable Carleton and went off to get a job.

In less than two hours from the time he left Grand Central Station to the time he left his bag in Brooklyn, to the time he went to a producer's office and read for a part, Carleton was back on Broadway ... an actor at last! He explains his quick success very convincingly, "I'm a guy with no sense ... that's why I got the part. I guess. I just didn't have the time to be afraid that I wouldn't get the break. If I had, I would have gone through the usual channels ... like going to see an agent first, and letting him make up his mind whether he thought I was important enough for him to handle. Of course, I wouldn't have been, and so I would never have heard from him again and that would have deflated my ego and it would have been back to Bennington and the farm for me. When you come from Vermont, you learn that the easiest way to get a job is to go out and ask for it."

I don't know whether Carleton's advice would apply to all young hopefuls.
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who dream of fame and fortune in one of the most colorful professions anywhere. Maybe you have to look like Carleton . . . maybe you have to come from Vermont . . . maybe you have to have some kind of philosophy to hold on to which is as helpful as Carleton’s philosophy was to him—”if you’re afraid of anything . . . you’ll never try anything.” Whatever it is, success has come to him very swiftly, with few disappointments along the way.

His good fortune has not changed him at all. He has the look of a perennial teenager who’ll never look older than Professor Upham, the magician. He may appear shy, awkward, bewildered, naive, but he’s really one of the smartest young men around town. He knows what he wants and where he’s going. His career has leaped ahead with amazing speed, and in the rush of new success, he has never lost his head. Nor will he ever lose it. This wouldn’t be smart, and Carleton couldn’t afford the luxury of being foolishly impressed with himself.

His young man’s charm, something of the quality of a little boy, makes all women want to protect him . . . and all men warn him against these protective women. But he can manage to take care of himself, and still retain that casual, easy, small-town, maple sugar look which makes him quite a guy with the ladies. As everyone knows, he’s also made quite a name for himself in films. MGM was so pleased with the way he handled his first starring role in “Fearless Fagan,” that they’ve already handed him his second starring picture, “Sky Full Of Moon.” No doubt they have brilliant plans for his future, too. But his mother still worries about him. Carleton says she’s always worried that he won’t have sense enough to “get out of the rain.” It amuses him very much. This eauy lad has never been out in any stormy weather. It’s always been “blue skies” as far as he’s been concerned.

“I used to get letters from my mother while I was working on Broadway where I always had a job and more money than I had ever made in Bennington—and she’d always write, ‘Come on home, Son, and get a job and settle down . . . take your place in the community.’ She was afraid the big city would take advantage of her small-town, helpless, little boy (who, by the way, could give the big city sticklers a run for their money). So one day I sent her a present—a big, white, expensive Bendix which completely overwhelmed her. After that she never sent any more letters to me about coming home and settling down. I guess she finally decided that I was doing all right after all. Funny thing, later on, she became an authority on the theatre in Bennington, and all because she had been coming to New York to see me in my flop shows. But the funniest thing of all was . . . she became kind of an actress herself. She got a lead in an amateur play—and did she love it!”

Carleton believes that the Carpenter family lived through the age of miracles, and he isn’t sure whether it took more courage for him to break away from tradition, or for his mother to take the leading part in a home town play, or more courage for his father to go and see his mother’s play, or one of Carleton’s movies. The fact is . . . the Carpenters have stepped out of Bennington, leaving tradition behind them in the hills of Vermont. Carleton, for all his twenty-six years, is something of a pioneer. He went out and found the “new world” and his family followed. To be a true pioneer, one must never be afraid of anything . . . not even Fagan, the lion who recently shared star billing with him and Janet Leigh in his MGM picture, “Fearless Fagan.” “You know where you stand with a lion . . . and it’s never too close to him, believe me! You’re told by the experts in lion culture, never to make quick moves around him. You’re lucky if you can make any moves at all when you see him standing there, huge and menacing, and you know you have to play a scene with him. But the legend of the theatre is ‘the show must go on’ . . . even if Fagan decides he’d much rather take a bite out of you than be a Hollywood actor. I can’t say I didn’t gulp every time I came face to face with him . . . that’s been my luck all through my career. Otherwise, I’d be an all beautiful leading ladies. I get a lady and a lion! But that’s it, brother, the story of my life . . . never the conventional way for me!”

Mr. Midnight Marriage

Continued from page 42

From the very first, I liked him. He had manners. He was no hepcat. He was sort of old-fashioned in that he had respect for women, and he was gentlemanly. There was none of that “Okay Kid” lingo with him. We met in May and soon we were dating one or two times a week. When Mr. Sam Goldwyn sent me on tour in July for “Our Very Own” and I was to be gone until October, I soon realized how much I missed him—over all of my other friends. I wrote him three little newsy letters, like “I’m now in New Orleans. I am seeing the sights.” etc. And he wired me back a couple of times. On my sixteenth birthday, he wired me an orchid.

I was busy in New York rushing around making P.A.’s and doing publicity. The orchid was so special—that I never even wore it. I wouldn’t wear it with anyone else. Not Kirby’s orchid. And I made it very clear to the press—that my new ruby heart ring was from my parents! I didn’t want any misunderstandings caused by columns—when we were 3,000 miles apart.

I had three days off to come home during that five months’ tour and I spent one of them with Kirby. But still, I don’t think either of us exactly thought of marriage. I can swear on a stack of Bibles that we never kissed each other until New Year’s Eve. That was eight months after we’d met. Then we knew it was love—and for keeps. And we also knew that sixteen was too young for me to marry.

Kirby and I were never engaged formally. And it wasn’t easy, wanting to be together all of our free time, and knowing that my work took me out with many others. Kirby and I never went to the places the columnists report. We’d go to movies, for rides, and have friends for dinner foursomes. And the nights I’d be going with other boys, name actors like Carleton Carpenter or Hunt Stromberg, Jr. to the premieres, etc., Kirby would say he would understand. But after those dates, we’d usually have differences. We are both stubborn and we realized the possibility that one day these differences might become permanent. We decided that when I became eighteen, if we still felt the same, we’d get married. Our parents agreed.

On my eighteenth birthday, I spoke to Mother about it. She said “If you are
sure, Joan, then we give our blessing. All we want is your happiness." However, she suggested that we wait at least three weeks to arrange a wedding. That was reasonable, too, since I am their only child and Katherine and Dale, my par-

ents, have been more than that to them. They’ve also been good, understanding companions and loyal friends.

Then one night at Joan Crawford’s— Kirby and I had dropped in late after dinner for a short visit—we told Joan that we wished we didn’t have to wait for a wedding. Mr. Godwyn had lent me to Universal-International for “Col-

umn South,” which was starting in a week. I was set to go on location for three weeks which would mean a post-

ponement of our wedding. We didn’t want to be separated or wait any longer. Joan seemed to understand.

Little did I dream that I would be married in a blue velvet dress. It so happened that new, street-length and long-sleeved. Just for a second, when I looked in the mirror before the ceremony, the thought flashed through my mind of my loyal and thoughtful friends in wardrobe at Goldwyn Studios. They had made my first formal three years ago—a lovely red taffeta evening gown. And they had often said, “Joan, when you are a bride, we will make you a beautiful white wedding dress. But that thought quickly dis-

appeared. This was the moment Kirby and I had waited for. First we tried to get Mother and Dad on the telephone, but they were not at home. Joan called Judge Charles Grif-

fin and she was as starry-eyed and as excited as I was. “You must have some-

thing beautiful, something borrowed, something blue,” she said. She gave me some new gloves, the ticket was still fastened to them, and a little scarf for something old. “You’ll want a picture of your wed-

ding to keep forever and to show your children some day,” Joan said. She tele-

phoned the former magazine photographer, and he not only took our wedding pictures, but he was best man and Joan was my bridesmaid.

The time was five after twelve—and we stood in the den and we were mar-

ried. Then we called home again to tell Katherine and Dale.

That night we stayed at Joan’s home and the next morning, we went home to see Katherine and Dale and had breakfast with them. And, if they were disap-

pointed that we hadn’t waited for the wedding they planned, they didn’t show it. They were wonderful and happy for us and we celebrated with a champagne breakfast.

A week before, we had rented a small apartment in Westwood, intending to take a month to get it furnished. Now, we moved right in, and everything we owned was piled in the middle of the living room floor.

Kirby called his business partner. We had some time locating him, but finally did. We set out for our honeymoon, driving to Ensenada at three A.M. on Saturday. Kirby drove for an hour and began to go to sleep. So I took over and drove. We arrived the next morning for a wonderful three days at the Riviera Hotel.
While we were luxuriating on the sand and enjoying surf-bathing, it would keep coming to my mind that I was supposed to report for a reading on the new picture at U-I on Monday at eleven. I placed a long-distance call which was connected finally on Monday at eleven-thirty. My director, Freddie de Cordova, said, "Joan, you are late." But he was understanding and here I am back the next day reporting for work.

Our first wedding presents were two little gold heart-shaped key rings from Joan Crawford—inscribed, "Joan—July 25, 1932—12:05 A.M." Yesterday, I had a half-day off so I went up to our new residence and took another look at all of our worldly possessions piled on the front room floor and went to work. In the middle of my housewifely activities, a delivery boy arrived with the biggest package I have ever seen. It contained a huge silver tray with a card "Frances and Samuel Goldwyn."

Our first possessions for our home were purchased on our honeymoon in Mexico. We found two lovely silver candlesticks, a big copper bowl, some silver salt and pepper shakers and a silver tray holding six cordial glasses. Outside of that—we haven't a thing, not a knife nor a fork—or a pan—or even a dish towel. We'll acquire them gradually. And I hope to obtain a once-a-week maid service but until then, I am strictly on my own.

My wedding ring is a simple plain gold band. There is no engagement ring. And my wedding present from my husband is a new black Packard convertible.

I have been more engrossed in Kirby's business than in my own career for the last year. You see, his business career means our future. And the rising or falling sales of used cars was a financial barometer on whether and how soon we could marry. Kirby had given up acting for a more solid way of making a living. He and a partner have a used car lot in downtown Los Angeles' automobile row. When he makes high sales in cars, I'm more elated than when I get a good review on a picture. I know that if my working in pictures should ever interfere with our family life, then my career would go.

As yet we have no problems, unless you call this one—me getting used to the fact that Kirby leaves his shoes under the bed, wet towels on the floor after his shower and such minor male failings. I am usually the first to say "I'm sorry." But strangely or not, since I gave up publicity dates, and other boyfriends, we have had no further arguments nor reasons for me to say "I'm sorry."

Kirby's taking his vacation now so we can continue our honeymoon in location in Apple Valley for this picture, which will be just dandy. He'll be sitting in the air-conditioned hotel and I'll be out facing cameras in the 120 degrees of heat!

I Love MY Lucy

Continued from page 33

vice-president of CBS on the Coast, and Don Sharpe, agent. They both liked the idea and advised Lucy and me to make a pilot film. This we did—and that one film proved that we had a chance. We talked the whole thing over and, as Lucy said, "We'll rise or sink together anyway." I then got the studio, the crew, the cast, and Desilu Productions' "I Love Lucy" went to work.

After all the many shows and the many problems, we are finally settled, Lucy and I, as a family. And our child, Lucie Desi, has beautifully completed the picture. No wonder we are so happy about our TV efforts.

But to take up the subject of Lucy herself—and she's quite a subject.

Frankly, I'm like a mother hen with my Lucy. Or so she calls me. I worry about her a lot, mainly about her getting too tired from overwork. From all she has told me I was an A-1 worrier when I heard she was going to have a baby. You know the gags they have about new fathers. Well, I guess I was really one of those characters. Anyway, the news certainly made me excited enough.

Actually, I don't know why I should worry because Lucy always seems to get along all right. This is probably because it's so easy for her to have fun, to get a laugh out of anything.

Working with her in the set is a three ring circus. All day long she's kidding actors, writers, men on the crew, anyone and everyone. And she always comes up with a gag. Our writers love to hang around her because they get ideas for the show from listening to her. She has one gag that's always a stopper—and she pulls it rather often. A group of people will be standing around talking when a guy comes on the set. Supposing his name is Joe. Lucy spots him and says in a loud voice to the fellow doing the talking at the time, "Here comes Joe now. Why don't you tell it to his face?" Nothing can match the confusion that crosses that fellow's face when he tries to figure out just how to explain he wasn't talking about Joe at all.

I come in for her share of gags too. She never teases anybody—I want to make that clear. She hates teasing, but she likes gentle ribbing. Lucy is constantly imitating my accent, even on the show—especially the way I say "don't" for "don't." But I'm getting used to her ribbing now. I know I'd feel kind of lonesome without it.

You never know when Lucy is going to pull an ad lib in a scene. On one program, part of the dialogue had to do with the former schools those in the cast attended. The writers saw a chance to get in their schools' names and the producer, Jess Oppenheimer, wanted the name of his Alma Mater in the script. I wanted to use the school I had gone to in Miami.
But when the show was being filmed, Lucy tossed out all the names in the final script and said, much to all our surprise, "I went to Celeron High School," which was her real Alma Mater.

Lucy, away from the set, is quite a personality too. But she has one peculiar habit that I can't break her of. She insists on having the windows wide open at night—no matter how cold it may be outside. I constantly feel as though I've been sleeping in a meat freezer.

The routine we go through about this window business is really funny—in a way. And we've been doing it for ten years. Yet, each time it's as though it was something we hadn't thought of before. I get in bed, usually forgetting to notice if the windows are up or down, and soon I'll hear the wind through the curtains. I get up and quietly close the windows. I go back to bed, Lucy gets up and without saying a word she opens them. This goes on for a while with neither of us uttering a word and then finally I give up. Lucy gets her way. We've thought of making a compromise but how do you do that with an open window? It's either open or closed. Lucy claims it's healthy to have fresh air while you sleep—and she'll have me healthy even if it gives me pneumonia.

This has led to some differences of opinion between us. Like most married couples we have our disagreements, but fortunately they don't last long. Most of the time they're about some silly little thing.

There's one peculiar thing about this disagreement business. Almost always when we reach a certain corner on the way to the studio one of us will say something that will start a "discussion." It's as though that corner were a jinx. One morning I started it by saying my eggs were cold for breakfast and that I didn't like cold eggs. Lucy made a natural and wisely responsive, I answered, and then, as usual, we stopped speaking to each other.

Suddenly, I began to think about how silly it all was. Eggs! I started to laugh. "What are you laughing at?" Lucy asked. "Eggs," I said to her. "So I don't like eggs cold—and I don't—but it's so silly." This got Lucy laughing and by the time we reached the studio we were practically in hysterics.

Yet, nor I can stay annoyed for more than a few minutes. We can usually find a laugh in almost any situation.

Lucy and I have found happiness for many reasons—one of them being that we treat each other as individuals who are together constantly—day and night. This, in some ways, is great for a married couple and in other respects it can be a trying situation. But it hasn't made us possessive of each other. For example, every weekend I try to go down to our boat and go fishing—either alone or with some friends. Lucy hardly ever goes along. Before you get the idea this is being inconconsiderate on my part, I want to make it clear that my weekend vacations are Lucy's idea. She says she worries about my working so hard during the week and she wants me to get away and relax. This is a great wife—in any husband's language.

At home we live simply—and we're rather domestic. Oh, I don't mean Lucy goes in for all the domestic chores. She'd like to but she hasn't the time. She can cook, however, and her fried chicken is a real feast. However, she lets me do most of the cooking but only because I like it. I make all kinds of potted dishes and I'll fix anything that involves the barbecue. I'm the fancy cook. Lucy is the meat and potatoes girl.

Lucy's main interest, naturally, is our baby. She's a wonderful mother—and I like to think I do all right as a father. We spend a lot of time wheeling our daughter around the pram. Since she has five acres that means a lot of wheeling. But Lucy and I aren't the types of parents to spoil a baby. We are good disciplinarians—and for a reason. As Lucy has said, "I want to raise her so other people will like her too."

And my background would also tend to make me careful about raising a baby, even though Lucy claims I'm making her the villain because I'm inclined to be soft with Lucie. I don't think I am soft, though. My parents had a lot of money and I could have had anything, but I got nothing and I worked for it. Lucy has certainly had to work hard for anything she got, so with this in mind I think we'll manage nicely with Lucie Desiree.

Lucy and I are home folks—and we

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love to have people over. We're always having home games—things like “Indi-
cations” or charades as some call it. But whenever we have parties, no matter how small, we have to have a motif and that means the guests have to wear cos-
tumes. This was originally Lucy’s idea, but it was so much fun I took it up quickly.

For all of our crazier traits, Lucy and I are both sentimental. The way we ex-
change gifts is only one indication. I get sentimental easily. Christmas is the time
when I really get soft and mellow. Lucy is as bad. But we don’t have to wait for
such an important occasion as Christmas to give each other something. We make
up our own holidays. We even pick on
such days as the Fourth of July to pre-
sent gifts. Lucy loves things with gold in
them. She doesn’t care at all for the diamond business, so I’ve loaded her with
all kinds of gold trinkets. Me—any little
remembrance makes me happy.

I could go on and on about Lucy.
There’s so much to say about her. But
I can sum it all up by saying I love her
everything. We have had ten wonderful
years without a dull moment. We have
had great comradeship. We can sit alone
and talk to each other for hours. We’re
never bored with one another—and we’ve
learned to take a smile along with a prob-
lem. I couldn’t imagine a life without
her.

Do you blame me for loving my Lucy?

Your Guide To Current Films
Continued from page 15

Bonzo Goes To College
Universal-International

Onzo, the educated chimpanzee,
runs away from a carnival show and
wanders into the college town resi-
dence of Charles Drake and Maureen
O’Sullivan. Along with Maureen and
Drake, there are daughter Gigi Perreau
and grandfather Edmund Gwenn to com-
plete the happy home. When Bonzo ar-
rives, Gigi wants her parents to “adopt”
the chimp. To keep peace in the family,
Bonzo is legally made a member of the
menage. He reciprocates by winning a
-crucial football game for grandpa Gwenn
who is the college coach, and bringing
Gigi’s other grandpa, a millionaire, back
into the family fold. Thanks to scene-
stealer Bonzo, this is a cute, sassy bit of
nonsense.

The Stranger In Between
Universal-International

HAVING just killed his wife’s lover,
Dirk Bogarde is in mood to play
nursemaid to a juvenile delinquent, but
when young Jon Whitely wanders on-
to the scene of the crime, Bogarde can
do nothing but take the small witness
along with him on his escape from the
police. An orphan who has been mis-
treated by his foster parents, Jon willing-
ly allows himself to be kidnapped. To-
gether the man and boy try to escape what’s waiting for both of them back
in London, but because of the child’s wel-
fare, Bogarde is forced to give himself up.
A tense thriller that is marred by an end-
ing that is far too abrupt.

Assignment—Paris
Columbia

SENT to Budapest by Editor George
Sanders, Reporter Dana Andrews
isn’t long in ferreting out a Page One
story that could plummet one of the top
Hungarian Communists into Russia's notorious liquidating machine. Before he can cut the wife of the islands and return, Andrews is arrested on a trumped up spying charge. His trial is the usual Communist farce in which a man crushed by psychological torture confesses to anything. His boss Sanders knows he isn't a spy, yet can do nothing to help until Marta Torres uncovers the first clue as to why Andrews was arrested. This in turn leads to a man who is being hounded by the Hungarian Communists because he knows too much about the Red higher ups. It is with this information that Sanders can begin to bargain for Andrews' life. Fast-moving thriller taken straight from newspaper headlines.

Sudden Fear
RKO

IT DOESN'T take much to make a happy marriage: a little love, a little understanding and a mutual tolerance to dispense with all lethal weapons. Socialite Joan Crawford, married to actor Jack Palance, senses that her spouse is not abiding by the rules when she chances to hear a conversation between Palance and Gloria Grahame (his extra-marital activity) in which they plan to do away with the "ever-lovin'" ever-sufferin' Joan—for her money, of course. Now no girl in her right mind would sit around waiting for some fatal accident to happen to her, so Joan after much dramatic weighing of the pros and cons, decides better she should kill Palance instead. It's many more emotional bruises before Palance's feet are in to reckon with Palance and Grahame.

Caribbean
(Technicolor)
Paramount

SHANGHAIED by pirate Sir Cedric Hardwicke, John Payne becomes his reluctant cohort in a campaign to destroy despot Francis Sullivan. Despite two such formidable foes, there's little need to feel one smidgen of pity for Sullivan. Not only did he steal Hardwicke's wife, adopt his children, later bouncing into maturity as Arlene Dahl, but he also forced Hardwicke into a life of crime. It is Payne's job to gain entrance into Sullivan's island stronghold and prepare the way for the death blow by Hardwicke. Not a shilly-shallyer by nature, Payne neither cooks nor bakes out to daily with Dahl. But along with the tangles of haughty Arlene, Payne also incites the natives into revolt which assures a complete Hardwicke-Payne victory.

My Man And I
MGM

MEXICAN-BORN Ricardo Montalban has two desires in life. One is to become an American this country will be proud of and the other is to marry Shelley Winters no country could be proud of. A winsome whose life has been just about all else the other is a nagging Shelley would rather Montalban devoted his time and energies to some starry-eyed innocent instead of trying to straighten out her sordid life. Yet Montalban is determined, even though he has enough on his capable hands with pay-welder Winters. Well done drama that shows it takes more than being born an American to really be a credit to this country.

Operation Secret
Warner Brothers

DURING World War II, a French resistance fighter was murdered, and, according to Steve Cochran, Coral Wilde was responsible. With the war over, the Allied authorities decide to clear up the crime. Witnesses Phyllis Thaxter, Karl Malden and Cochran are brought to France to dust off their memories and bring the case up-to-date. What Phyllis and Malden remember differs greatly from Cochran's story, but between them, they manage to build up a fairly exciting series of flashbacks. Not only is the real murderer proven guilty, but some postwar international skulduggery is also brought to an end. If the action gets somewhat confused, it's only because so much happens to so few people for so little reason.

One Minute To Zero
RKO

HARD-AS-NAILS Army officer Robert Mitchum meets United Nations worker Ann Blyth while he's stationed in Korea. Ann, a war widow, is afraid of romance with Mitchum because she's weary of being hurt again by one of the We-regret-to-inform-you telegrams. Just when he has Ann reassured that nothing could ever happen to him, Mitchum is forced to fire a heavy field artillery into a mass of Korean refugees. Ann doesn't know that Chinese Communists had been thickly interspersed among the innocent civilians, and she's horrified at the brutal slaughter. It isn't until she sees for herself what atrocities have been perpetrated on American GIs, by these same Communists, who had infiltrated into American held territory, that she understands why Mitchum had to do what he did.

Yankee Buccaneer
(Technicolor)
Universal-International

SEA-FARIN' yarn that deals with the early days of the United States Navy, and has Scott Brady assigned along with Commander Jeff Chandler to disguise the Frigate Essex as a pirate ship so that the Navy can better learn the operations of a pirate fleet that has been terrorizing the Caribbean sea lanes. In the line of duty, the Essex also encounter Susan Ball, a noblewoman who suspects them of really being pirates. Sticks and stones may break his bones, but words will never harm him, so Brady falls for Susan. Ditto Chandler. The irony of it all is that because of Susan, the real pirates discover the true identities of Brady and Chandler. After that, it takes quite an effort to save at least one of the lads for blabber-mouth Susan. Good adventure yarn with action aplenty.

RECORD ROUNDUP

Tops In Movie Music

MGM's "The Merry Widow" album, starring Fernando Lamas... Doris Day's "Make It Soon" and "My Love and Devotion" for Columbia... "Should I" from "Singin' In The Rain," and "There's Only Tonight," by the Four Aces for Decca... Billy Eckstine's "Because You're Mine," from film of same name, and "Early Autumn" for MGM... I've Been Kissed Before," from "Affair In Trinidad," and "The Whispering Serenade" by Blue Barron for MGM... Marlene Dietrich-Rosemary Clooney dueting on "Too Old To Cut The Mustard" and "Good For Nothin'" for Columbia... Bing Crosby-Andrews Sisters singing "I'll Si-Si Ya In Bahia" and "The Live Oak Tree," from "Just For You," for Decca... "A Cowboy Had Ought To Be Single," from "Sky Full Of Moon," and "You Never Can Tell" by Sheb Wooley for MGM...

Tops In Pops

PATTI PAGE'S "I Went To Your Wedding" and "You Belong To Me" for Mercury... Les Paul-Mary Ford's "Meet Mister Callaghan" and "Take Me In Your Arms" for Victor... Billy May's "Guess Is Just Around The Corner" and "Get Along Tum-Tum" for Capitol... Art Lowry's "Hold Me In Your Heart" and "Somebody Else's Arms" for Columbia... Billy Eckstine's "Strange Sensation"... "Have A Good Time" for MGM... Guy Lombardo's "Wish You Were Here" and "Honky Tonk Sweetheart" for Decca... "Yankee Doodle Dandy" for Capitol... Tony Bennett's "Roses Of Yesterday"... Ray Anthony's "Loaded With Love" and "Make Believe Dreams" for Capitol... Lily Ann Carol's "It's Been So Long" and "I Don't Know Any Better" for Victor... Guy Mitchell's "Feet Up" and "Jenny Kissed Me" for Columbia...

Others Toppers

NORMAN GREENE'S "Romantic Moods" album for MGM... Leroy Daniel's "The Gypsy In My Soul" and "The Girls Are Marching" for MGM... Louis Prima's "Chinatown" and "One Mint Julep" for Columbia... Woody Herman's "Jump In The Line" and "Stompin' At The Savoy" for Mars... Rex Allen's "Two-Faced Clock" and "Jambalaya" for Decca... Columbia's "Xavier Cugat At The Waldorf" album... Aquaviva's "Beyond The Next Hill" and "Tillie's Tango" for MGM...
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pride—then rich husband tricked into over
taking and the young woman lost the love,
then scorned.

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Alice Tisdale Hobart—The young orthodox
saw the whole world in a cloud—uncertain
actions. Yet he didn't have the courage to bare
the truth about his wife to his own brother!

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the incomparable NANA—scarlet woman of the
streets who shocked all Paris!

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did lovely Princess Christine pine for as a
girl and lure Prince Nikhol into a clandestine
affair (true story) before they married?

THE STRANGER BEHIND ME, By Mabel Sorely—What
made Carl Rens turn away from his love
bride (true story) on their wedding night?

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What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

By Lynn Bowers

All Over Town: Well, the place was just one seething mass of emotional and occupational dithers among the glamour people. 20th Century-Fox had its hands full with a trio of girl cuties—everyone hovering about trying to find the real inside on the Marilyn Monroe-Joe DiMaggio situation, with the pair AWOL in San Francisco visiting his family and eluding reporters who were trying to trap them at a marriage license bureau. Then Shelley Winters canceled out of "Blaze Of Glory" on account of the motherhood project. Betty Grable was all set to come off her perch and do this rough-and-tumble picture with Dick Widmark, then decided a straight dramatic part wasn't her saucer of tea. Took another suspension, she did...and at this rate the income tax people are going to be very depressed, since Betty has been in a state of suspension twice lately. Bet you Samuel Fuller, who's writer-director on "Blazes," wishes he'd stuck to practically all-male casts like in "Park Row," "Fixed Bayonets," and "Steel Helmet" so he wouldn't have to cope with ladies who have the vapors of one kind or another.

The headaches at MGM were very, very large—almost a million dollar...when their boy Lanza decided to cut up the temperamental touches over "Stu-

Back from Europe, Ginger Rogers dines with Earl Blackwell in Manhattan at Pen & Pencil.

Above: Ricardo Montalban, Debbie Reynolds and expectant Jane Powell have cake and coffee during pause of Radio Theatre rehearsal. Jane finished "Small Town Girl" and now awaits baby.

Right: Also expecting, but not so soon, is Shelley Winters, seen here with husband Vittorio Gassman and Italian import, Millie Virale. Shelley and Vittorio have squabbles, but settle them.
Hi, fans! Here I am again and I'm high as a kite about a picture I've just seen—"Road to Bali" with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. These three aren't exactly strangers to each other, having traveled a few previous "Roads" together. Maybe you saw one (or more) of them. If you did, you'll agree that when Bing, Bob and Dotty team up to hit the road, it's a laugh marathon for sure! In "Road to Bali" I want to tell you, they're but colossal.

What happens to them could only happen to them! They have all kinds of impossible adventures—with music—including diving for sunken treasure (a little situation Bing maneuvers Bob into); tangling with savage head hunters and beautiful native women; wrestling with ferocious animals; and running into some of your favorite Hollywood personalities (surprises galore!) in the middle of the jungle. It's all for laughs and, believe me, laughs for all. In a "Road" show anything goes, and in this one not only anything—but everything!

Dotty has a wardrobe of whistle-bait Balinese sarongs (she plays an island princess) and, of course, the two B.s buzz around her like crazy, each outdoing the other, pulling all kinds of wild wires to be the lucky one who wins her.

Story? Well, now, between you and me, anything sensible couldn't stand up under Bing's and Bob's gaff, although Dotty does her feminine best to provide motivation and maintain a semblance of sanity. There's a villain, though, who cooks up enough trouble to keep "our heroes" hopping. He's played by Murvyn Vye and I seem to remember that he connives to cheat the princess of her fortune, but who really gives a care about a story when Bing, Bob and Dotty are in action in glamorous Bali?

"Road to Bali" is the first of the "Road" films in color by Technicolor. And wait'll you see the Balinese dancers in their lush and lavish, colorful costumes. It's an eyeful you won't soon forget. There are six new songs, among them a couple of Crosby-Hope comedy routines that are worth the price of admission alone. Take it from me, fans, this "Road" rates traveling to, no matter how far you are from the theatre that plays it.

There's another Technicolor movie coming out soon, too, that I think you'll enjoy—a thriller called "The Blazing Forest," that is tops in action adventure. That gorgeous guy all the gals are gone on—John Payne—has the number one starring role as the tough boss of a logging camp in the tall timber country. Other stars in it are William Demarest, Agnes Moorehead, Richard Arlen and lovely newcomer Susan Morrow (remember I told you about her last month in connection with "The Savage")! "The Blazing Forest" has all the action excitement its title implies, set against magnificent mountain scenery—wonderful background for the romance between Payne and Susan.

And pretty soon you'll be hearing about "Come Back, Little Sheba," the movie version of the Broadway stage hit, co-starring Burt Lancaster and Shirley Booth. Miss Booth starred in the stage play, too... but more about that simply immense picture next month. Goodbye for now, fans, and happy movie-going!
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Avia Gardner and Robert Taylor listen to call to return to sound stage for MGM's "Vaquero."

dent Prince." Varying opinions are: he's a sick boy—he achieved stardom too quickly and didn't know how to handle same—he's just plain temperamental.

Take your choice, anyway, Annie Blyth sat around and cooled her heels for weeks waiting to go to work with him. Finally took off and went home to Universal-International, where things were very peaceful.

About the same time Lana Turner came out of hiding at Lake Tahoe, where she'd gone to get a divorce, and the wife of her South American heart-throb, Fernando Lamas, got her legal ties to him all severed. The new Lana-Lamas picture is quite appropriately titled "Latin Lover."

The John and Chata Wayne divorce started off like a pyrotechnic Fourth of July, with the big boy deciding to put up a slight struggle against the little woman's charges. About the same time he went into a vast TV deal with Dick Powell, Bob Cummings and Joel McCrea involving some ten million dollars. No wonder Mrs. Wayne wants a sizeable amount of alimony-property settlement stuff. In this here TV deal, big John will make his debut on the home screens.

Columbia gets Betty Hutton and her groom, Charlie O'Curran, since they liberated themselves from Paramount. Big deal is for her to do "The Life Of Sophie Tucker" and as quick as ever Betty's voice is up to its old volume, she'll be cooking on the range as the "red hot mama."

Surprising as it is to Hollywood, Rita Hayworth's come-home (notice we didn't say come-back) picture, "Affair In Trinidad" made nothing but money and, let's face it, the movie was hardly one of her best. This, however, left her in the happy position of being quite independent of her Prince when he paid a visit here. Rita's trip to Europe was touted variously—as a reconciliation, as a chat-chat with her father-in-law, and as a fun flip. It wouldn't surprise us one bit if it turned out to be a combination of all three.

The Arlene Dahl-Lex Barker parting was pretty quiet, all in all. Numerous spats and peace-pipe smokings between

---

Arlene Dahl and her co-star in "Jamaica Seas," Ray Milland, go literary awaiting next scene.
For a more-fun way to wrap Christmas packages—

☐ Play post-office
☐ Plan a wrapping bee

When presents for the family start piling up in your clothes closet, chances are your study-buddies have the same problem! So ask the gang to come on-a your house, toting their packages and various types of paper. Supply the scissors, paste, ribbons; award prizes for the most original "jobs." Gift-wrapping a la gang is fun. Even at "calendar" time . . . if you're comfortable, with Kotex. This napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it; gives you chafe-free softness that holds its shape!

What gift bracelet should you choose?

☐ Wide ☐ Chunky ☐ Slim

Your best pal Pudge rates something special, you decide. Like that big, chunky bangle (so dashing!)? But think . . . will it flatter her hands? If they're short, a broad, heavy bracelet will give her mitts a sawed-off look. Choose a style that's suited to Pudge. Same as on difficult days you choose your own special absorbency of Kotex; the one that's right for you. (Regular, Junior or Super.)

What tags to pack for a house party?

☐ Strictly sports ☐ Date duds only

You cram your suitcase with glamour stuff; only to find yourself freezing on a hayride! Learn what's planned beforehand, then pack appropriate duds. At certain times, however you're tagged, you'll be confident—for those flat pressed ends of Kotex banish revealing outlines. Your new Kotex belt adds extra comfort, too. It's made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling!

Know the jinx in this jalopy?

☐ Casanova ☐ Four's a crowd ☐ Footin' twosome

Happy New Year? Hu-huh. Here are the makings of a crash landing! (See all answers above.) The car's crowded: bad for careful driving. Raucous blasts add more distraction. And how can a highway Casanova keep his mind on the road? Avoid such hazards! Also, why risk problem day "accidents"—when extra-absorbent Kotex gives extra protection with a special safety center?

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Have you tried new Delsey toilet tissue—now nicer than ever! Each tissue tears off evenly —no shredding. It's luxuriously soft and absorbent—like Kleenex tissues. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength.
You'll be enchanting in this glamorous Gown & Duster Coat set with lovely rosebuds scattered on pure 100% nylon. The swirling ruffled gown is the new waltz length ... with an enticing camisole top. The whirling duster is frothed with ruffles ... has deep roomy pockets. Washes and dries in minutes ... marvelous for travel and perfect as a gift.

Gown $5.98
Duster Coat $8.98
Gown & Duster Set $13.98

Colors: White, Light Blue
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Unscruplitous Mayflower Captain Spencer Tracy bargains with Gene Tierney, wife of Leo Genn, Pilgrim leader in "Plymouth Adventure."

your guide to current films

By Reba & Bonnie Churchill

Unaware of her menacing past, Jeff Chandler marries Loretta Young in "Because Of You."

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE

THE type of people who booked passage aboard the Mayflower and their reasons for going to the New World comprise the major story-line in Dore Schary's top-drawer production. Spencer Tracy as Capt. Christopher Jones is an embittered skipper who is not above taking a bribe to land the settlers off their course, or making a play for Gene Tierney, wife of Pilgrim leader, Leo Genn. Tracy and Genn are both excellent and seem evenly pitted against each other for acting honors under Clarence Brown's direction. Third male lead belongs to Van Johnson who is John Alden to Dawn Addams' Priscilla. In this Technicolor production, the Pilgrims are presented as human beings faced with the frailties of the times and themselves, not sanctified zealots. Although slightly different than the history-book versions, the film's over-all results present a ringing lesson in the American heritage and how it could have been lost but for a handful of staunch voyagers.

BECAUSE OF YOU

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE—MGM

LORETTA YOUNG travels the rough road from gangster's moll to the wife of a Philadelphia Main Liner with many a film detour in between. Initial scenes find Loretta and fiance Alex
Nicol accused of smuggling dope. Although innocent, she serves a term in Tehachapi and then is paroled as a nurse’s aide at a veterans’ hospital where she meets wealthy Jeff Chandler. Although the couple marry, she doesn’t tell her husband of her jail term, so when Nicol again appears upon the scene she is caught in a web of past and present indiscretions. Movie, which has several soap-opera situations, should appeal primarily to women, with Loretta sporting a flashy wardrobe, going both blonde and brunette, and enacting several sizzling love scenes with Chandler.

BECAUSE YOU’RE MINE

The Army And Opera—MGM

AGAIN hitting the Technicolor trail for Producer Joe Pasternak, Mario Lanza offers his fans everything from singing commercials to “Adio Adio” from Romance and adventure for John Ireland and Yvonne DeCarlo in “Hurricane Smith.”
“Rigoletto.” As a follow-up to “Caruso,” the picture suffers by comparison, but still manages to offer its own share of musical highlights, especially the sequence where Lanza sings “The Lord’s Prayer.” Story-wise Mario’s a successful young opera star (Renato Rossano) who’s drafted just four months short of his 26th birthday—and exemption. His fame and a few ill-advised side remarks keep him in hot water with most of the company’s top brass until he meets James Whitmore (Sgt. Butterson), a guy with a voice like a frog and a mind like a fox. Although the sergeant realizes his own vocal limitations, he informs Rossano that his sister Bridget (Doretta Morrow) is a looker with a voice to match and if he will audition her—here comes the bait—a pass to New York for the interview. Rossano readily accepts and plans a little maneuvering of his own while in the city for he has several recording sessions he would like to keep if he can get the pass. Of course, each finds out about the other’s little scheme, and private war is underway between the two men, until an understanding is effected and Bridget winds up singing a permanent duet with Rossano.

HURRICANE SMITH

South Seas Special—Nat Holt-Paramount

JOHN IRELAND as “Hurricane Smith” certainly has his work cut out for him in this Gordon Ray Young for the eyes and definite proof that Esther Williams not only knows how to fill a bathing suit, but a dramatic role as well. The movie traces Miss Kellerman’s career from her childhood in Australia—where she teaches herself to swim to strengthen her crippled legs—to her success at the New York Hippodrome and in silent movies. During her travels she meets a talented boxing kangaroo, an affectionate big league stage hero (David Brian), and a carnival owner whose smooth tongue could sell you the Brooklyn Bridge at the shake of a hand (Vic Mature). Physically and temperamentally Williams and Mature are ideally cast and work especially well under Director Mervyn LeRoy’s guidance. Their romantic embraces are timed to make the theatre ten degrees warmer inside. The lavish and spectacular water ballets are the most exciting yet staged for Esther.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

Perennial Favorite—MGM

UP TO bat again comes “The Prisoner Of Zenda” with Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr and James Mason in the starring roles. Granger has the dual role of Rudolf Rassendyll who masquerades

MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID

Dramatic Splash—MGM

THE fabulous story of swim-great, Annette Kellerman, is a color-legend of pirates seeking treasure. In quick succession there’s romance with a beautiful part-Polynesian girl (Yvonne De Carlo); a mutiny, and an exciting underwater battle with a man-eating shark. Assisting in the melodrama, directed by Jerry Hopper, are Richard Arlen and Forrest Tucker, Ireland’s devil-may-care companions.

King Rudolf V encounters his double, Rudolf Rassendyll (both roles are played by Stewart Granger), in “Prisoner Of Zenda,” also starring Deborah Kerr, James Mason.
as King Rudolf V, when the latter is drugged on the eve of his coronation. Robert Douglas is a contender for the throne and Deborah Kerr, King Rudolf's fiancée who falls in love with his dashing double. The film is beautifully mounted, well cast and offers several spectacular dueling scenes between Granger and Mason, a politically ambitious military man who is the king's chief opponent.

**THE THIEF**

*SILENT CINEMA—Fran-United Artists*

THIS Ray Milland starrer, in which not a single line of dialogue is spoken, may not start any new film trend, but must be lauded for daring to be different. In this day of economy, when it is safer to follow a film cycle rather than experiment, Producer Harry Popkin unfolds the story of the degradation of a top Atomic scientist who steals secrets for an enemy power. The picture, which uses music and sound effects to bridge over many incidents ordinarily covered by dialogue, is necessarily a little slow in getting set up, but by the time it climaxes atop the TV antenna on the Empire State Building, one's emotions are taut. Although Rita Gam (a looker like Gardner) and Martin Gabel (Milland's enemy contact) head the supporting cast, Milland's real co-star is cinematographer Sam Leavitt, who provides some of the most unusual and exciting camera work yet screened.

**O. HENRY'S FULL HOUSE**

*SURE TO PLEASE—20th Century-Fox*

**CONTINUING** the episode trend, five of O. Henry's films have been neatly packaged into a star-studded movie narrated by John Steinbeck. Twelve top stars perform in the individually directed sequences, and although it is unfair to single out one performance you can bet Charles Laughton gets an Academy nomination for his efforts as a drifter who tries to get arrested so that he can spend the Winter in jail. He teams with David Wayne and Marilyn Monroe in initial episode, "The Cop" (Please turn to page 72)
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Jeannie Crain, hubby Paul Brinckman, Charles FritzSimons, Ann Blyth at recent MCA banquet.

Right: Colorado Springs cowboys "brand" Jane Russell at "One Minute To Zero" prem.

Hollywood Itself

newcomers. He's teaching Portland Mason, the four-year-old daughter of James and Pamela to speak Welsh, on account of Mrs. M.'s family live over there and she wants the kid to be able to yak it up with them on a forthcoming visit.

Debbie Reynolds has started a new fad for girl dancers—her practice clothes are old-fashioned gingham kids' rompers—she's got a new pooch, too—little teeny paddle that's portable, so she can take it to the studio with her. Named it Pie or some such ballet term.

On account of Director Anthony Mann has trouble remembering names when he's excited, Ralph Meeker almost got buried in a flock of rock on the Colorado location of "The Naked Spur." Mann was supposed to yell "Ralph" just as Bob Ryan let the dirt loose above Meeker. Instead, the stuff came pouring down on him and he jumped out of the way of same. "Wo' hoppen" he asked his director, who apologized and said he'd just plain forgot what to call him. Good thing he didn't get mangled—Barbara Stanwyck, who's mad for Meeker, would have been crushed, see.

Gary Cooper, back from Samoa, busy buying a hotter and faster foreign hopped up car. The Coop is real partial to fast moving vehicles and wouldn't you be too if you'd had to ride all those horses in all those pictures.

And Doris Day's having fun, I can tell you, tinkering with old autos in "By The Light Of The Silvery Moon." An old 1919 automobile used in the flicker puffed onto the stage under its own power, but by the time she got through with it a tow car had to call for the old girl and haul her off for the night.

Crosby and Hope got together in England and teamed up as partners in a charity golf game against two British comics. Bing's making a picture in France, y'know, called "Little Boy Lost." Kinda funny about his four boys—the middle ones, the twins Dennis and Phillip, want to be ranchers while Gary,
Christmas is SO important!

Straight from the heart story by one who, as a boy, never dared to imagine that Christmas for him ever could be real.

By Alan Ladd

Sue and I start our Christmas lists and our shopping in August to get ready in time. This may sound a little over-enthusiastic—but we love Christmas like no other day in the year.

This Christmas for the first time we will be away from home. Even in Europe, where we’ll be making pictures, and in Switzerland, where we plan to spend the holidays, we will have a grand Christmas. First, we’ll all be together—and since we packed a box of our Christmas tree ornaments, the old familiar ones, some more loved for their tarnished tinsel service (they hold memories of ten years’ back) to take along—we’ll have our regular tree. And anyone we meet without a family circle for Christmas—will be with us. That’s the way we like it.

Christmas, with us, is almost a ritual. The format is always the same. Last year’s could have been the year before—or even the year before that. Christmas cards received from friends are strung on ribbons criss-cross the ceiling of our living room. Mistletoe is hung in strategic places. The same colored lights are twined in with the green bushes in front of the door with the wreath in place and big Santa Clauses that light saying a Merry Christmas!

We’ve been wrapping presents for days, and I couldn’t resist—I never can—giving Sue hers before Christmas. I couldn’t wait to see her eyes light at the green Christmas table and red reindeer and sleigh I’d found in a little shop. I always vow I’ll make her wait, but there I am handing it to her and saying, “Open it. Go ahead.

I’ve got another one for you for Christmas morning.” Then, naturally, we have to set the table—to see how Christmassy it is. And Lonnie (nine) and David (five) are wide-eyed—except Lonnie looks the wiser. Laddie (fourteen) and Carol Lee (nineteen) say it’s beautiful. We all beam—for we know that every Christmas it will come out of its box along with the rest of the Christmas decorations that we carefully pack away each New Year’s day.

A few close friends always drop in on Christmas Eve. We sit and talk before the fire. (Please turn to page 31)
Left: Dan Dailey and his leading lady, Constance Smith, return to Hollywood after romantic location trip to Gotham for "Taxi."

Right: Joanne Dru, like so many other stars, has stopped hiding her glamour and turned pin-up. Her latest is "Big Man."

NEWSREEL

Left: Roy Rogers and Trigger welcome Deanna Foulk who won Yo-Yo contest recently sponsored by Roy. His TV show is terrific.

Below: Mary Frazer helps Joan Crawford sparkle up for party in her honor, after "Sudden Fear" p.a. tour, at Pen & Pencil in N.Y.
Paintings by your favorite stars now on Hallmark Christmas Cards

They're all in the Hallmark Hollywood Star Box

Painting is a hobby with these stars. Groucho Marx sketches between rehearsals at the studio. Fred MacMurray likes to get up early in the morning and paint before breakfast. Jane Wyman finds paint brushes, oils and canvas the perfect companions between pictures. And Henry Fonda went to art school long before he became an actor.

Hallmark Cards asked each one of these stars to design a Christmas card they would like to receive—and the Hollywood Star Box is the result.

There are twelve Christmas cards in the Hollywood Star Box, three reproductions of each of the paintings by the four stars. Groucho paints an amusing candy-cane house; Fred, a winter landscape; Jane and Henry...well, why don't you see for yourself how the stars paint?

You'll find the Hollywood Star Box for $1.00 at all the fine stores that feature Hallmark Cards. It's only one of many, many exclusive Hallmark styles you can buy in boxes. And there are lots of Hallmark boxes priced as low as 59 cents. So, no matter what limits your budget may have, your Christmas cards can have Hallmark on the back...the famous Hallmark that tells your friends, "You cared enough to send the very best"!

See these other Hallmark Christmas Cards in boxes:

DESIGNS BY:
Grandma Moses    Herb Olsen    Winston Churchill
Norman Rockwell   Earl Bailly   Paul Gaertner
Currier & Ives  Andrew Szoeke  Steinberg

VERSES BY:
Edgar Guest

AND

The Kodachrome Box  Mr. and Mrs. Box  The Comic Box
The Shadow Box       Religious Box   The Thrifty Box
The Poodle Box       The Big Value Box The Parchment Box
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND invited me to lunch at the Beverly Hills Hotel for this, her first film magazine interview in three years. Naturally, with rumors flying thick and fast on her future plans, I really wondered, as I picked up the telephone in the lobby and called to notify her of my arrival, whether she would answer all of my questions. It seemed more likely she would turn on a certain quiet charm, evasively shake her pretty head and reply, “Really, May, I’d rather not discuss that.” Or, “That’s too personal”—as some stars do. Or even worse, wax very confidential and wind up the interview with “But don’t print any of that.”

Instead, Olivia proved to be quite the most honest and sincere person I have ever known. Perhaps, that is because she is honest and sincere first with herself.

“My son Ben just came in from the park,” she apologized for being five minutes late as we settled ourselves comfortably in the beautiful hotel luncheon room overlooking the pool and gardens. “Ben is three now, and, you know, neither of us have had a vacation since he was a year and three months. We’ve both been on the road. Oh yes, Ben goes everywhere I do—and always,” she added.

“I’m really looking forward to a real vacation right here, reading books I’ve piled up. Seeing movies I haven’t seen during the last three years—when I was on tour. And I am fascinated with the idea of just relaxing and seeing friends—and being with Ben.

“This picture, ‘My Cousin Rachel,’ for 20th Century-Fox, was completely absorbing. I wanted something hard—something to keep (Please turn to page 36)
Olivia was away from the courtroom after receiving her divorce. She held up real well at trial until the last minute details were brought out.
ELIZABETH TAYLOR was radiant as she completed the final bit of work on her newest, very exciting picture, "The Girl Who Had Everything," for she was anticipating the blessed event that is due in mid-January. Of course, mother-to-be Liz was careful to watch her diet and tried to relax whenever possible during those last days of shooting, but this didn't dull her enthusiasm. Liz is entranced with the idea of motherhood and will be just as happy if the stork brings a boy or a girl. Whichever it may be, the baby will probably be named after Michael, whose brow already reveals the anxiety and concern of a dad-to-be.

Fernando Lamas, who's co-starring with Liz in "The Girl Who Had Everything," helped her to her prescribed glass of milk during lull.
Michael is very attentive and tries to make things as comfortable for Liz as possible. He waited each day until she finished work, drove her home from studio so she would not become over-tired.

Liz adopted a kitten to keep her company while she took her daily rest on the set of her new film in which she finds herself in love with a gangster whom her father, an honest judge, must try.
"Even though they laughed at my enthusiasm, my past, my Bronx accent, I made my way because I dared to be myself"

I've certainly learned a lot about Hollywood—and about myself. As a result I think I'm a wiser person.

I came here four years ago at the age of 22. I was full of hopes, fears, desires, ambitions, and immediately embarked on a new venture in the wilds of California. What supreme optimism I had then! Here I was, ready for a kind of life that was entirely foreign to me. At least, I thought I was ready for it. It was an amazing transition from my background of poverty and insecurity. The change couldn't have been any worse if I had gone from the Bronx where I lived to France, England, India, or Ethiopia.

Frankly, I was scared about facing this new life, and I can understand those fears. As far as my career was concerned, I hadn't as yet formulated any ideas for my job as a motion picture actor. On personal beliefs I felt everyone reacted and thought as I did. I believed, for example, that what everyone said was so. This I found wasn't true.

To begin with, I wasn't used to meeting new people. For years at home I had gone only with my little group of friends, people with whom I could feel free. I could go to their homes for a meal whenever I wished and I could share any and all confidences with them. There were no bars in our relationships. My life was a closely-knit thing and there was no social awareness in it.

When I first began to meet people in Hollywood—I must have met 125 my first day at the studio—it never occurred to me to make light of those I met. When I was introduced to a new person it was a great event to me. When someone said, "How nice to meet you," I really thought he meant just that. And if any girl called me "Darling," which I now know is a typical meaningless expression in town, I got the idea romance was involved. Once a lady said to me at a club, "Would you take my coat for me?" I almost believed her and was about to say, "Why, thank you very much. I'll give it to my mother."

By the end of the first week in Hollywood I must have met about 250 people, so you can see how I might have become confused. But I wasn't happy. I stayed alone in my hotel for the most part. No one seemed interested in really knowing me. I can remember being invited to a party one night and it was a great feeling. But later I found out I had been invited just to help fill up the place.

Being alone so much gave me plenty of time to think. I'd leave the studio in the afternoon—whenever I was called for an appointment there—and then I'd take the trolley into (Please turn to page 38)
Tony and his wife, Janet Leigh, being interviewed at a Hollywood premiere. "We both zealously guard our individualities."

“I still find it hard to ignore completely the rumor and gossip routine. I’m gullible and have been hurt by some writers.”

In Hollywood?—Tony Curtis

Dean Martin chats with Tony and Janet during a dinner party. "I have learned about friendship and I prize my close friends.”
Every time Jane Powell launches a campaign to be a sophisticated lady, she gets sidetracked by motherhood

By Mildred Gibson

JANE POWELL glittered like sparkling champagne. The arc lights caught glints of silvery blonde as she danced beneath them.

Her pale yellow organdy dress swirled around while the tiny bugle beads sprinkled here and there caught the light for an instant and seemed to trail her with gold streamers.

When she looked at co-star Farley Granger, she put so much feeling into the love ballad that even our toes cringed up and down in our shoes. When the final scene was over for MGM's "Small Town Girl," a set visitor turned in our direction and commented, "Isn't it a pity? Just when everybody began to think of Jane as a glamour girl, she'll be off the screen having a baby. How can anyone be glamorous in a smock and holding a can of pablum?"

Obviously, that lady didn't know Jane—and we do mean the new, more sophisticated Jane Powell Steffen. If she'd been with us the other day when we drove out to Janie's Brentwood (Please turn to page 60)
Gracie and George look over their first filmed TV show. This year they are celebrating their 20th anniversary on air.

In their skits, Gracie is the giddy, illogical, confused wife; George, the long-suffering husband.

Behind the delightful repartee be-

**ZANY GRACIE**

and her straight MAN

By Paul Marsh
WHEN George Burns and Gracie Allen first went on the air with a little comedy routine of their own, they did a six-minute spot sandwiched in between Guy Lombardo's music, and like all comparative novices in a new entertainment medium, they waited with some apprehension for the comments to come back from the listening audience. It wasn't long before they were rewarded, but with scarcely the kind of reaction they had hoped for!

Some 50 students from a nearby men's college whipped off a lengthy round-robin letter to them which, in substance, said: "You're lousy! We too can buy a copy of Judge Magazine and read the corny jokes you tell on the program. Why don't you go back to vaudeville while there's still hope?"

It doesn't take much of an imagination to picture the tizzy into which George and Gracie were thrown when they received this massive missile. Certainly there was no doubt that as far as these academic lads were concerned, the pair's so-called laugh routines drew nothing but a dull thud. "Maybe we're basically a visual act," mused George, "and radio really isn't for us."

Gracie, never stumped for an answer even in those embryonic ether days, came up with a suggestion. "Stewing over this letter isn't going to solve anything," she said. "Let's ask the man who should know—the head of the advertising agency that sponsors the program. If we're really bad, then we should ask him before he tells us first! Besides, what's wrong with vaudeville?"

Happily enough, the agency man was calmly unimpressed with the 50-man complaint. "Look," he said, "don't worry about it. When all those men bother to take out the time to write to you, then you have something. If you were as awful as they said you were, they would simply have fluffed you off with no comment. After all, there's no law that says they must listen to you if they don't want to. All they have to do is turn a dial!"

The agency man was completely right, too, because optimistic- (Please turn to page 62)
Stewart discusses Rita

Stewart Granger, as Rita's leading man in "Salome," talks of their love scenes, among other personal topics

By Reba & Bonnie Churchill

"I lost five pounds making love to Rita," admits Stewart.

"I always seem to be cast as the heavy so far as Jean is concerned," confides Stewart in speaking of his wife.

"I'll confess I had a few false impressions of Rita," he says.

There is no doubt about it, Stewart Granger is the masterful type. He has the kind of profile that goes on a newly-minted coin, and the physique that the health clubs promise.

He has a reputation for the daring, the adventurous, the spectacular. When we knocked on his dressing room door during a lull in Columbia's "Salome," a thick voice boomed welcome.

When we came face to face he was as much surprised at us as we were at him. "There are two of you!" he greeted, arching his right eyebrow skeptically.

We arched our eyebrows right back. He sat in a leather chair with his feet propped up on a stool. He had on a beige colored toga costume with his tan legs, arms and chest unfeathered by anything but air. Zingo!—we gulped—what a barge of a man! We frantically tried to concentrate on 50 or so well-worded questions.

We'd heard rumors about Granger and we must admit he looked somewhat stern—but that was only for a second—then, like a wave washing across the sand, he smiled. Not just a puny little "glad to meet you" one, but a wide grin like the dentist requires.

"You like my costume?" He flipped a finger across the plunging neckline of the toga and added, "I think it would be a good style for the ladies.

"I'm usually not this relaxed. This costume comes with 35 pounds of leather and armor, plus a sword.

"You poor boy," we sympathized getting over the initial impact, "all that and making love to Rita Hayworth, too!"

"It's not as easy as you think. I gained seven pounds dashing around in 'Prisoner Of Zenda' and lost five making love to Rita. That's something hard for my non-acting friends to realize. It is really embarrassing to kiss someone like blazes 20 times when you don't know them very well.

"I had met Rita just once before the film. That was three years ago when Mike Wilding and I were sailing on the Mediterranean, south of France. We docked one day in the harbor near the main hotel. As we clamored ashore someone called to us and said, 'I want you to meet Rita Hayworth.' We exchanged hellos and that was the end of that.

"I'll confess I had a few false impressions of Rita before I really got to know her while doing the film. I thought she'd be all-business. After all, she owns Beckworth Productions that is producing 'Salome,' and I was working for her. But she didn't seem to revel (Please turn to page 64)
BEVERLY MICHAELS had her first big picture break as Betty, the sultry siren with homicidal tendencies, in "Pick Up." She did such a convincing job that she impressed the male picture-going population as the ideal lure for lonesome lads. Some of them were further convinced because they remembered her first picture, "East Side, West Side," in which she portrayed the torrid, tough tomato who strangled Ava Gardner.

When Beverly turns her talents to portraying a bad girl, the males sigh, "There's a dame we'd like to tame," and the females mutter, "She's a Kate it's easy to hate." Maybe we shouldn't disillusion you, but our Beverly is a real actress. Proof? Off-screen she isn't a bit Betty-isk; she is a lady, through and through, with a quiet, well modulated voice, with a penchant for reading poetry and listening to opera.

She's no gingham apron type, however. She cheerfully admits that she hates housework and when still in high school used to pay her sister Dorothy to do her household chores. But Beverly has a strong domestic feeling, has decorated her apartment deftly, is neat by nature and does needed housework in frantic bursts of energy—to finish them quickly.

When she moved into a new apartment recently, she worked right straight through until 4 in the morning getting things settled to her taste. Then, because she was so pleased with the real open fireplace, she built a fire, got an "old tired wienie" from the refrigerator and roasted it over the open fire.

Beverly is enchanted with that apartment, for like many in Southern California it seems like a house; there are only three units in the building. She's a girl who has lived in apartments all her life, having been born and raised in New York City, and it's her ambition to own a house someday. She also hopes to buy one for her mother in the future, but Mrs. Michaels, who still lives in an apartment in Inwood, near the Bronx, told her daughter, "I'm used to this. I don't (Please turn to page 70)
"ACTORS will do anything," said Charlton Heston (familiarly known as "Chuck") "in order to act. They'll freeze in the Arctic, sweat on the desert, run interference with wild animals in Darkest Africa, risk life and limb and the pursuit of happiness in order to act, to give performances in the parts they play.

"In C. B. DeMille's Paramount picture, 'The Greatest Show On Earth,' Gloria Grahame put her pretty face under an elephant's foot—why? Because she wouldn't have had the part if she hadn't. Betty Hutton flirted with the angels up there on the high trapeze—for the same reason.

"I'm told that while Maureen O'Hara and John Wayne were in Ireland on location for 'The Quiet Man,' Maureen broke her hand when she slapped John's face and that in one of the other scenes where she runs across country, broke her ankle.

"I didn't have to be told, I know that Jennifer Jones broke her hand when she hit me on the head in a scene for 'Ruby Gentry,' a 20th Century-Fox picture we recently made together. She could have favored her hand, but she didn't. To Jennifer, realism is the important thing. On me," Charlton laughed, "there wasn't even a slight swelling. I'm remarkably durable, I don't break easily.

"In my first picture for Paramount, 'Dark City,' I had a fight scene with Mike Mazurki. Now Mike is a very big boy. So, as boys go, am I, being six foot two in height, 205 pounds on the scales; hat size, seven and five eighths; shoes, size 12. But Mike is six foot six. Weighs 250 pounds and could have pulverized me. In the scene, he knocked me over a coffee table, then leaned down, picked me up and held me over his head as easily as he'd have held an eggshell. Meanwhile, the scene called for me to keep hitting at him, which I did and kept doing. I hit him, finally, right on the nose. It was an error. In fight scenes actors do not, obviously, take the punches. (If they did there'd be an awful lot of kayoed boys littering the sound stages?) We learn to miss by the mer-"
By Gladys Hall

"In order to act you must make all kinds of compromises with life as you'd like to live it," says Charlton.

Charlton worked out for days at a ranch to get in shape for role in "The Savage."
The constant twosome of Ann Blyth and Charles Fitz-Simons (Maureen O'Hara's brother) attended the show.

Leslie Caron and her husband, George Hormel, at Pan-Pacific Auditorium to see "Ice Follies Of 1953," tops in ice revues.

The Ronald Reagans (Nancy Davis) enjoying one of the many spectacular routines. Their marriage is working out beautifully.

fun for

Wendell Corey and his wife at opening. The Hollywood stars always turn out en masse for the "Ice Follies."
Gene Nelson stops to give autographs as he and wife arrive. He's next in "She's Back On Broadway," with Virginia Mayo.

The stars

Marie Wilson and her husband, Robert Fallon, admire the loveliness of one of the skating beauties during intermission.

Florence Rae, one of the show's stars, intrigues Marlon Brando, who attended the gala opening with Movita.

As usual, the happy Jimmy Stewarts have fun, what with Gloria having a helpless time with her ice cream bar.
"I Learned About Women From Women"

Being the reticent type, Steve Cochran waited until he was six months old before he became actively interested in women. At that advanced age he made an interesting discovery which left a lasting impression.

"I discovered," opines our passionate pilgrim, "that women have a way of getting their way. I have lived to learn that the more I know about the delicate dears, the less qualified I become to compete with them!"

Steve's first awareness of feminine fragility descended upon him in Eureka, California, where he was born. Although his older sister, Vina, and her little playmates had ample outlet mothering their dollies and teddy bears, being realists they enlisted the services of baby Stevie for the gurgling cause.

"It seems," rue the object of sacrifice, "through the years I've retained a mental picture of this hallowed demonstration. Vina and her smother-loving friends dressed me up in doll clothes, clutched me to their maternal bosoms as they cooed and caressed me. I found the close association—pleasant.

"Like famous sirens of history who were beset by boredom following conquest, Vina's vixens were no exception. Suddenly and without provocation, their girlish enthusiasm waned. While they were off in another direction, I was dragged unceremoniously through the bushes and eventually dropped on my head. There I remained until some Good Samaritan retrieved me."

Thus began one man's meanderings in a world of women. There was that first love in his life, a little girl named Sue in Steve's first grade class. They called her—Sweet Sue! At lunch time, when she insisted that our little man-boy accept her hard-boiled egg, he was touched to the quick. The following day she demanded a peanut butter sandwich in return.

"So I learned from a little woman," dead-pans our hero, "it's the man who pays and pays."

A red-headed teacher taught him one of life's treasured lessons. At 7 years old, Stevie was not exactly the pie of
"I came to the conclusion," states Steve Cochran, "that you can't judge two women, or a hundred and two, by a set rule, they're so unalike"

By Jerry Asher

"She could beat up every 12-year-old punk in the neighborhood," he recalls with pride in his voice. "But she never touched me. Even when she playfully twisted my arm and rubbed my face in the mud, I still knew it was her little way of showing par-" (Please turn to page 63)
J. Carrol Naish, as Luigi Basco, has given CBS a topflight show in "Life With Luigi."

Croucho Marx, among TV's biggest hits, has been a standout throughout amusement field.

Back again this year on NBC's "Show Of Shows" is exotic dancer Pauline Goddard. Thus far, Hollywood offers have not proved too tempting for her.

Channel Champs
Red Skelton, doing French bit with Lucy Knoch, is even more popular than last year.

Jimmy Durante kids with technicians as they prepare for dress rehearsal of show.

NBC's Roy Rogers and his wife, Dale Evans, arrive in Gotham for special TV appearances.

Joan Davis and Jim Backus are keeping "I Married Joan" high among leading TV shows.
Gifts you can make

a. White crepe paper, cut into strips of narrowing widths, edged in bright red SCOTCH Brand Tape, makes this decorative tree. Fold small pleats in paper, sew through untrimmed edge and fasten to red-covered stick.

b. Easy-to-make vestee. Materials: 2 yds. of BLUE SWAN satin ribbon (3 1/2 inches wide), and 2 yds. of THOMAS WILSON & CO. Alencon lace (3 1/4 inches wide) and buttons. Send stamped addressed envelope for directions.

c. Directions for making this crocheted doll are in Spool Cotton Co.'s booklet "Dolls From Old American Songs." Booklet is available at most VARIETY STORES for 10c. Doll was named for song, "Nellie Was A Lady."

d. Dress-up apron from 3/4 yd. organdy in a bright color, trimmed with 3 yds. of WRIGHT'S double-fold bias tape and 2 yds. of matching spaghetti trim. Send stamped addressed envelope to SCREENLAND for directions.

e. For glamour-studded evenings, make a felt cape from a simple pattern and attach DRITZ rhinestones. 25c for 25 easy-to-attach stones with diamond-type settings. In crystal, black and colors. At VARIETY STORES.
Many funny faces can be made from the Mr. "Potato Head" kit. Any fruit or vegetables can be used for the head. Eyes, nose, ears, mouth are then inserted. At most VARIETY STORES. Price 98c.

Colorful, decorative flowers are inexpensive to make. Free directions are available at your VARIETY STORE for transforming old nylons with TINTEX dyes into these dainty flowers.

Dawn Addams wears grey zephyr wool sweater, $2.98. Her grey men’s wear rayon flannel skirt has red leather belt with gold medallion, $5.98. Both at BURR and BUTLER BROS. Stores. She is seated on crocheted rug (directions in "Star Rug Book," No. 93, 10c) made of American Thread Co.’s "Star" yarn. Dawn appears in MGM’s "Plymouth Adventure."
Screenland Fashions in Nylon

Rita Gam models these pretty clothes—all made in long-wearing, quick-drying nylon—wonderful solutions to your holiday gift-giving. For your most versatile dress, we suggest this one of “Wash-A-Burl” nylon. Its all-around pleats are a style note; its jewel buttons a sparkling accent. Choose navy blue, purple, turquoise or dark green. And pay a reasonable $7.98. Fashions are from W. T. Grant Co. Rita is featured with Ray Milland in “The Thief,” released through United Artists.

Pull-over and cardigan in all nylon are $2.98 and $3.98. Come in pastels and brilliant colors. Cardigan also comes in heather gray or brown. For sizes 34-40. Styled by “Joyce Lane.”

Nylon Tricot slip generously trimmed with nylon lace and net, $3.98, comes in white, pink and sea blue. Embroidered nylon net panties are run-proof. For sizes, 5-7. Price, $1.00.

Rita models a sheer nylon blouse with pucker stitching and pearl buttons. It comes in white, pink, blue, red, beige and gold. For sizes 32 to 38. A treasure at just $2.98.

New heel construction is slenderizing. Patented “Life” heel, exclusive at Grant’s. Ultra-sheer stockings in popular shades, priced at $1.15. A wonderful gift idea.
Christmas Is SO Important!

Continued from page 19

ing the traditional off-key carols, munch on gobs of popcorn and look at the gaily wrapped gifts with much speculation. We try to hustle the younger two children off to bed after everyone's hung up their stockings, each bearing our individual names.

David is still young enough to put out a midnight snack for Santa, a glass of milk and a peeled orange. Lennie discovered the glass of milk put back in the refrigerator a couple of Christmases ago and exclaimed, "When did Santa stop liking milk?" Then she did a bit of deduction and now she loves the spirit of Christmas on a more adult plane of thinking. The children help put the presents around different parts of the room: the family's under the tree, and under the piano is where the cook's and members of the household's gifts are placed. The pets' presents are placed where they'll most likely know Santa has been.

Sue and I stay up very late—sitting on the floor in front of the tree—remembering each Christmas. We recall each ornament and who discovered it and bought it. Christmas lights from the potted plant illuminate the room and the yule log is huge and burns all night. We have already warned the children not to awaken us before seven thirty in the morning.

Such excitement! Such a rush! Sue and

— all of us—in robes and slippers, around the tree. Such an unwrapping of packages that took so long to wrap. Such exclamations—"Just what I wanted." "Do you really like it?"

Last Christmas, my gift to Sue was a furry white robe lined with red taffeta—with red satin slippers and a red chiffon nightie to match. Of course, everyone models their gifts but I think Sue had the edge on everyone. She looked like Miss Xmas in person.

We sit and luxuriate in the happiness of it all and breakfast on Christmas coffee cakes and coffee and admire the tree.

"If only Mother could be here—" That thought always comes to my mind. If only she could have lived to have enjoyed a real Christmas like this. I see her fashioning a Christmas wreath out of discarded tree trimmings I had found in the throw-away cans back of a store. She had a piece of red crepe paper—and we carefully placed a bow and put it on our door. This was way back when I was a kid and the big depression was on. My father had died when I was five—and shortly, I began to learn the hard way about Christmas without him. I mean the kind of Christmases where a boy had a shining new bike, a new pet and a new sweater to wear to school, and a big, brown turkey oozing with dressing and cranberry sauce—were pretty pictures in magazines and store ads—as far as we were concerned.

Living on the edge of Pasadena, one of the wealthiest cities in America—I would often ponder the fact that just one block up the street, a schoolmate and his mother and father had everything, and down across the tracks where we lived—we had so little. Mutton was eight cents a pound, and when we had meat—it was usually mutton. Most of the time we had potatoes and we were lucky to have bread. But so were thousands of other families—for jobs weren't to be had.

Mother was pretty and sweet. She would say how we must be thankful to have mutton for Christmas. I'd eat it and smile for her sake.

Later, my stepfather, who was a painter—a good one, except in those days, he would paint a whole room for three dollars whereas today, the same labor would cost around seventy-five—knew how much I yearned for a bicycle. If I could only get a bike, I could get a paper route—or run errands—and make some money, I'd say. Cutting lawns, pulling weeds, just anything I could get to do—never earned more than a quarter or so and that had to go toward my school books.

My clothes were old and mended. Everyone, I felt, knew I was very poor, but I made up my mind they'd have to respect me somehow. If winning swimming matches and athletic sports would do it—I tried. For this at least, I was

(Please turn to page 54)

Small Fry Glamour

for

Little Angels

at $1.98

At Your Favorite Variety Store

For a good little girl—these "best dresses" mean a holiday for Mom... a cinch to care for. Wonderful butcher linen in confectioner's colors—washes and iron in a wink. They are pre-shrunk, vat dyed to guard against fading and shrinking—with generous hems, too. Only $1.98. Sizes 1 to 3. Here is a small-package glamour for the little miss who will be a hit in dresses designed just for her styled by Patricia Ann

At these stores in your neighborhood

Mclellan Stores
H. L. Green
S. S. Kresge
W. T. Grant
G. C. Murphy
Neisner Bros.
J. J. Newberry
S. H. Kress
McCormy Stores

51
Merry Christmas wishes are flatteringly personal when you send them with gifts from the beauty counters

By Elizabeth Lapham

IN SHOPPING for Christmas presents in the well-stocked beauty departments you are sure of finding a heart-warming aura of luxury out of all proportion to the inexpensiveness of the gifts themselves. Everything there speaks of glamour—in terms tailored to fit a strain ing budget.

Some presents are “bigger,” of course, than others. That’s the way it should be. For one of the very special people who rate a more important gift, there is the long-lasting Stranzit Hair Brush and Comb Set—by the famous Prophylactic Brush Company. Both brush and comb are made of Jewelite, in shades that should add effectively to dressing table decor. The hair brush has prolone bristles set in serrated rows—an arrangement that protects waves. The matching comb has both coarse and fine teeth. The set comes in a plastic case of its own and sells for only $4.

IF YOU'D like to add the excitement of a really professional-looking gift wrap to this package and others, the people who make Crinkle Tie have some pointers for you. They advise you to keep in mind the recipient of your gift and select an appropriate wrapping paper—remember too that a small pattern looks best on small packages and a large design fits a large package. The ribbon should be chosen to match the least dominant color in the paper. To achieve the unusual effects of the many different ways a professional ties the ribbon, complete directions for the sunburst tie, cross-corner and double cross-corner tie (also variations for flat, round, and)

(June turn to page 54)

Cheramy adds a gala note to April Showers stick cologne and powder with holiday wrap.

Gay, glistening pink paper-doll angel has flacon of Early American Old Spice Perfume.


Left: Professional secrets for gay holiday gift wraps are told in "Gift Wrapping Fun."

Jewel-like twosome for more dressing table glamour: Stranzit Hair Brush and Comb Set.

Max Factor's gift box "Especially For You" has pan-cake, powder, dry rouge, lipstick.
Sensational New Scientifically Designed Patent Pend. BRAS for LARGE • MEDIUM • SMALL BUSTS
Correct and Flatter Your Individual Bust Problems INSTANTLY on
FREE 10-DAY TRIAL!

LARGE BUST
SIZES 34 TO 52
Complete Line of "Yuth-Bust" Bra Designs to fit your individual figure type.
COLORS NUDE, WHITE, BLACK
Look Slimmer and Younger!

SECRET INSIDE CONTROL

SPECIAL Y CONTROL FEATURE of midriff support helps FLATTEN RULING BUSTLINE—also glide attachment hooks. Light and comfortable—gives you support and firm, up shoulder straps of bra fabrics. Excellent durable fabrics—easy to wash.

Illustrated are some of the large bust types that can be helped.

One of Our Many Satisfied Customers Below Bra has an exclusive patent pend. feature for youthful curves. Great busts & belt lines. No sagging.

"I've always had expensive bras made to order. But I could not find the satisfactory fit, style and attractive breastline for my full bust that your bra gives me."—Mrs. H. Haupt, Norwalk, Conn.

Bra

Style No. 101 Longline Bra
(Only.

Style No. 202 Adjustable Shoulder Strap Bra only $2.98

Style No. 303 Bandeau Adjustable Strap Bra only $2.75

Style No. 404 Bandeau Built-up Shoulder Strap only $2.75

LARGEST BUST
SIZES 32 TO 42
New Patent Pend. combination "Glamer-Form" bra corrects medium bust problems in a jiffy!
COLORS—NUDE, WHITE, BLUE, BLACK
You really see a woman with an average size bust which is naturally perfect. She is wearing the correct breast muscles and tissues beneath your bust shaped, with one shoulder, bust and tummy that should be overcome. Your medium bust may be flat, or it may sag too much, or it may have lost its firmness and roundness. Your armpits may be pinched together. This bra is especially designed to correct your individual bust problem. For this reason a famous bust culture stylist designed this medium size bustline for women who are over 50 years of age. It is specifically correct the medium bustline. Does it wonders for your bust. This bra will fit you—like no other bra! Gorgeous, wonderful qualities of the fabric that gives you a fantastic silhouette. This bra is a wonderful form for my bust and can be worn all day long. Everyday you just feel wonderful—absolutely satisfied. Yours for a free 10-day trial.

One of Our Many Satisfied Customers Below Says: "I was tired of my bustline—thought I was too old for a 10-day trial!"—Miss Doris Harris, Wichita, Kansas.

FREE! GLAMOUR BUSTLINE COURSE
For SMALL—MEDIUM—LARGE BUSTS
An Authority shows you how to improve your individual bustline appearance so that your new bra looks its best on you!! Contains 3 lectures for each bust type, instructs the Smaller, Medium, Large bust types. Great tips on how to do very best for your bust problems. Many practical, up-to-date guidance. Step-by-step illustrations with easy to understand directions. Partial list of priceless contents in this course are: Simple illustrations scientific movements of the bust to its beauty. Which is more attractive in height and weight for women. Techniques giving extra bust shape appearing in height and weight. Plus other methods of bustline improvements. Yours free of extra charge with your order of any of the above bras. When you keep the bra or not—if you all NOW.

Send No Money! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL!
National heartthrob Johnnie Ray has little to cry about when he gets a typical New York welcome back kiss at Pen and Pencil from Jane and Betty Keen, hilarious sister team.

Glamour Gifts

Continued from page 52

square shaped boxes) are given in a little "Gift Wrapping Fun" booklet that you can send for. All you need to do is to enclose ten cents in a note to the Chicago Printed String Co., 2300 Logan Blvd., Chicago 47, III.

MAX FACTOR has an impressively large collection of gift sets this year but the one we think you'll covet most is a gay box that holds complete makeup for that "fresh, young, natural look." The set is named "Especially For You" and it includes Pan-Cake, powder, dry rouge and one of the new Color-Fast lipsticks. All the shades are correctly harmonized for the coloring of individual complexions so there need be no doubt about choosing the most becoming makeup for any particular skin tone. You'll find the "Especially For You" set at both drug and department stores for $4.40, plus federal tax.

ONE of the most appealing of all the new packages is the gleaming pink paper-doll angel that guards a pursette of sweet Early American Old Spice Perfume. The little bottle holds a full dram of this popular blend of roses and spice. The angel that carries it stands five inches tall and can be hung on a tree, used as a table placard, or as a stocking stuffer. Since the whole delightful do-up sells for only $1.25 it should solve a number of your "little" gift problems.

CHRISTMAS IS SO IMPORTANT

Continued from page 51

accepted at school as one of the crowd.

One day, the fellows were talking about Christmas and that they were going to get new bikes. That night, my stepfather observed me sitting quietly and he said, "I know Alan. You want a bike. Well—plan on one this Christmas." I couldn't believe it. All of the fellows began talking of their new bikes—weeks before Christmas. We made plans to meet Christmas morning for a bike race. Christmas morning I had a bike all right and I was happy to have it. Except that I didn't want the fellows to tell me that it was an old one that some one had thrown away and my stepfather had put together and painted. Kids are kids, and the boy up the block came down to see why I wasn't there for the race. "Some bike, that's just old junk," he said looking over my wheel. I made no reply—except to challenge, "I'll race you!" I did and I won.

Christmas was a holiday, a family day, and Mother did everything she could with the pennies she had to make it special. We didn't have much of a dinner but we'd talk Christmas. In the afternoon, my stepfather would tear his Model T Ford apart and we'd spend the rest of the day overhauling it.

I had had my bike for a year, and I was determined that this year, Christmas would be different. I worked at every odd job I could find. Of course, I'd give Mother the money but I found one extra job I didn't report at home. It was delivering after school hours for a meat market. For two weeks, I was totting Christmas turkeys to their various buyers. We were going to have a Christmas turkey too—it would be my great surprise for Mother. The butcher promised to save one for me instead of paying me. Often, I'd go into the ice box at the store to be sure it was Christmas Eve when I went to get it—it was gone. "I'm sorry but," the butcher explained, "one of our best customers had to have an extra turkey for tomorrow for unexpected added guests. He's very rich and I had to sell it to him. I was almost midnight of Christmas Eve. I was never more disappointed. My big surprise! I rebelled that Mr. Rich who already had one turkey had to have our little one as well.

Next Christmas, times were even worse. Grown men couldn't get employment—let alone a kid. But I kept at everyone to give me an odd job of some kind. I was finally hired by the relief board to deliver Christmas charity baskets. One of the boys from school had wangled the job for us since his mother was on the charity committee. I'll never forget my feelings when I picked up a basket addressed to Mother. I rushed it away so the other boy wouldn't see my hurt pride.

Mother was as lovely to look at as the beautifully-dressed mothers of some of my schoolmates. I noticed their clothes and the fact they usually wore pearls around their necks. Pearls cost a fortune,
I thought, until one day, I happened to see a string of imitations in a Christmas department store window. They were one dollar and ninety-eight cents. Even that price tag was like reaching for the moon. If I could only get them for Mother! I worked like crazy creating jobs, cleaning windows, insisting on raking lawns, cleaning cars—anything to get a few dimes and quarters together. I was able to accumulate a dollar seventy-five—and I rushed to the store to put the money down—but the beads were already sold. I shopped all over town to find another pair but always they were a dollar or so more. I so wanted to see Mother's eyes light with something pretty—something unexpected. That is why I always think of her Christmas—and wish she could have lived to have known Christmas with us today.

Sue always has a wonderful Christmas dinner. Turkey, of course, and she makes her own fruit cake. The cake brings back to my mind again my mother, who was English, and who felt that some way we had to have fruit cake for Christmas. Early in the Summer, she'd start trying to buy a few cents worth of pecans and cherries and citrus—all expensive but which she insisted made Christmas cake good. And I'll never forget, when a kid and I were looking up on a high shelf for some wire, we found a shoe box with a hard round ball in it. We started playing ball, and discovered it was Mother's fruit cake which she explained after she had retrieved it, had to ripen and age several months before Christmas.

It's usually around four in the afternoon when we have Christmas dinner. Almost everything comes from our Akulana Ranch. Last year, our turkey was all of 27 pounds. By this time, we have worked our way through our Christmas stockings. All year we pick up little things to put in those stockings. When Sue says, "Dinner's ready"—there's a grand rush. With the collective bachelors and unattached and any kid I know who has no Christmas, we may have forty for dinner. There's always plenty. Besides mince pie, Sue makes cherry pie with big black bing cherries—that we like. Of course, everyone says they eat too much. And we do. And we sit around after dinner admiring the tree all over again and talk about our gifts. 'Just what I wanted!'

Sue and I laugh now, but not then, at our first Christmas. By two in the afternoon, we had placed all the wrapping paper in the fireplace and we lit the fire. Shortly, we heard fire engine sirens screaming—we ran out to see all the neighbors pointing to our house. Vines had grown over the fireplace which hadn't been used in years—and our roof was on fire.

There are so many Christmases we talk about—like the one when Fritz, our Dachshund, was given to me by my make-up man at the studio. A year later, the night before Christmas, he ran out and was killed by a passing car. Sue went pet shopping most of the night to get another Fritz, the Second, for Christmas morning.

Male-like, each year after Christmas, I...
say to Sue, "Next year, we’ve got to cut down our Christmas list." It had grown one year to somewhere around five hundred. Our house looked like Bullocks department store. This year, when we prepared to leave for Europe, I said to Sue, "But what about Christmas?" "Darling, we’ll have to send cards and little memorabilia this year," she suggested. Then she added with a laugh, "But everyone in this house says you’ll probably be chartering a boat back to send your presents."

My plans in Europe are to make two pictures—"The Red Beret" for Columbia and one other. Between jobs, we’ll go sight-seeing. Freelancing, I can do this. Next to Christmas—and the dreams that I have realized on this wonderful day, I have longed, since a boy, to see the world. With our children, big and small, Sue and I hope to vacation and see all of the places we’ve dreamed of.

Olivea Faces It Alone

Continued from page 2

my mind completely occupied at this time (understandably—for this was when she returned to California to get her divorce) but this was one of the most challenging roles I believe I’ve ever played. Actually, I get home late at night, take a bath, slip into bed with a tray of dinner—and fall asleep exhausted. Two more days and I complete the picture.

"But then all of your recent picture roles have been difficult," I remarked. "The Heiress,' 'Snake Pit'—and going right back on to Melanie in ‘Gone With The Wind.’"

"Perhaps so," she agreed, "but I don’t lion of doing anything unless I can really put my heart into it—really love doing it. I’ve always been that way and guess I always will be. Money is not the objective in my work—but rather, the joy of one’s work and the feeling of accomplishment.

"So many people said I was foolish to take the inconvenience of travel and go on the road on tour when I could have lived a more comfortable life making pictures in Hollywood. In fact, they couldn’t understand it. Some even said I had left pictures entirely for the stage, but that wasn’t true. I can’t say I am returning to the screen for, actually, I never left it. It will always be my foremost medium of expression, but only one of several, as I believe every actor or actress should express himself or herself in the seven mediums offered to us. There’s radio, TV, the New York stage, American films in Hollywood, English films in England, Italian films in Italy and the London stage. No one should be limited to one medium alone." Fortunately, Olivia is equipped to handle all of them.

"True, it is not the easiest life catching trains, living out of suitcases, living in hotel rooms where the air-conditioning blows you straight out of bed and you sit around in three sweaters in Summer and have over-heated rooms in Winter and pay exorbitant prices. But the inconvenience is nothing to the realization of doing what you want so much to do."

"When Ben was old enough to travel, I arranged to go on the road with ‘Romeo And Juliet.’ I had once promised Max Reinhardt that I would play Juliet. ‘Don’t wait too long Olivia. Play her while you are young,’ he had said. I felt that I must keep that promise now. I went East in September 1950 and we started rehearsals and opened in January in Detroit and played Cleveland, Boston and New York for twelve and a half weeks. It was a great experience.

"I put all of my heart and humility into that performance. I wanted to give the best performance of my life as Juliet. We received wonderful notices—until we came into New York.

"I’ll never forget that opening night. The audience received us with overwhelming enthusiasm. There were cheers and cries and calls, ‘Speech! Speech!’ We took sixteen curtain calls. I was speechless, but so thrilled—to step forward and make a curtain speech. It was the most thrilling evening!

"Dwight Wiman, the producer, had died two days before we had opened in Detroit—but now his daughters were so enthusiastic with the play that, after the Broadway opening, they gave a wonderful party. Lots of people and everyone telling us they loved our play. We were such a happy company—so gay, so appreciative that everyone seemed to share our happiness. Being Saturday night, there were no reviews. Monday morning, however, I was told that only three out of the eight New York critics’ reviews favored us. I simply couldn’t believe it. Nor could the company. Some of the players were working for one-third of their regular salaries. Our hearts were in it with all of us feeling that we were giving the theatre we loved, our best. I never read the reviews. I was depressed, but needed to take it in stride. Somehow, I had a strange feeling that a great purple light, a purple shadow passed over the stage—when we took our final call at the last performance and the whole orchestra played ‘Auld Lang Syne.’

"We had played to splendid houses for six and a half weeks on Broadway—the third longest run of a ‘Romeo And Juliet’—when we closed. Our company was so big and our running expenses were so high. Our last week was a fine theatre gross, $17,000. ‘Little Foxes,’ which was a top hit, had carried on for years at an $18,000 gross. But our costs were too high to keep open.

"I didn’t let the critics’ reviews really penetrate until three days after the play..."
closed when I collapsed. Not for myself alone, but for the memory of Max Reinhardt, I had wanted Juliet to credit him. He had claimed me as his discovery in 'Midsummer Night's Dream'—which he also presented—through the name in pictures and a Warner Bros. contract.

Olivia didn't say it, but, certainly, she must have heard that some of the New York critics had disliked, and intensely, the high-handed handling of the press by her brilliant but eccentric husband-novelist, Marcus Goodrich. It was their opinion that Olivia had little say of her own. And that, if Mr. Goodrich expected to win raves from them for his wife who was a two-time Academy Award Holly-

wood motion picture star—he had another think coming. That was the story in New York. Who knows?

'I have been planning to study speech, arts and drama on my scholarship at Mills College when I was discovered for 'Midsummer Night's Dream' 'Olivia continued. 'My mother taught my sister and me diction and Shakespeare when we were little girls. She had attended the Royal Academy in London and was most profound.'

'Warners' only trouble with me was that I wanted roles I could believe in. I never asked for more money, but rather parts to which I could bring some special understanding. So I went on suspension for six months over a two-year period. When my seven-year-contract was up, I found that they had tacked the six sus-
pension months on it and would hold me for six more. So I went to court. It was the only thing I could do.'

'It isn't great fun and, in fact, it's a little painful to get up at six a.m. and work on a picture of which you cannot be proud, and play a character that you can't possibly bring to life. If one is a little serious and serious about one's work, one can only do what attracts one.'

'In 1946, I decided I'd love to play 'What Every Woman Knows' in Summer stock and did so for two weeks. Because I had enjoyed it, in 1930, I decided to do a full season in Summer stock with Candida.'

'As I started the place one week. The company broke seven house records with 'Candida.' In the interim, I was offered several pictures, but none that seemed important to me. When 'Streetcar Named Desire' came along and it was stipulated in the contract to Warn-
ers that I had asked to play the leading role, I decided not to go on. Some-
how, I couldn't understand what motivated that woman. I studied the book. I studied her. And I brooded over her, but couldn't say yes. That went on for months and then, suddenly when I was on tour in Cleveland, I understood her nature and I decided to love her. But, of course, it was too late then. What happened in Cleveland to enlighten me? Nothing that I know of—except I had studied her so long that suddenly she became clear to me.'

'Between January 1951 and May 1952, I played 452 performances in the living theatre with Bette Davis and Juliet in 'Candida.' I enjoyed every minute of it. My return to Hollywood came about for a personal reason—for my divorce in California. I did not want it to be a quick, flingy thing. The decision is ter-
ribly sad when you have to finally come to it. My attorney, Roland Rich Wool-
ley, was exceptionally considerate in that it was all handled this way to be honest, quiet and as dignified as possible.

He has been a great friend and advisor. The reason I had wanted a religious mar-
riage ceremony was because I was absolu-
tely determined to make my marriage succeed. It grieved me terribly that it didn't.'

Olivia, I remembered, remained in bed for almost all of the nine months she was expecting her baby in order to comply with her doctor's orders that she must do so for its safe birth. Olivia followed that order with great exactness because she wanted this baby so badly. That, typical of Olivia, who enters all matters with a great depth of feeling, her chief concern now is little Ben. 'I want him to grow up and admire all of the interesting and fine things about his father. Naturally, his father will visit him, but I want to be sure the conditions are ideal when he does.'

Ben is an unusually handsome and bright child. Fortunately, he has no sepa-
ration adjustment to face since he was on tour last Winter with his mother and saw his father only on two visits. 'His father wrote one of the modern classics—'Dellish'—which is an extraordinary novel. Olivia added quietly and with pride."

'I first heard of 'My Cousin Rachel,' by Daphne du Maurier, when I read that Miss du Maurier was quoted as saying she wanted one of four women to play Rachel—and I was one of them. (The others were Alida Valli, Greta Garbo and Vivien Leigh). I sent to England for the book and it fascinated me.'

'I told my agent to watch for it and if it did not interfere with 'Candida.' I would love to do it. Returning to Cal-
ifornia unexpectedly this Summer, I was free and that is how I made the picture. It was a very difficult acting—
as you never know whether Rachel poisi-
noned.'

'Oscars are made, she attempts to poison the boy. Rachel is in-
terestingly ambiguous and is judged enti-
tirely by circumstantial evidence.'

'Now that Rachel is practically fin-
ished—I am going to enjoy the vacation I first mentioned. I was really touched when I first returned to Hollywood and the news of the separation came out. I receive so many cards and flowers from friends and people I had not seen in years. I didn't realize that I had so many friends. I was glad to be home again. It was a very moving welcome. I prefer not to be escorted at present for I do not think it is right to receive a divorce and then go out with different escorts. It does not seem becoming. For the next three or four months, I hope to have a normal life with social contacts with other people. Usually some married couple or some group of friends take me to a party or out to dine.'

'I hope some day to have a real home for Ben,' she confided. 'He loves railroad and train stories which I read to him at bedtime. That is because we were always...
on trains. However, we do have pets. There is our pet cat, Catherine, named after the character I played in 'The Heiress'—who always travels with us. Often she slips out to explore and we have a big exploration party trying to find her in strange cities. And Shadrack, our airdale, has been boarding in kennels for two years—and we need a home for him. Yesterday, I even brought him a gift. There was a snail he calls 'Sweetpea' and a fish he calls 'fish,'" Olivia laughed.

Our conversation then turned, as it would women-like, to clothes. Olivia reflected she wants to visit New York soon for some new dresses at Bergdorf-Goodman's and see the plays.

"You never wear much jewelry, do you Olivia?" I asked noting the simple strand of pearls around the neck of her demure blue wool dress. "You know, I don't own a single real jewel except for my engagement ring," she said. (Imagine any glamorous movie star saying that!) I never have. I have my little gold wristwatch, my plain wedding band which I have transferred now to my right hand and my engagement ring—the two heart-shaped Siberian Amethysts set in old gold. These I will continue to wear. Of course," she smiled with a twinkle of brown eyes, "you may see me wearing lavish, very grand jewels in portraits, but they are only loaned for a sitting by the studios."

Olivia wants to continue with the theatre, with pictures and to make a happy life for her small son. There is no other man in her life—nor has there been since her separation. I can well imagine she had to keep her heart—helplessly, for the failure of her marriage, in spite of the quiet dignity, was tragic to her. In court, according to the newspapers, she revealed when questioned by the judge, "I feared sometimes that my husband might be so violent with me, I would not survive. But I couldn't bear the idea of divorce. I didn't believe in it. It was my only marriage and I wanted it to last."

And because she is lovely and sincere and completely a woman—some day, in the future, she will love again. Knowing her—you know she will.

### Can You Be Yourself In Hollywood?

Hollywood and go to a movie. I'd stay in the theatre until dinner time, after which I'd go to a restaurant and eat alone. This was a new experience since I'd never eaten in a restaurant and I'd never been by myself at dinner. Later I'd go back to a movie again. I must have seen every picture about four times.

I was really thrown on my ear. Not having anyone to talk to was a new thing to me. I wasn't interested in being seen at the "right" places, going to the "right" parties, or dating girls just to get in the gossip columns. I had my ideals and I was stuck with them.

I gradually withdrew more and more into myself, which was unlike me. But I was forced, by a lack of security and a desire not to be hurt, to stay away from things I couldn't appreciate or understand.

I was inexperienced about the workings of the business too. Because I was so excited about the opportunity I was being given, I viewed everything with enthusiasm, not knowing that this apparently wasn't the accepted way to approach a movie career. I wanted to share that excitement, though, of working at a studio. I'd meet strangers on the street and after exchanging a few words I'd say, "I work at a studio. I'm in pictures." I didn't mean it to sound cocky or conceited. I just wanted to talk to someone and tell how wonderful I felt. When someone at the studio would ask me how I was feeling I'd say, "Great! I'm making $100 a week, I'm from the Bronx, my mother's a great cook, and I think the world is wonderful."

I also had the habit of meeting people on the street and after telling them about my past, present, and future I'd say, "Why don't you come out to the studio to see me work?" There were several times when I not only couldn't get them inside the studio but I couldn't get in myself.

I was, however, honest about such feelings. I was thrilled by my chances. And yet—it was because I acted as I did that I got my first big job.

I was hit, rapped, bumped. Some people thought my actions were a gag—or as a person once said, "All this talk you give out with, Tony, is really something. Who's your press agent?" Others made fun of me for my past, the way I spoke, my Bronx accent and all.

There was one experience I had that was somewhat typical. When I came to Hollywood a friend told me to look up someone I knew, so I did. I told this person all about myself and he invited me to share his home with him and his wife. I was grateful for the chance to be with someone I felt I knew, but it wasn't long before I found that he had invited me to stay with him because he had hoped that I could get him into the studio. When Heiress was made, it was possible he made it evident that I was no longer welcome. And I was frankly glad to have had my eyes opened.

All my experiences, my awakening taught me a lot—mainly that life and people weren't as I thought they were. Suddenly I remembered a wonderful remark made to me by God helps those who help themselves. I started out to help myself.

To begin with, I profited from my lessons and my mistakes. I learned not to accept everyone's advice. I wanted to experience things for myself. If I got burned, okay. I wouldn't make the same mistake again. If I had listened to all the advice I'd never have had any experiences to enjoy. Because I have had the chance to make mistakes I feel I am able to get a clearer view of what to expect from some in Hollywood.

I know now, however, that what I have done in this business was done with complete honesty. My attitude towards people was an example of how I felt. I feel it's a lack of humility to admit it. I have never done anything for affect—and I'm not going to start now. Again—the ideas which have become so much a part of my life.

I know my ideals haven't changed. Love me put it this way. I still wear the same jacket I had when I came here and yet there are many material things that are different now. I have more security, more money, a fine car, and yet that jacket is as great to me now as it was when I first saved up the money to buy it. I know what caviar tastes like, what it means to go away for the week-ends, to swim in a private pool, and yet I haven't forgotten what my background was like. To remember the past makes me so much more grateful for what I have and yet it teaches me that basic values never change, no matter how high you rise.

The greatest change in me—and naturally I have changed in some ways—is in a new surge of self-confidence. I call that confidence an extra patch on my jacket. I think I've done well, but I don't just accept that and stop trying. There's no one with more real ambition and drive than I have. I'm proud of my craft. I've worked hard and I've developed to a point where I feel confident. I have a strong belief in my career, and I don't deny it—I admit it. If I had no pride in myself I couldn't be a good actor. In developing in my career I have also developed, I like to think, as a person.

With all I've learned from certain aspects of Hollywood I still find it hard to ignore completely the rumor and gossip routine. I take things that are printed very literally. I'm gullible. I've been hurt by some writers who made light of honest and sincere things I told them. I've been infuriated by out and out lies.

While such things still upset me, they don't bother me quite as much as they used to. Janet has helped me in this respect because she has shown me how futile it is to let such untruth knock you
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Janie Does It Again!
Continued from page 29

he told us one day, “is one of the smartest, brightest and most talented young women in Hollywood. Someday this town is going to wise up to the fact.” We agreed with his sentiments, but it was the word “woman” not young lady or little one that intrigued me.

“Geary (husband Geary Steffen) was with me from the start when I told him I wanted to put aside Peter Pan collars, puffed sleeves, and ruffled dresses. I want to act my age!”

“Janie,” he replied, “I like you just the way you are, but if this’ll make you happy go right ahead.”

“I had thought about changing the color of my hair, but I didn’t want to just walk in one evening and startle Geary. So we sat down and I fully prepared him for the event.

“When I returned from the beauty parlor with the new silver blonde shade, I held my breath, not knowing just what his reaction would be. You know how men are—they tell you to go right ahead and do something, but sometimes they don’t like what you do.”

“Hummm,” we replied not knowing whether to agree or not.

“Geary loved the new shade. And when baby Geary woke up for his feeding, even he cooed. That settled it. The silver blonde was a success.”

“I began to learn color and the cut of a dress can do a lot towards making people readjust their attitude toward you.” We guess our eyebrows must have stretched upwards and reading our thoughts she reprimanded, “No, I don’t mean decollete evening gowns and v-necks that are cut down to here.” She motioned towards her waist.

“Perhaps the biggest decision I had was making a night club engagement first in Florida and then at the

For a Stronger America...
If we had any idea that Jane was a lady in waiting who wouldn't budge from the hearth ... would be among the missing at Hollywood fun-fests ... we were the best.

She sketched some of her plans to us. "We've just got to find a larger house. We have two bedrooms and one bath which isn't big enough for a family of four. We've just put a screen partition in the nursery and we'll let the two babies stay in the same room until we find a place we like."

She showed us some blueprints on the two apartment houses she's building. "This one here," she motioned, "is already built and this other one will be completed by Christmas. My father is supervising the construction and then acts as manager after they are built. It takes a lot of work off my hands, and it's a good investment. I want to put something aside for the future and I feel this is a good start."

Jane, for all her allure-rating, still has a very level head. "I want my children to grow up in a home brimming over with love, joy and security. I think a big house would be our best investment. We could just keep certain unused rooms closed off until we needed them."

"Sounds like your planning for a large family?"

"Four would be fine," she affirmed, "the boys, both Geary and I feel, should go to public school. I hope to find time to go to Nevada and look for a ranch."

Although Jane didn't volunteer it, we could see she was much more relaxed. As a newlywed, things like family dinners and hosting big parties were a problem.

Jane never had any phobias about meeting people. Since she was 14 she's traveled around on Bond Tours, to the White House, across the U. S. etc. But, as Mrs. Steffen, the idea of entertaining was something else again.

Today, she can talk with ease and assurance to Michael Wilding, who is certainly one of the most charming and continental gentlemen in town. She doesn't get upset if her most exalted parties have a touch of the unexpected.

The other day when baby Geary had his first birthday, Jane and her sister-in-law and two small nephews had a party. Each youngster was given a small cupcake with a candle in it. Son Geary found the candle more tasty than the cake.

I'm not following any of the how to raise baby books," she said definitely. "Why should she have a baby's books and affection and a heaping dose of common sense are my formula for babies."

It was growing late so we got up to say good-bye. Baby Geary toddled over with a posy and proud mom Jane beamed at her offspring. As we waved good-bye, we thought of Jane as she had been that afternoon singing and dancing on the set. We looked at her standing in the doorway, and thought—she's just the same.

Her secret glamour formula doesn't wear off at the studio after six, but clings to her all day long. At last, Jane has been accepted as a young woman of 22, and is enjoying every minute of it. She's acting her age, and on her it fits like a shiny new gown.
Zany Gracie and Her Straight Man

Continued from page 31

ally he scheduled George and Gracie for four more weekly shows. After each program, they anxiously awaited more criticism from the campus sector because, in their bones, they knew they hadn't heard the end of it. Finally it arrived. It was in the form of a telegram, and it read: "WE'VE CHANGED OUR MINDS. WE THINK YOU'RE GREAT. THE 50 COLLEGE BOYS."

All this happened two decades ago, when radio was enjoying its newly-won reputation as a big-time threat in the entertainment world. It was all very novel and exciting, a thing that had come to stay, and it grew into a tremendous business. In a short time, George and Gracie had their own show, and they too joined the brilliant galaxy of stars who came weekly into the parlors of the homes throughout the nation.

This year, George and Gracie mark their 20th anniversary on the air lanes, a far cry from the first short skit they did. In that time, they've won so many awards they've stopped trying to keep track of them. They've changed from radio script to live television, and this Fall they've made their first filmed TV shows. They've moved from their long-time office quarters at Hollywood and Vine to their allotted space at the General Service Studios. Yet, with all this progression, they've stayed the same George Burns and Gracie Allen we've always known.

Here's what we mean. Gracie, who's the epitome of the slightly giddily, illogical, friendly, confused but triumphant housewife who always spends a little more than she should on hats, has long since identified herself in the hearts of millions as Mrs. America. On the other hand, George, representing the long-suffering, trying-to-be-logical, plain, average husband, is readily recognizable as Mr. America.

Both thought this a rather nice, homey classification, but they were prophets without honor in their own household. It seems that until recently, their daughter, Sandra, was a bit embarrassed at the zany characterizations her mother had perfected. Her school classmates, realizing this was a tender point with her, teased her about it. Although Sandra knew that Gracie in private life was nothing like her radio personality, still this didn't alter the case.

"But now that we're being televised, it's a different story," said George. "Today she's a matured young lady, and she realizes what a really fine actress her mother is. She's quite proud of her, because she has discovered that she always works hard to put out a good performance. She knows that Gracie never tries to be funny, that she's never conscious of the footlights or the audience, and that it would take a seasoned actress of the caliber of Claudette Colbert or Irene Dunne to replace her."

"It's wonderful to have Sandra say, after a performance of our show, 'You were very good, Mother,' instead of 'Oh Mother, how could you?'" added Gracie. "And believe me, there's a tremendous satisfaction in having someone of your own understand exactly what you're trying to do, instead of having her apologize for you to her friends."

Perhaps the biggest change George and Gracie expect to face as they pass their 20th radio-TV milestone and have gone into the filming of their series is one they feel will give their show the touch they've always felt it needed. In the past, they've argued that television has had too much of the impersonal about it, because of the technical necessity of using long shots, with the actors so far away from the camera that you couldn't see all their facial expressions.

"Now that we're on film and aren't limited by the many restrictions of a live show, we're going to borrow the close-up from the movies and use it a great deal," explained George. "Our type of comedy registers best when you see it as closely as though you were one of the people involved in the going-on. Our situations are based on everyday incidents which everyone has experienced at one time or another, and they're that much more appreciated when they're watched in an intimate manner. At least that's our opinion, and we think it's worth a try."

You may not agree totally with George on this subject, if you think that no woman you know could possibly get into all the predicaments Gracie finds herself. Yet you'll have to admit that she's hilariously funny, and eventually manages to extricate herself from whatever dilemma she has created. Some of these dilemmas, by the way, are so good that they've been going on for years, and are packed with laughs whenever they're revived.

For instance, it was a long time ago when Gracie first started the routine about her long-lost brother. She broke into other radio programs, inquiring for him, and the hunt became one of national significance. She and George have used it again and again, both planned and unplanned, especially on such occasions as when Gracie gestured widely and her script flew into the audience like leaves in an Autumn storm, or a time when all the studio lights went out and they ad libbed about the brother for fifteen minutes until the fuses were replaced.

In more recent times, Gracie has been trying to sell George as a vocalist named Sugarthroat Burns, a madcap troubadour of a man with dubious talent, a fact which she perenially ignores. She has offered him everywhere, in high and low musical circles, and blithely ignores the rebuffs she gets. She thinks he is good, and she'll stick with her guns until she proves her point, or expire in the effort.

Out of this situation have come some interesting aftermaths. This Summer George was named America's King of Sugar at an annual California sugar festival, and was crowned by the Sugar Queen while Gracie looked on proudly. George is now discussing an album of Sugarthroat vocal discs to be made by Columbia records, and some of the old-time tunes he will warble will be, "Red Rose Rag," "Tiger Girl," "Heart Of A Cherry" and "I'm Tying The Leaves So They Won't Fall Down."

Behind the pattern of the delightful repartee between George and Gracie as they go into the filming, is Gracie. When they first went into vaudeville, they used a standard comedy act formula, with George playing the comedian while Gracie fed him the lead lines which nor-
nally should have led up to the laughs. Since he wrote the act, it was only natural that he should have what were supposed to be the best laugh-getters.

However, it didn't work out that way. The moment Gracie stepped out on the stage, all eyes swung to her. First of all, she has a figure that would do a calendar girl credit. She's sprightly, lively and vital, and she has a bouncy walk that gives you a lift. When she speaks, even if she says something simple like asking you the time of the day, there's something about her voice that makes you smile.

George and Gracie went on, and after the first show, their routine underwent a complete change. "She was the natural comedienne of the act," said George. "She got all the laughs for the questions she asked me, while I was left hanging with the answers. I've been her 'straight man' ever since."

If you should get the idea that George Burns is a great Gracie Allen fan, you're absolutely right. He's the unofficial president of her fan club, and he thinks she's the greatest representative of her type of comedy in show business today. After rehearsals, he sits in the front row whenever he can, and convulses himself at her work. Even if he had heard the same patter a dozen times before, she still bowls him over afresh each time he hears it. By the same token, she thinks he's no slouch at the deftly gags he gives her.

He's happy they're filming their TV show, because he has often felt that many of the performances they've done, especially when Gracie is centrally involved, were worth preserving and seeing again and again. Too, now that they can prepare any number of shows ahead, they'll have more time for travel, vacation and other activities. And curiously enough, it will be the first time in many years that they will have this freedom!

"I don't know how this will work out with us," George said, "because we like the idea of a regular weekly schedule. You know, when you lay off, even for only three or four weeks. Also, we must have the confidence of knowing that our jokes are good, because we'll have to allow time for studio laughs, which will later have to be dubbed in."

"Incidentally, this reminds me of the current TV set-up, with actors in working arrangements for actors changes constantly. When we first started in radio, we not only had no audience, but also we performed behind a screen so the orchestra wouldn't distract us. Gradually, audiences were admitted, until at times they reached tremendous sizes. In the early days of TV, there were no onlookers, and there too they were finally invited. Now we're filming our show, with no one on the sidelines except the crew, so it seems we're right back where we started! That's why we have to gage our own laughs because we're not using them to let them out of a seasoned movie-set crew!"

In their private life, George and Gracie are solid citizens in a community where solidarity is not one of its more outstanding features. Sandra, now 18, has just graduated from the Marymount Convent School, and is now in her first year of college. Ronnie, 17, whom George...
labels the diplomat of the family, is in his final year at the Black Fox Military Academy, and as yet hasn't made up his mind about what college he will attend. Neither seems to show any particular inclination for show business, and their parents offer them no encouragement along this line.

As Gracie puts it: "Nobody picked out our jobs for us, and we don't intend to do it for Sandra and Ronnie. We want them to choose what they like, just as we did."

The Burns quartet lives in the same conservative two-story home in Beverly Hills which they've shared for quite a number of years. It isn't particularly impressive in the manner of extravagant screen stars' homes, and its only luxury—the swimming pool—takes up practically the whole back yard. It is furnished in no particular period, since George and Gracie bought the kind of pieces they like and enjoy living with. Yet it is homely and charming, the kind of place you enjoy visiting.

Gracie, who can be quite serious on occasion, when she isn't smothering before the cameras, has long since become accustomed to the kind of reception she invariably receives from strangers. Clerks, for instance, burst into laughter when she asks for a simple thing such as a rolling pin, and quip. "What are you going to do with it, Gracie, wallop George over the head?"

Ask George to give you a thumbnail description of his partner and helpmate, and he says, seriously, "She's a wonderful mother and the heart of our household. She's kind, understanding and clever, and always considers the three of us before she gives a thought to herself. But, like any other woman, she can carry on lengthy telephone conversations on trifling subjects that are really fascinating to overhear. You wonder when women can find so many words to talk about an ordinary thing like a hat!"

George never hesitates to give Gracie the lion's share of the credit for the success of the Burns and Allen team. "I was really a bad actor for 7 or 8 years, until I met Gracie; but in those days, you could be bad and make out because there were so many bad vaudeville houses in which you could play. Even when Gracie and I got together and we were what was called a "Disappointment Act" which filled in as a replacement at the last minute, I knew good things would finally come our way. There was something about her that spelled HIT every time she stepped on the stage.

"I knew too, that we were in the acting game for good, because we were both nuts about show business in those early days, and our love for it hasn't abated one bit since then. We've been in vaudeville, stock, with the British Broadcasting Company in London, in movies, live TV and now in telefilms, a full schedule for any team. Certainly we've never had a dull moment!"

"Add to all this the fun of having Gracie Allen for a wife, and you can see why I keep my fingers crossed at our multiple good fortunes, and I look forward to many more years chock full of the same ingredients!"

Stewart Discusses Rita

Continued from page 33

in the fact that she was a glamour girl or a business woman. She had a most unprofessional attitude toward assuming a great lady elegance. I found her quiet and shy."

A laugh played around the corners of his mouth, and we knew something was cooking as he seemed to mentally reminisce an event. "Let us in, too," we urged.

"I was just thinking that Rita wasn't so shy when we discussed the love scene. I felt like I could pull her into conversation and break down her reserve of quietness, but after a while I began to learn she had a sense of humor that didn't need any coaxing to be brought to the surface.

"About the love scene, the morning we were to film the most tempestuous one, Rita had clipped some pictures of herself and Glenn Ford in some passionate embraces from her other films and pasted them all over the mirror of my dressing room. She'd written a note: 'This is the way it's to be done.'"

"Naturally, I couldn't let something like that go unanswered."

"Naturally," we chimed in.

"I realized the same chap who had staged Mickey Rooney's musical numbers for a film was now doing Rita's. So I got the still department to get me some pictures of Rooney. I selected the most grotesque, where he was pictured in the very heat of rehearsing the dance. I clipped those, pasted them to Rita's dressing room mirror, and wrote the same words she had in my note."

From the moment Rita saw the note, the two co-stars were good friends. They'd amaze set visitors by breaking into occasional lapses of Cockney slang. A bit of business where one is called Tish and the other Tosh, in which they'd rat-tat back and forth at one another with a spectator just catching an identifiable phrase here and there, seemed a favorite.

Since Granger was in such an amiable mood, we ventured forth a mention about what some called his interest in wife Jean Simmons' career.

He didn't hedge or dodge, but very straightforwardly answered. "I always seem to be cast as the heavy as far as Jean is concerned. Actually, I don't go around spouting off advice to anyone. It's just that I love Jean, and can't help but want to look after her. It's true I'm not half as demanding about my work as about seeing her gets the right treatment in hers. Isn't it normal for a husband to be interested and want to give of himself on anything that concerns his wife?"

If you have ever looked at Stewart Granger when he was intent on something, you'll realize you might as well give in. Who can argue?

"Jean and I love to work together. But when we are each in a different film, it's kind of an unspoken law that we seldom visit each other at work. You can imagine me saying some Biblical dialogue and then spotting Jean out of camera range watching me. She wouldn't be aware of just what the scene was, and I know I'd find myself looking out of the corner of my eye wondering, 'Does she like what she sees?'"

"I've visited Jean only once on a film. When she started to do a scene, I walked away and stared into the water cooler for a few minutes until it was over."

Hmph, we noted, this is a different side

Prima ballerina Tamara Toumanova relaxes gracefully between shootings with David Wayne. They appear together in 20th Century's Technicolor musical, "Tonight We Sing."
to Granger. We hadn’t heard of this before. Could we venture words like sensitive, maybe even poetic, in describing him? I thought the name given him after they told us of Louis Calhern’s nicknames for Jean and Jean. Jean is called the Bangle which is a gay, pixie-like name that fits. Stew-art is dubbed Slasher which he seems to think fits like a glove.

“This acting business isn’t all play,” he volunteered. He showed us the cuts on his bronzed face. “This one here is from ‘Scaramouche’ and this cut on the chin is from the duel scene in ‘Prisoner Of Zenda’.”

“Sounds like there must be an easier way to make a living,” we put in.

His reply was, “You know, I first became an actor in England because I thought it was a cinch. Mike Wilding and I decided it was a way to make 21 shillings and meet some pretty girls.

“I got tired of being moved around like a piece of furniture and decided if I was having any of this acting business it’d have to be more personal. So I went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and spent the next eight years on the stage.

“My first real part in a movie was in 1938. It was horrible. I took one look at myself and said, ‘Thank you, that’s it.’

“After my discharge from the Army, Granger continued, “there was a premium of actors. I got a lead in a movie. But, he stopped, “you know the rest.”

As far as his off-screen pursuits are concerned, he likes to hunt—not just rabbits, but lions—big-game style. He also likes to cook, again not dainty tea sandwiches, but a whole of a meal with every-

“tiality. It was very comforting to realize so early that I could always depend on partiality from women.”

At 16, Steve met up with the farmer’s daughter. To be more exact, he met up with three of ’em—ages 13, 15 and 17. “I was working on a ranch in Wyoming,” his reverie reveals. “The 13-year-old had a crush on me. Woman-like, when I smiled at her, she thumbed her nose in affectionate return. The 15-year-old was the teasier type. When duly encouraged to kiss her rosy cheek, I succumbed, whereupon she ran shrieking to papa—splashing so many tears she watered the milk. The 17-year-old invited me out to the barn to play hide and seek. Alas! We played hide and seek.”

On his 21st birthday our human guinea pig came to a monumental decision.

“I decided,” he says, “that women were here to take care of men. I fully rationalized they were definitely lovely little things to have around and life without them would indeed be filled with darkness and despair. With this equation—I have continued to learn about women from women!”

To anyone behoves Steve to enumerate the lachrymose ladies who have acknowledged his obvious attractions. He has dated publicly (without personal involvement) such scintillating sirens as Joan Crawford, Patricia Neal, Yvonne DeCarlo, Patrice Wymore (before Errol), Ginger Rogers, Judy Clark, Mirasla, Denise Darcel and a fragile female named Mae West. There were others who with the圀s were the most interesting. By strange coincidence, Steve’s favorites are conspicuously unworldly.

“Some of my best friends are actresses,” he reassures. “While one can learn a great deal from them, by the very nature of their work they are primarily interested in themselves. Therefore, it’s more fun and less pressure to be with a non-professional. A man likes to relax on a date. It’s next to impossible with someone who forgets to remember she was a woman before she became an actress.”

When Steve worked with Joan Crawford in “The Damned Don’t Cry,” he came to fast and unexpected realization.

“I naturally assumed,” he says, “that a star of Joan’s standing would just coast along. This picture will be a cinch, I told myself. Well, from Joan, who really knows the mechanics of the business, I learned the importance of giving your best. Despite all she’s accomplished, she’s a relentless worker in front of that camera. I had to be on my toes every...
single second!!"

In Hollywood there's a popular theory that most career women are exactly alike—when pursuing their careers, Steve might have held to that opinion at one time. Then he played opposite Doris Day in "Storm Warning."

"It's a cliche," he agrees, "but Doris proves you can catch more flies with sugar. From working with her I learned a woman does not have to be a brittle, driving witch who still butters up to everyone. Doris will always be a winner because she knows the difference between being firm and ruthless. Doris is firm, mind you, but she's still sweet in her firmness. As a result, everyone respects her."

In direct contrast is Steve's good friend, Ruth Roman. They met originally when both were unknown and struggling. So it was quite a nostalgic reunion when Warners co-starred them in "Tomorrow Is Another Day."

"At the beginning of her career Ruth was always on the defensive," analyzes Steve. "Her success didn't come easily. There were many disappointments and disillusionments along the way. Unlike Doris, but still with just cause, Ruth believed she had to fight for everything. Naturally she made it twice as tough for herself.

"Today it's a different story. Ruth's more relaxed because she knows greater security. She's happily married and expecting her first baby. She herself is the first to admit that being too much on the defensive is merely wasting energy. By comparison, from working with Ruth and Doris, I came to the conclusion that you can't judge the woman, or a hundred and two, by a set rule, they're so unlike."

There are certain types of women Steve has encountered, however, who follow a familiar pattern of behavior. Let him tell you about a few who have amused and intrigued him the most.

"While I was making 'Top Secret,' I met a girl who was the answer to a bachelor's dream—it says here. She hated night clubs, she said. Only went to one a year. (Ifm-m-m!) She loved to stay home and cook and could even guess (Uh-huh!) my favorite foods.

"Well, I fell for that fine once in my life. This type of girl checks thoroughly on a man's likes and dislikes. She knows whether he knows about himself. Night clubs? The only ones she's missed haven't been built yet.

"When I finished 'Back To Broadway' recently, a friend took me to a Hollywood party. Now it just so happens I knew every woman in the room but one. We clown ed and kidded. We had a ball. I suppose because the others didn't find me objectionable, this stranger decided to be the one who did. She came all the way across the room to make an insulating remark. So help me, I hadn't done a thing. You'll find this reverse attention-getter type at almost every party.

"In contrast, I've met women who ignore a man to get attention! After you're introduced in a group, she talks through you, over you, around you. Her eyes meet everyone's but yours. It's a challenge to the male ego and I would say that the best way to handle her is to completely ignore her too."

"When I was playing at the American Theatre opposite Connie Bennett in 'Without Love,' I met a St. Louis woman. She was wonderful in many respects, except she couldn't tell the truth. And yet, she never told an out and out lie.

"You see, there's a very fine line of distinction between the way something is and the way this type of woman would like it to be. She'll make up a story to justify her belief. If she repeats it more than once, she actually believes the thing is telling the truth. We both agreed that marriage is one of the most important issues of life. At no time did we ever discuss being married to each other! P. S. I'll always remember St. Louis.

"The female animal," Steve sums up the situation, "is much more intelligent than the male. Women aren't given the physical strength to compete with men, so their Maker gave them brains to use and who knows better how to use them!"

"It's a popular belief that women are controlled by their hearts, but I believe they have a head start on men any time. All kidding aside—and I've kidded through most of this story—I sincerely believe that every man basically wants to believe in a woman. He can take a stout stand and insist that he's through with them forever. The second he meets someone new and different (be hopeful!), he's ready to believe all over again."

According to statistics, at some time or other all women react the same way under the same circumstances. Even the voluptuous, hip-swinging, soft-sighing Mae West falls into this category. It's Steve's story and it happened on a New Year's Eve in Philadelphia where he was playing opposite the sensuous siren in "Diamond Lil."

"Neither of us had anything to do New Year's Eve, so Mae suggested we have a sandwich after the show. It was as casual as that. Then just before curtain time I received a wire from my girl friend in Cincinnati. Her show was laying off for two days, so she was flying to Philadelphia to welcome in the New Year.

"Now Mae West is the most broad-minded, kind-hearted person in the world. Just the week before she had paid my mother and daughter's expense to come and spend Christmas with me. When I told her I couldn't keep our date, however, she was furious. Honestly, I thought it wouldn't mean a thing to her. I never would have done it if I knew it was going to hurt her.

"I really believed that Mae was different from any woman I had ever known. Mae, you see, "but do you know—she didn't speak to me for days after! She acted like we were a boy and girl going to our first Junior Prom and she had been cheated out of wearing her first formal!

"But don't get me wrong—I love women!"
est fraction of an inch. Sound effects take care of the clash of fist on face. Anyway, I caught Mike square on the nose. As I saw the blood run down, Oh-oh, I thought, Scratched—one actor! But Mike was very sweet about it. For actors will not own to anything, they'll take anything—and like it.

"I've seen actors bent over double in harness and braces, their legs strapped up in back of them, when playing cripples. Before Arthur Kennedy played the blind GI in 'Dark Victory' he went about literally blind for a couple of days from the stuff they put in his eyes, the better to understand what it is to be blind. Young girls age in pictures, beautiful girls cheerfully deglamourize themselves (as, for instance, Shelley Winters in "A Place In The Sun") for the sake of realism.

"Mario Lanza, who loves food second only to his wife and children, starved some nights in pursuit of a willing martyr for the screen's sweet sake.

"It's pretty well known by now that when Katharine Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart made 'The African Queen' in Africa, they were all but eaten alive by soldier-ants, ran amok of wild boars, rhinos, crocodiles and the lethal like.

"Speaking of wild animals, the night we were filming the famous scene for 'The Greatest Show On Earth,' I, as Brad, the circus manager, was pinned under an animal cage inhabited by one of the big cats. As we went into the scene, Mr. DeMille decided it would be a good idea to have the cat, a black panther, come out of the cage, so as to be in full camera range. Accordingly, out of the cage he came, leaped and fell on my chest, whereupon my wife, Lydia, nearly fell out of the box-car nearby from the comparative safety of which she was watching the take.

"I won't say that I didn't have quams but I figured that I'd rather argue with a black panther than," Chuck laughed, "with Mr. DeMille! For Mr. DeMille is one who believes that a director as well as an actor will, should, indeed, must do anything—and behaves accordingly.

"In 'The Greatest Show,' there was a scene in which a bit player drives a jeep on stage and, as he did so, the camera boom was moving in. Mr. DeMille was watching the shot oblivious, as he always is, to everything but the shot—when suddenly the actor realized that if he continued to drive ahead Mr. DeMille would be crushed between the moving boom and the oncoming jeep. So signaling for a cut, he backed away and spoiled the take. In the ominous silence that followed, the poor guy said, apologetically, 'Sorry, Mr. DeMille.'

"To which Mr. DeMille replied, 'Always remember, young man, that if you have a choice between spoiling a take and spoiling a director, kill the director every time!'"
instance, cannot learn to sing. Simply, I haven't got a voice. But if it's something an actor can learn to do; has the intestinal fortitude to do, he'd better do it, for audiences today are so wise that if there is the least doubt, 'Ahhh,' they jeer, it's a double.'

"I do my own riding in Westerns, but I don't do my own falls—yet. This, however, is something I can learn, an interesting, Stunt men are wonderfully nice, I've found, about showing you how to do things. For instance, ace stunt man Willard Willingham taught me to do the running dismount I make in Paramount's 'The Savage' and also in 'Pony Express,' which I've just finished with Jan Sterling.

"Another stunt man, Henry Wills, helps me a great deal. Before any Western I make, I go to Hank's ranch and work out, riding bareback, learning to make the Sherman mount, the Crupper mount, which means running up behind the horse and leaping on him.

"Even when physical danger is not involved, the actor's job is seldom the cushy thing it's still supposed to be. As an example, for a scene in 'Pony Express,' I walk out on a high plateau carrying a saddle and saddle bags weighing a good 53 pounds, plus the boots and spurs on my feet and legs. As I stand on the plateau I see, far down the plain, a stagecoach coming and make a run for it, running miles under a broiling sun, along the plain. It wasn't a hazardous thing to do but so tiring that one take did it, had to do it—that's all the boy they had that day.

"From the beginning, from the novitiate days of trying to crash the theatre, it's rugged. Any actor who goes through the New York mill does an awful lot of pavement-pounding and there are an awful lot of miles," Chuck laughed, "in this city! He also does an awful lot of things foreign—and distasteful to—his normal behavior.

"I got my first part in the theatre by gate-crashing—there is no other word for it. I simply stepped over a railing in Producer Guthrie McClintock's office (when his secretary wasn't looking) and sat me down with a lot of actors who had appointments. Now barging in where I haven't been invited, may not be welcome, is neither my habit nor my choice. So what? Compared to an actor in search of a part a man-eating tiger is as harmless, I assure you," Charlton laughed, "as a Maltese kitten. Anyway, I got through to Mr. McClintock, who was casting "Anthony & Cleopatra." It so happened that I'd just read a critical essay on the play, which enabled me to listen intelligently while Mr. McClintock talked, so—I got the part. A very small part, but a part.

"In more ways than risking his neck or bluffing his way past secretaries, an actor will do anything—he'll live poorly, meekly, literally from hand-to-mouth, refusing 'steady' work, while waiting for his 'break' on Broadway or in Hollywood. As Lydia and I lived when we first came to New York. Neither of us had any professional acting experience. Neither of us were any too sure where the next meal was coming from so, we got an apartment in Hell's Kitchen, a two-and-a-half room coldwater flat, for 830 a month. (We still live in it, by the way, when we are in New York!) Lydia, in those early days, worked as a model. She supported us. Actors think nothing of it—let their wives support them rather than abandon acting or the hope of it. I tell you, we'll do anything.

"An actor will even forego his personal pride to be an actor. An actor isn't selling a line of sporting goods, magazine subscriptions, a brand of soup, he's his own stock in trade, he's selling himself, his person. So he goes in and they look at him and they say, 'Oh, no, please...!' That's why an actor's ego is as highly developed as it is; you have to develop a resilient ego or you're a gone guy.

"Lydia knew all this," Charlton said then, "that's why she held me off for as long as she did, wanted no part of me, told me 'Actors make poor husbands.'"

"Tell me more," I said, "your love story, I mean, tell me that. Or have you told it many times before?"

"I've never told it. No one," Chuck grinned, "has ever asked me.

"Well, let's see—we've been married eight and a half years, so I have to do some remembering. It began, anyway, when I sat behind Lydia in a class called Fundamentals of Theatre Practice—B-40, at Northwestern University. It was our freshman year. We were seventeen. We were in a remarkably lucky class at Northwestern, by the way—Lydia and myself, Pat Neal, Jean Hagen, Ralph Mecker (who is so fine in 'Somebody Loves Me'), Chlores Leschman and fully a dozen other kids whose names are not in Neons yet, but who are making a very good living in the theatre, no mean accomplishment, believe me.

"I was at Northwestern on a theatre scholarship; Lydia, on a pre-law scholarship (from which I quickly diverted her) in Northwestern University School of Speech.

"Lydia says that the first time she ever really noticed me was when someone in our class read a criticism of a play after which the rest of the class was asked to criticize the criticism. Come my turn, I rose up and said, 'It's skeletal.' For some reason, this convinced her.

"Then we were both on the same bill of one-act plays, although in different plays. Lydia's first line in one of her plays was 'My frog is dead.' She sought my advice on how to read this line 'in order to get the most out of it.' Unimaginably, I told her.

"I got terrible grades all that year, for the fact is, I had fallen in love—yes, at first sight—with the back of Lydia's head. So bemused was I by the nape of her neck, which was about all I could see of her from my seat behind her, that I couldn't concentrate on anything else. But Lydia remained adamant for months and months...

"In her diary for that year, one notation reads: 'Just went out on a date with that awful boy.'

"Little and dark and very quick-tempered, she once knocked me down with her handbag, big as I am, conked me right on the head with it!"

"Shortly after my 18th birthday, on October 4, I dared to ask her, 'Would you consider getting married?'

"'Certainly not. I have much too much to do. Besides, actors make very poor husbands.' Thus Lydia.

"'But in the event that you ever did get married, would you consider anyone like me?'

"'Certainly not. You would make a worse husband than—than almost any one.'

"'Every week, I rebuff notwithstanding. I kind of tiredly proposed again. And
"And then I went into the Army. The night before I left, I made one more try. (If actors will do anything, so will lovers!)

"Still can't see it," said my Lydia.

"After a month in the Army, came a wire: 'Have decided to accept your offer, Lydia.'"

"I read those words stars fell, let me tell you, over North Carolina!"

"We were married, on March 17, 1944, in Greensboro, North Carolina. The morning of our wedding day, we went for a walk and picked out the prettiest little church we could find. We called in the minister, then went in search of witnesses. In the basement of the church, which we explored, we found two elderly ladies in the midst of preparing a church supper. 'Would you be witnesses at my wedding?' I asked. They were delighted, And charming—in a Josephine Hull kind of way.

"Then Lydia went back to school—and I went to the Auletons."

It was after Chuck got out of the Army that he and Lydia came to New York, where Lydia went to work while Chuck looked for work. And found it. In addition to his first appearance on stage in "Anthony Adverse," he did a number of medium-good parts in a number of Broadway plays and then hit the markedly successful (for him) medium of television. On the CBS-TV Studio One program, he was presented in "Jane Eyre" "Of Human Bondage," "Shadow And Substance" and a number of other fine productions in which he raised the audience-attendance of TV by giving notably fine performances. It was on the merit he saw in Chuck's TV work that Producer Hal Wallis signed him to a Paramount contract and cast him in his first picture, "Dark City," Unique among his fellows, Chuck is the first, perhaps the only actor to be 'discovered' for Hollywood on TV and definitely the first to go to Hollywood with a fan club following (formed by his television audiences) before he ever had a motion picture

Now, with the solub lehnhorn in five films, "Dark City," "Greatest Show On Earth," "The Savage," "Pony Express," "Ruby Gentry" to his credit and 20 Century-Fox's "The President's Lady," with Susan Hayward, coming up, Chuck is still the actor who will do anything in order to act . . . which can also mean doing without a number of things career, in fact, to follow me around . . .

"We do have a home—in the northern part of Michigan, in Roscommon county. It's quite a big house, seven bedrooms, huge fireplaces, stables, set in 1980 acres of timber. The place has a lake with a pair of flying swans. Lydia has eighty acres of flowers. If I'm asked, 'Why Michigan? Why so far away from Hollywood and Broadway?' the answer is that I was raised in Michigan, it's my country. Frankly, too, I would rather put my money in trees than
Lure For Lonesome Lads

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think I’d like a house.

In meeting Beverly you might imagine she was a Park Avenue product, educated in private schools, tutored by expensive experts in carriage, poise and voice control. That proves, gals, what you can do for yourself if you are determined. Beverly was reared in poverty, but certainly without luxury. Her father was a bus conductor and she was one of six children; she has two older brothers and three younger sisters. She graduated from parochial grammar and high schools, was a good student and would like to have attended college but family finances were too limited.

Her dramatic experience, prior to pictures, was limited to school plays. Because she was tall, Beverly always played boys’ parts in high school. At 11 she modeled for window mannikins for Saks-Fifth Avenue and later worked during Summer vacations in office jobs.

But at 15 she decided show business was to be her business. She wanted to become an actress, but because she lacked dramatic training she took the model and showgirl route. Her mother didn’t quite like the idea, but was willing to be convinced. That, her daughter achieved.

For Beverly’s sixteenth birthday her cousin took her to her first night club. It was Billy Rose’s Diamond Horseshoe where the tall show girls were billed as “long stemmed American beauties.” Beverly, about to graduate from high school, thought this might be a spot for her 5’8” height—she is now an inch taller. She talked to the cigarette girl about getting a job and was told to come back to see the manager of concessions. She did and got a job as a hat check girl.

But there’s lots of business sense behind her big brown eyes. She made a point of becoming very friendly with the other hat check and cigarette girls, told them she wanted to be a show girl and that she’d be grateful if they passed the word along to the proper people. And this proves that all females are not jealous felines; they liked the spunky, ambitious kid and did talk to the bosses about her. Within a week she was out of the derby department and into the show line.

“I had always been a bit self-conscious about my height,” Beverly now recalls. “Because of that I didn’t have the courage to carry those elaborate show-girl costumes with style. So John Murray Anderson, who designed and staged the shows, took me aside and told me what I should think about to get that needed assurance.

“When you’re out on the stage you have to think—I’m the most beautiful girl God ever created and here I am—then your head will be up and carried proudly,” was his advice.

“Of course, it would be deadly if a girl carried this attitude into her private life, but on stage it’s great. Another thing the Horseshoe did for me was to make me forget about being tall, because actually I was the shortest girl in the line. I had always worn flat heeled shoes, then one day I suddenly decided it wasn’t bad being tall and went out and bought a pair of shoes with the highest possible heel.

While working at the Horseshoe, Beverly also started her modeling career. She became a Conover girl and because of her tall, handsome figure and small, photogenic features was soon in demand for high fashion photography. But her aim, remember, was still acting, so additionally she started studying dramatics for now she could afford the lessons.

If ever you think you are overworked, think of the schedule she maintained, working at the night club until 2 a.m., modeling and studying drama during the day!

Beverly had studied tap dancing very briefly, but had natural rhythm and a feeling for dance. Later she was able to get a job as both showgirl and dancer with a troupe that went to Cuba, ostensibly for a short run, but it stayed ten months. While there Beverly changed her naturally brunette hair to red; it wasn’t until she came to Hollywood that she became a blonde.

Her chance at a stage show came in 1946 in a musical comedy with Eddie Foy Jr. and Jane Withers. “Glad To See You” was the name. It opened in Boston, but folded after a four-weeks run. Our Beverly with the big dimples went back to night club shows, worked in Miami and Washington. She loved to travel, wanted to see the world and at this point had to make a big decision. She had a chance to go to Europe with a show, but a friend from the Horseshoe, Kay Crespi, was going to Hollywood for a screen test and suggested that Beverly come along and make a try at pictures.

“I don’t know anyone out there,” Beverly objected. “What chance would I have?”

But she went and shortly after arriving heard that Mervyn LeRoy was looking for a tall girl for that stranger role in “East Side, West Side.” Beverly got an appointment with the director, did a reading and without a screen test was signed for the role.

Beverly’s career didn’t really get started until “Pick Up,” however. Oddly enough her own agent—she had one by then—was helping director-star Hugo Haas cast this independent production. Haas was trying to sign a “name” for the role of Betty, but was getting no place.

Then he began interviewing lesser known players. Again Beverly heard about it (she has good ears, that girl!) and persuaded her agent—who had not thought of her for the part—to make an appointment for her. Haas discussed the story and role with her and gave her a script, suggesting that she read it to get the feeling of the role, but not to memorize any of the lines. She studied, did a reading and was given the part, again without a screen test, after nearly a hundred girls had been considered.

It was Haas’s idea that she become a blonde for the role. He also had her wear her “obvious” clothes for the picture at home for several days before production began. He wanted to get the feeling for the character of the pick up girl, he took her to bars down on Los Angeles’ Skid Row to see the “real thing.” He made her forget her graceful model’s walk and cultivate the hip-swinging one she used in the picture.

“What a great director he is,” says Beverly. “I’ve been spoiled! We later made a second picture, ‘The Girl On The Bridge,’ but it was released by another company and didn’t get much exploitation or attention. I played quite a different character in that, but people don’t seem to know much about it.”

As friend swap you to company make the Coast ed Beverly think lacked tures, ing It her "Last bus good thing, do without anything, give up anything in order to act. The one and only thing I have ever refused to do, since my career began, is change my name. When the studio suggested that I swap the Charleston for another moniker, I wouldn’t even discuss the matter. Charleston was my mother’s maiden name. It was also the name of my maternal great-uncle, Percy. Charleston, an actor of distinction as well as the only actor, on either side, among my forebears.

"In addition to my name the only thing in this world I can think of that I wouldn’t give up for acting, though the mantle of Edwin Booth fall upon me, is —my wife."
“I don’t mind being typed if the roles are good. My real ambition is to do Dorothy Parker’s ‘Big Blonde.’ After all, I’m not the ingenue type.”

Betty, however, isn’t getting her wish just yet for she’s slated to make “Night Flower” for Universal-International next.

Beverly’s youngest sister, Valerie, now 12, came to Hollywood to visit her adored actress sister and quite understandably now wants to be an actress, too.

“I think she has talent so I encourage her. But my tip to her or any girl who wants to act is to study dramas. Get all the schooling you can. Take dancing lessons for grace. Work in little theatres and in summer stock. I had to take the devious approach through modeling and being a show girl because I lacked dramatic training, but the direct approach is better.

Young Valerie is also tall for her age and Beverly believes will be as tall as she is. So already she is giving her little sister the benefit of what she learned.

Beverly works at Arthur Kennedy’s Theatre Workshop for additional dramatic training. She never learned to play piano, but has a spinet now and would like to take lessons. Her taste in clothes runs to suits and strapless evening gowns. She loves red, but only recently bought her first red evening dress. Her favorite poet is Walt Whitman and her choice in operas, the “romantic” ones like “Carmen” and “Faust.” She is pleased that she was one of the first to start a rave campaign about Johnnie Ray, the singer-composer, after she heard him sing in Cleveland two years ago, long before he became popular as a singer and his “Little White Cloud That Cried” reached the Hit Parade.

“I was on a personal appearance tour for ‘Pick Up’ and did many radio interviews. I’d get a little embarrassed talking about myself so much and after having heard Johnnie, would throw in a plug for him in the interviews. I don’t claim couldn’t bear to sell, so he just up and gave him to Randy. This picture is about early Los Angeles of a century ago, in case you want to know.

* * *

The Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell off-spring, Peter, makes his screen debut with his pop in “Man From The Alamo” at U-I, and he couldn’t be more excited about it either.

* * *

Real happy to be back in the H’woods is Ethel Merman, the leather-legged gal who’s been holding forth on Broadway in “Call Me Madam.” Reason she’s here is, of course, to do the movie version of the musical. The luminous George Sanders will be her romantic interest in the picture and probably will get that chance to sing, which he passed up because of fright when he was offered the part Esio Pinza made famous in that other Broadway hit, “South Pacific.” Miss M. denies that she’ll marry the big Colorado tycoon Bob Six, but who knows.

* * *

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis sent their two writers a letter consisting of eight blank pieces of paper, the last piece containing their signatures. When the writers said “explain please,” the two mad ones told them to fill in the pages themselves—they were the writers, weren’t they?

* * *

The noise over in Rome—Joan Fon-
taine and Collier Young having a few slight romantic disagreements—was matched in Hollywood by that visiting Roman Mr. Gassman and his bride, Shelley, exercising their lungs to the extent that the neighbors tried to get them to move on somewhere else. Whatever happens, Shell plans to be back here from Italy in time for the babe to be born here.

'Member granite-faced Henry Wilcoxon, who used to be a frequent actor on the silver screen? More recently he’s been the very talented assistant to his very talented boss, Cecil B. DeMille. Talk now is that Wilcoxon might just go back into pictures with a vengeance—as Dick Tracy! Can’t think of anybody off-hand who would be more perfect for same—he’s a very handsome dead-ringer for the rugged detective of the comics. Mr. W. had a part, you’ll remember, in “The Greatest Show On Earth”—small type.

Romance between Vera-Ellen and Dean Miller is knitting and purling right along, with her keeping him in stitches with all the sweaters and socks she whips up for him.

Piper Laurie’s really happy about getting to act with Ty Power in “Mississippi Gambler” at U-I. Two years ago she was a member of his fan club and still has the autographed picture he sent her when she was in high school.

Bob Taylor, still interested in the German actress Ursula Thiess, but he’s also interested in going fishing up in Oregon and in that new picture which he’ll make in England—“King Arthur And The Round Table.”

Everything seems to be jazzy again between Joan Evans and her parents, Katherine and Dale Eunson. They were pretty miffed when she up and married Kirby Weatherly without their consent. And they were a little miffed at Joan Crawford, one of their oldest friends and young Joan’s godmother, when Miss C. helped the kids get married. Katie and Dale forgot and forgave all hands. They’re screen writers, y’know, and just after they sold “The Star” which stars Bette Davis, they peddled another script, “Lecco.” The new bride had to interrupt her honeymoon to come back and make a picture at U-I called, “Column South,” with Andie Murphy.

Just about the time Fred Astaire was rehearsing a song-and-dance routine that calls for him to sing a line about “I Ain’t No Marlon Brando” he got an echo back like “And I’m No Fred Astaire.” So who was it—Marlon Brando, of course, sneaking in on the set of “Bandwagon” to spy on the famous dancer. Looks kinda funny on the MGM lot seeing all those characters like James Mason, Brando, Louis Calhern wandering around in their nightgown-looking togas for “Julius Caesar.”

When he was doing a scene with Richard Widmark, Joanne Dru and Audrey Totter at the Beverly Carlton Hotel when one of the tenants (at that time) got curious, poked her head out the window and did a little ad lib dialogue for Bob. The guest was Marilyn Monroe. If you’re real sharp you may spot her in it.

Rory Calhoun’s a wise fellow—supposed to carry some suitcases for Penny Edwards in 20th’s “Powder River.” Before he picked ’em up, he opened them and extracted several lead weights the crew had put in for a gag. He’d had that one before.

Gal that has all the bachelors taking several second looks is the new Italian import, Milly Vitale, who’s here for Stanley Kramer’s “The Juggler.” Well, they can look. Milly’s mama came along and keeps a sharp eye on her daughter. This is the same routine that Pier Angeli’s mother practices—and the scoop is that Pier’s new heart interest is Kirk Douglas, who stars in “The Juggler” with Milly. The man’s surrounded by chaperones!

The town had a large titter about the sell-out crowd for Johnnie Ray’s West Coast debut at Ciro’s. On account of Johnny’s father-in-law owns the rival night spot, Mocambo. That’s Charley Morrison and he was right there, too, counting the house and wishing the boy hadn’t signed with Ciro’s before he married his daughter, Marilyn Morrison.

Ross Bagdasarian, who composed the hit “Come On-A My House,” was gagging on the “Sixty Saddles For Gobi” set about the new tune he was going to write, called “I’m Always Falling, But Not In Love, It’s Just That My Balance Is Bad.”

Wanta buy a copy?

It certainly will be a nice Christmas for Vic Damone—he gets pardoned—uh, discharged from the Army, I mean, and probably heads directly for Hollywood and some more film work.

Gene Nelson owns a gum-chewing dog, yet. Likes peppermint the best—every day he gets a fresh supply. How about trying him on the bubble kind, Gene.

Current Films

Continued from page 15

And The Anthem.” Other pairings include Dale Robertson and Richard Widmark (complete to hysterical laugh) in a cop-and-crook sequence, “The Clarion Call,” and Anne Baxter, Jean Peters and Gregory Ratoff in the story of an ill girl who believes she will die when “The Last Leaf” falls. Best duos are Fred Allen and Oscar Levant, a couple of com men who get taken in “The Ransom Of Red Chief,” and Jeanne Crain and Farley Granger in the Christmas favorite, “The Gift Of The Magi.” For the movie-goer who likes the “big economy size,” here’s a film that he won’t find on a TV screen.

THE TURNING POINT

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HAIL THE CHAMPIONS—MGM

YIPPEE, here's a film with lots of fresh new faces. Toppling the George Wells' production are Marge and Gower Champion, Monica Lewis, Dean Miller and adorable moppet, Mimi Gibson. Wells, who also scripted the movie, has found the ideal film for show-seeing the Champions. Marge and Gower are a husband-wife dance team whose Broadway partnership lasts for precisely one performance for Producer Dennis O'Keefe's hit musical. Opening night, Marge learns that she and Gower are expecting a baby. While Marge retires to Connecticut to become a homemaker, Gower continues the act with understudy Monica Lewis. Marge wants to resume her career after baby Mimi Gibson's third birthday, but hubby nixes it. During a weekend house party, wifey Monica starts playing up to Gower and it's pretty apparent to Marge and guests Dean Miller and O'Keefe that the little understudy wants to fill more than Marge's tap shoes. It's only after some quick maneuvering by O'Keefe that the couple are kept from divorcing and wind up sharing final close-up and dual careers.

THE BLAZING FOREST

AUTHENTIC ACTION—

PINE-THOMAS-PARAMOUNT

PRODUCERS William Pine and William Thomas seem to have the formula for keeping the box-office humming. This time they have teamed John Payne and Richard Arlen as brothers working in a logging camp. Payne's the top hand for boss-lady Agnes Moorehead. and Arlen is the go-good brother, who would much rather concentrate on Susan Morrow than on his job. There's some beautiful scenery, some unusual shots in the logging mills, plus the usual amount of fight scenes and heroics.

RECORD ROUNDUP

TOPS IN MOVIE MUSIC

FERNANDO LAMAS' "Merry Widow" album for MGM... Nat King Cole's "Because You're Mine," from film of same name, and "I'm Never Satisfied" for Capitol... Jerry Lewis' "The Noisy Eater" album for Capitol... "Because You're Mine," from film of same name, and "Early Autumn" by Billy Eckstine for MGM... "The Ruby And The Pearl," from "Thunder In The East" and "Idaho" by Leroy Holmes for MGM... Danny Kaye's "No Two People" and "Thumbelina," and "Anywhere I Wander" and "Wonderful Copenhagen," all four songs from "Hans Christian Andersen" for Decca... Frankie Laine's "The Ruby And The Pearl," from "Thunder In The East," and "The Mermaid" for Columbia... Doris Day-Donald O'Connor dueting "No Two People," from "Hans Christian Andersen," and "You Can't Lose Me" for Columbia... Tony Bennett's "Anywhere I Wander," from "Hans Christian Andersen," and "Stay Where You Are" for Columbia... Walt Disney's "Robin Hood" album for Capitol... "A Man's Best Friend Is His Horse," from "The Toughest Man In Arizona," and "You'll Never Get Away" by Vaughn Monroe for Victor... Cindy Lord's "My Life, My Love," from "What Price Glory?" and "Mighty Lonesome Feelin'" for MGM...

TOPS IN POPS

EDDIE FISHER's "Outside Of Heaven" and "Lady Of Spain" for Victor... Johnnie Ray's "Faith Can Move Mountains" and "Love Me" for Columbia... Ella Mae Morse-Tennessee Ernie's "I'm Hog-Tied Over You" and "False Hearted Girl" for Capitol... Mills Brothers' "The Glow Worm" and "After All" for Decca... June Valli's "Tango" and "Mighty Lonesome Feelin'" for Victor... Diannah Shore's "Blues In Advance" and "Bella Musica" for Victor... Guy Lombardo's "Someday Along The Way" and "I Went To Your Wedding" for Decca... Tony Martin's "Don't Tempt Me" and "Forgive And Forget" for Victor... Ames Brothers' "My Favorite Song" and "Al-Lee-Ol Al-Lee-Ay" for Coral... Kay Starr's "Comes A Long A-Love" and "Three Letters" for Capitol... Jilla Webb's "The Love In Your Eyes" and "My Baby's Arms" for MGM...

GRAB BAG

MGM'S "Tom And Jerry And The Texas Rangers"... Walter Schumann's "Romance In The Air!" album for Columbia... Columbia's "Lee Wiley Sings Irving Berlin" album... Billy Eckstine's "Love Songs Of Rodgers And Hammerstein" album for MGM...
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HOW MUCH CAN A WOMAN TAKE...?

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

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

ABOVE AND BEYOND

STARRING

ROBERT TAYLOR • ELEANOR PARKER

WRITTEN BY

MELVYN FRANK, NORMAN PANAMA and BEIRNE LAY, JR.

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY

MELVYN FRANK and NORMAN PANAMA • AN M-G-M PICTURE
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

By Lynn Bowers

WELL, let’s see now—Lana kinda jumped into No. 1 spot on the gossip list when it got aired around that she and the South American wonder, Fernando Lamas, had their big rhubarb and he supposedly made some very un-gallant remarks about marriage to her and all that sort of stuff. Hollywood was pretty surprised that the fellow would come out so plain in print with those impolite (wild word) reasons for postponing their marriage and it set off a lot of speculation about whether there was a bit of opportunism on his part involved. Efter awl, he did get off to a whizzo start with her in “The Merry Widow,” but it won’t be the same in the new show, “Latin Lovers”—there won’t be so many closeups of Mr. L’s profile and more of the back of his head no doubt.

Neither beef that hit headline proportions happened with the tempestuous pair, Frankie and Ava. This, of course, isn’t the first argument they’ve had but it was by far the most serious and Frankie flew to Hollywood to have what he called a “showdown.” With Ava going to Africa and Europe on the eighteen-months tax deal (couple of pictures in that vicinity) it doesn’t look as if they’ll have much of a chance to fight. The latest quarrel didn’t keep these two aficionados from going to Tijuana for the bull fights. This, by the way, is getting to be one of Hollywood’s favorite amusements. Bull fights, that is. Well, family quarrels too for that matter.

When the top matador, Carlos Arruza, fought there it brought out all the enthusiasts—like Frankie and Ava, Lana with her business manager, Bob Stack, Gilbert Roland, Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin, and even Chata Wayne, who was still waiting around for the property settlement from the Duke. He had gone farther away in Mexico and Yucatan for a spell and Hollywood was optimistic that there would be a peaceful settlement of this marital hot potato.

Then, too, Hollywood got a look at Ginger’s new romance, the young Frenchman whom she met in Paris named Jacques Bergerac. He lost no time getting to Hollywood and Ginger’s touting him as a screen discovery. Hardly anybody got a look at him because their favorite dining and romancing spot was Holiday House, which is way up the road on the Pacific Ocean and too far for any but the most avidly curious to drive on the chance of seeing them.

The town got a look at Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor holding hands at Ciro’s during Johnnie Ray’s rainstorm there. Haven’t seen people so interested in a personality since Judy Garland made her big splash here months ago.

{(Please turn to page 8)
By MARY MARATHON

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

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

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

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

For a different—and torrid!—change of scene, make a note to catch “Tropic Zone” where the action (and there’s plenty of it) is recorded on a banana plantation in Puerto Barrancas. And if this doesn’t look like a cruise-stop, then I’ve been wasting

“Tropic Zone” is photographed in glorious Technicolor and stars Ronald Reagan, lovely red-head Rhonda Fleming and Estelita. It has to do with the struggle of the banana growers and the crooked shipping companies. Reagan, involved with the wrong girl, romance sparks some flaming action between rival banana-growers.

Before long, I’m going to be singing you a ditty... a music-loaded Technicolor dandy that’s worth a sonality—none other than the original “Woman of the Year,” Rhonda Fleming! The millions of records she’s sold are the office records that gal’s gonna break!

Maria Alberghetti and Lauritz Melchior.

Goodbye for now, fans, and happy movie-going!
This is kinda interesting—Judy and Johnnie are very palsy and after his performance at Ciro's he'd trek over to Judy's with his Marilyn and the two would sing like crazy. Judy stayed pretty much at home on account of, you know, expecting. But the whole movie colony would have given up their best Cadillacs to have had a seat at the Ray-Garland party.

The other two prominent mothers-to-be—Liz Taylor and Shell—well the beautiful Liz, who even looks more beautiful, was up to the rafters in getting the new house ready for the infant's arrival and poor ol' Shell had to spend much of her time flat on her back in the hospital, she was that sick. Had to be awful ill to give up her trip to Italy with Vittorio.

Joan Crawford's literally been snowed under with the most extravagantly admiring fan mail since she scared the screens of the country with her picture "Sudden Fear." Leave it to this gal, the undisputed glamour queen of Hollywood, to come up with something that pries the patrons loose from their popcorn boxes, not to mention the fact that Joan looks better and more magnetic than at any time in her fabulous screen career.

Looks as if Marilyn Monroe, who successfully keeps everybody guessing about whether she is or isn't Mrs. Joe DiMaggio, is gonna be one of the most prosperous bombshells in the picture business. 20th Century-Fox is asking for a hot quota of a million per pic outside her studio and are giving her a fabulous new contract. Can't say this little number isn't independent too—hasn't been too anxious to do interviews because she says the studio wants her to say one thing, but she'd rather say what she thinks—and does, too. More good copy and the ulcer rate in the publicity department at 20th is up considerably.

Got one of the best-looking athlets in the country coming to Hollywood, maybe, the Greek slave, Dimitrios, in Frank Ross' production of "The Robe." The muscle boy is Bob Mathias, football hero at Stanford and the Olympic decathlon winner. He shore is a looker. His competition in the film just might be England's newest contribution to the American cinema, Richard Burton, who ain't so bad himself.

Considerable speculation about just why Mary Pickford walked out of her much touted comeback picture, "Circle Of Fire," which used to be known as "The Librarian." Well, Stanley Kramer, the producer who has been working with Mary for over a year on this project, kinda forgot his disappointment when Barbara Stanwyck accepted his offer to step into the void Miss Pickford created when she ankled. So I'll bet all of you characters who've never seen "our Mary" on the screen will keep right on not seeing her.

Every chick and child in these parts seemed to take the return of Zsa Zsa Gabor with calmness and equanimity. She flew in from Europe and her verbal battles over John Huston's "Moulin Rouge" picture, straight into the arms of her not-always-lovin' husband, George Sanders. Well, we'll just sit back and relax and see what type storm the hurricane Hungarian stirs up here. Things have been rather quiet.

The tall, elegant Mr. S., you know, is Ethel Merman's romantic interest in the filmusical, "Call Me Madam." Gonna break loose and sing, he is. A while back he was invited to break in his voice on Broadway in "South Pacific," but he got chicken and turned it down. Everybody's just currazy about Ethel Merman, and her gowns are going to be just the utter end, they're that spectacular.

(Please turn to page 10)
When they sing... your heart dances!
When they dance... your heart sings!

April in Paris

WITH CLAUDE DAUPHIN

IN COLOR BY

TECHNICOLOR

WITH 10 SUNSHINY SONG HITS!

WRITTEN BY
JACK ROSE & MELVILLE SHAVELSON

MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY MEHLMAN

PRODUCED BY
WILLIAM JACOBS • DAVID BUTLER
We’re still reeling and staggering from the impact of seeing “Come Back, Little Sheba”—it’s that great. If Shirley Booth doesn’t walk off hands down (a neat trick, don’t you agree) with this year’s Oscar for this performance, then we’re just going to give up. Never saw anything like her in my entire life.

Tallulah blew into town for a fast week to do her TV show and the part she plays in “Main Street To Broadway,” a novel-type motion picture that will have millions of stars in same. Tallulah asked for, and got, natch, a special dispensation before she’d consent to do the picture. Her good friend, George Cukor, is going to direct her in one sequence with Gaynor Garnett picking up from there. All her chums wished she could stick around—it’s a much brighter city with Miss Bankhead holding forth. When she reported on the Goldwyn lot, there was a big banner out front saying, “Welcome Tallulah.”

Tony Curtis may not have to worry so much in the future about finances. He’s got a new contract at U-I that’ll keep him and his Janet in the style they’ve never been able to afford. Guess the boy’s earned it, too—and loved every minute of being a movie glammer kid. Hear awfully good things about both of these cute kids in their “Houdini” picture at Paramount.

It’s going to be some anatomical duel in “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes” with Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell both in there a-pitchin’, huh? Stroke of sheer genius to match these two dreamboats against each other.

Jane Wyman’s a happy girl. Finally she gets exactly the kind of picture she’s been waiting for all along—a love story with pullently of sexy, beautiful dresses, a song or two, a gag dance that’s both sexy and funny and Columbia’s new white hope, Aldo Ray. It’s called, “Love Song,” and

Meeting Debbie Reynolds at a party, William Powell congratulates her on rising career.

it’ll team Janie and Ray Milland again—only this time Ray isn’t going to be a drunk, like he was in their other pic together, “Lost Weekend.”

Lex Barker’s getting to be known as the town’s most enthusiastic bachelor since his split-up with the beautiful Arlene Dahl. Different girl, different night spot every evening. Watch out, Tarzan, when you’re swinging from the trees—you don’t stay in trim for the jungle by living in the bistros.

If Bob and Bing have their way, they’ll keep right on making “Road” pictures with Dorothy Lamour. “Road To Bali” is the new one, then they plan one called “Road To The Moon” and hope to have another on the fire—”Road To Barney.” Both Bob and Bing got back from their European trips about the same time—got in a golf game in England that had to be called off because so many fans showed up there wasn’t room for that little ole golf ball to move around in.

Esther Williams’ all burned up because there have been hecklers saying she and Ben Gage are having difficulty at home. She says they were never happier and these people who report they aren’t can go and try in somebody else’s life. Hear the real hot scenes in “Dangerous When Wet” between her and Fernando Lamas are going to cause a riot when the pic’s released.

It’s kind of disappointing to hear that Mitzi Gaynor broke her long-standing engagement to attorney Richard Coyle just about the time they were scheduled to get married. Mitzi promised her mother she wouldn’t marry until she was 21. Well, just about the time she hit that age the whole thing was called off. Another romance for Mitzi is going the rumor rounds but nothing gets in print about it.

(Please turn to page 12)
O'Hara.

* * *

John Derek's just about the happiest man alive since Dale Robertson loaned him one of his beautiful quarter-horses. John's built a stable for his house guest and he rides like the wind all over the valley on Diamond, which is the horse's name. John, you might not know, used to break horses when he was a kid for people like Will Rogers and Leo Carrillo and he's one of the best horsemen in this here town.

* * *

Kirk Douglas, in Israel making "The Juggler," has just about decided to stay around in Europe for the 18-month tax ride. When the company was en route to Israel they had a stop-over in Paris but on accounta passport trouble they were confined to the airport during their (Please turn to page 73)

Jan Sterling, now in "Rock Grayson's Women," at Ciro's with husband Paul Douglas.

If he asks you to a house party—

☐ Get it in writing  ☐ Go as his guest

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

Do you think a "fascia" is—

☐ A lady Fascist  ☐ Fine for any figure

You love the "dash" a fascia gives—but unless you're the tall, lean type this broad draped cummerbund is not for you. To flatten a plus-size muffin, get a narrower style; helps boost your height, if you're pint-sized. To hoist your poise (on certain days) get the extra protection Kotex gives. Remember, that special safety center helps prevent "accidents."

Is this doodler showing signs of—

☐ The Zodiac  ☐ Genius  ☐ Warning

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

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

How to prepare for "certain" days?

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

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure extra comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight sanitary belt's non-twisting... non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. Dries pronto! So don't wait; buy a new Kotex belt now. Buy two—for a change!
THE talented artistry of Shirley Booth and the marquee draw of Burt Lancaster have been combined in this Hal Wallis production of author William Inge's Theatre Guild hit. There is little doubt that Shirley Booth will get an Academy Award nomination for her interpretation of the slovenly, loveless Lola Delaney. Lancaster, although still rather athletic looking, has been remarkably aged for the role of Doe Delaney, whose passiveness to his wife camouflages his secret bitterness against their enforced marriage and his abandonment of a medical career. Theirs is a marriage of frustrations, with Lola associating her lost youth with the disappearance of her dog, Little Sheba. Doe re-captures his youth in college roomer Terry Moore, and when she becomes involved with Richard Jaeckel, he feels she is being trapped just as he was many years ago. His hidden resentment suddenly explodes in an alcoholic binge and a butcher knife attack against his wife. Director Daniel Mann extracts top notch performances from all of the performers, but there is small doubt that it's Shirley Booth who will reap the critic's kudos.

THE LUSTY MEN

OFF-BEAT WESTERN—Wald-Krasna—RKO

THE rodeo circuit furnishes an exciting background for stars Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum and Arthur Kennedy. Susan and Mitchum are pitted against each other throughout the film, and when the redhead clashes with a tight-lipped cowpoke the results spell combustion. Susie's a former waitress married to cowboy Arthur Kennedy. Their prime goal is to get their own land. Kennedy, however, realizes that his ranch job is long on man power and short on...
crowning power, so when Mitchum, a former rodeo champ, drifts onto the ranch, Kennedy begins to see a short-cut to getting his own stake-out. Mitchum finally agrees to train and manage him for rodeos—partially for the money and partially for his interest in Susan. Once the trio hits big time rodeo and becomes involved with the circuit crowd there's plenty of explosions, verbal lashings and cracking tension.

**THE IRON MISTRESS**

IN **WarnerColor**—**Warner Bros.**

**A** **LAN** **LADD** makes his debut under the Warner banner as bayou backwoodsman Jim Bowie—inventor of the famed Bowie knife. Story opens in early New Orleans in the days of flaring tempers and frequent duels, which offers Ladd plenty of opportunity for some high-powered fight scenes. It's during his first trip to the southern city that Bowie meets Narcisse de Bornay (Douglas Dick) and his sister Judalon (Virginia Mayo). Bowie falls in love with Judalon, a coquettish vixen, whose prime interests are money and men—in that order. When the couple have a lover's quarrel, her admirers challenge him to a duel. Uneducated in the gentleman's code of dueling with swords or pistols, Bowie chooses his knife, which eventually becomes his "Iron Mistress," for either directly or indirectly he is forced to participate in eight killings. The blond co-stars make a handsome duo in this Henry Blanke production which has been given top drawer treatment in every department. Gordon Douglas directed.

Cowboy Arthur Kennedy and wife Susan Hayward plan to risk rodeo circuit in "The Lusty Men."

**THE STOOGE**

**I** **T'S FOR REAL**—**Hal Wallis-Paramount**

**H**ere's one of the better Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis comedies. Unlike the pair's other cinema shenanigans, this one has a story line, with Martin's part considerably enlarged. Dean's a hot-shot vaudevillian who tries to do a single act, flops miserably, and then hires a stooge (Jerry Lewis, who else?) to pep up his act. Lewis sizzles Martin into the big time—and a big head. Although

Flirtation while dancing suits shy Ray Bolger and saucy Doris Day, an American chorus girl mistakenly sent to high-brow International Art Festival in "April In Paris."
agent Eddie Mayehoff and Dean’s wife (Polly Bergen) try to get him to recognize Lewis as a partner, not a stooge, it takes a severe lesson from the public to set him straight. The film, which gets underway at a fair pace, really zings-up when the boys are doing their theatrical routines—Dean on stage and Jerry heckling from a box. Best song presentation: “A Girl Named Mary and A Boy Named Bill.”

APRIL IN PARIS

Fun-For-All—Warner Bros.

DORIS DAY bounces her way to Paree and Ray Bolger’s arms in this Technicolor salute to the City of Romance. As an ambitious State Department aide, Bolger is mauling out invitations to an International Art Festival in France, when he accidentally puts the coveted bid meant for Ethel Barrymore into an envelope addressed to chorine Ethel “Dynamite” Jackson (Doris). Although he immediately informs “Dynamite” of the mistake, the news reaches his superior and the press who think it a most “democratic experiment.” Now Bolger must reverse strategy and persuade the chorine to accompany his boss, himself and three scholars to Paris. Before the end of the voyage “Dynamite” has met Gallic waiter (Claude Dauphin) and together they manage to stand the entire U.S. delegation on its ear with their antics, particularly Bolger who has fallen in love with the chorus girl. There’s lots of lively songs and dances in this Parisian potpourri including a delightful production number in the ship’s galley featuring Doris, Dauphin and Bolger entitled, “I’m Going To Ring The Bell Tonight.”

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

RANDY TRIUMPHS—Warner Bros.

WHEN Randolph Scott rides into the little pueblo of Los Angeles, he bears secret credentials empowering him to investigate military installations. Only men to know his real identity are Army buddies Alan Hale Jr. and Dick Wesson. Scott, in need of a suitable disguise to carry out his orders, overhears Philip Carey, captain of the local post, announce that he is going to marry and retire school teacher, Patrice Wynnore. Scott immediately announces that he is the new replacement. Since school will not resume for several weeks, he has plenty of time to uncover a water monopoly that threatens to choke out the tiny settlement. He also finds time to investigate military headquarters, promote Carey in the Army and demote him with Patrice—who winds up back in school with an apple and a kiss from Scott, plus some pretty close-ups in WarnerColor.

THE STEEL TRAP

THRILL SPECIAL—20th Century-Fox

HAVE you ever wondered how you could get a million dollars? Joseph Cotten gives his answer in Bert Freedlob’s spine tingling account of a bank executive who steals a suitcase full of currency and tries to skip the country before the bank reopens Monday morning. Cotten seems to have it a mile too easy getting his hands on the grimy greenbacks, but if you can overlook this story improbability then you are in for a wild weekend. Cotten, a staid vice president married to Teresa Wright tells her he is being sent on business to Brazil (which has no extradition law with this country.) Teresa accompanies him and they are within hours of Brazil when her husband discovers his plot and deserts her. Then begins Cotten’s frantic frenzy to return the cash before the bank opens Monday and to win his wife’s affection. The film, which offers as many chills as an air conditioner in Winter, is kept at a tense pace by director Andrew Stone.

THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL

STAR STUDDED—MGM

MASTERMINDED by director Vincente Minnelli five power-packed performances are turned in for this tale of behind-the-scenes Hollywood. Top honors are divided by Lana Turner as a down-and-out bit player who hits the bottle when things get too tough and Kirk Douglas, who plays another of those heels with sex appeal. Douglas as Jonathan Shields is determined to make his name again mean something in the movie world. How he ruthlessly uses everyone that comes in contact with him forms the basis for the film. There’s his director (Barry Sullivan), whose idea he steals to win an Academy Award for himself. There’s Lana Turner, his star, with whom he fosters an off-the-set romance until
Government agent Randolph Scott has to play rough in "The Man Behind The Gun," story of early Western settlers. Also shown are Anthony Caruso, Clancy Cooper, Dick Wesson.

the film is completed. Also subject to the Shields "technique" are Dick Powell, a popular novelist, and Walter Pidgeon, the producer who gives Shields his start. When he starts hitting the skids it is to these four people that he must turn for aid, and as Sullivan bitterly reminisces, "Working for Shields isn't an assignment—it's an experience." Although film does not offer totally realistic view of cross-section Hollywood, stars' acting will preen over any story faults.

AGAINST ALL FLAGS
PIRATE ADVENTURE—Universal—International

WHEN spitfire Maureen O'Hara meets swashbuckling Errol Flynn you know you're in for a dash of romance, daring exploits and a double portion of adventure. Technicolor epic has young ship's officer (Flynn) sent to spike the big guns on Diego Suarez so that a British warship can invade the pirate stronghold, which lies between two rich Indian Ocean lanes. Although masquerading as a soldier-of-fortune Flynn is suspected of being a spy until the intervention of Spitfire Stevens (Maureen O'Hara), a captain high in the pirate's council. It is Spitfire's late father who designed the pirate's guns and it is she who has the map explaining their assemblage. Flynn, who pays frequent visits to her apartment to memorize details of the map, begins to find it an enjoyable task. Some sizzling romantic scenes, plus some high tension action wind-up details in this Howard Christie production, directed by George Sherman.

Ruthless Kirk Douglas takes advantage of lovely Lana Turner, Barry Sullivan, Dick Powell and Walter Pidgeon to further his Hollywood career in "The Bad And The Beautiful."
THE STORY OF RUBY GENTRY, WHO WRECKED A WHOLE TOWN--

MAN BY MAN

...SIN BY SIN!

Ruby Gentry!

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

Jennifer Jones
Charlton Heston
Karl Malden

with Tom Tully, Bernard Phillips, James Anderson, Josephine Hutchinson, Phyllis Avery, Herbert Heyes

Produced by
Joseph Bernhard & King Vidor

Directed by
Screenplay by
King Vidor, Silvia Richards

Story by Arthur Fitz-Richard, Released by 20th Century-Fox
NEWSREEL

Jeanne Crain, hubby Paul Brinkman, minus mustache, at Beverly Hills Hotel party.

Joan Davis and Edgar Bergen get shakes from snakes-in-the-box at goony party given by Eddie Cantor, Jerry Lewis, Donald O'Connor at Brown Derby.

Right: Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis show rehearsal strain preparing for their TV Comedy Hour. It all looks so easy when they perform, but getting it ready—ouch!

Below: Dan Dailey took Pat Hardy to party for Rhonda Fleming and her new husband, Dr. Lew Morrill. Dan and Constance Smith no longer seem to be a constant twosome.
All in the spirit of fun, Jane Wyman watches rehearsal of Masquers' Club Benefit Revel, in which she appeared as burlesque queen.

Janet Leigh watches Revel from backstage, unaware of fotog. Appearing currently in "Houdini," she displays a magical beauty.

Piper Laurie and Debra Paget, rising young stars, are thrilled by bursts of real-life audience applause at Revel.
NEWSREEL

Karen Sharpe, Elaine Stewart and Piper Laurie decked in gorgeous Revel costumes.

"Who can this be?" wonders Peggy Lee when Dan Dailey, in minstrel garb, greets her.


Danny Thomas chats with old-time comedians, Harrigan and Schultz, finds they are really Benny Rubin and Dennis Day, doing act for benefit.

Jan Sterling arranges details with prop man before her number. She is currently in "Pony Express" and "Rock Grayson's Women."
Cupid and the stork were just as busy as ever in Hollywood during 1952, but the happiness they brought was over-shadowed by many unforeseen events and much heartbreak.

By Fredda Dudley Balling

A FAMED Hollywood astrologer, when consulted by a client during the first week in January, 1952, regarded his charts grimly and observed, "This is one of those years most people would like to skip. Of course, for some it is going to be the climactic year, the year of peak achievement and peak happiness, but for the vast majority of the world's population it is going to bring increasing worry, work, confusion, and—yes—even heartbreak."

The prognosis seems to have had merit. No one can remember a year in Hollywood during which so much unhappiness has been caused by one single type of tragedy: the loss of children.

The Gene Nelsons lost their second, and deeply wanted, child on January 1; an equally great tragedy was the death...
Craig Stevens, Alexis Smith, John Garfield.
Death came to John, Alexis and Craig parted.

About to greet the long-legged bird for a third time is Eleanor Parker, Bert Friedlob.

Sadness entered the lives of Dale Evans and Roy Rogers. They lost two-year-old daughter.

FACTS OF LIFE

Ezio Pinza, with Mrs. Pinza, became a grandfather for the second time via his daughter.

At birth of the son of Mercedes McCambridge and Fletcher Markle on January 31.

Frances and Edgar Bergen lost an expected second baby on February 3, and in June, Bobbe Fidler and John Sutton lost their first child. In July, Lita Baron and Rory Calhoun lost their expected first youngster, and on August 24, little Robin Elizabeth Rogers died. She had been delicate since birth, suffering a heart ailment, and a combination of mumps, a virus infection and teething troubles proved to be too great for her delicate constitution to withstand.

In September, Jean Wallace and Cornel Wilde lost their greatly-wanted first youngster, and on September 18, Marilyn Morrison and Johnnie Ray’s nursery plans were destroyed.

Cruel as the stork was to some, he was a magnanimous bird to others. On January 8, he delivered a 7 lb. 8 oz. son, Anthony Peter, to Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw.

In New York a 7 lb. 9 oz. daughter was delivered to Betty Lou Walters and Ken Murray.

February babies were delivered to Ella Raines and Colonel Robin Olds (daughter, Christiana), and—in a roundabout way—to Ezio Pinza, Ezio became a glamorous grandfather for the second time when a little girl, named Donna Marina, was born to Claudia, Ezio’s daughter by his first marriage.

On Washington’s Birthday, Bette Davis and Gary Merrill acquired one-month-old Michael Woodman Merrill via adoption, bringing the census in (Please turn to page 58)

In his dreams Danny fails to rescue the lovely ballerina from "cruel" husband, played by Farley Granger.

French ballerina Jeanmaire, who won fame in U. S. two years ago for ballet of "Carmen," has femme lead in film.

Hans Chris
tian Kaye!

THE part of Hans Christian Andersen, Danish spinner of children's tales, is wonderfully suited to the fanciful humor and pantomime of Danny Kaye. As Hans, a cobbler, he fashions slippers that "walk on air" for a premiere ballerina (Jeanmaire), falls in love with her, fancies himself her hero. (This after Hans is expelled from his village for luring children from school with stories.) Jeanmaire interprets one of his stories in ballet and he becomes a national hero! Danny gained popularity originally as a nightclub entertainer. Two Broadway successes showed acting genius, led to first movie, in 1943, "Up In Arms."

Danny imagines his wedding to the beautiful ballerina, whom he can have only in his dreams.

As in "Hans Christian Andersen," Danny attracts the children between scenes with his own stories.

Farley and Jeanmaire are husband and wife in the Goldwyn $4,000,000 Technicolor film.
WHAT can love do to Rock Hudson now?
This doesn't depend entirely on the women in his private life. His present attitude already has tipped the scales.
As this new year commences, his romantic record in 1953 can be predicted, once you know him as he is. Beyond a doubt, the big guy has dared to learn a lot about love so far. He still has other chapters to begin.

An accurate analysis of his personality and what appeals to him brings part of the answer to the question of whether he will be hurt by love. Rock's response today really reveals far more.
I see enough of him to respect his stand. He has definite ideas of his own, and I suspect that telling on him here might be better than the half-truths in all the guessing games going on about Hudson's heart.

He is this month's Male of the Moment because the searching spotlight is turned on him. Right now Rock is rising faster in nationwide popularity than any other actor, according to exhibitor polls. As the result, his situation has changed in Hollywood.
At his studio he is regarded as a full-fledged star. This wins him his chance at roles that are more than merely rugged. In his new picture, Universal-International's "The Lawless Breed," he is considerably more than the towering, handsome, two-fisted adventurer. Surprisingly, he plays an eighteen-year-old at the start, and ages so skillfully in the dramatic action that he is convincing in his forties and the father of a sixteen-year-old son before the climax.

Two opposite kinds of kisses were quickly ordered into this story as soon as it was slated for Rock. His (Please turn to page 61)
Rock and Yvonne De Carlo make torrid combination. Rock admires truly feminine women.

The big guy has dared to learn a lot about love so far. He admits women have hurt him.

Older and wiser, Rock Hudson knows now what love demands and won’t let himself love deeply again until he is prepared

By Ben Maddox
What Kinsey
Would Find In Hollywood!

Because a girl plays a screen role with the expertness of an Amber or Scarlett O'Hara doesn't necessarily mean that she is that way in the privacy of her own home.

TIME today is busily whiling away the minutes before the zero hour that all America awaits with eager anticipation—and an equal amount of embarrassment. Shortly after the turn of the year, Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's "Sexual Behavior In The Human Female" will make its bow, and Hollywood, with its current heavy emphasis on sex, is wondering what he will have to say about that.

When "Sexual Behavior In The Human Male" was published a short four years ago, strong men trembled at seeing their most secret and intimate sexual techniques ruthlessly (if helpfully) laid bare. Now, in the forthcoming exhaustive findings of the man who knows more about men, women and their intimate relations than anyone else on earth, it is the turn of the women to wonder and shiver.

Even more than the rest of America, Hollywood is agog with curiosity. After all the shocking things that have been laid at Hollywood's door, the people out there wouldn't be human if they didn't look forward with glee to a report that will show there's plenty of sex going on in other towns, too.

And at the same time, Hollywood is curious to know how Dr. Kinsey will treat one question: In a town where sex is a commercialized product, glorified and packaged for its entertainment values, will the individual be portrayed in an exaggerated guise? Will Dr. Kinsey reveal that when it comes to sex and the exponents of sex, Hollywood has it all over every other town in the United States?

Before that (Please turn to page 63)

By Michael Sheridan

Women outside of Hollywood have wed oftener than Rita.

Left: Marilyn Monroe is no less moral than the sexy-looking girls in your own hometown.

Because she was a movie star, Ava got more than her share of barbs for marrying Frank.

The Jimmy Stewarts, with their twins, enjoy happy home life in heart of Hollywood.
CATCHING

Jimmy and his fiancée, Margie Little, on Queen Mary en route to London for engagement at Palladium.

Bette Davis rehearsing for her guest spot on Jimmy's TV program. There's nothing about show business Jimmy doesn't know.

An outstanding TV favorite, Jimmy Durante puts his every ounce of effort into performances and friendships, never letting down an audience or pal.

JIMMY DURANTE

"Public Profile" business as a growth business means a lot more heart than you think. As Jimmy Durante you get 40 years in show business as the booking headliner for the NBC television show. You know you have a lot of heart and soul in the show. The day we watched a production number with Jimmy Durante. Besides singing a catch Debonair, he was kicking up a dance routine in which he was spinning and swirling him around, muscles were showin'.

When the director finally called for a five-minute break, Jimmy darted off the stage—and then sauntered over to where his pal, Eddie Jackson, and we were talking. He didn't intrude on any of the conversations, but round smiling and fanning himself with his hand, and spinning and swirling him around. muscles were showin'.

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Jimmy Durante, singer, found his magic in the early 1930s when he was with the Veteren's Improved Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. His new-found magic brought him the roles, now starring in nightclubs and television shows. Jimmy's career has spanned over 72 years and he is still going strong. His talent and charisma have made him a legend in the entertainment industry.

Jimmy Durante's career has been filled with memorable performances, from his early days in vaudeville to his later appearances on television. He has starred in numerous films and has been the subject of many articles and books. Despite his fame, Durante remained modest and down-to-earth, always willing to share his stories and insights with those who knew him well.

His love for music and his passion for performance have inspired generations of entertainers. Durante's legacy lives on through his music, his films, and his impact on the entertainment industry. His influence can be seen in the many artists and performers who have been inspired by his example. His legacy is a testament to his talent, his dedication, and his commitment to his craft.

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UP WITH PROFILE NO. 1

With Margaret Truman who quips about dynamic Jimmy, "His show is the most athletic in town!"

Jimmy doesn't get much time for golf what with his TV show keeping him so busy. Louise Martel interrupting.

Gloria Swanson calls her appearance on Jimmy's show one of life's happiest experiences.

By Reba and Bonnie Churchill
Now she's traveled half-way round the world—yet four years ago Joan Rice was thrilled to start working and living in a big city, London. (Born in Derby, she spent eight years in a convent school in Nottingham and then worked as a lady's maid.) Her London waitress job with Lyon's restaurants entitled her to enter the Lyon's Beauty Contest which she won; this led to small movie parts. International fame came when J. Arthur Rank picked Joan for the part of Marian in "The Story Of Robin Hood," playing opposite Richard Todd. Her forthcoming role as a Fiji island girl, opposite Burt Lancaster in "His Majesty O'Keefe," whisked her to the Fijis with short stops for personal appearances in New York City and Hollywood.

Joan, with Richard Todd, scored triumph in Disney's "Robin Hood."

"Love" is the meaning of this Polynesian dance gesture shown Joan by Hilo Hattie in Islander Room of Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. Joan looks forward to role in "His Majesty O'Keefe."

Weary after Hollywood tour. Within 48 hours after getting Fij role, Joan became engaged to Martin Boyce, son of English manufacturer. Then left for faraway film location in Fiji Islands.
THEIR fourth wedding anniversary seems like something special to Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield—they have such a wonderfully close and happy married life. So they planned a Winter cruise as their gift to each other. (This second honeymoon couldn't be more hectic than their first, they reason, when their car broke down in the middle of the desert and they had to spend part of their wedding night being towed to a garage.) John wanted to give Corinne something extra, though, to show the other vacationists what a really glamorous woman she is, so he decided on a brand new bathing suit. Then he began to wonder about color and size and almost gave up the idea. Hearing of the Rose Marie Reid doll gift certificate, he knew he'd found the solution. Delighted with the certificate, Corinne chose a lovely bathing suit becoming her scrumptious figure!
Corinne and John love to plan trips together whether imaginary or real. Here they consider tempting alternatives before finally deciding to embark on Winter cruise.

Packing is no chore for Corinne, since tours have her traveling at least 15,000 miles a year. But part of the fun of a pleasure trip comes from the planning.


"What are you hiding behind your back?" wonders Corinne. It's a Rose Marie Reid doll certificate, John's special gift to her. With it she received the bathing suit she is wearing at left.
Terry and Richard Jaeckel learn there is more to a movie kiss than just "doing it naturally." Reading script, they plan kissing sequence carefully together.

Below: Terry and Dick practice scene, keeping camera angles in mind. Positions which seem comfortable to the actors may look awkward on screen.

TERRY MOORE, who, despite mediocre roles, has been threatening to break out into screen prominence, finally carries out the threat as sexy Marie Buckhalter in "Come Back, Little Sheba," Hal Wallis' vivid adaptation of the prize-winning stage success. And this, in the face of outstanding performances by top stars Shirley Booth and Burt Lancaster, who play lead roles of Lola and Doc Delaney. After seven years in films, Terry is known on the set as an infallible actress who never muffs a line; but not until this role were her deep emotional possibilities realized. As a young art student rooming with the Delaneys, she encourages advances of athlete Richard Jaeckel, who models for sketches.

Although Terry and Dick are seldom apart throughout the film, she is engaged to, and in the end marries, another.

Doc Delaney doesn't need keen eyesight to gather there is something brewing between roomer and her boy friend.
On!

A tasty dish, Terry is five foot two, 105 pounds, dark blonde with blue eyes.

Terry gives the emotion, timing and delicate interpretation to a role that are found only among the most mature talented actresses.
A YOUNG British journalist approached the table where I was having lunch with Gene Kelly in London recently. His ears turned pink and his eyes lit up with interest when he heard what Gene was saying.

"Do you realize," Gene was asking, "what a break the chance to take a girl dancing gives a romance-minded guy?" He grinned at me. "Suppose you’re dating a fellow for the first time, and he immediately tries to hold hands—you might think he was a pretty fresh guy.

"Yet on the dance floor," expounded Gene, "he closely encircles you with one arm, you hold hands—and you may even place your cheek against his. Let him try the same thing on the living-room couch and he gets his face slapped!"

Gene paused to greet the newspaper reporter, who had by now whipped out the notebook he just happened to have handy and who said, "Look here, Kelly

—now I'm beginning to understand how you dare to make a movie without story or dialogue, only dance. If dancing is that romantic," he reasoned, "then a movie that's all dancing should be the most romantic ever made?"

He ended with a question, looking expectantly at Gene, who smilingly retorted, "Look here, Lewin (the reporter's name), "I didn't say that, you did. And you may be right, but—I didn't say it."

With that, the reporter good-naturedly put his notebook away and drifted along. Gene explained that the plot-less, word-less movie he's directing and dancing in, "Invitation To The Dance," seems to be regarded as a great experiment but that he thinks it's absolutely commercial because the appeal of dancing is universal.

He arrested the motion of a forkful of roast beef in mid-air to declare, "I don't say that ballet is enjoyed everywhere. It might be considered long-hair in Keokuk, but the whole world responds to the movement and meaning of dancing."

"Young lovers, especially," I smilingly prodded him back to the subject of dancing as a part of romance.

"Do you realize," he pointedly replied, "that dancing in America is an accepted form of courtship? Dancing is a tribal custom—it's a (Please turn to page 66)"
Through films, Gene Kelly is teaching the world to know what dancing can be when it's freed from the bonds of convention

By Denny Shane
WHEN a particularly wacky record, lyric-wise, called "Come On-A My House" hit the nation’s juke boxes a while back, few guessed that it would have great meaning to Paramount Studios.

But look what happened. The young lady who sang the ditty and made it a sensation, a Rosemary Clooney by name, caught Paramount’s eyes and the studio induced her to ink her name to a delightful contract. She's now in a picture called "The Stars Are Singing." The result? Rosemary Clooney is the hottest new star personality in Hollywood.

As for Paramount, the studio is so happy that even Betty Hutton’s surprising departure has not left them aching too much.

Rosemary still shudders, however, when she thinks how closely she came to not making that fateful record. "Ever since I was a kid I'd wanted to be an actress," the honey-haired, husky-voiced star said. "I used to spend every quarter I could get my hands on to go to a movie. I was a real fan."

"As for 'Come-On-A-My-House' it didn't actually get me the contract with Paramount—but it helped. Yet, when I was approached by Columbia Records to record the number written by William Saroyan and Ross Bagdasarian, I was set against it. In the first place it was in a dialect and this seemed too far off the beaten track for me. I just felt I couldn’t do the song—period. But Mitch Miller, head of the Artists and Repertoire at Columbia, talked me into it. And am I glad he did!"

"After I made the recording I left for Miami Beach to appear at a nightclub. While I was gone Columbia rushed through the recordings and pressed enough copies to distribute to leading record shops in the New York area. The day I got back in town every shop on Broadway was (Please turn to page 68)
Day?

Recording with Harry James. Rosemary has few equals in turning out smash disc hits.
All For Fun and Charity

Left: Tony Curtis, Hugh O'Brian, Jeff Chandler had all played baseball in school and couldn't help but take the game seriously at times. They made sparkling plays and hit the ball hard.
As Usual, the annual "Out Of This World" series game, sponsored by the Hollywood Junior Chamber of Commerce, was an all-around success. This sixth hilarious encounter between the male stars and comics brought the total funds for distribution among youth organizations up to more than $60,000. No real score was kept because the game itself is not taken seriously by players or spectators. It's all for fun and charity. A crowd of 8,000 fans (movie, that is) watched the game in which a good laugh counted for more than a home run. The glamorous bat girls and cheer leaders were an added treat.

Dale Robertson, Rosemarie in longies and Buddy Baer. Game was finally called a tie.

Keenan Wynn brought his motorcycle. Drove runners, like Aldo Ray, around the bases.

Mickey Rooney obliges with autograph. The fans had a busy evening collecting them.
that she's

about the workingest doll in this
called Hollywood. She wants it
to be the unofficial motto of this
cream skin who has reminded
courtesans of Louis XIV's court

We hasten to add that we are
the less conventional beauties of
it need not strain so! But this
pictures a year, as she could, she wan-
and radio guest shots, has her own lin-
lines are sold in more than 100 stores around
ally, is "doing" her new house completely from
with nothing except a few dishes and linens. She
syndicated in some 50 papers thrice weekly.

are developing a new line of cos-
in the chemists, acting as guinea pig in trials with

dreaming up advertising and marketing ideas.

There's no man in her immediate future plans, nor for quite a while," she adds.

"I am in the process of straightening out my life. It was a terrible
blow to Lex and me when we finally found it best to end our marriage
in divorce," she explains. "We tried very hard (Please turn to page 70)

If there had been another man in plans, she could have gone to Nevada for
quick divorce. (It takes a year in California.) Meantime she is avoiding dates.
Miss Dahl again

"I am in the process of straightening out my life," says energetic Arlene

By Dorothy O'Leary

Bursting with ideas, Arlene uses her early art training: designs popular line of lingerie and is decorating her new "Hansel And Gretel" house.
Dance out the old year, sing in the new! Gower plans their dances, Marge makes suggestions. Now they're studying drama.

Left: A make-believe desert safari at home. Marge loves new clothes, Gower prefers beat-up kind. She gardens, but he doesn't.

inseparable
With imagination, the Champions relax at home as if it were the beach. After years of traveling, they're glad to have a real home.

Marge gets a kick out of doing exercises. Here she warms up for a scene in "Everything I Have Is Yours."

Together they work, play, plan and live together, as well; yet Marge and Gower Champion love each other's constant company for they keep their own viewpoints. They knew each other as youngsters, but did plenty of growing up before they became husband and wife five years ago. After study with Marge's dad, Ernest Belcher (one of the top dance instructors on the Coast), Gower went on to youthful dancing prominence with another partner, Jean Tyler. Marge was doing bits on Broadway when Gower, out of the Army, looked her up and they developed routines together.

Combining originality and precision, the Champions prepare for forthcoming film, "Give A Girl A Break."

partners
Those Eleventh Hour Gifts!

a. Last-minute gifts for a man: Gillette Gift Set supplies Super Speed Razor Set, extra dispenser with 10 Blue Blades, tube of Gillette Shave Cream—all for $1.75. At NEISNER BROS. Stores. Four-in-Hand ties in a variety of patterns. Just 69c. At KRESGE Stores.

b. Short-cuts to the feminine heart—the bracelet and necklace set comes in two versions, each in its own velvet-lined gift box. $1.19 a set at McCORY Stores. NEWBERRY Stores have the embroidered petticoat in a number of pretty colors ($2.98) and the musical powder box ($2.98).

c. For the tiniest members of the family, this dainty 3-piece set comes boxed with a gift card. Of crimp-set nylon, in white, pink, blue, maize or mint. $2.98. These infants’ moccasins have white rabbit fur collar. Each pair is gift-boxed. $1.98. Both from KRESGE.

d. Twin dolls have Latex rubber bodies and vinyl heads. Each costs $3.98. At McLellan Stores. “Fairy Skin” doll sleeps, coos, is unbreakable and washable. Her “Miracle Hair” can be washed and curled (comes with curlers). $7.98. At SCOTT and BEN FRANKLIN Stores.

e. This pure wool sweater is embroidered in gold thread and studded with pearls. It comes in white, black, pink or mint. For sizes 34 to 40. Just $5.98. Nylon Tricot blouse has 3/4-length sleeves. $3.98. For sizes 32 to 38. White only. Both at W. T. GRANT.

f. Connie Towers, NBC-TV actress, models one of the new Spring suits from W. T. GRANT Co. Stores, priced at $7.98. These unlined suits have bound seams, come in junior, misses’ and half sizes, in red, navy, gray and neon-blue. Her hat, $3.98. Smart box bag, $2.98.
screenland

variety shopping

Prices subject to change. For nearest store, write to Dept. V.V., SCREENLAND Magazine
RITA GAM, who models these separates, co-stars with Ray Milland in the United Artist release, "The Thief," a new film without dialogue. She wears handsome taffeta skirt styled by Sol Hazen of Lloyd Sportswear, priced at $3.98. Her sweater of Santforlan treated zephyr wool costs $3.98. Comes in black, white, pastels and jewel tones. Rita dresses up these separates by adding ropes of pearls, bracelets and a black velvet belt. Sweater, skirt and jewelry all may be purchased at S. S. KRESGE stores.

Black skirt and sweater can go anywhere. These from S. S. KRESGE Co.
to treasure and to give...

By Elizabeth Lapham

Discoveries to give as holiday gifts
or to treasure for their dependability as efficient builders of beauty

Connie Russell, TV singing star, is relaxing in Honeybugs as she uses Flame-Glo's Celebrity Red. Robe is by John Weitz.

THIS is a particularly rewarding season to be shopping for beauty props for yourself or anyone else—principally because there is more party-going, more gaiety, than at almost any other time and every girl wants to look her very best. With this in mind we propose to report only on real glamourizers, skipping the annual crop of whimsical trick packages made like sleds, Santa Claus, polar bears, or the like.

THE first cheering news is the debut of a brace of new Flame-Glo lipstick colors to perk up your festive holiday personality. Celebrity Red turns out to be a very becoming, clear, brilliant red on your lips—Romeo Red has more blue in it but the same vital quality. Both are available in sizes that start at 15c and progress to 25c, 35c, and 49c. The formula itself is rather special in that it can give you the kind of lip finish you prefer—creamy lustre, or smooth indelible. In either case "Fastinol," an exclusive skin softening ingredient, helps to keep your lips soft and fresh looking. The only difference in technique in applying lipstick for the two finishes is that for the high-gloss result you use your lipstick as you always have while for the indelible quality you allow the lipstick to set for two minutes and then blot off any excess with a tissue.

AND now, because physical comfort and relaxation have so much to do with beauty it's particularly pleasant to be able to tell you about one of the surest short-cuts to both—Honeybugs slippers. The model that gets our raves is the one Connie Russell wears in our photograph.

Silk your tired pedal extremities into those feather-light coddlers and watch the fatigue lines disappear from your face. Even when you can't take time out to sit down for a breather, you'll find that walking around in those Honeybugs is almost as heavenly a sensation as walking on a cloud (and lots easier to manage). The sock top keeps the slippers fitting snugly and it's those thick sponge rubber soles that make walking the next thing to floating. The sock tops, incidentally, come in maize, light blue, pink, and pure white—the decorative trimming is all done in appropriately contrasting colors. With the price only 82.99, it wouldn't surprise us if you wanted several pairs. (Please turn to page 74)

For a shining pate a gift of iridescent White Rain Lotion Shampoo is invariably in order.

New cream-washing treatment for complete skin care requires only Noxzema, wash cloth, water.
Arthur Blake's impersonation of Tallulah could not have been more realistic and devastating. He seemed more like Tallulah than Tallulah did herself. Sid Caesar was master of ceremonies of an impromptu show which included such stars as Bea Lillie and Vivian Blaine.
IT WAS most opportune for Tallulah to have a party. She had just made her TV debut on NBC's "All Star Revue," her biography, "Tallulah," had been roundly applauded by the critics and she was about to depart for Hollywood to make a movie, "Main Street To Broadway." Since no one in show business has more friends than Tallulah, the guest list was, conservatively, a mile long, but Host John Bruno of the Pen & Pencil, where the all-night party was held, had plenty of his choicest champagne and steaks for everyone who crowded in. Stars of Broadway, Hollywood, TV and radio put on a show for Tallulah that was practically continuous from midnight to dawn. But it was Tallulah, herself, who was the most entertaining personality of all. She outdid herself to make everyone happy and enjoy themselves to the fullest.
Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar know all the tricks of pantomime.

The way Imogene winks her eye, the way she holds her fingers to tie her shoe are gimmicks.

Notice "the business" of her feet and the bend of her legs. James Starbuck assists.

Gimmick Mimics

Imogene's career was somewhat tangled up until TV straightened it all out and made her a star.
Their "Show Of Shows" is Saturday night must!

IT's the mimic with the gimmick who's tops and you'll never find Imogene Coca or Sid Caesar without one. Their hilarious antics seem to come so effortlessly that it's difficult to believe how much time and practice were devoted by them to get these various "bits of business" to appear so easy and natural. Take, for instance, Imogene's zany ballet performing. To be able to burlesque it so cleverly, she first had to learn how to do ballet perfectly. Her partner is James Starbuck of "Show of Shows." One of her greatest honors, she feels, was being mistress of ceremonies at the recent Ballet Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria. Imogene has many, many friends among the dancers and from them she has gathered an assortment of gimmicks she employs to such good use in her burlesquing of the ballet. She first studies a stunt seriously and so learns how to clown it up.

Eating a banana in this Arabian regalia is choice gimmick and certain to get laughs. Imogene can cleverly mimic any personality. She is a serious student of human nature.
SUGAR 'n SPICE

In Hollywood, make-believe land,
many stars find new meaning in life
through the eyes of young
daughters whom they cherish

Entertaining four-year-old daughter, Schuyler, gives Van Johnson more satisfaction than applause from a large audience. Sitting on the stairs in their Beverly Hills home, Schuyler quickly catches Van's big thumb in her grasp. His latest is "Plymouth Adventure."

Six-year-old Melinda is the apple of father Groucho Marx' eye and if she wants to ride horses, you can be sure a horse will be found. This one lives near their Westwood home.

Surrounded by women—and Danny Thomas loves it! It is clear Danny is very much a family man. His daughters are Teresa and Margaret. That's his wife with the broad smile.

Since the death of his wife, Maria Montez, Jean Pierre Aumont has been both father and mother to their daughter Maria Christina. They returned to Hollywood for film "Lili."
Patti-Kate, aged four, thinks it's great fun to help her mother, Kathryn Grayson, bandage their cocker as if he had an earache. Patti-Kate's father is singer Johnnie Johnson. Giving children's parties is one of Kathryn's favorite hobbies and she enjoys having nieces and nephews spend the Summer with her. She is now in "The Desert Song."

First step in learning to ride is becoming friendly with the horses, explains Barry Sullivan to his daughter, Jenny. Barry, who is an accomplished horseman, thinks that his six-year-old daughter is the right age to start learning to ride; and whenever he is not too busy making movies at MCM, he enjoys taking her over to the stables.
Denise Darcel, at a recent dinner party at Ciro's, gives Gary Cooper a most explicit account of her doings in Paris where she went, primarily, to spend time with her mother.

Hollywood Facts Of Life

Continued from page 23

the Davis-Merrill nursery to three.

On March 3, Miss Petrine (named in honor of her maternal grandmother) was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mitchum. Also delighted over the arrival were Petrine's two brothers, aged eight and ten.

Jeanne Crain made good use of March 5, by presenting Paul Brinkman with a 7 lb. 9 oz. daughter, Janine. During the past 7 years, Jeanne has starred in 12 major productions for 20th Century-Fox, and has become a mother 4 times. Her appearance proves that happiness is the greatest beauty treatment ever devised, because Jeanne still looks like a high school senior on commencement night.

Audie Murphy's frantic rehearsal trips to the hospital finally paid off when he and Pamela became the parents of Terry Michael on March 14, and Ricardo Montalban announced on March 19 that his family had been nicely rounded out when Georgianna Young presented him with Victor at 7 lbs. 8 oz. The other Montalban children are Laura, 6, Mark, 5, and Anita, 3. All beautiful.

Bridget Duff nearly frightened her parents to death by hopping into the world long before she was expected; weighing 4 lb. 6 oz., she was placed in an incubator, where she thrived. She is going to be an authentic beauty, judging from early pictures.

On April 26, in Bethesda, Maryland, Shirley Temple and Lt. Commander Charles Black became parents of a 6 lb. 12 oz. son who was born by Caesarian section. Shirley was an extremely sick girl for several months, but had recovered completely by the end of the summer.

In May, Agnes Moorehead adopted a baby boy, and Arthur Godfrey became a garrulous grandfather when Mr. and Mrs. Richard Godfrey acquired a daughter.

On June 2, Kevin Patrick was born to Barbara Savitt and Steve Brodie in Los Angeles, and on June 18 in Rome Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini were bundled by heaven with twin daughters, Isabel and Ingrid. Older brother, Robertino, thought them the most beautiful dolls he had ever seen.

June was also memorable because it brought a second daughter, Kirstine, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Keel (their eldest daughter is Kaiya, 2½), and the month presented the Wendell Coreys with their fourth child, Bonnie Alice.

Robin Gay Humberstone was born on July 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Humberstone (he's the famous director), and Rochelle Robertson weighed in at 8 lbs. 5 oz. on July 10 to delight her parents, Jackie and Dale Robertson.

Another bouncing July baby was Matthew, at 8 lbs. 11 oz., born to Betty De Neen and Sterling Hayden. Matthew is their fourth child and it was hoped that he would seal the marriage which appeared to have been in jeopardy before his birth.

August was a gala month for these Hollywood parents; Viveca Lindfors and Donald Siegel welcomed their second child, Christopher, on August 4th. In London Moira Shearer and Ludovic Kennedy acquired a red-haired daughter on August 12; on August 19 Jean Hagen and Tom Seidel added a son to the nursery already occupied by their two-year-old daughter; Leslie Howard Bogart, weighing 6 lbs. 5 oz. checked into the Humphrey Bogart home on August 23 to the delight of her older brother, Stephen, who is now 4.

Kirby Grant and Carolyn Gillis acquired their first child, a daughter to be named Kendra Lee Grant, on August 26, and on August 29, a 6 lb. 6 oz. son was born to Barbara Rush and Jeffrey Hunter.

September brought a son, Christopher Covington, to Bonita Granville and Jack Wrather in Los Angeles; in London, Susan Foster presented her husband, Wilbur Evans (star of the London production of "South Pacific") with their second son; in Los Angeles, Barbara Reed and Bill Talman welcomed a daughter, and the Ernest Fords (Tennessee Ernie) jubilated over the advent of a son.

As the Fall turned toward year's end, there were even greater baby dividends expected:

Eleanor Parker and Bert Friedlob were anticipating their third child; Adele Jergens and Glenn Langan were fitting a nursery for No. 1.

Darrylin Zanuck and Producer Robert L. Jacks were to welcome a second youngest; Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall were excited about their first, as were Catherine McLeod and Don Keefer. Myrna Loy and Howland Sargeant were thrilled over their first youngster. Although Myrna had been married three times previously, this was her first child.

Peggy Dow and Walter Helmerich III hoped to have a boy to be named Walter Helmerick IV, Jean Parker and Robert Lowery wanted a daughter, and the Alan Youngs also hoped for a daughter.

Christmas babies were slated for Blanche Ames and Jim Davis, and for Jo Stafford and Paul Weston. Betty and Mario Lanza had ordered their No. 3 infant to arrive with mistletoe. Jane Powell and Geary Steffen hoped for a daughter under their Christmas tree. Nancy Davis and Ronald Reagan wished December special could be twins, and drama was attendant upon the arrival of a second child for Phyliss Thaxter and James T. Aubrey, Jr. During the
Summer, Phyllis had a light touch of polio, and recovered quickly and without unfortunate after-effects.

January promised a bambino to Liz Taylor and Michael Wilding as well as No. 2 infant for Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. The stork had Jane Nigh and John Baker on his February list, and March was red circled for Judy Garland and Sid Luft, for Erle Jolson and Norma Krasna, and for the junior Eddie Robinsons.

April was set for the Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman storking, and for a special delivery package for Mr. and Mrs. Mike Rennie. Fans of Mike, who was so effective in "The Day the Earth Stood Still," were convinced that his younger would arrive by flying saucer.

Cupid, as usual, worked like Robin Hood; in the main his aim was good, but he landed a few arrows that pounced off armor-plated chests like eggs off a Sherman tank, as for instance the decision of Patricia Neal to call off her romance with Gary Cooper when it didn't seem likely they'd ever marry, and the almost-divorce of the Glenn Fords, who, happily, realized that would be the worst mistake they ever made.


On February 18 on the Isle of Capri, Gracie Fields married Boris Alperovici, Rumanian radio engineer.

In Los Angeles Benay Venuta married Fred Clark, and Jo Stafford married her long-time heart, Paul Weston.

March produced an array of church weddings—fairly rare these days in the motion picture colony: Vera Ralston became the bride of Herbert Yates, head of Republic Studios, and left immediately for a honeymoon in Europe.

On March 19 Kay Young (Mike Wilding's ex-spouse) married Douglas Montgomery in Bethlehem, Connecticut.

Las Vegas held a handsome crop of newlyweds in March: on the 18th Betty Hutton married dance director Charles O'Curran; on the 26th Charlie Palm in singer Betty Reilly (3rd try for him, 1st for her), and on the 30th Jorga Curtright married MGM writer-producer Sidney Sheldon.

In New York on March 30 Metropolitan Opera Star Roberta Peters married Metropolitan Opera Star Robert Merrill. They separated on June 6 and divorced in Juarez, Mexico, on June 27, making even Hollywood's mercurial romances seem staid in comparison.

Probably the wedding of the year, however, was that of Lil Abner Yokum and Daisy Mae of Dogpatch, who left on their honeymoon chaperoned by a Dogpatch ham.

On April 16, Rudolph Friml, composer, married his secretary, Kay Liang.

In Santa Barbara, on April 29, Leslie Charteris (author of the "Saint" stories) married Audrey Long.

A good many minds were set at rest on May 5, when Xavier Cugat and Abe Lane were married in Miami Beach; on May 17 Anne Francis and Bannet Lawrence Price, Jnr., were married in a beautiful ceremony in the chapel at Harvard Military School; on May 20 Marion Marshall wed Stanley Donen in Westwood at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jules Goldstone, and on May 25 Johnnie Ray married Marilyn Morrison (daughter of the owner of Hollywood's glittering Mocambo) during a furious and appropriate rain storm.

June maintained its tradition for romance: On the 10th in Manhattan, New York, gorgeous Patrice Munsel married Robert C. C. Schuler in a traditional ceremony in St. Mary's Catholic Church and left the next day on the Queen Mary for a honeymoon in Europe.

Jane Greer and Howard Keel, co-stars in "Desperate Search," discuss their respective home lives while awaiting scene to be lighted. Both are extremely happily married.
Dinah Shore and her husband, George Montgomery, chat at Hollywood party with Ava Gardner, who has been going out in groups since her latest spat with Frank Sinatra.

Robert Newton and Vera Budnick were married on June 15 in Beverly Hills, and on June 13 in Klosters, Switzerland, Marta Toren married Leonard Berecovich.

Elizabeth Fraser and writer Charles K. Peck, Jr. were married in Los Angeles on June 21, and Beverly Wills (daughter of Joan Davis) married Lee Bamber in Carson City, Nevada, on June 27.

June 27 Ginny Simms and Robert Milton Calloun flew to Las Vegas to be married in the Flamingo Hotel at 11 p.m. It was Ginny's second marriage, Bob Calloun's first. By September Ginny had moved out of the redecorated honeymoon home prepared for her by Bob, and they were busy trying to adjust their lives to one another on an adult basis.

On June 28 in New Canaan, Connecticut, Artie Shaw took Doris Dowling as his 7th bride; among others Meslames Shaw were Lana Turner, Ava Gardner, and Kathleen Winsor.

To bring the month to a triumphant close, Kurt Kasznar (who was so good as Uncle Louie in “The Happy Time”) married Leora Shepherd Dana in Cold Spring Harbor, New York, on June 29.

July provided three nuptial events of note: On the 7th in Kanab, Utah (where she was working on location), Rhonda Fleming became the bride of Dr. Lewis V. Morrill; on July 27 Joan Evans married Kirby Weatherly in Los Angeles at the home of Joan's godmother, Joan Crawford; on July 31 in Greenwich, Connecticut, Johnnie Johnson (ex-spouse of Kathryn Grayson) took Shirley Carmel as his wife.

August could provide only one wedding of Hollywood import and that happened in New York when Jack Carson and Lola Albright were married, and September witnessed, in New York, the marriage of Mrs. Lucille Wright and Gene Markey, former husband of Joan Bennett, Hedy Lamarr and Myrna Loy, and one of the bestliked men (by men as well as women) in the picture business; in Los Angeles on September 20 Audrey Totter became Mrs. Leo Fred in a white satin ceremony.

The fragmentation reports were, as usual, deeply regretted. On February 28 in Santa Monica Gene Tierney divorced Oleg Cassini; they were married on June 1, 1941, and had two daughters, Dana, 8, and Christina, 3, and in keeping with the ultimate good manners of both, Gene and Oleg have remained good friends.

In March, Louis Calhern and his wife of six years, Marianne Stewart, separated and contemplated divorce. On March 6 Carol Saroyan divorced William Saroyan for the second time. They had married on February 20, 1943, divorced on November 16, 1949, remarried on March 25, 1951. There are two children, Aram, 8, and Lucy, 6.

On St. Patrick's Day, which doubtless had nothing to do with it, Hedy Lamarr divorced Ted Stauffer.

March 24—Patsy Lydon shed Johnny Meier after a two-year marriage. Mona Freeman moved into an apartment on April 11 andsecured a divorce from Pat Nerney on September 25 after 7 years of marriage.

Another legal bombshell was the divorce suit of Terry Moore vs. Glenn Davis and Terry's resumption of her own legal name, Helen Koford.

Beetsie and Keenan Wynn separated on April 16, but at year's close no divorce suit had been filed and it was hoped that a reconciliation could be worked out.

April 18 in Las Vegas Xavier Cugat divorced Lorraine Cugat, and on April 21 in Los Angeles Sylvia, the former Lady Ashley, divorced Clark Gable.

Also on April 28 Celeste Holm divorced Schuyler Duvaling, and Zsa-Zsa Gabor announced her separation from George Sanders. At year's end this action seemed to have resulted only from Zsa-Zsa's April attack of measles and to have no serious meaning.

Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens decided on a trial separation as of May 9, but there was an excellent chance of reconciliation at the holidays.

Probably the most mixed up and wuz-it or wuz-it-not separation honors were taken by Phyllis Hill and her husband Jose Ferrer, who were said to be parting, or perhaps not parting; on the side lines seemed to be Rosemary Clooney, the "Came to My House" girl, whose studio (Paramount) was busily trying to persuade her that a single girl's career advanced more rapidly than that of a matron.

On May 11, the divorce suit originally filed on March 26 by Acquanetta against artist Henry Clive, was dismissed, but the divorce suit filed by Marjorie Reynolds for the second or third time against Jack Reynolds culminated in an interlocutory decree. They were married in 1936.

Barbara Payton was divorced by Frank Totter on May 10.

Also on May 19, Dolores Barrymore Fairbanks divorced T. A. Fairbanks after two years of marriage, the birth of two children. She is the daughter of John Barrymore and Dolores Costello.

The John Waynes separated again on May 20, and at year's close were trying to adjust their differences: John wished their termination to be outright divorce. Esperanza (Chata) was holding out for separate maintenance.

Olivia de Havilland announced her separation from Marcus Goodrich on May 17 and an interlocutory decree was granted on August 26, her 6th wedding anniversary.

Stormy love life during 1952 was that of Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker. Their first announced separation took place around the middle of May, but during June they spent several honeymoon holidays together at Laguna Beach. A complete reconciliation was announced on July 7, and in September they separated and announced plans for an immediate divorce.

On May 21 "Cisco Kid" Duncan Rimpolc was divorced from his wife, Lea, and he was given custody of their three children.

June, too, was rifty: Veronica Lake divorced André de Toth, Barbara Fuller (Claudia of "One Man's Family") divorced Western star Lash LaRue, Helen Walker divorced Edward Du Domaine after a two-year marriage, and Ruth Warrick divorced decorator Carl Neubert.

On July 28 Helen Cobb divorced Lee J. Cobb after twelve years of marriage, the birth of two children; and the same day Kay Williams dropped Adolph Spreckels II after six years of marriage, birth of two children.

A good deal of consternation was felt when Maureen O'Hara divorced Will Price, and when Gloria Grahame divorced Director Nicholas Ray in August.

Another sad termination was that of the marriage of Teresa Wright and Niven Busch after ten years, two children.

The Las Vegas divorce of Lydia Lamas on September 11 cleared the way for the marriage of Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas who make up a stunningly handsome couple.

Other terminations as 1952 ran out:
bosses, with a shrewd eye on lines at the box-office, were sure he could handle the subtle shading. Rock kisses Mary Castle as tenderly as any nice home girl he'd plan to marry, because as his schooldays sweetheart in this film she represents the naive type. In a later scene in a saloon, he falls abruptly for Julia Adams. She portrays a worldly woman who has been pursued passionately. His technique proves the top for such rivals, for with her he is absolutely mature and masterful. Women everywhere will wonder more than ever just how Rock, who is twenty-seven himself, would treat them.

Is he dangerous, or disappointing? You can judge for yourself—but first take a look at his new social standing, off-screen in Hollywood.

Now he is rated as the most eligible bachelor in the whole movie colony, where nothing succeeds better than his brand of success and charm. He doesn't determinedly prefer a racecoon to a dame, in the Marlon Brando manner. He doesn't hide away in the Montgomery Clift or Farley Granger fashion. He confesses, instead, that there's nothing more fascinating to him than a girl whose main object is to be—a woman! Unattached, colorful, and amazingly considerate, he mixes magnificently whenever he steps out.

Naturally, women notice his size, and then his usually devilish smile. But before they're too upset they are reassuringly relaxed by his warm wit.

As you'd guess from this, exclusive invitations from sophisticated hostesses are being directed straight to his door. They've discovered he is a great asset as a dinner guest. His agreeableness isn't a surface slickness. Rock's a physique and a profile with plus values. He'll converse entertainingly about anything under the sun or moon. He isn't pretentious, genuinely cares about people, and his rare ability to listen rapely, in a city where there's a constant urge to grab the center spot, alone would distinguish him.

Those discerning, available glamour girls who are concerned chiefly with sewing up a satisfactory steady date are attaching no irksome strings to their glances his way.

In the past, attention like this has led many a new favorite away from his original self. Wholesale flattery is the temptation that spoils the weak. Tie all this commotion together and it's plain what why it'll happen to him is a matter of intense interest to anyone of the opposite sex!

What is Rock doing about all this?

He is reacting exactly as his friends expected. He has, incidentally, a talent for friendship. His fabulous fondness for fun anytime he isn't pinned down with work draws people to him like a magnet. You don't have to put on any pose around him if you're female. He's every bit as impressed if you work at the five-and-dime as if you were a famous actress or an heiress. It's always the girl, not the whirl around her, that counts in his estimation. He'll call for you in his red convertible with such spirit you'll claim you've flown in his red fire-wagon. In the excitement he stirs up as easily as he breathes, because his curiosity is enormous, it'll be evident he hasn't been taken over by any woman accustomed to having him meekly on tap. He isn't dazzled by a chi-chi mansion and bored remarks. He isn't plunging into any one social set. He's too alert to limit himself

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to a particular group that's aloof from wide wondering. Rock continues to be spontaneous, to prefer to park his gigantic feet nonchalantly wherever they're comfortable.

In spite of the long list of gals he's been dating, he isn't thinking of any one of them as a wife. He is purposely enjoying the good times today or tonight—and that's all. Because he won't let himself fall in love as he intends to again some future day until he is positive he won't be hurt once more!

Women have hurt Rock. He doesn't for one second put himself up as the irresistible male. He's smart enough to know no man, or woman, ever has a 100 per cent appeal. Inevitably, there'll be the few who don't get your message, in any language you can learn.

He's been taught by his past romance, too, that his fatal mistake was not being ready for all love demands. He was crazily impulsive. In high school in Illinois he went steady for two years, and was quitting school without graduating to elope with the girl who'd become all of sixteen. He intended to support her by driving a truck the rest of his years. Fortunately, a seventh sense seized them at the last minute. They had nothing in common but their youth. Rock has been shown by others since that similar tastes are a must for happiness. Hollywood also has persuaded him some financial stability is necessary.

He assumed he could marry the movie star he fell in love with when U-I signed him. It took unanticipated reflecting to realize he'd never make a go of it as her husband in Hollywood with that vast gap that existed in their pay-checks. He concedes he was sophomoric then. He'd never given a second thought to the high cost of holding up your heads as a married pair in whatever community you choose. He has no ambition at all to snooty. But he admits two can't live as well as one when the husband is still only a novice at his job and might be dropped before he could ever click.

Rock won't propose again until he's earned the right to be the head of the family. He intends to stay in Hollywood. It's apparent to him he can at least eliminate the trap sprung when the wife is the conspicuous breadwinner by first establishing himself in the business he picked. He'll be able to afford a wife and kids, he's promised himself. You bet it's lonesome for him without love! Yet this, he's decided, is the price he has to pay for the old-fashioned brand of home happiness he wants, no matter how modern the world has become.

In return, he views a career woman as handicapped. He won't insist upon a wife abandoning a career that intrigues her—not as long as she guarantees it won't interfere with her old-fashioned obligations as a wife and mother. This is the steep price Mrs. Hudson will have to pay, he says.

This grown-up acceptance of the responsibilities he finally foresees is why he's resisting repeated dates with the same woman. The gossip columns will go on being full of items about Rock, but don't be fooled. He will remain a bachelor for a couple of years— he won't be financially clear in less time. This past year he began making a solid salary and cinched his tomorrows in pictures. He celebrated by eagerly pouring all his spare cash into an annuity that will pay him small dividends twenty years from now. He isn't dreaming about the world possibly exploding before then. Realistically, Rock's buckled down to do his best. This last year he functioned under the expert guidance of the stern business manager he hired to put him on an extremely modest, sane budget. No longer is he splurging as he once did when he was making incomparably less. He went hog wild for a luxury when he was a boy, he grim, existing on peanut butter and crackers to catch up. For anyone who relishes platters full of fine food as much as he does, he has wised up the hard way.

His three months in Britain and France have left those clodhoppers of his on the ground and not on a cloud, even if he did fly the Atlantic. The loan-out to RKO film "Toilers Of The Sea" abroad gave him a bonus of exciting spare time in foreign countries he's achéd to explore. However, he won't confide whether Parisian beauties kiss longer. He didn't flip too desperately over anyone he dated while away. Remember, he won't let himself go!

He isn't a wolf with the actresses with whom he teams. He doesn't have to be a heel. He'll infinitely rather be regular than a jerk.

Rock expresses himself with such vivid honesty that you might suppose you know all his emotions. When he went to Judy Garland's vaudeville act, for instance, he was so carried away with his enthusiasm for her that he unconsciously stood up to applaud madly, to the amazement of the audience and less uninhibited audience. Rock thinks so highly of the exe— or others that he could be classified as the perfect fan. Yet even though he sweeps you into the same fever pitch, and you're suddenly having a ball at his side, don't take him for granted. You'll fumble if you're that silly.

Here is a man who is past the fast pangs of jealousy he once felt as an adolescent. He's become comparatively patient through his campaign for self-discipline. The one thing that will save him all his life when he is deeply disturbed is the firmness with which he can never be plagued by a circumstance again after he has done all he can about it. Lately, he'll never worry or mention it forever after. Women who are made miserable by a man who broods on indefinitely admire this trait in him.

But don't assume you always can read his mind, for you can't. No one knows all that's going on now in that Hudson head. He can cover his feelings as deftly as he can pour them out. He's slowly mastered both tricks. Until he became a success from the Hollywood viewpoint recently, he was one of the shyest walking skyscrapers I ever encountered. The affectionate approval of others has finally given him the self-confidence he couldn't demonstrate. Yet experience with women also has tutored him in concealing what he recognizes he must solve himself. Growing up, he blurted out his notions and was severely criticized when he was mistaken. He'll never do that anymore. If you don't detect his sensitivity, and try to aggressively pry news out of him, Rock can be as quietly stubborn as his first name.

He likes to argue, when the battle of words is kept impersonal. He's too full of dynamite to be docile physically, emotionally, or verbally! But don't pull phony claims, for he'll be disillusioned when he punctures the pretense.
He's still Merrill impulsive in his free hours. He is wide awake after midnight and at 2 a.m. may conclude he wants to go to the beach and dig for clams. So off you will tear with the breeze in your hair instead of peacefully going home. And you'll never have any doubt as to whether Rock is near. His movements are as loud as the way he plays any music. He slams a door when he comes in so the room vibrates.

I shudder at this habit because he's just moved into a house of glass. He's not the least afraid of that! He's leased the ultra-modern home of writer Mel Dinelli on a San Fernando Valley hillside. It's a huge rectangle of glass with redwood trimmings and eaves. As you look up to it you breathe healthily for you have to climb thirty-five steps. The large living-room, minus the baby grand piano Rock acheds to buy because he plays any tune by ear, is windowed from floor to ceiling on three sides. There is an all-electric, compact little kitchen at one end. The entrance hall is the barrier from the big bedroom, which has its three walls of glass, too. There are handy drapes to shut out too much sunlight, but the moonlight is permitted in after the city starts going to sleep below and resembles a softly glowing carpet. The modern bathroom is the only room with four walls!

Part of Rock's earnings this year ahead are pigeon-holed for his home-building fund. In 1954 he hopes to build a house he is designing as his unique version of a bachelor's retreat. I can't see how he can improve on the one he's in now, but he retorts it has a few secret features and will always bring in rent! Anyhow, he wants to examine all the selecting that can go into a house that begins as a dream. This trial and error will teach him what he prefers strongly, and then he can eventually coordinate this with the taste of the woman he marries. I dread to be around when he purchases his first home deep freeze. I prophesy that after allotting specific space for it he'll load it with exotic bargains and then acquire a starvation complex. Once he's reasoned it isn't big enough, he'll want two and have a wall hacked out. Then he'll be tortured for a spell by an urge to let the neatly proportioned packages of frozen delicacies remain symmetrical sights stacked in rows. It may be luck to let him go through all this before he becomes a husband!

Rock won't be robbed of the rewards his sincerity and intelligence have in store for him. In these hectic days it's a treat to know someone as courageous. Rock isn't too reckless. He is well-balanced on the ledge of love, and no one's going to give him a shove. He won't care completely again until he's certain he deserves the chance.

What Kinsey Would Find In Hollywood!

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intriguing question is answered—fully and honestly—let's look a little into the long-awaited Kinsey report on women, and how it was achieved. Actually the book was started some 14 years ago when Dr. Kinsey started a marriage class and, appalled by the ignorance of his pupils, began collecting case histories.

For the book proper, he has inter-viewed over 8,000 women, and his staff of assistants have travelled the length and breadth of the nation. That they did a little more than pause in Hollywood is no secret. What he found there is still a secret—but it won't be much longer. Because Dr. Kinsey's findings will be based on the composite of all American women, irrespective of their world, the lives they lead, or the careers they pursue, Hollywood, at the knowledge that anonymity will be stressed in the Kinsey book, breathes a sigh of relief—at least individually, but in mass it isn't so sure. When it learned, for instance, that out of the 8,000 women questioned (including Hollywood) 33% were partially unresponsive to sex relations, and a third of that figure utterly unresponsive, many of its people wondered just how far the report would go.

One actress, well known for the way names have endeavored to be revealed recently that she had been talked to by one of Dr. Kinsey's able assistants.

"What was it like?" she was asked.

"I haven't been the same person since," she answered truthfully. "It was just like being psychoanalyzed at one sitting. The questioning lasted almost four hours, and nothing was left out. I was asked almost 500 questions, and when it was over I felt drained of all feelings."

Whether this young actress told the truth or not is easily answered. Dr. Kinsey, aided by his remarkable and expert staff, has a way of getting at the root of everything he wants to know. No star or housewife, no man, woman or waitress—they all find him a human lie detector and act accordingly.

What Hollywood wonders most is whether Dr. Kinsey will sum up his total findings of Hollywood on the revelations of a picked few. Will he be swayed by the present wealth of pictures on sex, the exploitation by the stars themselves of their special allure, and the unfounded opinion of parts of the nation that Hollywood is the loosest town in America when it comes to morals, sexual behavior and wavering pattern of marital fidelity. Here is the answer: In interviewing the citizens of screenland, Dr. Kinsey has found exactly what he has found in every other city in America. No more, no less.

In gathering his facts, Dr. Kinsey has been so reserved and so careful that no names could ever be identified to determine whether he has collected data from Hollywood or not. However, one thing is certain: Dr. Kinsey doesn't think film folk are different from other people when it comes to making love.

His first report on men grouped the people he interviewed loosely, on the basis of the sort of work they did—but there was no special classification for actors. So far his classifications for women have not been revealed, but he isn't likely he would make any special grouping for actresses.

Perhaps he is technical about it, there may be some odd people in Hollywood—but oddness, when it comes to sex, says Dr. Kinsey, consists principally in thinking that YOU and YOUR ideas are normal, and anyone who has a different idea is "odd!"

Perhaps you think it is odd to get married more than once, but the pattern that is right for you may be all wrong for a Lana Turner or an Ava Gardner. And if your marriage was once and forever, think of the Bing Crosbys, the George Burns, the Jack Benny's, the Gregory Pekes, and the Fredric March.

Ty Power at Radio Theatre rehearsal break with Host-Producer Irving Cummings. It was Cummings, oddly enough, who directed Ty in his very first screen role years ago.
Chances are, you have friends who've undergone a divorce, too . . . not in order to marry someone else, but because the marriage simply didn't hold together. Those friends were able to live down their unhappiness without publicity—but they are no different from Barbara Stanwyck, or Joan Crawford, or Judy Garland.

The smallest move, privately or professionally, of the stars is the world's concern through glaring, often exaggerated, news headlines. Hollywood stands out in any incident—glamorous or otherwise—only because its citizens are ever in the limelight, always with the eyes of the curious upon them.

What any intelligent person like Dr. Kinsey can't fail to recognize is that there were 3,000,000 divorces in the United States in the last ten years, and they were not all in Hollywood.

No, the only real difference Dr. Kinsey would find in Hollywood lies in the amount of publicity that is given to each occurrence. If anything, he would probably say that the thought of that inevitable publicity probably restrains the citizens of Hollywood from many acts that are common in other cities.

True, Hollywood trades on sex, and the stimulus to the pulse from girls like Marilyn Monroe and Susan Hayward and Jane Russell. But that is a type of trade that is necessary to offset other competitive entertainments, such as television. The latter medium has hardly played sex down either, but television isn't the big news that Hollywood is, and always will be. Many of the better stars on television are unknown to the world at large, and what they do has little news value. But a Hollywood star gleams and glitters all year round, and their names have become household words everywhere.

If Hollywood trades on sex, look around your own hometown and think how many girls you know who look just as sexy as those in Hollywood—but would you doubt their morals because of the way they look?

Think, too, of the beautiful girls—and there are far more beautiful girls to the square mile in Hollywood than anywhere else—who are happily married, have nicely brought up children, and who teach Sunday school, help in charitable and civic affairs, and tend to their home just as faithfully and normally in the movie capital as Anytown, U.S.A.

For every much-married Rita Hayworth or Joan Crawford, there's an equally much-married woman outside of Hollywood. And if you think poorly of the so-called home wreckers—Ava Gardner, for instance—how about the Duchess of Windsor who upset a whole kingdom?

No, there is not much chance that Dr. Kinsey will deal with a heavy hand on Hollywood. The sexual technique of a star, if it flames on the screen and fails at home, is not a true picture of that star's virtues or vices, or the world she lives in. It merely reflects what happens everywhere: that it takes two to make a marriage or a romance. If the other party is not compatible, nothing that the woman can do is likely to help.

What Dr. Kinsey's report will show is that frigid wives and clumsy husbands exist wherever people live. It will show, too, that there is no magical formula for solving a tolerating romance, a dying marriage. True, sexual expertise has a lot to do with keeping harmony in the home, but the report won't show that Hollywood women are better or worse at it.

Being a star does not change a woman from being a woman. The pace is fast, and that doesn't make the woman faster! Actually, this writer who has covered the Hollywood scene for nigh on ten years, was never aware that the girls who worked in pictures were different from girls anywhere else.

It's ridiculous, for one thing, to believe that because a girl plays a role on the screen with the expertise of an Amber or O'Hara, she must be in the privacy of her own home. What people don't pause to realize is that sex is, relatively, in the mind. What appeals mentally often fails physically—and no one is more aware of that than the star who manufactures a screen sensuality that she does not otherwise possess.

Recently this writer heard the remark of a moviegoer sitting behind him at a Broadway movie theatre. "Boy, would I like to see that dame climb into her own bed. If that's what she wears in a movie, what she looks like in her own boudoir must be something!"

He was talking about one of Hollywood's sexiest stars—but how I could have surprised him! Not only about the girl we had seen on the screen, but quite a few others, to boot.

For instance, Esther Williams sleeps in a flannel nightgown, Susan Hayward uses an old-fashioned nightgown or sometimes a striped jersey shirt, and Lana Turner, who hates everything looking in, including light, has blackout curtains that fit over the permanent drapes. And none of these stars have bedrooms that look at all like the movie bedrooms in which, always, they sleep so peacefully.

On the other hand, Dr. Kinsey would find that a glamorous star like Corinne Calvet never could get to bed and sleep unless her husband, John Bromfield, kissed her goodnight. "If we had the time, I'd lie awake until I summoned up enough courage to ask him to kiss me goodnight."

That sort of thing happens in homes throughout the country, and is typical of the normality that exists in most Hollywood marriages. Yet, in the eyes of the public, the Hollywood stars never go to bed unless they undergo some form of a boudoir ceremony. And they behave at home," is the question, "if that is the way they behave on the screen?"

Dr. Kinsey's "Sexual Behavior In The Human Female" will hardly delve seriously into that question, because chances are that, as a result of his findings, he has discovered that the women of Hollywood are no different from all the women of the world, and throughout the ages.

Every woman is an Eve, and every man is Adam. And as Dr. Kinsey has been told before, and it is being told now on the Hollywood screen with exaggerated trappings. And audiences everywhere are getting their best look at sex since the whole thing began. But take away the trappings, the story, the people in it, and the basic ingredients remain:

Adam loves Eve in much the same way he ever has, and Eve loves Adam. Not even the locality of city, town, village, or hamlet can change the way they were meant to be, and Dr. Kinsey would be the first to agree to it, in most respects, this is true.

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way to woo that the etiquette books okay. True,” he said, “not every man who takes a girl to a nightclub or a dance really cares about keeping time to music.”

“But if he is interested in making time with the girl,” I laughed, “all’s fair in love and dancing, eh?”

Gene, who had been working for hours that morning on dance routines that require the energy of an athletic champ in a few quick bites of food, warmed the heart of the waitress by admonishing her with mock sternness not to dare remove his plate until every bite was eaten, and picked up our conversation just where we’d left it.

“After all,” he said with an expressive lift of his fork, “we know that the three basic needs of people are food, shelter and sex. But our emotions need and respond to many things. Music is one of them. Wherever there’s music, dance follows,” he said earnestly. “Dancing is an important part of living — as well as loving,” he smiled.

“Dancing is so much more than just a form of entertainment,” he said with seriousness. “It’s a part of romance, it’s a way that children learn how to coordinate mind and body, it’s a way to develop grace and rhythm — and endurance,” he added. “It’s just as athletic as playing tennis or football,” he went on, eyes dancing with enthusiasm for his subject, “and a lot better for body development than lifting bar bells,” he claimed, “because it’s strenuous exercise done to rhythm.”

“Gene,” I said, “I suppose you feel that dancing is something that should be started in early childhood?”

“I didn’t think so when I was a child,” he laughed. “My mother insisted on dressing my brother James and me in our Sunday best — Buster Brown collars and Windsor ties — and sending us through the everyday streets of Pittsburgh to dancing school. We loved the dancing, but after two years of relentless teasing by the kids in the neighborhood and after countless impromptu bouts to prove our manliness, we convinced Mom that we’d better discontinue the dancing lessons until we’d developed more muscles.”

“Seriously, though,” Gene said, “although starting to dance young is ideal, age isn’t the most important thing. A desire to dance and a response to music are what count. Why?” he interrupted himself, “do you know that one of the best ballet dancers in this movie we’re making never had a dance lesson until he was nineteen?”

That is unusual for a young man who has a professional ballet career in mind. I must have looked surprised.

Gene put my mind straight. “Anyone who feels music and has something to say with his feet can dance,” he assured me.

“People keep asking me how I can keep on thinking up new routines. Why I could manufacture a thousand steps a day,” he declared, “but it’s not the steps that count. What’s important is the impression they convey of the meaning behind them.”

Gene had made his point well. At no age should anyone feel embarrassed about trying to dance because he doesn’t know the steps. It’s opening one’s ears to the music and responding to its rhythm that count.

“But then,” I suggested, “I’d think that the younger a child is when exposed to dancing, the better his or her chance to respond instinctively to the music….”

“Oh,” he quickly tagged me, “there’s not a doubt about what early dance lessons do for children if they take an interest. When I taught dancing in Pittsburgh (Gene conducted a dancing school in his home town for seven years) I traced what happened to the kids. You’ll be interested to know that the best dancing students had the best grades in school. It’s pretty clear that the training kids get from dancing in co-ordination of mind and muscle helps them tremendously in having fun, learning to get along with people, in athletics and general alertness. That is,” he reminded, “if they want to go to dancing school.”

“And they usually do, I think,” he pondered, “if it’s fun. Our school was fun for the kids,” he admitted, “and they wanted to come there, so I think they got a little extra out of it.”

“I never forgot,” he recalled, “that the little kids in the class might be considered less the way I was, and I got around that by having the boys play baseball or basketball before the dancing lessons started.”

While Gene was teaching dancing in his hometown, he was taking a pre-legal course at the university. Eventually he realized, however, that he loved dancing too much ever to give it up. He decided to be a teacher and a director of dance. That’s what he is turning out to be, too. He’s teaching the world to know what dancing can be when it’s freed from the bonds of convention.

Gene Kelly had to become a great dancing star, though, before he could become a great dance director. It’s true that Gene did create his own two dance numbers for the first show he did on Broadway, “Time Of Your Life.” He also staged dances for Billy Rose’s “Diamond Horseshoe Revue.” That was his first chance at full-fledged dance directing.

But it was as the dancer and actor of the leading role in Broadway’s “Pal Joey” that Gene achieved fame, and Hollywood grabbed him off.

It took six years and fourteen movies before Gene got the chance to be a director. He shared honors and responsibility for the picture, “On The Town,” a movie that made previous box-office highs at Radio City Music Hall look puny.

Since then Gene brought a tradition-topping special Academy Award to “An American In Paris,” co-directed the tremendously successful “Singing In The Rain,” and has since performed a straight dramatic role in “The Devil Makes Three” in Europe.

Kelly’s working like a dog on his present movie, “Invitation To The Dance.” It’s a terrific chore to direct and dance in a movie. This is his first full
Debbie Reynolds and Janet Leigh have become very close friends, even though they travel in different social circles. Janet's in "Connie;" Debbie in "I Love Melvin."

directorial responsibility, and he's really the writer, too. Because there's no story and it's all dance, he conceives it from day to day, as he goes along.

He pointed with a grimace to his head when I asked him about the script for a wordless movie. "It's all in there," he explained. "And I work from day to day. Every night I go home and rotate my scalp like this (he massaged it for a second), hoping there'll be enough there to shoot on the set the next day.

"It's an awful strain," he confided, "directing the picture as well as dancing in it. It means no parties, no shows—I haven't had a chance to read a book in weeks. There's a constant strain. It isn't as if I had to do this," he added with his engaging lop-sided grin.

His next thought explained why Gene works so hard at dancing—as a creator and as an interpreter. "I love dancers," he said warmly, "and I love dancing. It's an art form that gets pushed around. I want to change that.

"That's why I stick with movies," he confided. "You know, you kinda miss hearing the applause of an audience, the real live right-there-now clapping of hands. But how couldya ever reach so many people with a show as with a movie?"

"And," he added enthusiastically, "we could reach more dance-loving people with this picture we're making now than any of the other pictures."

He answered my questioning look with a reply that made good sense. "There wouldn't be any language barrier," he pointed out. "No language—no words, only dancing."

It isn't as if a professorial type were talking when Gene speaks of the universal appeal—and the effect—of dancing. He's a very romantic guy.

Gene's wife, Betsy Blair, came in while we were sitting there at lunch. "Honey," he said to her, circling her tiny waist with a warm embrace. They looked into each other's eyes as if they were honeymooners—they looked at each other the same way just about nine years ago when I first met them. Then they'd only been married two years.

"The night I met them, they'd been in Hollywood just a short time, and they were rather shy. They were sitting in a corner at a big Hollywood party, surrounded by famous stars, and they looked kind of lonely. Gene and Betsy are not bold people. They make and keep lasting friendships, but they don't go out looking for them.

They don't go to nightclubs or public places very much, but their door is always open to those they get to know and like. It's literally open. When they are at home in their house in Beverly Hills, the door is never locked. Friends just walk in, knowing it's all right. If someone rings the doorbell, Gene says to Betsy, "Honey, there's a stranger at the door."

Gene and I spoke of the matter of shyness. "That's another wonderful thing about wooing a girl with dancing," he said with an eyebrow lifting in thought. "A fellow might be scared to death to tell a girl how he feels about her, but when he holds her close on the dance floor, she gets the idea," he grinned.

"What's your favorite dance, Gene?" I asked.

"Ballroom?" he asked. I nodded.

That’s interesting, because Gene has made his professional dance reputation doing dynamic, electric dances. In an interview, he once compared his own kind of dancing to Fred Astaire’s (whom he admires greatly), saying, “My waltz style is strong, wide, open, bravura. His is intimate, cool, easy.”

I think perhaps the reason Gene enjoys an easy-going, conventional, graceful dance like the waltz on social occasions is the complete relaxation it provides for him. He doesn’t have to think about what he’s doing—he can enjoy the rhythm, the tempo, without taxing his creative instincts. That’s desirable because dancing is his work.

It’s another thing for people who dance for a hobby. To those of us who do, there’s a stimulating chance to exercise our imaginations as well as our muscles, and it’s a thing a man and woman can find real pleasure in enjoying together—in public or dancing at home.

“There are lots of guys like me, you know,” said Gene, “who just don’t like to get dressed up. With just a little encouragement, they’d enjoy stirring from their easy chairs to dance—if they just didn’t have to get too dressed up in the bargain.”

Sounds like a great idea to me for keeping a man interested. He’ll dress up while he’s courting you, but he’ll still dance after the contest is over—if he doesn’t have to put on a tuxedo to do it.

Kelly loves to dress for comfort. On the set, except for costuming for picture scenes, he lounges around in Navy tans from a government surplus store, and at home he happily clothes himself in demims and an old T-Shirt. When we were having lunch, his only concession to elegance was a beige cashmere sweater, and that was secured to his person with the sleeves knotted around his neck college-boy style.

“Dancing,” he said, breaking into his engagingly boyish grin, “it seems to me, is awfully important to people. It’s fun, it’s exercise, and what better way is there to kindle or re-kindle—a romantic feeling than by dancing check to cheek?”

“I can’t think of any better way, unless it’s sitting in a movie theatre watching Gene and his leading lady dance—holding hands in the dark with your fellow.

Another Doris Day?

Continued from page 40

blasting the tune over loudspeakers.

“About eight months after I did the number I was playing at the Thunderbird Hotel in Las Vegas—still toying with the idea of a screen career. One night my close friend and manager, Joe Shribman, told me that Milton Lewis of Paramount was in the audience. I braced myself and decided I’d impress him—or else. I about knocked myself out doing the act. Afterwards I went over to Mr. Lewis’ table. He smiled sweetly at me—and said nothing. I later told Joe, ‘Well, that’s that. It’s back to TV and radio and nightclubs for us.’

‘Two weeks later when I was in New York I got a call from Paramount telling me to make a rush test at the studio in New York. I didn’t even have time to get my hair fixed. I sang ‘Come On A My House’ and ‘Tenderly.’ When the studio saw the test, which was certainly not a great production, I was signed to a contract. On my arrival in Hollywood, I was given a more extensive test.”

And so Rosemary was put into “The Stars Are Singing,” with Anna Maria Alberghetti, Lauritz Melchior, among others. And Paramount has been doing nip-ups ever since.

Rosemary reacted to her new career in anything but a relaxed manner. She was all nerves at first. When she reported to the studio she was told she would have to take some dancing lessons from the dance director.

“I was ready to turn right around and forget a screen career,” Rosemary remarked with a grin. “I could never dance. I used to stand on the band stand at clubs and watch the dancers perform. I was always amazed that they could do such routines. I was sure I’d never be able to manage the simplest 1-2-3 step. Well, after working for a while I was indulging in a bit of Terpsichore. Now it looks as though I’ll have to go in for a lot more of it. I don’t mind, though, since I feel a little more secure now.

“I’ll never forget the first day’s shooting either. I was so scared. Fortunately, I had an understanding director—Norman Taurog. After the first day’s shooting he said to me, ‘Rosemary, I’m going to break a long-standing rule of mine for you. I have never allowed any player to see rushes of her work, but I want you to see yours.’ He took me into the projection room and I got a good look at what I had done the first day. I was relieved to find it was not a gruesome affair. By letting me see the rushes Norman helped to give me confidence and self-assurance.”

Before Rosemary got her picture break she was, of course, already known to thousands of fans for her records. Among her hits was “Beautiful Brown Eyes.” Altogether she has made many records, not one has been a dud. Yet—here’s an interesting item: this young lady can’t read a note of music. When she was making the picture the orchestra would play the number through a few times, and then she’d go into her song.

“I don’t ever want to learn to read music either,” Rosemary said. “I’m afraid it would make me too critical of myself and I’d ruin my style.”

In Rosemary’s career, there were several turning points. One was the day Joe Shribman decided to cast his lot with Rosemary and act as her manager. Another was the help given her by the nation’s disc jockeys, all of whom adore her. She is really a personal friend to them. The third was the day she and her sister, Betty, tossed a coin to see how their one quarter would be spent.

To start from the beginning, Rosemary was born in Maysville, Kentucky, on May 28, 1928. Music early became a part of her life since her grandfather used to take her and her sister to the Negro churches to hear the spirituals. From this music Rosemary got her innate sense of rhythm.

“Grandpa used to run for Mayor of our town,” Rosemary explained, “and I’d campaign for him by going around the neighborhood singing songs like ‘My Old Kentucky Home.’ I was seven at the time. I don’t know whether my songs did it—but grandpa was always elected.

“Then my sister and I began to sing at different affairs held in town. Eventually, we all moved to Cincinnati, Ohio,
— and it was here where the decision about the quarter arose.

"Radio station WLW was having auditions for talent and one day Betty decided we should try out. We had a quarter. I wanted to spend it on a soda, but Betty wanted to use it for car fare to the station. So we flipped the coin and Betty won—fortunately. That started everything because we were chosen the winners and got a contract with the station.

"We continued at WLW until one day band leader Tony Pastor heard us and signed us as featured vocalists with his orchestra. Now a problem presented itself. George and I were eighteen and couldn't go tramping around on our own. So our family decided we needed a chaperon. George Guillefours, my uncle, was drafted for the job.

"Not long after we began work with Tony Pastor, Joe Shribman, who was also with Pastor, talked to me into going out as a single—nothing to think about, I went along with the crowd. Joe has done so much for me. His faith in me has been an inspiring thing. He quit his job with Pastor and refused to take even a nickel in commissions from me for a long time. It was Joe, incidentally, who later got me my contract with Columbia Records." When Rosemary hit Hollywood she was almost immediately subjected to a prevalent Glitter City pastime. She was rumored as being tied up with various and sundry gentlemen—romantically speaking. We'd get the facts straight—Rosemary does date. That should be no earth-shaking revelation since she's quite the personable young lady. When she is in Chicago, she goes out with Tom Wacker, son of a very influential family, and in New York she's been seen with TV personality, Jack Coleroway. Here in Hollywood she has dated George Baker, creator of Sad Sack.

"I do want to make it very clear that I have no serious romantic plans—and by that I mean marriage or engagements." Rosemary said firmly. "And there won't be any until I meet the man I want to marry." Not that this will stop the rumors. Rosemary, you see, is now a bit and subject to the gossip factory.

While Rosemary was in Hollywood—and it was the first time she had stayed in one place for any length of time—she led with her. The really impulsive, extravagant impulses. She rented the biggest, swankiest place she could find in Brentwood, complete with swimming pool and large playroom.

"I'd lived in hotel rooms and apartments so long I felt I wanted to spread out." Dave laughed. "Sure I ratted around in it, but it was fun."

She gave several parties at the house at which she came through with her vocal contributions. These get-togethers with friends were her only activity outside of her picture work since she didn't go to any movies and you couldn't drag her to a night club. The reason was simple—she had spent quite enough time in them as a performer.

When she had nothing else to do she was on the phone calling her friends all
over the country—just to talk. Her bills were something fantastic.

“I drive my manager crazy with the way I buy,” Rosemary said. “Like when I go shopping. I get the darnedest things. Once in New York I saw a car I liked so I bought it—only I have never learned how to drive it. I didn’t have time to take lessons from a driving school and I get nervous when friends try to teach me, so I let Joe drive it.”

“I was like most girls, though. When I got my first sizable check, I immediately bought a mink coat. It still means a lot to me.”

Rosemary’s expenses reach stratospheric heights when she’s traveling. As one airport official remarked, “Her luggage costs more than she does.” One of the many pieces of luggage is an elaborate traveling kit with a miniature phonograph-radio. She likes to have it along because she loves to listen to records.

You might think Rosemary would like to settle down now since she’s traveled so much. But not this girl.

“I like pictures and I like Hollywood,” she said, “but I don’t want to stay put. I love to travel—really. Besides, I have so many commitments I couldn’t remain in one place. I have my night club, radio and TV engagements, you know.” Paramount was so anxious to sign her by the way, that they agreed to a TV clause in her contract—and that’s something these days.

Personally speaking, Rosemary diets carefully—to gain weight. She’s five feet four and weighs 104 pounds. She’s not at all athletic, her exercising consisting only of long walks and an occasional plunge into a pool or a smattering of tennis.

She has an unpredictable sense of humor. This is best illustrated by the painting incident.

She and Joe were going through an art gallery in New York when they came upon a painting done in the very, very modern art. It was so surrealistic, at least to Rosemary, that she laughed heartily. Joe reminded her it was real art—and the price tag of $5,000 would seem to have made him right.

A couple of months later when Joe was back in Hollywood Rosemary brought him the painting. It looked suspiciously like the one they had seen in the East. Just as Joe was ready to reach for the smelling salts, as he was sure she had bought the thing from the gallery, Rosemary gleeefully told him, “It’s mine. I got some paints one day and this is what I turned out. Like it?”

It’s now hanging in Joe’s office.

Rosemary also has a bit of the love of mystery about her. At least, she has one possession she’s mysterious about—a big, gaudy ring that she wears on the third finger, right hand. It has a secret compartment in it on which is written the Roman numeral III. She will tell no one what is inside that compartment or what the numeral means. She’ll only say it has great significance to her.

Well, the other mystery now about Rosemary Clooney is why it took Hollywood so long to sign her on the dotted line. Rumor has it that the town is going to make up for lost time!

Now That She’s Miss Dahl Again

Continued from page 44

who release through Paramount, but it is non-exclusive and permits her to make other pictures besides theirs. For example she did “Caribbean” for them, then hopped out to Universal-International for “Desert Legion” with Akim Ladd, then right back to P-T for “Jamaica” with Ray Milland and Wendell Corey. After a week off she’ll start “Here Come The Girls” for Paramount with Bob Hope, Tony Martin and Rosemary Clooney.

“I’m really looking forward to working with Bob. Everyone says it’s a great experience and lots of laughs. After three pictures with Red Skelton I think I’ll be ready for anything,” says Arlene.

“This, I believe, will be my best role. It’s a character, not just a straight part, a temperamental star of the ‘Follies’ back around 1900. Bob plays the ‘oldest living chorus boy’ and can’t you imagine what he’ll do with that? Rosemary, as a chorus girl, is in love with him, he has a crush on me, I’m in love with Tony Martin. I’ll even have a chance to sing as I did in ‘Three Little Words.’ Perhaps no one will care that it’s my voice, with Tony and Rosemary also singing, but I think it will be fun.”

When Arlene first arrived in Hollywood a famous movie producer described her as “the girl for whom color motion pictures were invented.” Now it is stipulated in her P-T contract that all her pictures will be in Technicolor. This pleases Arlene who is indeed a color expert; her early art training and work as a professional display artist for a department store may be the reason.

In decorating her new home she has wide scope for her artistic talent. When Arlene bought the house earlier this year it wasn’t quite completed and she started making changes for Lex’s masculine tastes. One bedroom was converted into a study for him, another bedroom was converted into twin dressing rooms off the master bedroom. Now with Arlene’s single occupancy, the study has become an extra den and the main bedroom has become so completely feminine that it is obvious Arlene is not fooling about “no man in her immediate future.”

“It’s like a light pink cloud” is her apt description of her bedroom. Walls, carpet and curtains are the softest pink. The furniture is antique white flecked with gold. The bed, a copy of one of the Empress Eugenie’s, has a half canopy lined with ruby velvet and the chaise longue is upholstered in the same lush material.

“When I was a little girl I believed in fairy tales. I always thought ‘Someday I shall have a Hansel and Gretel house.’ My father built me a playhouse along those lines, but truly it was more like the abode of the wicked witch. But now I have my dream house. To me it is a Hansel and Gretel house, with a view equalling any dream in a fairy tale,” says enthusiast Arlene.

“My husband and I are thrilled to be in the Bel
Air hills, I knew it was my early dream come true. It looks as if it were made of chocolate, with the shake roof resembling chocolate shavings. The windows and shutters and trim are such stark white they resemble spun sugar candy. And there are flower boxes all across the front," she adds.

Arlene has reason to be proud of her home. It is lovely. And, smart girl, she subdued decorating schemes all compliment her dramatic coloring. Three shades of grey dominate the living room, dining room and den. Furniture is French provincial. Upholstery and drapes are chintz, velveteen and raw silk.

In contrast the country-style kitchen is gay, with pine cupboards, pine captain's table and chairs, the latter with citron yellow seat pads; the citron is picked up in the provincial wallpaper.

All these rooms and the master bedroom open out on a spacious terrace. Downstairs is a large play room, the size of the upstairs den, living and dining rooms combined. A brick fireplace covers one entire wall. Scandinavian is the motif Arlene has used here. And here she will have her first big party, a smorgasbord for about a hundred people.

"One thing I've learned in decorating the house. It's a mistake to do everything at once. I'm starting slowly. It's better to start with a few things, live with them, experiment, then add." 

In October Arlene had a style show for the Los Angeles fashion press to introduce her new Winter line of lingerie. There were five breathtaking ensembles of nightgowns and negligees, made of nylon organically, nylon satin, trimmed with nylon lace. You may have seen pictures of Arlene herself in her Summer creations in a national magazine. The new ones are even more interesting for she has added two new colors to the robe de nuit line—Caribbean blue and Christmas red.

"The red is so clear and true a color that it is flattering to any girl of whatever coloring. Natural skin tones shine through the sheer tricot," says the enthusiastic designer. (To look like Arlene in one of them!)

You may remember that Arlene got into this lingerie business when three years ago she designed a fluffy little bedcap with 17 nylon ruffles. She created it to cope with her own problem of how to be glamorous in bobby pins, but being a canny business woman as well as an artiste she took out a patent. A friend sent the design to a manufacturer who had no idea who the creator was—the design was signed merely A. Dahl. He wanted to buy the patent. She refused, but agreed to a royalty basis. When the manufacturer learned he was dealing with movie star A. Dahl he nearly fainted.

Later Arlene, in her high school days had won three top fashion design contests, added the nightsies, peignoirs and negligees to the line. They are all hand-made in Puerto Rico. Her next step will be to add moderately priced hand-made blouses and then next year, less expensive machine-made lingerie for the working girl. She'll do all the designs.

All this started with her "Dahl cap." Now she, the manufacturer and the distributor are all doing very well financially, thank you. All you need, you see, is a good idea, some talent, the will to take on an extra chore. . . .

Speaking of chores, there is also her column, "Let's Be Beautiful." Only she doesn't consider it a chore.

"I've learned so many beauty hints through interviewing other stars the last two years that I feel I could write a book. I've also consulted dermatologists, to double check. One thing I've really learned: although creams can do won-

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...ders for the skin, you are what you eat. Proper diet is most essential. Then rest. And too much sun can do untold skin damage,” says beauty expert Dahl.

Often she interviews male stars on what they find fascinating about women. Always Arlene does the interviewing, and Ann Helming, who has had newspaper background, takes notes and roughs out the copy, then busy Miss D, does the final editing.

Her cosmetic venture is still in the formative stage, but she believes it will be ready for introduction sometime in 1933.

“I have my fingers in so many pies, I feel I’m not really expert at anything yet,” says she with candor. “But at least I’m trying and through trying I may become expert. I find designing is a relaxation and never dreamed that hobby would turn into a money-making venture.

Acting, of course, is still her primary interest and she finds something “fascinating” in every picture she does. In “Jamaica,” for example, she is acting for the first time with Ray Milland, who was her big crush back in her school days around 1937 after she had seen him in “The Jungle Princess.”

“I told Ray about that the other day and that I had written to him for a photograph. After it arrived I framed it and admired it every day. He seemed amazed and asked ‘Did I sign it?’ I assured him he had signed it ‘Most sincerely’ and to me at the time it was as exciting as if he had written ‘With all my love.’”

One other thing Arlene plans for her immediate future; a trip to Europe, probably after she finishes the Bob Hope picture. Want to make a bet she’ll return with an idea for some new project to fill a little more of her time?

Work, work and more work. . . . We’re tired, just writing about this working Dahl . . . .

If you asked him if he was nervous about a show, he’d snap “sure I’m excited, anybody that coasts along and doesn’t feel keyed up ain’t playing square with the public. That’s part of the business.”

“Once-in-a-while we still get together for these early morning chinsins,” Jackson continued, “although I now live four or five blocks from Jimmy’s Beverly Hills home.”

Like most show folks, security to Durante is symbolized by a house, which he bought on Canon Drive, just a few doors away from the Beverly Hills shopping district. The neat gray-and-white stucco abode has one distinguishing attraction, a glass-enclosed music room built atop the garage. Here, anytime that Julie Buffano and Jack Roth want to check a number the comedian did in a Broadway show or in a film, they need only to refer to the fantastically accurate filing system of the comedian. Although the boys visit Jimmy often, Durante lives alone, with a housekeeper coming in at 10 a.m. to prepare his meals for the day.

Unlike some comics, Jimmy makes no demands on his friends. When Christmas or a birthday rolls around, he shrugs off pals inquiries with “Oh, send me a card.” Generally Jimmy waits until the “big day” and then sends out a barrage of telegrams.

“You bet,” explained Jackson, “let him walk down the street and run into a pal.

“What are you doing now?” asks Jimmy.

“I’m running a men’s shop,” the fellow says.

“That’s a coincidence,” Durante remarks, “I am all out of shirts.”

“So,” Jackson continued, “they go into the store, he buys a dozen shirts, then looks over what he said and says ‘Eddie ya need some shirts.’”

“Na,” I says, “I got plenty.”

“He comes over, looks at the shirt I’m wearing and says, ‘Get some shirts from my pal, here. The one you are wearing looks awful. Who picked it out?’”

“You did,” I says.

“Next day, he calls me up and asks who needs a dozen shirts. He’s overstocked.”

“Jimmy does everything quick like that,” Jackson explained, “he goes to Chicago calls up a tailor and orders three $185 suits in a couple of minutes, does a few guest appearances on radio, and then checks in for some business appointments.”

When he is in Chicago he also has a yearly check-up with his doctor. Durante’s a fanatic about keeping up his good health. His pet prescription is “watch the waistline, more guys have trouble from overeating than anything else.” His favorite food is corn flakes and he eats it at all times of the day. Otherwise he is not too fussy about what he eats; he doesn’t particularly care for desserts and he doesn’t drink.

Following his TV show, Jimmy has one week off, and if he doesn’t play a benefit (he once played eight in one night), he likes to go to races or to Palm Springs.
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LOSE WEIGHT OR MONEY BACK

73
Bob Hope had exciting caller in shapely person of Jane Russell who dropped by his Paramount dressing room to go over songs for her appearance on his consistently popular radio show.

To Treasure And To Give
Continued from page 31

YOUR one and only complexion is in for what may well be one of the most important experiences of its life when you indulge in your first Noxzema cream-washing treatment. For here is a new treatment that was designed specifically to take care of the skins of people who have no time for complicated sessions with bottles and jars, either at home or in a beauty salon. It answers all the basic problems of beauty care so simply and so logically, in fact, that it's hard to understand why no one had the wit to think of it a long time ago. The whole thing starts off with your smoothing a dollop of your greaseless Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream on both face and neck. Then take a washcloth wrung out of warm water and wash away to your heart's content, just the way you would if you were using soap and water. That's all there is to it. Your skin will be cleaned thoroughly and feel refreshed too, but there'll be no drying out to encourage wrinkles! You can see why we feel that your first Noxzema cream washing treatment is such a momentous occasion—it's so surely going to be the beginning of a life-long friendship that will pay rich dividends in improved skin texture plus time and energy saved.

HAVING concentrated so hard on the fundamentals, it's fun to be able to introduce you to a bit of glamorous glitter for a change. In case you haven't already guessed, we're referring to the cute foil package of Dorothy Grey perfume (designed as a gift but there's no law to say you can't spend $2 on yourself). The gleaming foil box is held closed with a tassel. Spangled motifs add their own sparkle. Inside all this splendor is a purse container of Nosegay, Night Drums, or Love Song perfume. This will be your first chance at Love Song, it's that new.

Tops In Movie Music
"ANYWHERE I Wander," from "Hans Christian Andersen," and "Casually" by Mel Torme for Capitol ... Alan Dale's "Toddling The Tadalo," from "Somebody Loves Me," and "Laugh! Clown! Laugh!" for Coral ... Fran Warren's "Anywhere I Wander," from "Hans Christian Andersen," and "I Worry 'Bout You" for MGM ... The Merry Widow" album by MGY ... The Lovely To Look At" album, both from films of the same name, by MGY ... "Ivanhoe" and "Plymouth Adventure," both from films of same name, by Miklos Rozsa for MGM ... Albums of "Everything I Have Is Yours" and "Lil- lly," both from films of same name, by Hans Summer and David Rose for MGM.

Tops In Popular Hits
BING CROSBY-Andrews Sisters singing "South Rampart Street Parade" and "Cool Water" for Decca ... Les Paul-Mary Ford doing "Lady Of Spain" and "My Baby's Coming Home" for Capitol ... Toni Arden's "Take A Chance" and "Sweet Forgiveness" for Columbia ... Helen O'Connell-Gisele MacKenzie dueting "Water Can't Queoch The Fire Of Love" and "A Crown Waltz" for Capitol ... Perry Como's "To Know You" and "My Lady Loves To Dance" for Victor ... Johnny Desmond's "Nina Never Knew" and "Stay Where You Are" for Coral ... Hugo Winterhalter's "Blue Violins" and "Fandango" for Victor ... "Nickle And Dime Mora" and "Gonna" by Dorothy London for Victor ... Greyhound" and "Jump Back Honey" by Ella Mae Morse for Capitol ... Vera Lynn's "Yours" and "The Love Of My Life" for London ... Roger Coleman's "Give Me The Right" and "Everything I Have Is Yours" for Decca ... "Forget Me Not" and "Where There's Smoke There's Fire" by Gogi Grant for Victor ... Billy Eckstine's "Be Fair" and "Come To The Mardi Gras" for MGY ... Art Moore's "Lazy River" and "Honesty" for MGY ... "Mad About 'Cha" and "I Don't Know Why I Just Do" by the Billy Williams Quartet for Mercury ...
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in the names of the objects stood out from the rest, thus
to spell out the name of the famous person pictured
at the bottom. Read the explanation carefully.

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**Screenland** plus **TV-LAND**

Volume Fifty-Seven, Number Four
February, 1953

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The Bad and the Beautiful

No holds barred...
in this story of a blonde who wanted to go places...and a big shot who got her there...the hard way!

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Barry Sullivan • Gloria Grahame
Gilbert Roland • with Leo G. Carroll
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Ginger Rogers and her new beau, Jacques Bergerac, dining a deux at Ciro’s. The handsome Frenchman has had a screen test and you’ll soon be seeing him in films.

BACKGROUND note on the Jane Wyman-Freddie Karger surprise marriage while Jane, appropriately, was making Columbia’s “Love Song” with Ray Milland and Aldo Ray—this wasn’t really a marry-in-haste thing. Jane and Freddie have known each other for years but it was the eight-week pre-rehearsal on music that brought them together. Freddie’s an ark leader and music supervisor—composed his first musical score for “All Ashore” which his pal, Richard Quine, directed. Dick made all the arrangements for the Santa Barbara wedding while the kids were working and, for that reason, even Jane’s best friends wouldn’t tell—because they didn’t know. As often happens in screen-land, Jane was playing a gal who was divorcing her husband in “Love Song” at the time she did the reverse in her personal life.

Strange switch in the romantic aspects of a quartet of glamour pusses—when Lana and Lamas broke up he started dating Arlene Dahl, who had just shed Lex Barker. So Barker and Lana got to-

Zsa Zsa Gabor, George Sanders at the West Coast opening of “Snows Of Kilimanjaro.”

Denise Darcel celebrating her elevation to stardom with Lance Fuller at Ciro’s.
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Peggy Lee

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DAVIS, STERN, MEZIERE

BASED ON THE PLAY BY
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PRODUCED BY
LOUIS EDELMA

DIRECTED BY
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COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

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Joan Crawford, daughter Christina, son Christopher at the Ambassador for dinner.

Dating event that had Hollywood's mouths wagging like mad—Barbara Stanwyck and the handsome young Bob Wagner. Seems kind of a shame that a couple of people can't even enjoy each other's company without everyone taking it up and trying to make a romance out of it, which this isn't.

Good news for the people who are addicted to television—the beautiful Maureen O'Sullivan who used to be a big, big movie star before she started raising a family of seven children, is cracking the TV screen in a series called "Duffy Of San Quentin." Real good to hear.

That big, good-looking guy, Rock Hudson, walked right into a new picture at U-I on his return from Europe. Scott Brady kinda kicked up his heels about playing second fiddle to Farley Granger in "The Golden Blade," so U-I, with that "you can be replaced look in their eye," put Rock to work pronto. And Scott doesn't live at U-I anymore.

This seems a little improbable—but

what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)
High steppers Bob Hope, Bing Crosby get shipwrecked in the “Road To Bali.”

receives acclaim but no coinage for his music. Just before his decision to leave the service, he meets a young marine, Robert Wagner, whose conniving ways thrusts his playing of the Sousa-phone (tuba) on the non-willing maestro. Sousa agrees with his wife, Ruth Hussey, in liking Wagner and finally admits his tuba playing would be a good addition to the band. When he leaves the Corps, he asks that the young Marine be allowed to go with him. Sousa organizes his now famous band and decides to tour the country with it. Debra Paget, a burlesque performer and Bob’s secret wife, joins the band as a singer. Debra introduces the two-step and then in a full production number sings to Sousa’s “Springtime In New York.” She’s a big hit.

The Spanish-American War interrupts the tour. But the finale finds the maestro bringing wounded Wagner back to the band and introducing his best known work, “Stars And Stripes Forever.” It is a fine Technicolor movie with excellent performances turned in by the entire cast.

You’ll hear this lilting song sung in Samuel Goldwyn’s new musical wonderfilm, and suddenly—you’ll feel nine feet tall! For that’s what this enchanting story, this love story, this tender story does to you—as no other film has ever done before. For into his multi-million dollar musical production “Hans Christian Andersen”, Samuel Goldwyn has poured all the emotions of which the human heart is capable and, as each comes into full play, you’ll feel yourself glow, grow—till you seem nine feet tall!

SAMUEL GOLDFWN
PRESENTS
Hans Christian Andersen
starring and the dancer
DANNY KAYE
and introducing
FARLEY GRANGER • JEANMAIRE
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR • Screenplay by MOSS HART
Words and Music by FRANK LOESSER
Choreography by ROLAND PETIT
Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.
COLOR BY Technicolor

Clifton Webb is awed by soubrette Debra Paget in “Stars And Stripes Forever.”
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Eyes

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Your guide to current films
CONTINUED

Tyrone Power falls for Southern belle Piper Laurie in “Mississippi Gambler.”

Mississippi Gambler
Moonlight and Magnolias—Universal-International

A riverboat bathed in moonlight, a spirited and rebellious Southern belle, a poker table, and beautiful costumes mark this Tyrone Power-Piper Laurie Technicolor starrer as a visual treat. Power, as Mark Fallon, an 1850 adventurer, wants to initiate honest gambling on the river packets. High-spirited Piper and her brother, John Baer, are also on the boat. Power, dealing cards and chewing a cigar, takes one look at Piper and it’s not just his cigar that starts smoking. When Baer steals his sister’s heirloom necklace to pay a gambling debt to Power, Piper immediately believes her brother was the victim of the scheming gambler. Although Fallon gains the favor of their father, he is an outcast of their society set. During a showdown with Piper, he tells her she is afraid of life because her mother died giving birth to her. She retaliates by marrying banker George Elwood (Ron Randall). Her father is killed in a duel defending Fallon’s name, her brother, jealous that Julia Adams will not marry him, holds Fallon guilty and is killed in a fight with him, and her husband runs out after making off with most of the bank’s money. Piper is left alone with a closefit of hoop skirts and a “Gone With The Wind” type mansion. She sees the romantic light and rushes to the river packet to confess her love to Fallon who is waiting on deck with open arms.

Road To Bali
Bali Laughs—Paramount

What’s your picture pleasure? Name it and you’ll probably find it in this latest fun-for-all with Bing Crosby, Bob
Hope and Dorothy Lamour. Producer Harry Tugend has thrown in everything from an erupting volcano to a close-up of Jane Russell. Story-wise Bing and Bob are a couple of song-and-dance men who have to make a hasty retreat from Australia when some of their romantic shenanigans are blown out of proportion. The boys hide out in a small seacoast town where their only employment offer comes from Murvyn Vye to dive for buried treasure off his island paradise—stocked with sarongs, songs and Lamour. When the fellows glimpse the local scenery, they are all set to settle down, until Dorothy warns Bing that their four successors were either killed by an octopus while diving for the treasure or murdered by her cousin (Vye). Bing comes up with the only possible solution—let Bob dive. Hope does, and successfully outwits the sea monster, only to learn that he cannot take the loot back to the island or the cousin will have his head shrunk for a moment. Since he had become rather attached to it, the trio sail for Bali. They become shipwrecked on a mysterious island where bedlam breaks loose. The boys romance a widowed girl, as Dorothy finds a villainous island prince, and break into an occasional song, the best being “The Merry Go Roundaround.”

Above And Beyond
Top secret—top entertainment—MGM

The best kept secret of World War II, the dropping of the bomb over Hiroshima, is the basis for this compelling movie. Robert Taylor and Eleanor Parker, as Colonel and Mrs. Paul Tibbets, give convincing and warm performances as the Air Force Colonel in charge of preparations for dropping the bomb and his trusting wife. Since complete secrecy is absolutely necessary for the success of the mission, none of the hand-picked men actually know the full import of their assignment until over Japan. Taylor, with little time for his wife, finds the nerve-wracking strain making him irritable around his family.

Eleanor Parker can’t understand change in Bob Taylor in “Above And Beyond.”

Mona Freeman says:
“I know you’ll love this friendly way of making

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Jealousy rears its ugly head when Leslie Caron finds Jean Pierre Aumont, whom she loves, attentive to Zsa Zsa Gabor in “Lili.” Leslie’s unaware they’re married.

Eleanor Parker doesn’t hear a word from him until after the birth of their second child, then, she decides to join him at Wendover Field, Utah. Once there, she learns the wives have been allowed to stay at the Field with their husbands, and begins to worry anew over Taylor’s strange actions. He is the butt of most of the sarcastic remarks—men figure if it was anything really important they’d have a top-ranking general in charge. It is only when they are in the B-29 heading for Japan that they learn the five years of research and work has been history in the making. Mrs. Tibbets hears of her husband’s courageous project over the radio and all misunderstandings are washed away with her pride in his world-shaking assignment.

Lili

Young Love—MGM

Whimsy and a Gallic charm prevail in this Edwin Knopf production of a little orphan named Lili (Leslie Caron), who falls in love with a magician (Jean Pierre Aumont) and joins a carnival to be near him. She wins a job with puppeteers Mel Ferrer and Kurt Kaszmar. Ferrer, a former dancer wounded in the war, holds a resentment against life in general and Aumont in particular, for he knows him as a devil-may-care charmer whose only heartbeat is for his assistant, Zsa Zsa Gabor. When he vainly tries to inform Lili, she spurns his advice and their association is pretty much limited to working hours with the puppets. The latter provide an unusual and effective touch in the Technicolor love story, as the little orphan seems to (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)
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Style No. 814 — Crisp checks in rayon menswear suiting. Black, navy, brown.

Style No. 824 — Same suit in solid colors of fine rayon menswear suiting. Navy, beige, aqua, grey.
Acting bug seems to have gotten hold of Leo Durocher, with wife Laraine Day on recent telecast. Leo's seriously considering doing picture work.

Surprise of the month was pulled by Jane Wyman who wed Fred Karger after six weeks' courtship.

Ann Sothern, well again and looking radiant, with Richard Egan. She's going to do big new TV show.

Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas have discovered each other and are going everywhere together. Ironically, their ex-loves are also duetting.
WHY FRANKIE AND AVA REALLY FIGHT!

It's more than petty quarrels and temperament that keeps them from marital bliss

Never, in all of Hollywood's long, exciting, and often turbulent history, has any movie marriage made newspaper headlines as consistently and unfortunately as the blissful-cum- hectic-cum-ideal-cum-explosive Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra menage.

Today, just one year and three months, after their stormy wedding in Pennsylvania, dark clouds still hover over America's most melodramatic marital episode of 1952. And the question remains the same: can their marriage, can ANY marriage survive the day-in and day-out tiffs, rifts, spats, and out-in-the-open fights of its temperamental protagonists.

Now, with Ava playing one of the biggest roles of her professional career in MGM's "Mogambo," in the heart of Africa, and with Frankie finding time hanging heavily on his hands, and forced to nurse a greatly-impaired pocketbook by fulfilling whatever engagements he can pick up abroad, the Gardner-Sinatra union faces its supreme test.

It is no secret that Frankie put up a bitter fight against Ava going away so far from home, and for such a long period of time. The trip, plus commitments other than the "Mogambo" stint, may take as long as eighteen months. A lot can happen in that time—a lot that might not be too good for either party.

What Hollywood is wondering, then, is whether Ava and Frankie, who finally left together, in a fine display of fireworks, will return together—with or without more explosive sound effects. What everyone wonders is: how long can these verbal and physical histrionics go on. If their quarrels continue so far away from home, the future looks mighty unpromising for Hollywood's most unpredictable and most publicized marriage since movies began.

But one thing is certain. It's a long way from Africa's "Mogambo" to Hollywood's "Mocambo," and both parties may find it hard to take the absence of friends to keep the alliance going—through their good counsel, understanding, devotion. It is doubtful, too, that Clark Gable, the other star of MGM's African epic and Ava's closest friend on the location trip, will care to act as referee to any of their free-for-alls. Mr. Gable is noted as a gentleman that stays out of fights, and he has had his own experience of weddings that don't hit it off at the start.

It is a sad commentary on Holly— (CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

Frankie and Ava fought furiously even before their stormy wedding and so became a target of criticism and pessimism.
Luscious Rhonda Fleming's career zoomed when she blended acting with her allure

When Rhonda was attending Beverly Hills High School she was chosen, at the age of fifteen, as Beverly High's Fairest and had her picture printed on the cover of the school magazines. A great honor, in one way, a near misfortune in another. Her friends and admirers misled career-minded Ronnie into believing that a girl as beautiful as she had nothing to worry about—all she had to do was look beautiful and audiences would be happy. It was here, luckily, that Agent Henry Willson came into Ronnie's life. Yes, he agreed, she was beautiful enough to make any audience happy, but, he added, she'd make them deliriously happy if she'd concentrate on acting and let her beauty take care of itself. That meant hard work, endless hours of study and rehearsing. Willson insisted on vocal and dancing lessons, too, declaring Hollywood was overloaded with untalented beauties, all of whom faded fast. Rhonda did as advised. Today, she's a star. Now Rhonda is studying more intensely than ever, doing all she possibly can to help her win fame as an actress, rather than as a ravishing beauty.
THRILLER from Overseas

Trans-ocean operation is required to bring exciting "Foreign Intrigue" to American televiewers

Among the most popular TV shows in the United States is "Foreign Intrigue," the unique, suspense-packed series that's now in its second year. What makes this half-hour weekly program so different is that it is filmed in Europe, then rushed here by plane to be shown to American televiewers only. Because European backgrounds are essential to the plot of the series, writer-producer-director Sheldon Reynolds, a stickler for realism, took his stars, Jerome Thor and Sydna Scott, to Sweden. From there, he, the stars, a bilingual Swedish cast and crew go on location each week to whatever city the action in the script calls for. So not only do American TV audiences get a dramatic story, they also have the added thrill of seeing Europe while sitting in their own living rooms. No wonder this scenic thriller has become so popular! This year Sheldon Reynolds moved his base of operations to Paris where he now uses a French cast and crew to give the films new dash and flavor. When the producer first conceived unusual idea of filming his TV show in its actual locale he was scoffed at by associates in the television field, but time has proven how right he was. He's already had several Hollywood offers.
"I'm not too old or too grey
or too set in my ways to say yes to
marriage a fifth time,"
says Clark, who's the marrying kind

BY DENNY SHANE

London

Whenever I mention that I spent some time in Europe with Clark Gable, ears perk up and I'm bumbled with questions about him.

"How does he feel about Sylvia Ashley?"
"Is he in love with Gene Tierney, as some of the columnists hint?"
"Is he still grieving over Carole Lombard?"
"How does he look now?"
"Do you think he'll ever marry again?"

Gable, who has a reputation for a closed mouth, has plenty to say when he feels in the mood to confide. Of marriage, he admits with unexpected enthusiasm, "Of course, I'd marry again if I knew the right girl! That is, if she'd say yes.

"I'm not too old or too grey—or too set in my ways to say yes to marriage a fifth time," Clark declared firmly.

"Just don't ask me for advice on staying married," he grinned wryly. "I wouldn't know the secret. I must have learned something about marriage since I went into it the first time—that was in 1924—but I couldn't tell you just what," he admitted.

One thing about Clark Gable is clear. He is definitely the marrying kind. He has invariably proposed to the women with whom he really fell in love, and married them.

Twenty-eight years ago he found himself in love with a woman years older than he. Her knowledge and her adult strength and charm had great appeal for the young, unpolished Gable. They married—and eventually parted without rancor or bitterness on either side. I've met and talked with the former first Mrs. Gable, Josephine Dillon. Her words about him were only the kindest.

Once again Clark Gable married an older and very charming woman, socially-prominent Rhea Gable. Theirs was a marriage that again followed in Clark's pattern of looking to people who knew more than he did. That's how one grows. He learned (and contributed) a great deal. His first two marriages can— (continued on page 58)

"Sure, I've been unhappy," says Clark. "After marriage has failed, for example. But you can't go on being miserable."
Gloria is starred with Vittorio Gassman, Shelley Winters' husband, in "The Glass Wall," vivid thriller which gets its name from great glass building housing UN in N. Y.

**Nightmare for Gloria**

In "The Glass Wall," the sultry Miss Grahame has a terrifying evening helping a stowaway escape.

Almost having her head crushed in by an elephant's foot in "Greatest Show On Earth" may have seemed nightmarish to Gloria at the time, but that was before she made this action-packed melodrama, realistically filmed on-the-spot in pulsating Manhattan. The pace is breath-taking, yet there's passionate warmth and tenderness as Gloria struggles to save a DP from unjustly being returned to Europe.
Stork Club is a vacation treat for Mal and Ray. They rarely go nightcludding; Ray prefers quiet restaurants without fanfare.

The Millards, son Danny. There's also a daughter, Vicki. "The children's companionship has helped to change Ray at lot."

Ray Millard, Arlene Dahl chatting on "Jamaica" set. "Ray's learned how to live," says his wife, "and is happier as result."

"Previous to making 'The Thief,' there were ten months when Ray didn't work. Instead of being restless, he was relaxed."
"Everyone who hits the Hollywood jackpot goes through a series of phases... Ray's indulged his, but most of it's out of his system"

BY MRS. RAY MILLAND

Ray's WISER now

Thus is the story I never thought I'd write!

May I hastily add, as a non-professional wife, my reasons are purely personal and my particular point of view only concerns me. Fortunately, my husband, Ray Milland, subscribes to this same theory, so the credit side of our marital ledger balances beautifully.

It just so happens that seeing my name and face in print holds no fatal fascination for me. Ray (I always call him Jack, which is the name he assumed because he hated his given name of Reginald) is the celebrity in the family and within the realm of reason I prefer to remain out of the spotlight. Running a home, being a wife and mother of two growing children is the role I play best—I believe. Loving our home as we all do, it's a full time job.

As fate would have it, however, the request for this story came in from SCREENLAND in the midst of musings that were quite nostalgic. So I was moved to make this exception.

It was our 21st anniversary, last September 30th to be exact, which happened to fall on the same date set for the preview of "The Thief." Now through the years it's been heartwarming to observe Ray mellowing, maturing and becoming the complete adult he is today. But I still wasn't prepared for the shock when he announced that he wanted to go to a preview of his own picture!

Naturally, it meant a great deal to him, but others have too. During the 20 years he's been an actor I've been the guinea pig at previews while he remained home pacing the floor as he waited for the verdict. That he's learned at long last to disassociate himself, is just one of many indications that he's learned how to live and is a much happier person as a result.

Ray's previews, his fan mail, the general reception given "The Thief," more than qualifies my pardonable pride in his performance. Of course, "Lost Weekend," "The Clock" and "Rhubarb" are also my favorites amongst his many pictures. Driving home from the preview of "The Thief," Ray was silent as he always is when something deep within him yearns to be expressed.

The experiment of making a picture without dialogue was a success and he was grateful. It wasn't the right time but I wish I could have reminded him of an incident that should be very appropriate for this story.

Ray has always been a worrier and even though he began at the bottom in pictures, we have never actually been poor. We ate regularly, we paid our rent, but we've always lived within our means. Still Ray believed that every day was the last day. When he first signed with Paramount, a big insurance broker friend of the family came to see us.

"You are young and just beginning," he said to Ray, "Take out a good annuity and twenty years from now you'll be able to retire."

My husband was speechless. Twenty years! He finally managed to say that he'd be lucky if he lasted five, he didn't know anything about acting, he was getting by on borrowed time, and he wouldn't dream of doing it! He couldn't have been more sincere and, silly as this may sound, it's just recently that he's begun to believe he has a permanent place in pictures!

Previous to making "The Thief," there was a time lapse of ten months when Ray didn't (continued on page 61)
PRIVATE LIFE OF A

Allyn McLerie as she appears in her role of fiery Azuri in "The Desert Song."
"Arlene's a wonderful girl," says Lex, "but she wasn't ready to settle down. I still think two careers can work fine."

Arlene at party for Indian producer, B. N. Sircar. The parties—to meet important people—that kept Arlene away from home caused arguments.

Lox with Phyllis Kirk between scenes of "Raiders Of The Southwest," his latest.
NO WONDER Arlene and Lex GAVE UP!

The first year is always difficult but for two busy people like Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker there wasn’t enough time for a life together.

After three weeks of trying, I finally reached Lex Barker on the telephone. “Where in the world have you been?” I asked. “I’ve been dialing your telephone ever since I saw you at the Marion Davies party and told you I wanted a nice, long interview!”

“I went out of town and I just returned today,” Lex replied. Then, “Yes, I’ll drop over.” It wasn’t until an hour later when the afternoon paper arrived and I saw Lex’s and Arlene Dahl’s pictures on the front page—they had been divorced that very morning—that I felt quite embarrassed.

“I didn’t know,” I apologized to Lex when he arrived a little after six. “I’m sorry—but you know my job is being a reporter. And you’re probably in no mood to talk. Then, with a sigh, I added hopefully, “Or will you, now that you are a brand new bachelor? And besides, what’s this about you and Lana Turner?”

“I don’t like being a bachelor. I never wanted to become a bachelor,” Lex replied with an uncontrollable shudder. “I didn’t want a divorce. I still don’t. I didn’t see any reason for it. But—if the one you are married to wants her freedom, then there’s nothing to do but give it to her.

“Arlene’s a wonderful girl. I wouldn’t say anything to hurt her in any way. She just wasn’t ready to get married and settle down,” he said. “I still believe that two careers can work fine—but a girl has to take time to make a home for a guy. And she has to let him be the breadwinner or, at least, think he is. A man’s pride can’t let him be happy unless he is the man and is assuming the full responsibilities for his wife. It’s tough when a girl makes equally as much money. It creates problems.

“When Arlene and I discussed her work before we were married, I agreed that certainly she should (continued on page 64)
Desperation forced Peggy Lee to adopt her “soft as silk” style of singing and the sex appeal it gave her was so hypnotic she became a sensation.

The Girl with the Sexy Voice
Peggy With Danny

You don't have to be slinky and smouldering to intrigue men

A while back Warners was getting ready to make a picture called "The Jazz Singer." The star was to be Danny Thomas. But there was one problem: who was going to play opposite Danny?

The usual tests began. About nineteen top-flight actresses were being considered for the role. And then one evening Director Michael Curtiz decided to go nightclubbing. He stopped off at Ciro's where a blonde charmer by the name of Peggy Lee was singing. The more Curtiz listened to her the more intrigued he became. Soon he was under the spell that Peggy Lee weaves over her audience—a sort of quiet but hypnotic sex appeal. Here was a lady who sang not with just a voice but with a body that cut loose in all kinds of subtle movements. And here was also a lady whose face became radiantly beautiful as she sang.

Curtiz turned to a friend and said, "If she can act as well as she sings, maybe we have something, maybe."

To see if he had something, he sent for Peggy. In a rare move, she was given a two-reel test in which she answered questions about herself, then sang a couple of numbers, and was, for a finish, thrown a dramatic scene to do—cold. The test was so good they almost considered sending it out as a short.

When it was over, Peggy was given the part—her first important role in a motion picture. Her one other film stint had been in a guest spot with Bing Crosby in "Mr. Music" which, of course, did nothing for her cinematically.

Already you hear reports that Peggy Lee is a new star. Well, this is possibly true as far as pictures are concerned because her work in "The Jazz Singer" is rumored as terrific. But before hysteria grips the countryside, it's wise to remember that Peggy has been a star for about ten years—on radio, recordings, composing, and in the last couple of years, television.

Peggy's fame lies not only in her voice. She has written several hit tunes, among them "Manana" and the new "Sans Souci" which she worked on (continued on page 62)

Delivering a song in her inimitable style in "The Jazz Singer."
I GUESS I’M NOT THE TYPE

Ann Blyth is of the age when most young stars invariably get married, but she’s never been one to do as others do

BY JON BRUCE

Not long ago Ann Blyth was asked, “Do you expect to get married?”

She did a quick double-take, a subtle smile crossed her lovely face, and she said with real conviction, “Certainly. But not just this minute.”

She was then asked if there were any immediate prospects. She hesitated for a moment and finally replied, “Not immediate. But don’t worry—when the day comes that there is a ring on my finger I’ll want the world to know. Marriage is too great a thing to be kept secret, to be coy about.

Somehow people have the idea that Ann has never experienced any real romance. She’s been rumored going with this, that, and the other fellow. A couple of times she was erroneously reported as engaged. Most of such items were products of the gossip factory. “When I was eighteen,” Ann reminisced, “I was sure I was in love—that it was the real thing. But then, gradually, I began to see it wasn’t. Maybe the fact that I was eighteen had something to do with my final decision. I discovered eighteen wasn’t exactly the age of reason. “Ever since then I have thought about marriage a good deal. Because I’ve regarded it so seriously, I am glad I have waited. I learned from that one experience that I would never jump into marriage until I knew I was in love.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

Charles FitzSimons, a brother of Maureen O’Hara, has been one of her favorite companions. Ann averages two dates a week.

“Dick Clayton and I often go to premieres. Then instead of going to a night club, we feast on hamburgers at a drive-in.”
Esther Williams holds the attention of Director Mervyn Le Roy, Ken McEldowney and Nargis, star from distant India.

David Abraham, character actor from India, seems more interested in camera than in table companion Loretta Young.

David Abraham, Surya Kumari, singing star of India, and Minoo Katrak, sound man, being welcomed by Virginia Mayo.

Tyrone Power, Mrs. Gabriel Pascal and Charles Brackett discuss the visitors from India at the Beverly Hills Hotel dinner.

Piper Laurie and escort Dick Anderson at exotic gathering. The dinner climaxed a grand tour of the Hollywood studios.

Steve Cochran greets Indian Producer B. N. Sircar. Having Hollywood stars appear in films in India is plan for future.
Delegation from motion picture industry of India is given elaborate Hollywood welcome

To help further the progress of motion pictures in India, a delegation representing all branches of the industry recently arrived in Hollywood to study American methods of production. The Motion Picture Association acted as host conducting thorough tours of all the studios, business offices, theatres, and showing all else that had to do with the making and showing of American-made movies. No questions were left unanswered. The stars of India, of course, were the most interesting part of the delegation. Surprisingly enough, most of them spoke English. In India, the motion picture industry is making rapid strides, the output of pictures increasing unbelievably. They have had enormous help from the British studios, but felt a visit to Hollywood, capital of the film world, was essential to perfecting their own films. Dubbed-in American movies have long been popular in India. "The River," filmed entirely in India, in English, was one of our best received foreign-made pictures of 1952. The interchange of ideas will increase.

Surya Kumari and Greer Garson compare notes. Censorship in Indian films, although rigid, is quite contrary to our own.

Kathryn Grayson is delighted to meet Surya, who, in her native land, is billed in films as the Kathryn Grayson of India.
Hats off to

"SOMBRERO"

Filmed amidst the color and gaiety of Mexico, MGM’s "Sombrero" is stirringly effective

What makes "Sombrero" unique is the way three separate love stories—one tragic, one tender and one deliriously gay—are interwoven to make a single story of colorful life in a small Mexican village. This MGM musical romance was filmed near picturesque Cuernavaca, is in Technicolor and boasts an impressive cast of Pier Angeli, Vittorio Gassman, Ricardo Montalban, Cyd Charisse, Yvonne De Carlo, Nina Foch, Kurt Kasznar and Jose Greco, famous Spanish dancer making his American film debut. His numbers with Cyd Charisse are breathtaking.

Pier Angeli, more beautiful than ever, and Vittorio Gassman study their lines.

Ricardo Montalban happily greets parents who came to Cuernavaca to visit him.

Cyd Charisse shows hubby Tony Martin arena used for bull fight scene in film.

Yvonne DeCarlo and Vittorio Gassman, await a call to do a swimming scene.

Scene over, Yvonne dries herself off. She has role of a girl without family or name.

Jose Greco instructs Cyd Charisse in the fine art of handling a matador's cape.
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Brighten your outlook
at little cost with Screenland’s
Variety Values

This photograph of Marjorie Steele was taken in her beautiful penthouse apartment overlooking New York’s East River. Marjorie is the bride in “The Bride Comes To Yellow Sky,” one of the two stories in RKO’s “Face To Face,” a Huntington Hartford Production. Marjorie is wearing a house dress, looking well-groomed, indeed. Her dress, by Cotton City, costs just $2.98 and is sold at most of the J. J. NEWBERRY Co. Stores. For a sure-fit, it’s made in sizes 12 to 20 and 16½ to 24½. Cotton chambray fabric is Sanforized, in brown, gray and blue.

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BY MARCIA MOORE

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For an expenditure of exactly ten minutes, and almost no energy, you can give your- (continued on page 73)
WHY FRANKIE AND AVA REALLY FIGHT!

(Continued from page 21)

wood's way of life, however, that—often through their own fault, but quite often not—a typical movie marriage starts off with several strikes against it. Hollywood, which likes to bet on anything from the ponies at Santa Anita to the fillies at the yearly Academy Awards, has a weakness for making "book" on the romances of the town... from the starting post that is all woo and coo, to the finishing line which so often, alas, ends in a lawyer's office.

No marriage exactly thrives when both parties learn that their union has brought about a parimutuel to weigh its chances. It is not easy to find that wherever movies are being discussed and made, half the players are betting the marriage won't succeed and the other half that it will last just so long. And that's exactly what is happening to Ava and Frankie.

"The present bad behavior of the stars has much to do with the eventual failure that besets their attempts at a happy marriage," reveals one of Hollywood's leading producers. "Both Ava and Frankie were responsible, over a long period of time, for incidents that were bound to make them the target of criticism and pessimism.

"If they had behaved merely as two people deeply, sincerely in love—and had gone about securing that love with faith and sincerity, they would have made more allies than the enemies they couldn't help collecting. As it was, they attacked marriage like a bull entering a china shop—and the damage, right from the start, is done."

Let's take a brief look at that harried, grotesquely-dramatic wedding of Ava and Frankie in West Germantown, Pa., where, in the presence of sixty-odd wedding guests, Frankie suddenly excused himself and rushed out of the house. Tearing past the policemen guarding each door and encircling the police prow cars outside, Frankie descended on the six reporters, twelve photographers, and twenty "fagging" and shouted hoarsely, "What are you creeps doing here?"

Before anyone could say anything at this startling interruption, Frankie said, "No pictures, you understand. We've got our own photographer. You'll all get pictures—and in the same frame! Why don't you all get the hell out of here?"

One photographer, a little bolder than the rest, said, "Pipe down, Frankie. We know you. I'll get my picture, don't worry."

It was then that Frank Sinatra blew his top. "I'll bet you $500 you don't," he warned, "and if you do, I'll knock you flat! Only Kentucky didn't put it in quite such polite words, but he had attained his goal. The photographers got no pictures: just a stereotyped pose, handed out by the Sinatras, in which Ava smiled benignly, and Frankie scowled ferociously.

Small wonder that the aftermath to the wedding was to have so much of the same flavor. From Hollywood came tales of squabbles, slamming doors, altercations in night clubs, Ava retreating to a friend's house, Frankie sitting sullenly alone, and exchanging surly monosyllables with well-meaning droppers-in.

Then in October came the worst news. The Pennsylvania fireworks grew and grew and grew, until, in Palm Springs, the Gardner-Sinatra idyll attained an explosion of atomic proportions. After eleven months of marriage, it was heard that Frankie had thrown Ava out of their desert home and there was quite a bit of mystery as to how the whole thing had happened.

Present were: the police; Lana Turner, actress; Ben Cole, business manager of both the feminine stars. They left when Frankie arrived, alone. Later Mr. Cole returned to the house and found Ava and her sister, Bea, having a dispute about Sinatra. The police, however, were still there. Says Mr. Cole, most tactfully, "I didn't stay around to see what it was all about, or what happened."

In Palm Springs, Chief of Police August Kettnar said, "I'll be on duty at the time. I really don't know anything about it. There is nothing on record about any alleged disturbances, and the charge sheets at the station are free of complaints."

In which statement, the Chief of Police matched Mr. Cole's tact. But the incident had Palm Springs open-mouthed and Hollywood typically agog with anticipation.

Of the incident proper, Ava remarked: "I have absolutely nothing to say relative to the matter."

It looked, to one and all, that, at long last, the Gardner-Sinatra marriage was well on the way to the stormy shoals that might say its days to what started as the stormiest wedding of the year.

Who was to blame in the rift that could have been the beginning of the end, no one quite knows. Take a quote from Ava, "I have only seen Frankie get mad when his anger is justified."

And take a quote from Frankie, "We're both temperamental, we both want the most out of everything, and we have the normal quarrels of everyone who loves each other very much."

To such dialogue, a top Hollywood columnist asked—print and person, "The reason of the quarrel is plain. Frankie has an ungovemable temper, and Ava will take a cocktail or two to calm her nerves. Frankie, who drinks rarely, doesn't like any drinking, moderate or otherwise, especially in a woman. What was on Frankie's mind that memory of her front row nights was Ava's forthcoming trip to Africa. Frankie didn't want her to go, and if she had to go, he wanted to go with her. And Ava, on that point, was adamant—she wanted to go alone. Hence the fireworks!"

Be that as it may, no story about Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra is complete without at least one prognostication. This writer would like to make one:
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that if the break-up between Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra finally and permanently occurs—which could easily happen in the uncivilized wilderness of Ava's film location—the chances of Frankie returning to Nancy Sinatra should not be taken lightly.

It wasn't so long ago that this writer was sitting with Nancy and Barbara Stanwyck, her closest friend, in their suite at the Sherry Netherland in New York. The entire conversation wasn't confined to an interview for purposes of publication, and this writer came away with the conviction that Nancy has not closed the door on her ex-husband. She has never felt that he would find true happiness or peace with Ava, but that his place was with someone who could understand his tantrums, and with his children, whom, all reports to the contrary, he loves very much.

For instance, within a few hours of his terrific battle with Ava in Palm Springs, Frankie, who had moved to the home of a friend, dropped in on Nancy, and took his children to be outfitted with Hallowe'en costumes. Then the very next day it was reported that Sinatra frightened his friends with a lot of telephone calls. In each case, the call was the same.

"Please see that the children are well taken care of..." said Frankie, and hung up. The following day he rang them all up again and apologized, blaming the incident on "an encounter with The Bottle."

Mystery? There has always been mystery connected with the doing of Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra. What is behind those terrific quarrels, the split-ups, the lovey-dovey reconciliations—no one quite knows. Of late, Ava has made a confidante of Lana Turner, and it is not beyond the realms of reasonable doubt that they exchange confidences pretty intimately. If nothing else, they both have a common topic of conversation in their experiences with another difficult man—Artie Shaw. They both married him, remember?

Yet, there are explanations to Ava's and Frankie's incompatibility. "It's all too easy to understand their constant squabbles," says one well-known woman psychologist. "The basis of marriage to a woman is pride and respect. Every woman wants the world to feel she has 'gone well for herself.' Every woman wants to hold her head high and look the universe in the eye.

"Ava couldn't do that. She stood, branded in the eyes of the world, whose approval she wanted as all women want it, as a home wrecker—a woman who had ruthlessly taken what she wanted at the expense not only of another woman, but of innocent children.

"She couldn't fail to know the stories whispered about her, and whether or not they were true didn't make them any easier to take. She must have known people wondered what pressure she had exerted on Frank to make him break his marriage for her—that she was doubly condemned for causing a divorce which struck not only at the home of another woman, but also at that woman's very deep religious convictions.

This well-known woman psychologist is not the only one who believes that, in comparison to the quiet, natural dignity of Nancy Sinatra, Ava's Southern tantrums and temper didn't look any too well.

"It's probably that Nancy Sinatra may have played a large part unconsciously in the handicap Ava faced in her marriage," the psychologist goes on. "Not that Nancy did anything... She didn't have to do anything, and is probably more grieved than anyone else that Frank has been made unhappy. All that Nancy had to do was exist.

"Ava, whether she liked it or not, was always measuring herself against another woman—a woman unlike Ave who had been faithful to one man instead of skipping from marriage to marriage... a woman who had borne children and thereby become a whole woman, which Ava had not..."

Is it any wonder, then, that Ava should unconsciously try to overshadow that woman by more and bigger displays of temperament and individuality?

The psychologist sums it up as follows: "The eventual break-up that most people expect of the Sinatra marriage rests entirely on these three things: the guilt which the world has fastened on Ava taking another woman's man—the unbearable competition with a woman whom Ava is essentially and by nature unequipped to beat—plus a knowledge that no matter what she did, how she acted, or what was ahead for her and Frank, it would not be the right thing."

The world would demand proof that their marriage justified the heartaches and scandal which made it possible. At this writing, that proof has not been forthcoming. Thus, don't be too surprised that, should the break-up occur, Frankie would go back to Nancy—and it won't be just for the children, either.

Nancy is a portrait of calm that would do much to soothe Frankie's scorched feelings at the moment. She is also, not only by reason of her Catholicism, but by nature, a creature of forgiveness. She may find it hard to forget, but forgive she will. She has been brought up to turn the other cheek, no matter how hard it has been slapped. And however you look at it, the slap Nancy Sinatra got was heard around the world.
to the attention of Hollywood. The late Maria Montez and her husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, had just completed a movie in Europe entitled “The Corsair’s Vengeance,” and Mr. Kramer asked to see the film because he had a project part in mind for the volatile Marla. As the reels unrolled, he found himself watching a young blonde actress, and when the projection lights finally went up, he knew he had the girl for the part of Ya’el, the Israeli heroine of “The Juggler.”

Prior to this, Milly had found herself a Hollywood agent through a mutual friend in Italy, but she didn’t hold much stock in the chances that she’d be called to the United States. In addition to the fact that she thought the competition was practically overwhelming, she harbored the fear that her 5-foot, 7-inch height was against her, even though she knew that Ingrid Bergman and several other highly successful leading ladies were even taller.

She told her agent, “If you find something good for me, you write to me, and I’ll accept it if you think I will accept it. I’ll probably never hear from him, she accepted the lead in another Italian film and then left her native Rome for location shooting in Turin. As luck would have it, the location was such that it was impossible to reach her by telephone, and after five hectic days her agent contacted her with the news that she was wanted for “The Juggler.” She was so excited that all she could say was, “I accept! I accept!”

Milly began her career at the age of 11 when she portrayed the young girl in the Italian stage version of “The Women.” Two years later a family friend took her to meet the director of the film, “The Brothers Karamazov,” who tested her for the role of the sweet youngster of the story, and subsequently she was cast in her first Italian movie.

Now 19, Milly has starred or co-starred in a dozen pictures in Italy, but only one movie, entitled “Buried Alive,” has been seen in the United States. As far as she knows, it has been shown only in art theatres in New York City. However, with her upcoming fame through “The Juggler,” others will probably find their way to this country.

Milly’s background is as interesting as a thrill-packed movie script. The only child of Natalia and Riccardo Vitale, she grew up in Italy during the last war. She remembers vividly the bombings and hardships, and during the German occupation further discomfort was added to her life because her father refused to work for the invaders, and for three years managed the best he could to support his family.

The new young star comes from a long line of artistic, creative people. Her father is now the director of the opera house in Rome, and her mother is a choreographer. Her grandmother was Lina Pinti Viale, the famous Italian opera star, and her grandfather was the well-known conductor, Eduardo Vitale, who led the

FASCINATING IMPORT

(Continued from Page 2)

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It was natural that with such a background and environment, Milly would someday have an artistic career. As a child, she wanted to study medicine, a whim which overtook her because the family doctor was a very handsome man. She began to take courses in voice and piano, and because her mother wanted her to learn languages, Milly was enrolled in the Lyce of Chateaubriand, a French school in Rome.

At the Lycee she also studied English, and although she learned the grammar and structure of the language, it wasn't until an American girl from New York moved into the apartment next door that Milly began to converse in English. For six months she and her friend spoke only English and as a result, unlike so many Europeans who speak English with an Oxford tone, Milly speaks her English with an American accent. It was to be one of the factors in her favor only a short time later!

Milly, who has the poise of a woman a number of years her senior, says she can't remember a time she didn't want to come to Hollywood. "Every actor or actress in Europe wants to come here," she observes, "because Americans make such good pictures, and when you work in them, you have a name of international importance. Also, the organization and working conditions are better, and, of course, you get a better salary!"

"I was very lucky to get a wonderful man like Edward Dmytryk to be my first American director. We rehearsed for a whole month before we started making 'The Juggler,' and he has helped me a great deal. Kirk Douglas has helped me, too, and he is so talented and easy to work with that he makes me feel right at home. When you work with a good actor, you act better, too, which is so important to me as a stranger in this wonderful country."

When Milly says that, she means every word of it, and her praises of people and things on this side of the ocean are really revealing. America, she thinks, is a country that's designed for working people. Everything is modern, progressive, and challenging. No one particularly cares about old-fashioned, historical ruins or the past the way people do on the other side of the ocean.

"Just look at the movies here," she points out. "Everything is organized down to the last detail. You don't have one official and nineteen unofficial directors on a picture, as you do in Europe. I feel so relaxed when I go to work at the studio here. Everything is tested and ready, the script is finished, and you know exactly what you are to do that day. In Italy we were often called at seven in the morning, but didn't begin shooting until four in the afternoon because something was wrong with the set, the script, or the lights. It doesn't surprise me now that so many American movies are such big successes, since I have seen how serious everyone here is about his work!"

Away from the studio, one of Milly's most ecstatic expressions is based around an item that most of us take for granted. She can't get enough of our ice creams! Her favorite is banana ice cream, and any kind of soda gets an enthusiastic nod from her. She also fond of hamburgers and orange juice, and she's deadly serious when she says, "Your milk here is so beautiful!"

Although Milly seems destined to become Americanized overnight, there's one facet about her private life which to us seems redolent of old-world charm. Since she's 19 and not yet married, her constant companion is her mother who quite capably plays the role of the chaperone—the duenna. This arrangement doesn't seem to hamper Milly one bit; in fact, it's an aid because, in addition to being a somewhat fascinating woman herself, Milly's mother fills in on the conversation the things Milly herself forgets. Her daughter, she shares a love of all phases of show business.

When they're not busy on the set, they like nothing better than to visit the stores. As Milly puts it, "I hate to go into them because I want everything I see," but this doesn't seem to deter them from shopping adventures. "Women are very lucky here, because they can buy good dresses and not pay high prices, as we must in Italy. Here every girl is well dressed, and she doesn't have to give a fortune for her wardrobe. In Italy, the good dresses are costly, and the cheaper things are cut very badly."

Among the things we take for granted, Milly thinks American cosmetics are the most attractive she has ever seen. She has just discovered the various pliable plastic containers, and these never cease to amaze her. She says American costume jewelry is so reasonable and well made that she wonders how people can tell the copies from the genuine. On their shopping trips, Milly and her mother always stop in at a restaurant for some kind of sandwich and a glass of vegetable juice, both of which are novelties for them. She does have complaints about the
American way of living, however, and she doesn't hesitate to voice them, even though they are of a minor nature. She hates American coffee, which in contrast to the thick Italian brew, strikes her as nothing short of brown water. And even though Vittorio Gassman recently told her that she must eat her salad or people will think she is rude, she's a holdout in this department. "It seems," she says, "that you get salad here at the beginning of every meal!"

Milly's favorite actress in Hollywood is Barbara Stanwyck, whom she reveres with an almost fanatical devotion. "She's really a great actress," says Milly. "She is always different—sometimes a girl, sometimes a woman. Some day I maybe will get a chance to make her kind of pictures."

The statuesque blonde frankly admits that she would like very much to marry an American. And although she has high ambitions as an actress, she says she will give up her career if it might interfere with her marriage. She's in no hurry to march up the aisle, and she isn't particularly looking at the moment. She puts it this way: "If I want a tall and handsome man, I will probably choose one who is short and homely. I don't like good-looking men who are stupid. I prefer an ugly man who is interesting. Besides, here the wife can be the boss, if she wants to!"

"To date, she hasn't had time to meet any of Hollywood's eligible bachelors, but you can never tell what change of events tomorrow will bring. She has visited some of the town's brighter spots, such as the glitter clubs along the Strip, but she isn't a devotee of cafe society of the Ciro's or Mocambo type. With typical candor, she confesses that after 11 o'clock in the evening, her eyelids begin to droop and that's a sign for her to get on home.

The one thing about America that has impressed Milly most is our way of living. "Americans are happy because they are comfortable. Their work is made easy for them, and things are not as complicated as they are in Europe. Everyone cooperates to get the job done. On the set, when someone says 'Quiet!' it is immediately; in Italy you must scream it 20 times."

"Here the workmen, such as the crew members and the hairdressers, live like rich men in Italy. They have their own homes, their car, they go on vacations to nice places, and their families are happy. Girls have nice clothes and it is easy for them to find a nice boy to marry because they don't have to observe old-fashioned rules. There are so many opportunities, too, and it seems to me so easy to earn a good living."

"I pray that I am a success in American pictures, because I would like to become a part of your country. If it happens this way, do you know what I will do? I will become an American wife, and I will live in a little house with a fence and a gate at the seashore, where I have no houses with fences and gates, and this is me is a symbol of this exciting land of opportunity. When I will have these, a career in motion pictures and perhaps a family of my own, then at last I will know that my dream has come true!"
not be dismissed as mistakes. Perhaps they can be classified as growing up. He proves his appreciation and gratitude toward both women by saying reminiscently, "I've been lucky in love."

What was happening to Clark Gable during those earlier years is still going on! He is a man who is continuing his growth. He is growing up. He is ever more alert to acquiring new knowledge, to developing himself. You can tell by being around Clark that he's not calculating in this approach to men or women. He is not trying to use people. He's genuinely attractive to able, interesting, adult personalities.

He reads a lot. We talked at length about some of the newer books, mostly non-fiction, such as the Whitaker Chambers book. He travels a lot, and with his eyes wide open, I found out. He listens with interest to new information. He keeps on learning—and consequently, Clark Gable continues to develop.

Such a man is sure to outgrow certain personal relationships and he finds that he has already outgrown a lot of them. There isn't enough to them. Being attracted to a girl is not enough to constitute love for a man of Gable's substance!

Today, Gable isn't trying to avoid love, but he has found out that it can't be forced. He's learned that unless there's mutual respect and shared interests, a Superlative, magnetic attraction doesn't last. Nor is friendship—or admiration—or a desire for companionship enough for Gable.

Friends were openly puzzled when Clark Gable and Sylvia Ashley married. Their interests and tastes were as different as day and night. It's possible that Clark married Sylvia for a bit of lightheartedness. I'm certain the experience was enough to jolt him sharply to the realization that a man can't tackle himself into love.

Of Sylvia Ashley, he says, "That was unfortunate. The faults weren't all on one side, you know. It might have lasted. I suppose, it didn't ever go into marriage thinking about ahead to divorce," he added.

He rarely speaks of Carole Lombard, his great love. He's not the kind of man who moans when he's suffering, but he told someone I know, "It's foolish to attempt to match an ideal."

In case it appears to some that Gable is living in a tear-stained past, let me make it plain that he came to painful grips with reality—and won.

He looks marvelous. I sat watching him at Royal Festival Hall in London, where he and Gene Tierney were working in one of the scenes of the MGM movie, "Never Let Me Go." I noticed he had the powerful stride and physical bearing of a handsome, fit man at his prime.

Gable came walking up to the table where I was eagerly waiting to talk with him again, and greeted me with a look of genuine pleasure at seeing an acquaintance from home. He quickly slipped out of the dapper-looking trench coat he was wearing for the scene, sat down and then ordered coffee for both of us.

Fortunately, we had about two hours to get re-acquainted and talk while the movie set was being shifted around. I captured the impression of a intensely alive, magnetic, attractive man—healthy, hearty, high-humored, and with a zest for living that makes him a very exciting companion. There's nothing detached or vague about Clark. His penetrating blue eyes engaged mine and sparkled as his inimitable husky voice recounted some of his many adventures.

I happened to ask when he'd first traveled to Europe, supposing that it had been during his war service as head of a combat photography unit. "No," he corrected, "my first time over was in 1928, when I got a sudden yearning to see Holland." He interrupted himself to mention, "I'm half-Dutch, you know, and I had a handkerie to see the place where part of my roots grew. Anyway, I got to Holland, didn't speak the language or know what to look for and I was so darned green," he smiled, "that I stayed over a few days and headed right back for the United States like a bewildered hick."

I once heard a girl—a rather self-centered and famous young lady who dated Gable for a while—describe him as a dull conversationalist. I could only grin to myself and feel sorry for the gal. Apparently, she'd heard so often that he was interested mainly in hunting and fishing that she just never bothered to tap other facets of his lively and interesting mind.

He does have to be drawn out a bit at first. He's inclined to listen quietly and attentively when someone else wants to do the talking. Meanwhile, he's taking it all in. One of the studio employees in England commented recently, "Why, I've never before met a man of Gable's stature in show business who had so much humility, and such a great and genuine interest in what other people have to say!"

Let a woman possessed of sufficient brains, charm and tact strive to explore Gable's mind, however, and she'll find there a treasurehouse of interesting facts, fun and penetrating observations, once he lets her get after him.

He is a fun-loving man. "What's more important in life than its chuckles?" he asked. "Having fun is good sense. If a guy can laugh now and then, he's not much good," declared Clark.

Nor does he mind if the laughs turn out to be at his expense. I asked him whether he was plotting to get some big-game hunting in while he was making the next movie, "Mogambo," in Africa with Grace Kelly.

"Every time a producer gets the idea to have me work in a picture that's to be made in some faraway place," he laughed, "the big inducement offered is always how good the hunting is there. Big-game hunting, deer-hunting, duck-hunting. They always figure out something too good to miss. The only hook is—I've yet to hunt on one of those location deals.
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They never let me get off the set long enough."

"Then you aren’t going to take your guns to Africa I asked.

He broke into a grin. "They’re already there—sent ’em on ahead—just in case this time turns out to be different," he added hopefully.

That’s typical of Clark Gable. There is absolutely nothing half-hearted about him. He loves to hunt, and would rough it in the wilds of any place for a chance at some challenging game. He also loves to travel because he’s bursting with curiosity. We talked about Rome, which I hadn’t yet visited then. He wanted to be certain I’d drop him a note describing how I found things there. He figured at the time that he’d like to catch one of the jet airliners and fly there for a weekend (British studios only work five days to our six).

"But if I don’t get to do that," he figured, "I’ll either drive or fly there on the way to Africa. I’m eager to take a look at Rome. I hear the people are great," he commented, “relaxed and easy-going and they really know how to enjoy life.”

Those qualities would appeal to him. He can’t stand the nervous, jittery, self-conscious types. Of himself, Clark says, "I’m happy if I have a jacket and a clean pair of trousers; some people worry about clothes or money or how the next race is going to finish. If I do bet on a race," he smiled, "I consider the money’s spent before the race is run.

Usually, Clark Gable isn’t inclined to talk much about himself. I’m afraid I tricked him, though. Our conversation started with talking philosophy of life. That led us to get personal in the philosophizing.

"Sure, I’ve been unhappy, too, at times," he conceded. "After marriage has failed, for example. But you can’t go on being miserable. Some people may say I’m crusty," he winked, "but I take life easily. I like to get away and relax with a few of the boys and a fish and ride. I have a couple of horses back home in California," he mentioned with a trace of longing, and I nodded. I’ve seen his ranch home at Encino, which is just an easy half-hour’s ride. It’s the life I’d like to live—just me and my horse, or something like that.

"I enjoy riding," he continued, "and swimming, and I like to just laze around, too, in comfortable blue jeans. I keep fit and enjoy life that way," he smiled.

"This guy Gable is pretty lucky," he opined. "Lucky in films—and, well, you might also say lucky in love."

Gable, as you can see, is harboring no regrets about his past loves. As for the present, his name and Gene Tierney’s have been widely coupled in American newspaper columns, but neither he nor Gene can figure out how the rumors got started, unless they derived from the fact that Clark and Gene are co-starring in the film, "Never Let Me Go."

While they were in London working on the picture, Gene was knocking herself out learning how to behave like a real ballerina so she could convincingly play the part of one in the movie. It was exhausting work and she went home at nights worn out, she told me, literally dove into bed early, except for those few evenings when she went to the theatre early (shows begin at 7:15 p.m., in London) with her mother.

Clark spent every weekend in Paris, and his week-nights learning his lines for the next day, reading scripts for future movies—he’s unusually conscientious about his work—and often ate dinner right in his room at the hotel.

There’s a wonderful feeling of exhilaration about being in the company of someone like Gable, who’s so very alive to the possibilities of enjoying life. He can talk about Paris for hours. He’s crazy about the place because it’s gay, it’s complicated enough ever to provide new discoveries—and it contrives privacy for its visitors.

Even Clark Gable can stumet along the avenues and wander into little shops and restaurants without being approached by strangers. Clark was telling that he has roamed the city from border to border without intrusion. He’s had the auto of a French friend to drive there, and used it every weekend to explore Paris, as well as the beautiful French countryside.

He’s been dating several attractive French girls there, usually improvising a big, gay Saturday night with his date and one of the charming French couples he’s become friendly with in Paris.

There have been a lot of rumors of romances between Gable and various girls since he ended his last marriage. Virginia Grey, a long-time friend of Clark's, has been mentioned. Gene Tierney was a rumored love. Another was pretty Natalie Thompson, who only recently ended her own marriage to a magazine publisher.

I know Natalie and spent some time with her and her second husband, the publisher, in New York. They had a child, a baby who is deeply and thoroughly adored by Natalie. She's one of the loveliest girls I've ever met, gay, sweet and very pretty—and city-bred. She loves dancing, bridge games and parties. Although she and Clark were quietly seeing a good deal of each other before he left for Europe, and I understand she intended to be in Europe while Clark was working there, she didn't seem to be around. Another case of dissimilar interests? Who can tell? This romance may not be dead yet.

In Africa, Gable will be co-starring with Ava Gardner. He told me the story of the romantic comedy picture they’re going to make together there. Ava plays the part of a beautiful girl who wins a guy cap for a fabulous maharajah and trips over Gable instead. Clark, in describing the girl’s role, said enthusiastically of Ava, “She’ll be perfect for the part, just terrific.”

If Frankie and Ava come up with any more public disputes, look toward Africa for the next batch of romantic romors, but eye them questioningly.

Recall that Ava and Clark have had some dates in the past. They’ve known each other for years—and Gable is a guy who usually knows his own mind. That is, once he makes it up.
work. I expected the usual reaction and happily report such was not the case. Instead of being nervous, restless and irritable, he was contented and relaxed. The children, who are now of a companionable age, have a great deal to do with this change. Randy especially is quite an individual. He's old enough to ponder ambitious plans in late when his father takes him fishing. At 12, he's 5 feet, 11 inches tall and wears Ray's shirts and sox—an inevitable fate our breadwinner accepts with an air of mock sacrifice!

Just about everyone who hits the Hollywood jackpot goes through a series of phases. Ray has indulged his but I would say that most of it is well out of his system. There was the boat bit, for example. Once when we were East he saw a cabin cruiser and this he had to have—or else! When he puts his mind to something, he never gives up until he gets it. Well, the cruiser finally arrived, his spirits were just as high as they had been low—and two months later he sold it and bought a dinghy! Episodes such as this are gone forever but the motivating force that produced it had to go too. There are reasons why all of us are the way we are. In Ray's case, I believe he was practically haunted by a feeling of time running out. Everything had to be—now. Tomorrow seemed to be a thousand worlds away.

In strange contrast, until we built our present home Ray inwardly rebelled against anything that promised to possess him. We owned three houses before this one and each time he thought—this is it! I really believe one is, the right one. I mean it. It's smaller than the others, more modern in architecture, all on one floor that overlooks a beautiful tropical garden and pool. It's the type of house that can be closed easily when we want to take a trip, which we shall be doing if Ray fulfills a long-time ambition and directs a picture in England.

Ray himself did the major portion of furnishing and decorating. His greatest kick came from finding unusual things in out of the way shops. In connection with this I'll tell one little tale out of school and hope I don't get caught doing it!

One morning when the phone rang, it was Randy Scott asking Ray to play golf. Now we're very fond of the Scots, but Ray had his heart set on driving up to Santa Barbara to see a collection of Chinese art objects. He really appreciated the call but was characteristically afraid of offending Randy, although he had a legitimate excuse. I also think he was a bit embarrassed to tell his real reason for saying no. Instead, he said he had to do retakes!

Being an early riser, Ray is usually up first, reads the paper and has breakfast by eight. I remember opening my eyes about a year ago to find him sitting on the side of the bed. He has an impulsive way of wanting to follow through on a sudden decision and I knew something was bothering him.

"Look Mal," he said (My name is Muriel but I couldn't pronounce it as a child and the "Mal" study), "we've been in so many, many night clubs and big parties. From now on, let's just go where we really want to go and be with the people who really are close to us. Let's face it, the others are just a big waste of time."

Here again was proof that he's learned how to live. I was very pleased, at the same time secretly amused. Ray is a perfectionist. He's a dreamer who takes keen delight in planning things, and disappointment rests heavily on his broad shoulders if they don't work out. As a result, whenever he makes a decision of real personal importance, he's instinctively drawn to the absolute

There's a reason, I believe, why Ray's charm is so uncontrollable and to some extent unexplainable. Whether he acts free or natural is not important. He is tinged with a bit of the East—irrepressible and restless. He is loved by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to keep doctors under control without question. Send 100 (instead of) dollars for pre-test trial bottle to make sure of effects. Also, Wolf: 25¢, Tenenbaums: 50¢, Benes 25¢, Italian medicines 25¢. Benefits may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. "Cure me—It's my life!" The most famous letter in history. LITERARY STUDIES: THE Hutchins. Send 10¢ for free course and offer to prove

...and let's go to school and attend church and are really learning to count their blessings. While life with Ray is wonderful, I would still say we have one bone of contention. It's a paradox that I should be the cause of it!

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As I said in the beginning of this story, Ray's home and his business are much a
part of him today. I try to remain inconspicuous, which pleases us both, but it doesn't particularly please me that Ray is so modest about himself. There's never been a photograph to autograph in our use. People think I'm kidding when I can't produce one. Ray doesn't care for "shop" talk and he's never kept a scrapbook. While it isn't natural for an actor, I actually think he's ashamed to make a concentrated effort toward getting himself the editorial space and dignified publicity he so deserves.

Now if I were married to a doctor I wouldn't dream of going to watch him operate. For the same reason, I never visit Ray on his sets, although I am terribly interested in his work. It's a big joke with our friends that Ray leaves his career behind him when he comes home and as a result I never know what happens at the studio.

Recently I met Arlene Dahl in the beauty parlor and she asked me if the burn on Ray's neck had healed. That's how I learned he dashed through a blazing fire when they made "Jamaica!" together! At the Jack Benny's one evening, Jane Wyman wanted to know how I liked having a crooner in the family. And that's how I found out that Ray sings to Jane in "Love Song," their current picture! It's times like these when I subly (?) suggest that I think my husband would be better off if he did toot his own horn. He just looks at me with quiet tolerance and says:

"Perhaps you'd like it better if you were married to a "ham" who never stops talking about himself 24 hours a day."

This remark leaves me exactly no leg to stand on and I quietly exit! To complete the picture of how un-hammy Ray is (which makes him such a joy to live with), the following proves that it can happen in Hollywood. Danny and Vicki never go to the studio and although they knew their daddy worked in one, it was years before they knew what he did.

One Saturday afternoon a neighbor took them into Beverly Hills to see a Western at the Carol Theatre. They returned and rushed into my room as their eyes popped with excitement.

"Oh Mommy," they exclaimed, as if they had just unearthed a miracle. "There was a great big picture of daddy in the lobby of that theatre. Did you know that he's a movie star?"

"Yes I know," I answered as I put my arms around them. "But let's keep it a secret so he won't find it out—too?"

with Sonny Burke. She and Sonny are, in addition, writing the score for the new Walt Disney full-length cartoon, "The Lady And The Tramp," a saga of a cocker spaniel.

Warners also bought two songs for use in "The Jazz Singer" which Peggy wrote, one of which is called "This Is A Very Special Day."

"This song means a lot to me," Peggy told me recently. "Some time ago I had written a number called 'It's A Good Day,' so the new one is a sort of sequel. Yet, it was done in a sentimental moment. I was in New York last winter appearing at the Copacabana and I was terribly homesick for my daughter, Nicki. I couldn't return to Hollywood because of my various commitments in New York, so I wrote 'This Is A Very Special Day' for her.

"Making 'The Jazz Singer' was, of course, a great thrill. I wasn't as nervous as I thought I would be, probably because I was so busy at the time I didn't have a chance to get nervous. Not only was I getting up at 4:30 in the morning to report to the studio by 5:15, but I was making recordings on Sundays, doing my twice-a-week CBS radio show, having my house redecorated, and a few other minor little things like that.

"You may wonder why I had to get up so early. Well, I have very fine-textured hair and it took a long time to get it in shape for the day's shootings. Looking back on my schedule then I can only wonder how I managed to do everything without falling to pieces.

"Working in the picture was wonderful because of the kindness shown me by Michael Curtiz and Danny Thomas. I don't believe any performer can do a job well without help from others. In the first place, both Mike and Danny let me be myself. They didn't want me to turn on the histrionics. Simplicity was the keynote. Mike, too, has a way of bringing out the best in you. If you have any talent at all he can develop it. He also has a good sense of humor. Like the time I told him that I couldn't say some lines because the words didn't sound like me. I wanted to change them. It's as if a door shuts when I try to read this dialogue. I remarked. Mike grinned and said, 'You leave those doors open. There's nobody here but you and me and Danny.'"

"Danny was really an angel. He did everything he could to give me encouragement. I noticed him several times purposely playing a scene to favor me. In one scene it was so obvious I had to tell him to stop doing it. But, naturally, I appreciated his unselfishness.

"Then there was the crew—God love them! The first day I came on the set they had a big sign on my dressing room door which read, 'Peg O' My Heart, We Love You.' Believe me, that sign got me over many a rough moment, and when I came on the set early in the morning it really helped to get me started on the right key."

When you take a look at this delectable Peggy Lee you're again reminded of the ironies of show business. Not too many years ago Peggy arrived in Hollywood

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with a cardboard suitcase, a cloth coat, and eighteen dollars in her pocket. The last time she returned home after appearances in the East she had thirty-two pieces of luggage and was wearing a blue mink stole.

To go back over the Lee history, the scene fades—in first on Jamestown, North Dakota, where a bouncy little blonde named Norma Egstrom was a school girl dreaming of being a singer.

Such a future looked dim in the midst of her very poor surroundings. Without any advantages, she set out to teach herself to sing. She sang in public whenever she could—with the high school glee club, the church choir, and with college bands. With the bands, she occasionally got fifty cents—most of the time nothing. But the experience of singing with a band was invaluable.

"Everybody told me I should go to Hollywood," Peggy said, "so I decided to give it a try. After I graduated from high school I pawned my graduation watch, got a train pass from my father who was the local ticket seller, and left for Hollywood. Hollywood couldn't have cared less that I arrived.

"I got what jobs I could—and they were very scarce—and finally made my so-called 'debut' in a now extinct club known as the Jade Room. For this I got two dollars a night.

"I stuck it out as long as I could and finally I was forced to return home. I couldn't live on what I was making. Sure it was hard to go back a failure, but this was no time for a lot of phony pride. I went to Fargo, North Dakota, and persuaded Ken Kennedy, manager of radio station WDAY, to let me sing nightly over the station—and it was he who persuaded me to change my name to Peggy Lee.

"My next move was to convince the Powers Hotel that they needed live entertainment along with the food they were serving. They finally gave in after a lot of talk on my part.

Peggy's next spot was the Raddison Hotel in Minneapolis. Here she gained her first attention—and the Lee name got a further push on the Standard Hour radio show. In fact, Will Osborne, bandleader, was so impressed with her he asked her to join his band. Everything was great for three months—and then he dissolved his band.

"I still had California in mind, though," Peggy went on. "When I returned, the first engagement I got was at the Doll House in Palm Springs. It was here I stumbled accidentally on my style of singing—a style nabbed by others as 'soft-as-silk.'

"Anyway, for some time I was rather upset by the din of chatter, clashing dishes, and other crowd noises. One night I decided I'd stop trying to sing above the noise. I lowered my voice and with each new low lowered it more. Suddenly, to my delight, the diners began to quiets down and to listen to me."

Among those who heard Peggy at the Doll House was Frank Bering, owner of Chicago's Ambassador Hotel. He promptly invited her to sing for his Butler Room patrons.

At the Buttery, Peggy really went in for the soft-as-silk routine—and the sultry, sexy effect she was creating was enhanced by special lighting effects. It was here that Benny Goodman heard her and asked her to sing with his band.

"I couldn't have been more thrilled," Peggy said, "because he had always been my favorite. I can remember the many times I spent my lunch money on juke boxes to hear his music."

Peggy was with Benny for two years—and when a young guitarist named Dave Barbour joined the group, love came to Peggy. Soon she and Dave were married—and daughter Nicki arrived in due time.

This marriage later broke up. It took Peggy a long time to get over the divorce, but after a while she made up her mind to turn all of her attention to her career.

The marriage, however, wasn't without its influence on her career. During the time she was waiting for motherhood she and Dave worked on songs. He wrote the music and she did the lyrics. Two of their numbers were "What More Can A Woman Do?" and "You Was Right, Baby." They were written mainly for fun, but Johnny Mercer heard them and liked the tunes so Peggy recorded them. The success of the numbers prompted the Barbour...
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Today, marked the turning point, another in my life, I have to look ahead—and make my life as happy as possible. No one likes moody, unhappy people around.

"I start my new picture, ‘Tarzan, The She Devil,’ tomorrow," Lex remarked by way of changing the subject. And assuming a more cheerful expression, he said he would continue the "Tarzan" series.

"Well, one more—this one at least. Joyce MacKenzie plays my new mate. I’m anxious to see her again. Years ago, I saw her and had a big yen to meet her. The ‘Tarzan’ pictures have been wonderful for me. But five years! I’m longing to do some other characters. I was happily surprised to get two pictures, playing a heavy opposite Randolph Scott and then the hero of ‘Battle Of Pontiac Chief.’

"I’ve worked hard with a dramatic coach and I’m hoping for some real swashbuckling roles—like Errol Flynn plays. I’ve always been a Flynn fan."

"How about Lana Turner, and the fact that you were the cause of her breakup with Fernando Lamas, and right on the very eve of their long-planned marriage?" I asked.

"That’s not quite true," Lex said. "You remember that night at Marion Davies’ party? Ben Capra was standing alone and he said, ‘Come over and join our happy circle.’ There was no seat except one next to Lana. I had only met her once before but I always heard everyone say she is really great and a wonderful person. I sat down. Fernando was engrossed in a conversation somewhere else—and Lana remarked that the orchestra was playing one of her favorite numbers. ‘Would you like to dance?’ Naturally, I was delighted. We began to dance—when Fernando came over and objected. Brad Dexter motioned to me and said, ‘I think Fernando is upset about something, so why don’t you just vanish for the moment.’ This is a free country and it sounded a little silly to me. There was no fight—as the columns reported. I merely went on my way. The next morning, Fernando was kind enough to leave a call saying, ‘Tell Lex. I’m sorry!’"

"Now that Lana is single—and so are you—why don’t you call her?" I suggested—thinking what a really wonderful looking couple Lex and Lana would be.

"I would be afraid she might think I wanted to meet her for publicity," Lex replied. "Naturally, I am attracted and if she will accept dates with me, I can assure you they will be most private and not be for publicity until we get to know each other and decide if we want to see much of each other.

"Which reminds me," he said, "I am supposed to make a telephone call. I couldn’t help overhearing his conversation. ‘You mean you really have cooked dinners? But I only have on a sport shirt, no tie. You mean it is okay for me to come over informally. That’s great. I’ll be over shortly.’"

Deciding to stay in my role of reporter, I smiled, "That wasn’t an aunt
or a grandmother, and I know your parents live in New York. So who's inviting you to dinner?"

One thing I like so much about Lex is his complete honesty and his lack of pretense or guile. "That was Susan Morrow. I asked her yesterday if I might call her tonight—and she has invited me to her house for dinner." (Susan plays the lead in U-I's "The Body Beautiful.")

"Right now, I am working hard—seeing some of my friends. There's Ty Power and Duke Wayne and there's some of the prop boys and fellows who aren't names—just good people. We play cards. But I prefer to spend my evenings with girls instead of men.

"I like to cook steaks at my apartment and I visit often with my two children—Lynne, nine, and Zan, five. In fact, I've taken Lynn to previews and out to dine at a little French restaurant. I want my children to be close to their daddy."

Lex Barker's future promises to be anything but dull.

I GUESS I'M NOT THE TYPE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43)

"A lot of people have tried to put reasons into my mind for not marrying. They've even thrown the old maid routine at me. But none of this has frightened me because I have no intention of ever being an old maid.

"It won't be hard for me to fall in love—deeply and honestly. I naturally like people, but love is a thing that has to grow. It's a combination of wonderful things like companionship, having fun, being good friends. I don't mean to imply that I'd have to analyze a man before I'd marry him because I know I'm capable of falling in love quickly. When I was in high school, for instance, I had the typical crushes. One in particular I remember. He was tall, very, very nice and popular. The campus hero type. But I've grown up since then and feel that the safest thing is to let time work on a romance, let it settle any doubts.

"Ironically enough, time has also given me fine friendships. I met a man once whom I liked. Then we went out on a tour for the motion picture industry and were gone two weeks. I got to know him very well—and we are now the closest of friends. But there's no romance involved.

"I guess I'm not the type to want to follow a pattern, to do like others. Just because it was the fad for those in school to be in love every other week meant nothing to me. Now that I have reached the age in Hollywood where it's the accepted thing to get married because other young stars are, I still feel the same way. I'm not the type. What is good for someone else may not be good for me. I don't quite trust the happy habit of making snap judgments of people—of thinking that every emotion I feel has to be love.

"Feeling as I do, I also would not be so presumptuous as to say what I'd want in a man I'd marry. He might not like a few things about me, you know. Outside of sincerity, understanding, integrity, and a sense of humor—which are basically desirable characteristics in the matter of living—I'd list no musts. Like most girls I used to have my code of standards about what my favorite young man would be like, but growing up has changed those ideals and replaced them with reason."

When it comes to dating, Ann is certainly no hermit. She doesn't go into her little shell and play the shy thing. She goes out about twice a week—and she is known as a "fun" date. One thing is certain—a man knows where he stands with her because she is frank and outspoken. Yet, she never has been known to hurt anyone by such frankness.

"I go out to have fun," Ann said. "I've found that if you look forward to having fun you usually do. Of course, I enjoy doing some strange things. One afternoon on a date I suggested we drive down to the beach to see the sunset. Then I decided we should take off our shoes and go wading in the ocean. Ann laughed and added, "I think I go for simple pleasures."

"Another friend, Dick Clayton, and I often go to premiers, but we hardly ever drive up to the theatre in the customary style. We usually park a few blocks away and walk to the theatre. Afterwards, instead of going to a night club we invariably end up at a drive-in where I love to feast on hamburgers with all the trimmings.

"Then there's my passion for roller coasters. I admit that some of my friends find this a questionable pastime, but they go along—for the ride. No pun intended.

"At any rate, I can honestly say I have never been bored on a date."

Ann doesn't expect her dates to conform to any certain type. She does enjoy it, however, when a fellow brings her corsages of either roses or lilies of the valley. She was also especially pleased one night when her friend, a naturally shy person, complimented her on her hair-do. As she said, "I didn't think he'd say such a thing. It was a nice, warm feeling."

"I'm glad I've had the dates I have before I marry," Ann went on, "because I don't believe you ever really know what you want from a marriage until you've known various types of men. I know there have been very happy marriages that resulted from a first date, but I don't think this would have been wise for me."

Some people have wondered if waiting so long as she has might have made her too particular, too cautious, too analytical.
Ann Dunne has written a letter to her daughter, Ann, to share her thoughts about marriage and the challenges that come with it. She mentions that she has been particularly attuned to the analytical type of her husband, and although it has sometimes brought her comfort, it has also sometimes led to tension. She expresses her hope that the marriage is going well and that she can feel better about it.

As for her marriage, Ann Dunne states that she has been trying to come to terms with the idea of marriage and the changes it brings. She mentions that she has been reading about marriage and trying to find ways to make it work. She talks about how she has been trying to improve her appearance and how she has been working on losing weight.

Ann Dunne's letter ends with a note about the difficulties of being married and the challenges that come with it. She expresses her hope that the marriage will continue to improve and that she and her husband will be able to work through any issues that arise.
Some feel that Ann has waited for marriage because she has been a little reluctant to give up her independence. To this one Ann and she'll answer you in a hurry.

"That is entirely untrue," is the reply. "Certainly I like independence, just as much as anyone, and I have enjoyed being on my own to an extent. Even though I live with my aunt and uncle I have what amounts to my own apartment in my home. And I have no intentions of ever thinking that freedom to do what you wish is as happy-making as a chance to share a life with someone."

Ann got a dreamy look in her eyes and then in a very quiet voice, said, "Marriage means a lot to me. It isn't just the companionship, although that is important. It means planning for the future and building a home.

"I've already made some moves toward the day when I do marry. For some time I've been clipping pictures and stories about decoration from various magazines. I have a wonderful collection now. I even know the kind of home I'd like—a two-story house with a fireplace in my bedroom. When I was in high school I took a short course in decorating. I designed the kind of bedroom I liked and it's the only room in the house now—except that I had made no specification then for a fireplace. As for the rest of the house, I think that my husband should have a few things to say about that.

"I never expect to be bored in my marriage. There will always be things to look forward to, to plan for, to hope for. And besides, I'm the kind of person who, while she enjoys being quiet at times, can always think of something to do. This may be a little hard on my husband so I guess he'll have to have a rugged constitution.

"I don't regret at all that I have waited as long as I have for marriage. Now I realize its richness, its completeness more than I would have some years back. I know now it will be the purpose in my life for which I have been striving."

Ann looked so completely happy just talking about it that somehow it wouldn't be a big surprise if she already had found the person for whom she has been waiting for such a long time.

The Bystander
Melodrama—RKO

Otto Preminger, who brought to the screen the unforgettable story of "Laura," now spins the tale of "The Bystander" (Robert Mitchum). Bob and pal Ken Tobey are ambulance drivers who receive an emergency call to a swank Beverly Hills estate where a society woman was almost asphyxiated. The matron (Barbara O'Neill) contends that it wasn't attempted suicide, but attempted murder. The idea, however, is dismissed by her writer-husband, Herbert Marshall. As Bob is leaving, he notices Jean Simmons playing the piano. Believing that she is taunt with emotion about her stepmother's condition, he barges in to assure her everything is all right. A spoiled English girl used to having her own way, she immediately takes a fancy to Bob and follows the ambulance back to the station house. Under the guise of anxiety over her mother, she manages to get Mitchum to break a date with steady girl, nurse Mona Freeman, then begins her web of conniving. She breaks up Bob and Mona's romance, gets him to quit his job to become a chauffeur for her family, and finally, to get him to run away with her, accuses her stepmother of trying to asphyxiate her. It is the latter incident in which she overplays her hand, and makes Mitchum realize she so hates her stepmother that she is going to kill her someday with him as the bystander.

Bob's premonition becomes an actuality when the stepmother and father are hurled to their death when their car is tampered with. The burden of guilt is not only pinned on Jean, but on Mitchum as the family chauffeur. Film, which gets a trifle involved, compensates with some surprise plot twists which pack quite a wallop for the spectator.

Thunder In The East
Ladd in action—Paramount

A LAN LADD is hard but not heartless; calculating but not cold, and brave but not heroic. Ladd, as an American in India wanting to sell guns to either side of a battling village, momentarily forgets his mission when he meets Deborah Kerr. Deborah, a blind girl, has a simple warmth that sees past his scheming ways. When the government is in severest danger of attack, Ladd offers to fly out the British subjects and Corinne Calvert for a price. When they are appalled at his taking advantage of their plight, he triples the price. The situation becomes desperate when the handful of English must seek refuge at the palace, which the only remaining government official, Charles Boyer, has opened to them. Boyer, who has conscripted Ladd's plane cargo of ammunition, refuses to allow the handful to have the guns to protect themselves from the attack. Boyer believes...
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Androcles And The Lion

Shavian Humor—RKO

Bernard Shaw's spoof of Caesar's em-
peror who outwitted his Roman captors is outlined in
this Gabriel Pascal production. Roman
captain Victor Mature is herding Jean
Simmons, Robert Newton and Alan
Young (Androcles) to Rome where they
are to be led to the lions because of their
continued devotion to their
religion. En route, Mature falls in love
with Jean; Alan Young saves a lion's
life, and Robert Newton and the other
Christians almost convert Mature's sol-
diers. In Rome, each of the Christians
are tempted to give up their religion,
but they refuse and go forth to the lions' den. Although he simply wishes to be
martyred, strong man Robert Newton is
ordered by Caesar (No C. E. Evans) to
fight his top gladiators. Reluctantly he
does so, and reluctantly he kills five of
them. This unusual display of strength
results in the release of all the captors
except one, who must be fed to the lion
to satisfy the crowds. Alan Young is
the hapless victim who goes forth to be
devoured, but winds up waiting with the
lion which at the same time he befriended earlier.

Ruby Gentry

Swampland Saga—20th Century-Fox

Jennifer Jones in the title role is an
aggressive, teasing flirt, living in a
decadent Southern hunting lodge run by
her father. The Southern locale and the
earthy and meaningful film, particu-
larly the love scenes, reminds one of a
slowly-downed "Streetcar Named Desire." Oblivious to the marked male interest
she incurs among the aristocrats who frequent the lodge, Jennifer is concerned only with Charlton Heston. They're a
secret, passionate love, which ends
abruptly when Heston marries a "family-
approved" socialite to assure support of
his project of turning swamplands into
farmlands. Jennifer goes to live with
wealthy Karl Malden and his wife
(Josephine Hutchinson), and when the
latter dies, Maldin proposes to Jennifer.
Her husband's power and wealth makes
Jennifer a figure to be reckoned with,
and when he is killed a short time later
in a boating accident, she is able to strike
back at those who snubbed her. Al-
though she offers to protect Heston, he
refuses and in revenge she has his farm-
lands flooded. Defeated, he turns to her,
but even then she is robbed of his love
when he is shot by her crazed brother who believes his love sinful. Film fal-
lows in moodiness and swamplands and
seems to get bogged down in atmosphere.

Blackbeard, The Pirate

The bold and the beautiful—RKO

Shiver yer timbers, mates, there never
was a more cruel, black-hearted pirate than Blackbeard as portrayed
vigorously by Robert Newton. He takes
over ships as easily as he picks his teeth,
and he doesn't need any coaxing that
Linda Darnell would be a provocative
captive. Linda, daughter of the late privateer, Edward Mansfield, is also a scheming wench. For she has stolen the treasure out under her protector, Pirate Henry Morgan, and smuggled it aboard ship. She plans to marry the captain, but finds her plans must be changed when she sees him dangling from the rigging with a knife through his mid-section. Blackbeard's work—naturally. Linda is at her wit's end until she meets Keith Andes, a doctor, brought aboard ship to remove a bullet from the Pirate's neck. Andes is a government agent, but soon fails for Linda's charms and allows her to become a savage escaping, bloody encounters with mate William Bendix, etc., but Blackbeard finds his come-upance by being buried up to his neck in sand and slowly drowned by the approaching tide. It's gruesome but gripping, and it provides Linda Durnell with some gorgeous footage (the film's in Technicolor), gives Bendix a chance for a solid characterization, and further-aided Keith Andes' career as a romantic star.

Meet Me At The Fair
Reform and romance—Universal—International

DAN DAILY, as Dr. Tilbee, maker of that wonder medicine that will get rid of everything from hang nails to a talkative mother-in-law, and his assistant, "Seal Man" Crothers, are enjoying a lively business with their one-wagon medicine show. That is until Chief Aku, 13-year-old orphan, runs away from the Springville Detention Home and hitched a ride with them. From then on Dan gets involved with a welfare representative, played convincingly by Diana Lynn, and a bunch of crooked politicians who set a trap to catch him for kidnapping and thereby hush-up the stories of their making off with the detention home funds. Eventually Dan is able to expose them and they're run out of town. Carole Mathews does a lively song and dance number with Dan in this Technicolor film and proves she'd make a terrific partner for him in musicals.

Stop You're Killing Me
Corpes galore—Warner Bros.

THERE is 1933, the place New York City, and the occasion the celebration of the end of Prohibition. Everyone seems to be celebrating except Broderick Crawford and his wife, played by Claire Trevor. They and their "needled beer" will soon be a thing of the past, and they can already see their bankroll scurrying down the drain. At the exact moment when the banks are crying for their money, daughter Mary (Virginia Gibson) returns from a European finishing school to announce she has fallen in love with a fellow traveler. The rest of the film is a slap-happy hodge-podge of events showing Brod and Claire's vain attempts to be elite society while keeping the bankers out of sight. The film, based on Damon Runyon's characters, was produced by Louis Edelman and directed by Roy Del Ruth. Its fast action and complications got confusing but the final clinch provides the customary happy ending.

WHAT HOLLYWOOD ITSELF IS TALKING ABOUT
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

Those great kids, Marge and Gower Champion headed straight for a personal appearance tour of the Far East when they finished "Give A Girl A Break" at MGM. They'll go all over that part of the world before they get back to these here shores.

* * *

Another married couple with itchy feet—Cary Grant and Betsy Drake—left for a loaing vacation aboard a Norweginan freighter that will take them just about all over the world. When they finally become landlubbers again they'll meet Producer Howard Hawks in Tam- gers and talk about Cary making a picture. This ought to bring him back to complete health, suntan, and his handsome self.

* * *

Jeff Chandler unwittingly caused quite a situation, making "Sioux Uprising" for U-I. Seems an Indian named Frank Lo-La was hired for the movie because he was a real good Indian type. So, the Technicolor cameras picked him up as being much lighter-skinned than Jeff. Makeup men had to smear a lot of copper paint on the red man to make him match paleface Chandler. Joan Fontaine and Collier Young got married amid quite a hassle of not hav- ing their marriage license when they showed up in Northern California for the ceremony. Absent from the wedding was Joan’s sis, Olivia de Havilland—but they have since patched up their childish feud. About the same time, Ida Lupino, Coliie’s ex, and her present hus- band, Howard Duff, were occupying Joan’s apartment in Paris. They’re all good friends, as you can plainly see.

* * *

When Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis finished the magic picture, "Houdini," at Paramount they got their first real vacation—six weeks of it—and headed promptly for the gay and glittering New York. Janet was so exhausted that she got an excuse from her doctor saying if she didn’t get a rest she’d have the vapors and wouldn’t be able to work anyway.

All the lucky Hollywooders who went East recently couldn’t wait to grab ticket- ets for the Bette Davis musical revue "Two’s Company." Reports the gal’s just terrific in her first stage appearance in years and years.

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Pier Angeli hovered around Italy on vacation, waiting until the last minute before MGM called her back to this country. Why? Kirk Douglas was in Europe making a picture and she didn't want to get any farther away from him than she could help.

Wall, the handsome young Frenchman, Jacques Bergerac, who followed Ginger Rogers to Hollywood, may be working hard before the movie cameras soon—his romance with Ginger certainly hasn't hurt his chances for a big career. But Ginger wasn't saying anything about marriage while she took off at Paramount in "Forever Female." Could she be just partial to men named Jack?—She was married to a couple of Jacks named Pepper and Briggs. And Jacques spells Jack in English.

New game around town, especially played by the stars to kill time between shots on the set—Joanne Dru invented (or discovered) it. You take the name of a state, see—like Texas, shorten it to the abbreviation—like Tex. Then you make up a name like Income, Tex., and you've got it. Some more examples? Okay. Oola, La.; Hangout, Wash.; Noah's Ark; Feeling, Ill.; Iron, Ore. Got it? Playing "the" game at U-I on "Thunder Bay" set, Joanne and Jimmy Stewart dreamed up a lot of these. But Jay Pilppen, the male character actor, took the prize. His gams were—Garbage, Kan., and Pig, Penn. Rich, ho ho.

Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin had the time of their gagging lives in a Dallas hotel when, in town for the fair, they were loafing around their hotel room and suddenly began getting all the calls from other customers wanting room services. The two wacky ones took all the orders, then repeated completely different ones back to the bewildered customers. They weren't only bewildered—they were hungry, too, because L & M kept up the gag until the management discovered what went on and took care of the situation.

No trip for Shelley to be with Vittorio in Italy—she was much too ill with the expected bambino to go to the grocery store, much less across the ocean. Even some of the non-fans of Miss W. were feeling sorry for her.

Much, much sympathy from all his friends, numbering in the thousands, for Bing Crosby when he lost his Dixie. He went right ahead working on his picture, "Little Boy Lost," and seeing his close and old friends, among them Dorothy Lamour.

A little sport everybody must rush right out and do right away is the trick thing John Derek, Bill Williams, and Jack Mahoney dreamed up—keep in trim. They're all horse crazy and between spells of riding they line up three horses, side by side, and see who can take a running leap over the backs of the nags and land either astride the third one or on the ground on the other side.

So far Jack, who used to be a stunt man before he turned actor, is the only one who can make it.

When Audrey Totter married her Dr. Leo Fred she probably didn't suspect she'd be living at a veterans' hospital—but that's where they set up housekeeping temporarily, until they could find a place of their own. There is on the staff of the hospital, that's why. And the gal who has traveled thousands of miles to visit wounded soldiers now finds it easy to do—right in her own front yard.

Never heard so many raves as the ones over this girl singer, Rosemary Clooney, who sort of inherited Betty Hutton's throne at Paramount when Betty and her new husband, Charles O'Curran, decided to go out for themselves. Rosemary is now Para's top musical star and I hear she's just fantastic in the new Bob Hope picture, "Here Come The Girls," holding her own beautifully with Slappy Nose, Tony Martin, Arlene Dahl, et al.

The expected fireworks, anticipated when Tallulah Bankhead came to our town for her part in "Main Street To Broadway," didn't come off—Tallu went very quiet about her work, early to bed, no parties, finished the job and went right back to New York, leaving a pretty disappointed town behind her. It's just when she's loafering that she likes to stir up a storm.

Debbie Reynolds got her first trip to Mexico after she finished MGM's "Give A Girl A Break." Her beau, Dick Anderson, followed her there for a vacation and Debbie's first look at the bullfights. She and young Miguel Aleman are great friends, so she had a ball below the border.

Barbara Ruick took off from the same studio for a trip overseas—Korea—with a troupe including Keenan Wynn, Walter Pidgeon and Carleton Carpenter. Last year she spent her birthday in Alaska on the same kind of deal—this year it'll be her 20th birthday, probably in Korea.

Robert Taylor went off alone in a car with a trailer truck attached. Off on a horse-buying spree. Pulled into motels at night, so his horses, if any, wouldn't get lonesome.

Leslie Caron, sporting a horse-tail hairdo, takes the car and trips off twice a week to art school, leaving her very rich husband, George Hormel, to ride a bicycle if he wants to go out. Only one car in the family—besides it's good exercise for the man.

When Ava Gardner, Clark Gable, and Director John Ford went into the wilds of Africa to make "Mogambo," there were plenty of guards furnished to protect them from the battling Mau-Mau natives who've been on the warpath. At the rate Ava and Frankie were battling and making up, she'll be right at home.
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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)
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Take a look at Tampax. It's many times smaller than the familiar external pad. Tampax is worn internally and it absorbs internally. No belts or pins needed. No odor; no chafing; easy disposal. And it cannot form bulges or ridges under clothing.

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On the Cover, Arlene Dahl, Starring in "Jamaica," a Paramount Film
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Sultry beauties... Latin lovers... fiestas and fandangos... flaming feuds... tropic magic!

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Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell, co-stars of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." 20th Century Technicolor musical, were reported secretly feuding during filming.

LITTLE PIER ANGEL, back from several months in Europe—native Italy, and numerous meetings with Kirk Douglas—was so impressed with Vittorio Gassman's "Hamlet" in Rome that she's all for doing a play with him come next vacation time. You can bet all right that the next time the romantic Vittorio goes Shelley will be right along, particularly if Pier appears with him.

Roberta Haynes, who's had nothing but sexy publicity since she made "Return To Paradise" with Gary Cooper, is getting but the works at Columbia—drama coaching, dancing, new wardrobe, new hairdo—biggest buildup since Rita Hayworth was the top gal there. Same initials, too, see. The new girl star had herself a real fine part in "High Noon" and got completely cut out of same, so she had to make another start in "Paradise"—this time to stay.

Well, gee—couple of coincidental items about two fellows—Seems James Mason (why doesn't someone start calling him Jim for kicks), now busy being Marshal Rommel in "The Desert Rats" at 20th, is wearing the same duds he wore in "The Desert Fox." Same character he plays, you know. Wardrobe dug the stuff out of (CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)
By MARY MARATHON

Rosemary Clooney’s vivid personality seeped right through the microphone onto stacks of platters of “Come On-A My House” and “Botch-A-Me,” records which swung her to the top of the list of singing artists and focused the eyes of Hollywood upon her. Paramount invited her to come on to their lot for a screen try and almost in the next breath Rosemary romped off with a starring contract. After seeing “The Stars Are Singing,” Rosemary’s first picture, I can well understand why this bright newcomer to Hollywood is the talk of the town! She’s a treat for your ears and she’s very easy on the eyes!

Starring with Rosemary in this sprightly Technicolor picture are Anna Maria Alberghetti and Lauritz Melchior. Youthful Anna Maria, introduced by Bing in “Here Comes The Groom,” won the immediate and enthusiastic acceptance of screen fans and critics. This golden-voiced youngster can act and she’s gay, too. In “The Stars Are Singing,” it’s a kick when she joins Rosemary and her pals in a singing commercial. Lauritz Melchior? His role of “Papa Poldi,” a former Metropolitan Opera great who has been licked by a swelled head, has overtones of gentleness but he gives it the Melchior vigor we’ve come to expect. And he’s in lusty voice! Talking of voice, there’s one character in this show that doesn’t have much of a speaking part, but he’ll slay you! His name is Red Dust, world’s laziest and funniest—dog.

For good measure, there’s a heart-warming story. Katri (Anna Maria) in seeking out Papa Poldi, lands in the Greenwich Village apartment where Terry (Rosemary) has gathered ’round her a merry group of young hopefuls who are struggling toward success in the entertainment world. Being a stowaway, Katri is to be deported. Terry and her gang, along with Papa Poldi, say “no can do”... then swing into action with the vigor of a detachment of Marines. Just leave your worries on the doorstep and direct your feet to the sunny side of screen entertainment when “The Stars Are Singing” comes your way!

* * *

Mention of Marines, which I did a few sentences ago, reminds me that I’ve another fun picture to report on—“Pleasure Island.” Here we have 1500 Marines, not engaged in war on “Pleasure Island”—just a bit of skirmishing among themselves to capture the attentions of three lovely girls. What delightful odds! How come 1500 men and three girls? On a South Pacific Island lives Roger Halyard, British Copra grower, with his three pretty, young daughters and a housekeeper. Except for Halyard and his agent, the island is practically manless. Suddenly the Marines appear to construct a landing strip. It’s a riot thereafter! Halyard, so VERY correct, almost loses his mind as well as his three darling daughters. The girls have a fine time! The picture is in Technicolor, which is special when a South Pacific Island is the locale. Leo Genn plays the father, Elsa Lanchester the housekeeper, Joan Elan, Audrey Dalton and Dorothy Bromiley, those three lovelies, are the darling daughters.

Next month I’ll be ready to give you the details on “Pony Express,” starring Charlton Heston, Rhonda Fleming, Jan Sterling and Forrest Tucker. It’s a vivid picturization, in Technicolor, of the most colorful era in our nation’s history—a tribute to those rugged men of vision, Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok! More anon.
what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Lana Turner at Mocambo with her new boyfriend, Georges Saurel, a French actor.

mothballs where they’d been for a year and a half. Steve McNally, at U-I, slipped into hat, jacket, pants, gun and badge for “The Stand At Apache River,” allowed they looked familiar. They were. Same rig he had on for “The Duel At Silver Creek.” So there.

The new June Allyson-Dick Powell homestead, consisting of 58 acres way off up in the Mandeville Canyon hills, is a kind of self-sustaining type thing with fruit trees, vegetable gardens, 5 million chickens and probably a lot of wild game like deer and moose out there wandering around. All they need is someone to go out and shoot same. June’s new haircut is, if not the shortest, one of the most chopped off in Hollywood, with Joan Crawford’s right in the running.

The new penthouse of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis is kinda fabulous, too. The kids moved in gradual-like, to three bedrooms and baths, planted terrace, den, and all that sort of thing. Tony’s got a fat new contract at U-I and this is the first time these kids have been able to afford the movie star-type home.

Ricardo Montalban, who replaced Fernando Lamas as Lana Turner’s lover in “Latin Lovers” and gets the break of his career, is a busy one hunting for a house with a huge yard for the four kids to play in. He roars around in an M-G, little tiny car to you, brought on by the fact that his chum, Howard Keel, (over six feet) crowds his torso into one, too. How uncomfortable can a boy be . . .

Vera-Ellen, back from a Honolulu vacation, maaad about surf-boarding, which she learned over there—along with the hula. Gal can’t wait for the surfing season to start here at Malibu. Just so you don’t get out there and do the hula on the surf-board, girl.

Robert Mitchum, the character, parked his custom-built, whizzer of a trailer on the Calabasas location of “White Witch Doctor” while the African adventure yarn was shooting there. He wasn’t about to spend two hours a day going back and forth from Hollywood—he’s the lazy type. Mitch has a folding boat on top of the trailer—claims it only weighs 95 pounds, just the right weight to pack it on a wife’s back. Susie Hayward, again his leading lady in this picture (remember them in “The Lusty Men”), had fun with Mitch—he’s supposed to pick her up and carry her across a stream. Tried to lift her and couldn’t. Seems this girl had weighted down her jungle outfit with lead bars, making her about as heavy as her leading man. Some fun.

Latest rage in this town are the clown portraits of the stars by talented young artist John Morris. Judy Garland gave Sid Luft a portrait of her in the clown outfit she used in her act, famous from “Easter Parade.” One given to Barbara Stanwyck by her agent, Paul Small, shows the gal all clownwed up, doing a

(Continued on page 10)
The night-life of the party in
She's Back on Broadway

COLOR BY WARNERCOLOR

A Song'n Dancin' Delight from WARNER BROS!

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Are your teeth discolored? Are you smile-shy? Then try this marvelous new "dental-cosmetic" for the thrill of your life! You apply KOPAL to your teeth, instantly, just like enamel on your nails. And presto! Instantly, your teeth are coated with a sparkling white finish that almost has too porcelaneous and natural—a real movie-star smile! No wonder beauty editors, thousands of smart women and theatrical people praise KOPAL for covering up stains, discolorations, even gold fillings—and almost like new teeth! Guaranteed results. KOPAL 2-4 months supply only 30c. Send 50c for sample and address. On delivery pay postman $3 plus COD postage and handling fee. Send 50c for sample only. Try KOPAL as directed—you be the sole judge of how lovely this wonderful "dental-cover-up" makes your teeth. You must be thrall-or-money-back. FROSTIE WINTERS, 270 Park Avenue, Dept. 1965, New York 17, N.Y.

what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

balloon ascent. Keenan Wynn's shows him astride a motorcycle, coast flying in the breeze. They are really great, I'll tell you.

Well, that chest of Marilyn Monroe's is filling up—leave us hasten to say her hope chest. So far, she's got linens, art objects, a silver service that was given to her while she was making "Niagara" and all girlish stuff like that there. The chest is an old 17th Century number of carved mahogany—and any resemblance, etc., etc.

Marilyn's pal in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," as if you didn't know, is Jane Russell and there's apt to be another star in the Russell family. When Jane's man, Bob Waterfield, quits pro football he's about to try the acting racket, too.

Roy Rogers and Dale Evans adopted two new kids and they're all crazy about each other in the family—this brings the total juvenile members up to five. But one day Roy discovered young Dusty hiding his toys under his bed. Seems Dusty wasn't about to let the new ones cop onto his posse-sions—but Roy and Dale got 'im straightened out pretty quick.

There's not much to do between scenes on the "Mogambo" location way off in darkest Africa, so Ava Gardner experiments around with making things out of balloon ascent. Keenan Wynn's shows him astride a motorcycle, coast flying in the breeze. They are really great, I'll tell you.

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There's not much to do between scenes on the "Mogambo" location way off in darkest Africa, so Ava Gardner experiments around with making things out of balloon ascent. Keenan Wynn's shows him astride a motorcycle, coast flying in the breeze. They are really great, I'll tell you.
Bunny Green, wife of composer Johnny Green, dancing with George Burns.

What would you do with a plastic leg filled with cigarettes, candy, peanuts and cigars? Well, Piper Laurie fixed up this gag for Rock Hudson’s birthday and marched it over to him on their picture set of U-I’s “The Golden Blade.” Seems Laurie traded a pair of her own nylon stockings for the leg—to a hosiery buyer who was a fan of hers and made off with it at full speed.

Leslie Caron’s house was teeming with relatives when a grandmother from Paris, and one from the Virgin Islands arrived—along with their families. The Virgin Island grandmother had a few thousand words to say about how to build a house in her neck of the woods. They do most of it by hand and her helpers were a cowboy, a dancing teacher and a policeman. Things are tough all over.

Aldo Ray’s given up his Malibu beach house and moved into bachelor quarters in the Valley. To be nearer Jeff Donnell maybe? There’s much yes and no about whether these two will get married when Jeff’s divorce is final. Most people are voting no, but Aldo was around plenty to watch Jeff work in “The Blue Gardenia.” Seems Jeff’s husband (about to be ex) calls on her almost as much as Aldo does.

The young Britisher, Laurence Harvey, who has been brought to Hollywood to play the part of the villain Caligula in “The Robe” (yep, it’s really going to be made this time), was introduced to a whole covey of celebs at a party given by James Woolf, in town to launch John Huston’s “Moulin Rouge”—Jimmy had a large part in making “African Queen” last year. On hand at the party were Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, George Sanders and Zsa Zsa Gabor, who was very quiet, Hal Wallis beaming with pride on Terry Moore who is really

(Continued on page 72)
My Cousin Rachel

The burden of guilt is a hard one to bear, especially when there are so many extenuating circumstances, but this is the perplexing dilemma that Richard Burton faces in this tale of early day England. His benefactor, John Sutton, has been sent to Italy for his health's sake. While there he meets Cousin Rachel (Olivia de Havilland) and marries her. Before many months, Burton receives a series of letters from Sutton accusing Rachel of trying to do away with him. Burton immediately rushes to his friend's aid, only to find that he has died and Rachel has left the country. Sutton's entire estate is left to Burton, without any mention of the widow. When Burton learns that Rachel is coming to visit him, he welcomes the opportunity of accusing her of Sutton's death, but instead finds himself madly in love with her and altering the will to give her the family jewels and estate. Rachel accepts the tokens—and then announces that she isn't marrying Burton. Immediately, the old suspicions are revived, but still nothing can be proved. Even when he allows Rachel to walk on a rickety bridge, which plunges her to her death, he finds a letter in her possessions indicating he was wrong. The film, which is beautifully enacted, and serves as a stellar showcase for newcomer Burton, cannot help but prompt the query, "Did she do it?" 20th Century-Fox

Member Of The Wedding

This charming story of an adolescent girl and her daydreams is brilliantly enacted by its original New York stars, Julie Harris, Ethel Waters, and moppet Brandon de Wilde. The latter are Julie's confidantes, who try vainly to understand the 12-year-old's bitter outbursts against the teenage girls who won't let her belong to their club; her growing resentment for the toys her widowed father brings her, and her longing to belong "to someone or something". When her soldier-brother (Arthur Franz) brings home his fiancee, Nancy Gates, Julie's longing "to belong" transfers itself to the couple. She announces to Ethel and her cousin, Brandon, that after the wedding she is going to live with the newlyweds. When her father is forced to drag her screaming away from the honeymooners' car, she runs away. But a brief brush with some of the seamy elements in town, quickly sends her home. She returns to find Brandon fatally ill, but child-like, the sad memory of his death is soon blurred as she becomes chums with a neighbor girl, and discovers the boy next door isn't a horrible monster. Poignant drama is an excellent vehicle for the talented trio and richly deserves its numerous awards. Stanley Kramer-Columbia

The Jazz Singer

Modern day dress and Technicolor have been added to this yester-year favorite of the young Jewish boy who wants to be an entertainer but whose father insists that he succeed him as cantor of a Philadelphia Temple. In this new Mike Curtiz film, Danny Thomas has just
returned from Korea where he has met Peggy Lee and other USO entertainers, who have encouraged him to try the show world. The night that his father announces that he will be the temple's new cantor, Danny breaks with him, and breaks into a musical with Peggy Lee. The show is a flop, and although the couple make some records, Danny can find nothing permanent and returns to his home where he promises his father to become a cantor. But the lure of the footlights is too strong and this time there is a definite family rift which Thomas' eventual stardom fails to ease. They are reunited only when the father's illness causes an enforced meeting of the two. Warner Bros.

Never Wave At A WAC

WASHINGTON's most in-demand society hostess, Jo Mc Bain (Rosalind Russell) decides to join the WACS. She believes her Senator father (Charles Dingle)

William Ching and Roz Russell astonish Paul Douglas in “Never Wave At A Wac.”

will use his power to get her a commission and see she's stationed in France. Paris, particularly, is Jo's goal, for she wants to keep her eye on fiancé, Lt. Colonel Bill Ching, who is surrounded by WAC personnel in gay Paree. Jo joins the Corps, but finds her father will do nothing to help her. Instead of a commission, she's Private Mc Bain and in place of France she receives her basic training at Fort Lee, Va. Most of the film was actually shot at the Fort. There are some amusing incidents when her ex-husband (Paul Douglas) turns up to test uniforms under various conditions and makes Jo the guinea pig. Wacky slapstick in the Russell manner. Frederick Brisson–RKO

Babes In Bagdad

Paulette Goddard and Gypsy Rose Lee find life in a harem is dull in this frothy spoof at an Arabian Nights fantasy. John Boles as the master of the house is too busy with his umpteen other wives to pay much attention when Paulette strays

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)
from the heathside. She becomes enamoured with Richard Ney, a likely young man who has the unheard of theory that for each man there is only ONE woman. Paulette lets the philosophy sink in, and decides this would be the life. Some underhand shenanigans of the tax minister put Boles on the reform path. He becomes a beggar to learn humility before he is restored to the royal throne. After his wanderings, Boles decides he can spare Paulette for Ney, and that Gypsy Rose is enough woman for any king. The movie was filmed in Spain and introduces a new Spanish color process called Cinefotocolor. United Artists

Seminole

WEST POINT lieutenant Rock Hudson, storekeeper Barbara Hale, and Indian Chieftain Anthony Quinn are childhood friends who share the desire to see the Seminoles and the white man dwelling peacefully together in Florida. But Richard Carlson, commanding major at the fort where Hudson is stationed, is much more interested in flushing the tribes out of their swamps and sending them to a reservation. Although Hudson defends the Seminoles, he is ordered to lead a surprise expedition into the swamps. The entire company is wiped out with the exception of the major and Hudson, who is rescued by his Indian pal, Anthony Quinn. Immediately, poor old Rock is accused of double dealing with the Indians and ordered to face a court martial. Eventually, the Seminoles come to his aid and prove his innocence but not until one of the most ruthless hand-to-hand battles yet seen grapples its way across the screen. Universal-International

Tropic Zone

SOLDIER of fortune, Dan McCloud (Ronald Reagan) arrives in Puerto Barrancas, to escape from a political feud in a neighboring state. An expert on banana growing, he soon attracts the eye of Rhonda Fleming who has been running the Flanders White Plantation since the death of her father. Things become deadlocked when John Wengraf, who has a monopoly on the banana market, learns of Dan's past brushes with the law and holds this over his head to spy on Rhonda. As Dan continues to run the plantation with success, Wengraf suspects Dan of double-crossing him. The independent fruit growers crops are saved when McCloud negotiates a contract from a company. They agree to have their boat dock the next day provided he has 8,000 stems of bananas there for shipment. Dan, who has been cleared with the government, now does a Paul Revere, riding to all the growers and telling them to get their crops ready. Rhonda has fallen in love with McCloud, but fears for his safety when Wengraf has locked the loading dock. The independent growers fight their way through to deliver their cargo on time. The bananas off his mind McCloud turns to Rhonda. Pine-Thomas

City Beneath The Sea

Here's underwater excitement that begins the moment deep sea divers Robert Ryan and Anthony Quinn start searching for buried treasure and continue until they are trapped in an earthquake in the Sunken City of Port Royal, which sank in 1692. The boys, who are looking for a missing liner that sank with a cargo of gold aboard, hire a freighter run by pretty skipper Mala Powers, from which to base their diving operations. Although they are purposely put on the wrong track by a steamship line official, who has hopes of recovering the loot for himself, they eventually find it buried in the underwater city. As they feverishly try to get the gold, they are trapped in an eery undersea earthquake, and by the time they reach topside the steamship executive has been killed and there is only the pretty captain waiting to sail into Ryan's arms. It's movie make-believe that reaches science-fiction proportions. Universal-International

Swana Devil

If you like to see fierce lions coming at you from the screen, native headdress so close they seem to tickle your nose, and spears that appear to extend out into the audience, then Arch Oboler's first feature-length motion picture in national vision will be an exciting experience. The story, aided by the remarkable natural vision cameras, comes to life when you don a pair of polaroid glasses. Robert Stack is in charge of building the first railroad in British East Africa when the head engineer is killed by a man-eating lion. Stack, who got the job through the influence of his father-in-law, carries a failure complex that not even his wife, Barbara Britton, can erase. The natives refuse to continue work until the lion is
Love catches up with Bob Ryan and Mala Powers in U-I's "City Beneath The Sea."

killed. A series of failures by Stack, the Masai lion-hunter tribe, and then by special hunters sent from London convince the young engineer of this uselessness. Two lions kill all the white people except Bob and Barbara. She is injured and her life rests on his success. He kills the lioness, but finds his gun jammed when he aims at the revenging male. At the last second, he kills the beast and proves to himself courage is within his reach. Arch Oboler Production

Hiawatha

ALMOST reminiscent of a travelogue with its beautiful scenery, "Hiawatha" unfolds the rather placid story of Vincent Edwards' desire to keep peace among all tribes, especially the Dakotas, whose young maiden (Yvette Dugay) he wants to make his squaw. Some of Hiawatha's fellow braves don't believe this is possible, and so to settle the bickering, the tribe's chiefs order Hiawatha and his chief rival, Pau Puk Keewis (CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)
Style No. SW 104 — 2 piece Pique and Woven Cotton. The blouse is lush, rich cotton pique, with pinstucked yoke, and contrasting piping on its double collar. The skirt is woven cotton in two soft tones, with jewel buttons glittering down the front. Guaranteed Washable. White blouse with grey skirt only.

Style No. SW 103 — 2 piece Checked Tarreded Cotton. Matching blouse and skirt for a beautiful twosome! The demure blouse is trimmed with sparkling white, beautifully pinstucked pique. The skirt is a multitude of unpressed pleats, with its own shiny patent belt. Washable Sanforized Cotton. Water Fabric with Everglaze finish. Aqua, rose, lilo or gold checks crossed with grey.

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Ask your beautician for Professional Applications of Nestle Hair Color.
Ginger Rogers in a hand-holding caress with Jacques Bergerac, still her heart's desire, at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs.

Gracie Allen breaks up Mary Livingstone with typical outlandish remark as they, with George Burns, arrive for Ethel Merman fete.

Betty Hutton, back from triumphs in British Isles, gets a warm welcome home from daughters Lindsay, seven, and Candy, four.

The newlyweds, Jane Wyman and Fred Karger, also at Merman party. Zanuck hosted affair in tribute to Ethel's "Call Me Madam."
THE PSYCHIATRIST looks at HOLLYWOOD

Is it a town hovering between insanity and intelligence; do the stars have an unbalanced design for living?

In the eyes of the world, Hollywood is a sleepless town living on its false energies and frayed nerves. A town where the favorite occupation of its inhabitants is basking in reflected glory rather than bathing in the sun. A town where optimism and insecurity run neck and neck. All this, and FEAR, too! That hovers over the movie colony like an ugly spectre that is, if you analyze it, Hollywood's own worst enemy.

But what few people understand is that Hollywood, a one-industry town, is like any other one-industry town. Those who live there are not happy unless they can sleep, talk and think work—from dawn to dusk. In Hollywood's case, it is movies. The all absorbing, fast paced, nerve-trying business of staying in the swim, or sinking because once—just for a minute—you might let go.

Hollywood has destroyed many of its faithful, hard-working denizens because of that strange, catching disease that has so many people worried today—within the industry and outside the industry. It's that once-you're-in-it-you-can't-get-out-of-it web that movies spin for everyone that comes in contact with the making of them. Stars, technicians, producers and directors, writers and extras.

"It's a familiar remark in Hollywood," says a veteran producer, "that there's nothing quite so awful as working in the movies, and nothing quite so awful if you don't!"

That expresses Hollywood, and its mode of operating, perhaps better than anything ever said about movie-making, good or bad. The very contrariness of the industry is what, the psychiatrists find, makes Hollywood the way it is. You love Hollywood and you hate Hollywood. The only trouble is that you do both at the same time!

Typical, however, of the ways strong personalities can go to pieces under the terrific strain of reaching the top in Hollywood and staying there is the case of one Mario Lanza. His story is a

(Continued on page 52)
There are plenty of nice fellows who take girls out just for fun and don't go in for heavy necking

Why I don't like dangerous dates

I certainly don't pretend to be an authority on dating. Or on love.

I believe the right age for romance is entirely up to the individual because every case is different. I do think a girl should be aware of what real love means. Also, that she should be able to do her full share as a wife. This is what matters most, not her age. Many of my best friends married in their teens. My mother married at 16, and she and Pop have had a wonderful life together. So no one has tried to influence me against an early marriage.

But I always knew I wouldn't marry as young as a great many others have. If I hadn't gotten my break in pictures I would have gone on to college and become a gym teacher. I would have wanted to finish preparing myself for that job, just as I want to get my career set in pictures.

I won't presume by saying that what applies to me applies to others. I am sure it doesn't. But I do know why I'd be foolish to make any promises to a boy at this time. Much as I'd want to keep those promises, I couldn't! The dates that are dangerous for one girl might not be for somebody with different circumstances. Personally, I don't want dates that would gum up life as it's opened up for me. This is why I hope there's no surprise around a corner. I don't want to fall in love too soon! I know that I won't be ready for this step until I'm at least twenty-two. I have too much to do at the studio.

Telling the truth to ourselves saves a lot of grief. Often it isn't the easiest thing to do, but isn't it better than having to go back and start again after we tear off in the wrong direction? If I didn't face the actual facts I'd only bring disappointment to myself and the other person involved.

I never dreamed I'd become an actress. But when the chance came I wanted to try it. At first I was too young to realize the possibilities. Then, when I got my MGM contract, I made up my mind I would really work hard and see what I could do.

If you're in love you want to spend all your spare time together. Spare time! What's that? The picture business doesn't have regular hours from 9 to 5. A working day for me means up at 6, in make-up at 7 a.m., and on the set at 9. It takes two hours to get your (continued on page 56)

“I don’t want to fall in love too soon. I know I won’t be ready for this step until I’m at least twenty-two.”
The dance before her weak, licentious step-father, King Herod.

Salome's motive in film is to ask for John The Baptist's freedom.

W hen Columbia announced that Rita Hayworth would do "Salome" and feature the infamous "Dance Of The Seven Veils" a censorial storm thundered upon them. This particular dance had long been the favorite taboo of all censors. Fortunately, Valerie Bettis was engaged to create a modern version and Designer Jean Louis to design Rita's costumes. Rita, naturally, supervised their efforts. The result—never has the dance been more exciting, yet never in such good taste so that not even the most narrow-minded of censors could take offense.

censors' delight

Through the years, Salome's Dance Of The Seven Veils never failed to swing the eager censors into action—Rita Hayworth's interpretation, however, has them happily in a trance.
A dancer since childhood, Rita performs the dance with grace and beauty.
Simmons a Musical Scarlett? Charles “Chuck” Walters, MGM director of Esther Williams’ “Dangerous When Wet” and Leslie Caron’s “Lili,” confided to friends at El Morocco, that Jean Simmons would one day make Hollywood sit up and take notice of her dancing talents. Walters, himself a fine dancer and choreographer, should know what he’s talking about. He claimed the “Young Bess” star was a trained dancer before she began her movie career. In-between film assignments she has been dropping in to the rehearsal hall at MGM’s Culver City studios and practicing ballet and tap, and it is Walters who would like to direct her in a Technicolor musical comedy. Until he reads it here, Director Walters won’t know that the contemplated Broadway musical version of “Gone With The Wind,” which is expected to be a major stage event early in 1955, will begin its search for a singing-and-dancing Scarlett O’Hara along about November of this year. Jean Simmons could be a likely prospect for the stage show in the role played so admirably by Vivien Leigh on the screen.

Dorothy Lamour journeyed downtown to Number One Fifth Avenue to hear a youthful singing-com- edienne named Pat Carroll who hopes for a future Hollywood acting-singing career. Dottie passed along a few very welcome professional hints and if Pat can make the grade and become a star, she’ll be travelling along the same route that served Dottie so well in the past. It was this very same night club that brought the face and voice of Dorothy Lamour to the attention of nightlifers and talent scouts in New York a few years before her film fame. History has a way of repeating itself. Both Dottie and Pat hope it’s true in the case of the caroling Carroll cut-up.

Doings of the stars while in New York often surpass anything they do in Hollywood
ON BROADWAY

continue to find their way into print. In an exclusive interview via long-distance telephone, the star of the recent "Sudden Fear" suspense film explained how she feels about returning as a star to the New York stage (she was a dancing dolly named Lucille Le Sueur in Shubert Broadway musicals before going to Hollywood). "Nothing would delight me more," said Joan, "than to find a play I can star in and tour the countryside with before facing the New York drama critics. I haven't found the right script yet, but I will, someday!" Olivia de Havilland and Ginger Rogers understand more than anyone else why Joan won't rush into an acting role in a stage play. They learned the hard way that a Hollywood star needs a fine script and topnotch director more than fancy duds and a movie "name."

Hollywood's Tyrone Power and Broadway's Earl Blackwell (President of Celebrity Service) have been friends ever since the time both arrived in Hollywood, fresh, young and eager for a screen career. Ty Power's movie stardom is legendary and although Earl Blackwell's film career included a few minor efforts, he returned to New York and became internationally famous himself as "Mr. Celebrity" of Celebrity Service. In the early Hollywood days, when William Wyler gave Ty his first bit part, a three-line role in "Tom Brown Of Culver" (which starred Richard Cromwell and Tom Brown), Ty and Earl were sitting at separate tables in the studio commissary when Power threw a sugar doughnut across the dining room to attract Earl's attention so that he could tell him the good news. Earl wished him luck and the rest is screenland history. Instead of a telegram or an opening night present when Tyrone Power, returning to the stage (with Raymond Massey and Judith Anderson), opened in "John Brown's Body" at the nearby Academy of Music in Brooklyn, Blackwell dispatched a sugar doughnut to Power's dressing room with a note saying, "I've been waiting a long time to throw this darn thing back at you. Good luck, once again, tonight!"

RKO's sultry (continued on page 70)
SOME WOUNDS
NEVER HEAL...  
BY LOUIS REID

Walter Wanger is seeking a reconciliation with Joan Bennett, but the chances of her resuming their unhappy marriage are slim

WILL beautiful Joan Bennett go back to her unhappy husband, Walter Wanger, is still the most tantalizing question agitating Hollywood.

Since that fateful December 13, 1951 in the growing dusk of a Beverly Hills parking lot when Wanger shot Jennings Lang in the groin before Joan's horrified eyes, the screen world has wondered whether the film producer and his actress-wife would become reconciled.

The latest word from Joan is NO.

There have been occasions in the long intervening months when the lovely brunette, whose life in Hollywood had been so impressively normal, appeared to be relenting a little from the dramatic finality of her attitude toward her husband just after the shooting.

Then, confronting him at Beverly Hills police headquarters, where he had boldly stated he shot Lang "because he broke up my home," she told Wanger:

"I don't want you to come back to our home when you are let out."

Her attorney, Grant Cooper, buttressed her attitude two days later by declaring that "while the possibility of divorce was not discussed, the likelihood of a reconciliation is remote." He added that "Miss Bennett questions her husband's stability."

Since then rumors of a pending reconciliation have cropped up periodically. Invariably, they have been accompanied by reports that Joan "had yet to make a decision" about resuming life with her 57-year-old husband.

As far back as March, 1952, Hollywood gossip had the couple reuniting for the sake of their family. But early in April Joan deferred decision about a reconciliation with Wanger "until after he deals with the law" for shooting Lang. She was then remaining in seclusion until her departure for Chicago to appear in a play.

Close associates were not reluctant, however, to make predictions. "She'll wait till it's all over," one friend said, "but I doubt if they'll ever live together as man (CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)
Paulette Goddard and Gypsy Rose Lee make merry, display their alluring selves in "Babes In Bagdad," frivolous, eye-catching farce.

**Harem Hijinks**

As Zohara and Kyra, Gypsy and Paulette plot against the Kadi of Bagdad (John Boles), to prove woman smarter than man.

Fiery Kyra, for whom the Kadi displaced Zohara as his favorite, is in love with Caliph's godson (Richard Ney) who hates harems.

When too openly outwitted, the Kadi resorts to force, the only means he knows to keep them in their place, namely, his harem.

The Kadi examines Kyra, realizes she's same girl he gave in marriage to the Caliph's godson and so cannot have her himself.

Paulette Goddard, with an assist from Gypsy Rose Lee, puts aside dramatics for a fling at farce in "Babes In Bagdad." She succeeds unbelievably well. The comedy is given a sumptuous production to bolster Paulette's contention that in these heavy-hearted times moviegoers want light, easy-to-absorb entertainment without pathos and message. "Babes In Bagdad," with its bounce and beauty, she feels, will perk up audiences, take their minds off the ugly situations plaguing them. John Boles returns to the screen as the villain; Richard Ney, once Greer Garson's husband, returns as the hero. The plot is wisely contrived for action, spectacle and laughs.

Believing in one wife for a man, the Caliph's godson (Richard Ney) wins Kyra (Paulette).
JEANNE CRAIN'S

Glamour Formula

“Glamour is within the reach of every woman,” says Jeanne, who reveals the simple method she used to make herself a more interesting and exciting person.

BY REBA AND BONNIE CHURCHILL

JEANNE CRAIN, even with four lively children, exudes more glamour, allure and appeal than at any other time in her career. The secret is her magic diet which includes much more than mere weight-watching.

We followed Jeanne through an average day to pick up hints as to what her formula for self-improvement consists of. The beautiful 20th Century-Fox actress not only explained which exercises are the most effective, but shares Terry Hunt's (the miracle-worker with figures) famous four-day diet. This, however, should only be followed after a check-up with your doctor.

Jeanne's favorite exercises which whittle the waist and hips are “push-ups” and “stretches.” She straps her feet to her collapsible workout board and proceeds to stretch first to the right and then the left. Jeanne likes the bicycle exercises to get the circulation up and give her that wide-awake feeling.

Since many get tired before they've reached the count of ten, Jeanne advises beginning with just three exercises and doing these five times in the morning and the evening, and then gradually increasing. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

Brush for silken tresses. And, says Jeanne, a change in color is good for the morale.

Jeanne's lunch consists of raw vegetable salad and king-size glass of skimmed milk.

For eye glamour she draws a short upward line at outer corners with eyebrow pencil.
Jeanne keeps her 21-inch waistline by doing "pushups." To prevent weariness she does exercises to count of three, breathing in through nose, exhaling with a sigh through mouth.

A mental diet is as important as physical one, so Jeanne has become an avid reader. Hobbies are relaxing and Jeanne indulges in hers—painting—whenever she has time. Hubby Paul Brinkman is intrigued by his wife's new interest in provocative clothes.
you need a vacation from Marriage

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

"Get away from habitual domesticity," advises Anne Baxter, "get out of your little rut and refresh your point of view"

Along time ago Anne Baxter's grandfather, the great Frank Lloyd Wright, advised her, "If you want to have an exciting life and be an exciting person, never surrender to any sort of routine. Not even the routine of brushing your teeth. Skip it once in a while. Never get into ruts, even little ones."

Anne says, "I won't go quite all the way with Grandfather and actually skip brushing my teeth. But I'll change the time of day for it and I'll buy a different colored toothbrush!

"But it's true that every woman should take herself by the mental scruff of her neck every so often and give herself a good, hard shake. You have to get out of your little rut, refresh your point of view, or your life will be drab and you'll be drab right along with it. You need frequent vacations not only from your work but from all the routines of living. You even need vacations from marriage.

"I don't mean that married couples should take vacations from each other—just from the humdrum" (CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

With Monty Clift in "I Confess." Confides Anne, "It's good for any woman to feel a bit daring now and then. It's becoming to her."
With civic ceremonies, a lavish show and gala party, CBS opens its $15,000,000, 15-acre TV City in Hollywood, boasting every electronic and technical advancement.

Putting TV City on the map

Whatever way you look at it, CBS has put TV City on the map. There is no other place like it in the United States. It covers 15 acres of video activity, will be increased to 25 acres at cost of $35,000,000. Gradually, all important "live" shows on TV will come from Hollywood, since NBC also opened a TV plant in nearby Burbank. This will mean far better entertainment for all viewers since Hollywood is where our greatest stars and favorites reside. The four new studios in TV City can turn out 22 times as much entertainment yearly as any of the major movie studios.

"My Friend Irma" in rehearsal in one of four TV City studios.
"Stars In The Eye," dedication show, had 25 top-flight stars and was tip-off of future TV City programs.

Eve Arden, Jack Benny, Rochester in Maxwell was a comedy highlight of huge show.

Amos, Andy and the Kingfish were among stars. Also Burns and Allen and Bob Crosby.

Lucille Ball with Jack. He conceived, supervised the production of "Stars In The Eye."
“The Naked Spur”

Although it often means roughing it, players always welcome the opportunity and change of pace of a trip for a film locale.

Taking a cast and crew on location may, at first, sound like one big headache, but actually MGM and the other studios have learned to plan and execute these jaunts so expertly that they are done smoothly, comfortably and not too expensively. In fact, often at a savings, because duplicating the setting in Hollywood would be prohibitive and invariably unrealistic enough to destroy the impact of the story. Durango, Colorado, was chosen for “The Naked Spur” and the cast and crew were happy.

Since the action takes place in the Rockies, Durango was ideal and offered suitable accommodations as well, including a recreation hall. Jimmy Stewart wanted to bring his wife, Gloria, and the kids, but thought it might be too rugged for their little twins. But Tony Curtis was studio-free and went along with his wife, Janet. They had more fun than anyone. Ralph Meeker brought his sax. Bob Ryan, Millard Mitchel their fishing rods.

Even in the clothes of the wilderness Janet has exciting appeal.
"The Naked Spur" is a suspenseful story of four desperate men and a girl, filmed in Technicolor, high in the mountains of Colorado. As one of the four, Jimmy Stewart wins Janet.
Even though she is older—I love her. I could have always loved her. She is sensationally a woman—any man would love her—if he had the chance. I am speaking of Linda Darnell.

I was dancing at the Mocambo last night with Denise Darcel and, the next morning, my agent said to me, “I know how it is, boy. A kid like you is bound to get a big crush on an older woman. There’s always one in every man’s life.” What he didn’t know was that I have already had that experience—and, to me, the greatest.

Denise, she’s wonderful—full of life and living and ooh-la-la, and I never thought of her as being older. But Linda—knowing her was like being on a moving train headed for some definite but unknown destination—and marveling all of the while.

Actually, I don’t believe Linda was too aware of how deeply and how very serious I felt about her. During those twelve weeks together on Jamaica—and then London—our companionship and camaraderie developed into a wonderful thing. But let’s start at the beginning.

I was invited backstage at the Coronet Theatre in Hollywood where I met Paul Guilfoyle. Three years later, through Paul, I met Stephanie Nordli who wrote “Island Of Desire.” The next day, I read the script and met the director and they said, “This is the boy.”

Overnight, I was before the camera being introduced to Linda Darnell. Gosh, I had seen all of her pictures. In person, she is even more gorgeous. And now the director was saying, “Put your arms around her—hold her close—and kiss her. Kiss her with longing and passion as though she is the woman—the only woman in the world for you!”

That wasn’t exactly easy—for I was so nervous. I have never been afraid to kiss a girl goodnight—but the girls I know are kids my age or younger. And here was Linda—so sensationally breathtaking. Anyone in their right mind wouldn’t have to be told twice to kiss her—I kept thinking.

The director repeated, “Now kiss her.” I brought her up real close and then I kissed her. I held her for a moment—and I stopped thinking. The perfume in her hair made me want to kiss her forehead, and then suddenly, I let her go.

I stood there not knowing, not sensing, not even daring to think. Then I felt a pinch on my arm and Linda was saying, “Tab, that was real nice.”

Real nice! That was pure heaven.

She was still talking in that low, soft voice. “I am always lucky for newcomers. Paul Douglas made his first picture with me.”

Paul Douglas, I thought—why he’s old—why, why? I wasn’t thinking of a career—I was only reacting to Linda’s lips. And the director was saying, “Tab, that was realistic. If you can kiss Linda like that again—?” I didn’t say a word. I was ready.

That night, I went home in a daze. I was quiet all through dinner. Mom had apple pie and I didn’t ask for a second piece. “What’s wrong, son?” she asked. Mom and I have been very close. My (continued on page 62)
"Linda naturally would be attracted to an older man, one who would know how to make her happy."

Tab, now in "Johnny Ringo," telling his story to May Mann Baer. He was frank and outspoken.

Tab relaxes with Betty Barker. "Now I have begun seeing girls my own age and found they aren't so giggly after all."
Ever wonder how it feels to lose on a quiz program or, better yet, to win? Have you ever

**SORRY, YOUR**

murdered how it feels to lose on a quiz program or, better yet, to win? Have you ever

No matter how heartbreaking it is to lose out on the main prize, every contestant feels they’ve won something by being on a Bert Parks Quiz Show.

Just imagine, here you are in New York City. You’ve always told yourself when you visit the big city the one thing you must see is “Break The Bank.” Maybe get on the program.

You’ve written ahead for tickets and you’re in the audience of CBS Playhouse #61. The lights are growing dim. The master light glows with its ON THE AIR message and Bert Parks, America’s number one quizmaster, steps out with his opening question to the audience, “Anyone want to Break The Bank?” Everybody yells back “YES!”

You relax in your seat and watch the evening’s contestants being selected by the four production men who take care of this. You weren’t selected; well, it’s not in the cards, you guess.

The contestants go through their paces. All of a sudden a bell rings and you see a television camera being trained your way. The big Zoomar lense focuses on you. You’re the center of the new feature just added to the show, “Bank Holdup.”

You are a lucky one tonight and you’ve won three hundred dollars! Pretty good pay for answering only one question, you have to admit.

People from all walks of life have appeared on this top quiz show. Millions of dollars have been given away. Thousands of people have won money and prizes on the various Bert Parks shows.

Reviewing some of the Bank breakers, we realize that this show is really a cross section of the American public.

Three days before their wedding date, Miss Djuna Flaus Budington, of Stamford, Conn., and her fiance, A. Stuart Powell, Jr., of Swarthmore, Pa., won $2,250. Miss Budington, so excited she could hardly talk, said the money would pay for the furniture in their future home. They were married the
imagined what quizmaster Bert Parks is like when not giving away those fabulous prizes?

Bert invariably is as overjoyed as if he had won the prize. He advises, "Don’t be nervous. Pay attention to questions. Forget yourself and the audience. But above all, relax."

Saturday following their lucky night.
Although they never expected to win, an Amityville, Long Island, statistician and his wife walked off with a cool $5,000. They didn’t have any plans as to how they would spend it, but admitted it was the most thrilling experience in their life.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Berlenger of Texas won $3,100, when they Broke The Bank. This was about the beginning of December. Just before Christmas, the Berlengers received a prepaid express crate containing a little burro with a red ribbon around its neck and a card inscribed “from your Texas television public.” Mrs. Berlenger said, “Breaking the Bank was one thing, but breaking in a burro for our little daughter, three-and-a-half-year-old Nora, is something I’m not looking forward to.”

A young engineer, at that time in the Coast Guard, won $2,550. Lt. (j.g.) Robert Price won the prize during a trip to New York. Bert asked him, “In the movie, ‘Sinbad, The Sailor,’ two kinds of birds were used. One was an Eagle, what was the other?” Price said a Roc and collected the bank.

Anton Busch, 75, a retired Bronx, New York, fireman, was being wheeled into the operating room for a cataract removal on his eye when his wife and daughter Broke the Bank for $3,120.

Unable to work for twenty years, Mr. Busch had supported his wife on a monthly pension of $118. In the last three years Mr. Busch had undergone two abdominal operations and expected another eye operation in a few months. He had not paid the doctor for the previous operations. Mr. Busch had small hope of meeting his debts. While Mr. Busch pondered these gloomy thoughts at the hospital, Mrs. Busch’s daughter insisted that her mother accompany her to the “Break The Bank” program, in the hope that it would take their minds off their troubles. Much to their surprise they were selected (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)
No need for Movies and TV to keep feudin', declares far-sighted Gene Autry, expertly qualified to explain how the two mediums can go happily along together with no conflict whatever.

"Movies are here to stay. So is TV. I believe they can exist together in what you might call wedded bliss, with mutual profits. I think when movie makers, distributors and exhibitors start figuring how to benefit from TV and work with it, rather than fight with it, the better off they will be."

You’ve probably heard this argument before, but pay heed to the above quote for it comes from a man who knows every branch of entertainment business. He’s Gene Autry. He started in radio and records back in 1928. Then he added movies and became the top box-office Western star. After nearly four years with the Air Force in World War II, he resumed all these activities and then in 1950 he made a move that resulted in a reaction something like an atomic explosion. Gene started making films expressly for TV use. New pictures, timed to run 26½ minutes for half-hour time slots. You’ve never heard such wailing among the exhibitors who thought he was being unfair to the movie industry. They even claimed he was ruining his own box-office potential.

Gene Autry wasn’t born in Texas and reared in Oklahoma for naught—he picked up the challenge. When exhibitors broke into print insinuating he was nothing more than a low-down varmint, he answered them. In fact, at his own expense he went back to Pittsburgh in October, 1950, to a convention of theatre owners and operators to explain his views and make a few predictions.

We’ve checked the record and find that Gene was 99 per cent right in those predictions when he said that the two fields of movies and TV can and would eventually go along happily together, that more and more top movie
stars would start working for TV as soon as their contracts permitted. *(You know they are!)*

Gene also predicted that TV would build new stars for movies. Well, Martin and Lewis came from TV and look at their picture success! Charlton Heston is a TV product. So is Rita Gam. So are Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar, who have been signed for movies. Donald O'Connor's movie career zoomed after he became a TV favorite on the Colgate Comedy Hour.

Gene Autry was the first top star to go into TV production, truly a pioneer, and now he's not only star of the highest-rated Western TV series, but producer of that series, owns the studio where they are made—the only studio built to date exclusively for TV film production. And through his Flying A Television Productions also makes the "Range Rider" series starring Jack Mahoney; produces "Death Valley Days," a new documentary series made for the 20 Mule Team Borax Company, and has pilot films completed on two other series which are still hush-hush. This, of course, is in addition to his continued radio series, his six-year-feature film contract for Columbia Pictures, his recordings for Columbia records, his personal appearances at theatres, rodeos, benefits and hospitals, his commercial tie-ups and his song writing. A man with nothing to do, but with it all, Gene is still the unhurried, unharried, easy-going, soft-spoken guy he was ten years ago. He even looks the same!

Let's get more of his views directly:

*I don't know why movie makers and theatre owners blame all their troubles on TV; there are lots of other factors, too. People now are more selective about the pictures they'll go to see. But big pictures, good pictures, clean up at the box-office. I feel there will always be big movies—shown in theatres. People like 'to get in the crowd.' Look at the World Series. It was broadcast and televised, but still people wanted to go. I went all the way from the Coast just to see two games; People feel the same way about movies and will go to the theatre to see a good show.

“Audiences also like Technicolor movies and go to see them. Producers are smart to step up the number of films in color. That means good box-office. I don't believe there will be color in TV for another five years. The equipment is not available and the public can't afford to junk the sets they have or put on expensive converters.

“Exhibitors point out the number of movie theatres that have had to close because of lack of business. Certainly this is true. But the exhibitors don't mention how many new drive-in theatres have opened that take up the slack.

“I like exhibitors. I've always tried to work with them. I visited them, made personal appearances, met them personally and felt they were my friends. But I think some of them may be shortsighted now in trying to fight TV, blame it for all their woes, instead of making it work for them. And I believe some of them could also work harder at promoting their wares to the public.

“I've found that Texas exhibitors have done a bang-up job on promotion. They make *(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)*
TOO GOOD TO COVER...

Your favorite Variety Stores combine fashion and fabric to make these blouse discoveries exciting values for now and the new season to come.

By Marcia Moore

A pair of winners from NEWBERRY Stores. The smart little blouse is made of linen-like rayon, in a wide selection of pretty colors. Buttons on the shoulders are attractive color contrast for decoration only (the blouse opens down the back). Available in sizes 32-38, at a comfortable $1.98.

The polished chambray skirt comes in sizes 24-28, and is priced at only $3.98. The full cut, with its very generous supply of unpressed pleats, is a wonderful figure-flatterer. Waist-whittling plastic belt is white and comes with the skirt.

Prices subject to change. For nearest store, write to Dept. V.V., SCREENLAND Magazine, 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N.Y.
Six welcome ways to perk up wardrobes for Spring

A rainbow of solid colors, checks, plaids and stripes, fit this vat-dyed, Sanforized Bermuda Shirt into your life. From GRANTS, in sizes 32-40, at just $1.69.

Below: McCORRY Stores have this tailored model of white shirting, pin-striped in blue, red, or brown. Available in sizes 32 to 38, at $1.89.

Cotton knit, off-the-shoulder sweater has set-in sleeves and is knit in novelty design with metallic touches forming yoke. $1.29. H. L. GREEN.

McLELLAN STORES have this easy-to-care-for nylon blouse. Choose yours in white, pink, blue, or maize from sizes 32-38. Price $1.98.

“Peggy Bates” nylon blouse is softly feminine with its tiered effect and becoming ruffle. In white, aqua, and pink, at G. C. MURPHY’S. $3.98.
This is a coat to live in.

Light in weight, rain repellent and fully lined—it's a real utility coat

MONICA LEWIS in a carefree mood wears this practical all-purpose coat and matching hat. The fabric, rayon worsted men's wear check, comes in gold, wine, brown and navy. The glittering buttons are of black jet. Coat and hat just $15.95, at most G. C. MURPHY Stores, for sizes 10 to 18. Monica appears in "The Break-Up," a Howard Hughes Production starring Jean Simmons and Victor Mature.

For the location of the G. C. Murphy Company Store nearest you, write to Marcia Moore, SCREENLAND Magazine, 10 E. 40th St., N.Y.C.
GLASSES JOIN HATS
IN SMART NEW SHAPES
AND LOVELY NEW
COLORS AND DESIGNS
TO TELL A STORY OF
NEW BEAUTY

OUTLOOK FOR BEAUTY

BY ELIZABETH LAPHAM

Now that more than 60 percent of the female population of this country prefers to see clearly, instead of groping through life, glasses have become an enormously important ingredient in our national formula for beauty. We try to choose glasses as carefully as we choose our cosmetics so that they will play up our best features and be appropriate for the occasions for which they are worn. Not all of us, however, have caught on to the basic rules that make for glasses-wearing success. To illustrate these and give you the benefit of the point of view of a professional trained in the ways of young beauty, we photographed and interviewed Dot Mullane. Dot, you see, is a successful young model. It is her job to know what looks well and why. We asked her to select for us the kind of basic eye-glass wardrobe she would advise for a friend, and to choose hats that would also be becoming. In our photographs, you see her modelling the designs she chose. And here is her story of why she chose them.

"First of all," Dot explained, "I decided that there were three general types of activity in every girl’s life that required a definite kind of cloth-
**THIN GIRLS**

Doctors agree that you look your best, feel your best, when your weight is right. And you'll feel normally healthy, but discontented because you have failed to miss those extra pounds. The trouble may be due to lack of essential food elements which can't develop without them, such as riboflavin, protective factor in the vitamin B complex. To get more riboflavin, the average food today is not enough. A pint of milk might have a quarter of a milligram, or none at all. A can of green peas, a half-cup of cooked white rice, 2 tablespoons of cooked potatoes, 2 tablespoons of macaroni, 2 tablespoons of Minnesota high-protein flour, 2 tablespoons of bread, 1 tablespoon of brown sugar, 2 cups of coffee, 2 cups of tea—none contain enough riboflavin for the average adult daily requirement. Ask your druggist for LIPAN, or write direct for free booklet, "How to Keep Your Weight Up," for month's supply (100 tablets), enclosing check or money order for $0.50.

SPRIT & COMPANY, Dept. SC, Waterbury, Conn.

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Is it a skin disease or internal? For the past eight or ten years, several scores of physicians have reported amazing cures in treating individuals suffering from psoriasis with LIPAN—*a new* medical wonder taken internally. Lipan (registered U.S. Patent Office) is a combination of three substances that treat certain internal disorders which many medical men now agree to be the prime cause of the disease. The results show Lipan successful in over 80% of the cases treated. Even stubborn cases are alleviated to a degree almost beyond belief. Absolutely harmless!

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**The Psychiatrist Looks at Hollywood**

(Continued from page 23)

The single one: sudden great fame, sudden tremendous riches, and a sudden fall through bad investments, disagreement with his studios, and an inseparable trait of antagonizing friends and strangers alike.

It is no secret that a condition of his returning to the MGM fold, after a series of explosive incidents that rocked Hollywood and much more established stars, was that he would place himself under the care of a psychiatrist. Rumor has it that Mario Lanza has agreed, and benefited accordingly. He has not been the first star to do so: the list is a long one, and this writer, who has reported the movie scene for many years, remembers that Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Ann Sheridan, Fred MacMurray, Dorothy Lamour, Cary Grant, Robert Mitchum, Judy Garland, and a host of others, found much help in the field of mental medicine.

Is it the secret for greater health in Hollywood as a whole and the stars who make the wheels go round in particular? Recently it was announced that because of the good work the noted Menninger Clinic had done for many of the top stars in Hollywood, the industry had invited Dr. Karl Menninger to open a branch in Hollywood. Apparently this plan will be carried out early in 1953.

The stars have learned, fortunately, that there is nothing shameful in going to a psychiatrist. But what of the psychiatrists? Do they feel their help is needed more in Hollywood than perhaps in any town in the United States? Do they believe that conditions warrant a psychiatric control over the industry? Are the movie folk—because of the fast pace and the constant fight for survival—to be helped by this kind of medical attention?

The answers vary, and here are some of the opinions of outstanding practitioners in the field. Noted New York psychologist, Dr. Allan Formme, author of the influential "The Psychologist Looks At Sex And Marriage," recently told this writer:

"It's not so much the pressure of the Hollywood, or the quick rise of the players themselves, or the amassing of so much money, that is the cause of the mental disturbances we hear so much about. That is because of the action of a neurotic drive, and while they can satisfy part of it, they do not satisfy all of it. So there is always something missing—and not even success makes up for what they are trying to achieve."
Dr. Fromme is not the only psychologist, or psychiatrist, who believes that almost everyone in Hollywood abuses his emotions. Says Dr. Fromme, "An aura of artificiality hovers over everything they do, and it is such artificiality that leaves the deeper needs unsatisfied."

If the stars are afraid of tomorrow, look what Dr. Leo Roster has to say about false optimism. "Optimism is often a narcotic to deaden anxiety, and in the movies anxiety serves as a restraint on excessive elation, and as a kind of penance for extravagance of income, spending, conducting all business operations."

Recently Hollywood had a stranger in its midst. She was Dr. Martha Gilbert, a renowned English psychiatrist. She stayed quite a few weeks in Hollywood, and discovered many things that an unconscious need for anxiety existed in the movie colony. It was a twist, she thought, that many people are never really happy unless they're miserable.

Says Dr. Gilbert, "All actors are exhibitionists, and that is true of Hollywood, too. The limelight, the pat on the back, the studio's unexpected bonus, all this—to them—is food. Better than three meals a day, a vacation in the country, long periods of rest, the art of relaxation. Take away all these things—the applause, the rewards, the evidence of much popularity—and the stars would rather starve."

There is no question that the uncertainty, the feverish glamour and the fast pace of life in Hollywood has a killing effect on the stars—whether they are at the top, climbing, or falling down. There is nothing tangible anywhere in Hollywood but the contract you sign and the check you deposit in your bank. Everything else is illusory, imagined, cloaked in romance and fear.

The scenarios themselves are unreal. The actors work to make themselves people they are not, in order to bring reality to characters they portray. And everything depends on Luck. If the star is lucky, he captures the public fancy. Few stars can delude themselves they will keep the public interest for very long. Younger stars, such as Dale Robertson, state frankly they feel they have perhaps five to seven years of work before they are through.

It is true that the salaries are gigantic for youngsters who in other fields would earn no more than $75 a week, but the huge salaries are less than they used to be, and cut nearly in half by income taxes. There is a better scale of living required, too, which makes it hard for the young star to put aside for the future.

Consider the effect on young minds of this apparent easy money now when they are young and eager to taste life. Consider the contrast between Janet Leigh, for example, and a stenographer. The stenographer who starts with a fine industrial concern and plans a career can look forward to steady work until she is 65—providing she learns certain tangible things about her business. She may make only $50 to $75 a week to start, but she makes it every week—plus bonuses and raises and vacation pay. She can wear last year's clothes and she does not have

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Hollywood, and a host of other programs have run successfully for years, transferred with even greater success to television.

For one thing, television audiences tend to contain older more stable minds. Such people prefer to see older actors and actresses, as a pure audience-identification. There is already an emphasis on greater reality in the programs presented.

In only one way is television like Hollywood: the leaders, the writers, the producers are as harassed and uncertain of what they are doing as their Hollywood counterparts. Still, television like radio, is run much more commercially than the film, so that there is a certain stability which is patterned on industry rather than the aesthetic professions. Television acting, too, can be learned in many ways which will serve to lengthen the life and appeal of a star.

In commenting on the fact that few television workers seem to consult psychiatrists, one noted mental doctor said bluntly that it's all a matter of fashion.

"It goes without saying that I feel many people need psychological and mental help," he remarks, "but it is equally possible for many, many people to live satisfactory useful happy lives without consulting a psychiatrist. So the psychiatric help which seems so essential to the Hollywood star is often a matter of fashion... it is fashionable to call a psychiatrist in Hollywood—it is not fashionable to call a psychiatrist in television circles. It's as simple as that."

Asked if he thought the film stars took psychiatric treatment when it was not needed, but purely in order to keep up with the swim, he said, "Perhaps in some cases that might be true. But I do feel that the terrible frustrations and unreality of life in Hollywood is imposed on the essential unreality of the people who make a success in that town is bound to make such help necessary. Remember that in order to be a star, you must be a fascinating emotional nature, which understands and glories in unreality. Set such a nature against a pattern of stability, and it moves on clearly without wasting itself, but when it is affected by other unrealtities, it is all too likely to be warped."

How can the stars, and the rest of the people who make movies, stay happy and healthy?

We posed that question to Dr. Fromme. "One of the greatest difficulties a star faces is the one of dumping all his eggs in one basket," he smiled. "All too often the stars neglect everything else in life, but the professional side of their lives."

to depend on keeping the fickle favor of her boss, if she does her work efficiently.

Janet Leigh, Jane Powell, Elizabeth Taylor, Aldo Ray—may improve their acting ability to the utmost, but without the Luck of a good script and the happy fortune of some inner quality which pleases the public, they have nothing secure about their careers.

No man can serve two masters, and the star who is using his movie career as his primary source of income will find that he or she will be more than likely to be of little importance to the studio.

In looking at Hollywood, the psychiatrist finds certain common frustrations.

There is the frustration over money: getting enough to put something by for the future.

There is the frustration which comes to people who have no solid claim to public attention. That is, they know they are favored because they are beautiful, or sexy, or young, but these are passing things, and they cannot fail to realize that if these superficial qualities were lost, they would have nothing to offer the movies.

There is a frustration to the more thoughtful young star in the fact that acting comes from within and while one may learn tricks of the trade, one cannot learn acting.

They take lessons—in foreign languages, in singing, in dancing—but while these accomplishments may give them more flexibility so that they can fit many more types of roles, they do not create a better actor or actress. The secretary, on the other hand, who improves herself by something allied to her trade, can make herself more efficient, more valuable to her employer. Can, in a word, solidify her position with her firm. The star cannot do this, no matter how hard he works.

There is a frustration, too, in the fact that the young star may be dropped at any time. They may say, the bad picture could do it. And then what lies ahead? For the girls, there may be marriage—but there is always the gnawing suspicion that the career was given up, and love and security doesn't seem worth it.

To other stars, it is frightening to realize that the young years—when other people were getting in on the ground floor of their careers and building for a safe, sure future—have only been used for a glamorous business which still may not give them enough money to be able to sit on their tails and live on income for the rest of their lives.

Furthermore, there is plenty of drive among the youngsters, and they do not look forward to a life of inactivity, whether they have made enough money to retire on. Is there anything ahead for the retired star? How can there be anything ahead, when the star is already at the top of his profession? Anything else must seem a comedown. There are personal appearances, of course. A star might write his memoirs. Women go into dress design or interior decorating, much of which comes down to lending their names while someone else does the work.

And there is television. But in the field of television films, will the same feverish dependence on luck and frustration for the actors develop? A well known television director says it will not. The television audience is fickle, but completely different from the audience which pays money to go to a movie theatre.

A star, once loved, can go on almost indefinitely. Beauty and youth have little to do with public favor in either radio or television stations. Jack Benny, Amos and Andy, the Goldbergs, and a host of other programs have run successfully for years, transferred with even greater success to television.
Style No. W 8031 — New! Washable tweed cotton separates to make your wardrobe sparkle! Tiny-sleeved blouse with slash inserts of black. Plus a wide whirl skirt, fringed at the flouncy pocket! White, aqua, or pink with black.

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“Is that why so many marriages fail?” we asked.

But Dr. Fromme avoided that question. Instead he went on, “We all have many-faceted roles in life, and in order to succeed we should make use of them. This is especially important in the case of the Hollywood celebrity who has to fulfill the role of wife, or mother, or civic and community member, etc. They should be reminded that, as members of our society, they are duty-bound to fulfill all their roles to the best of their ability.”

In this top psychologist’s opinion, that could provide the balancing-wheel in the sometimes uneven design for living of the stars. As to the question of how much do they need help—how sick are they—is Hollywood a town hovering between insanity and intelligence—the consensus is that, like any town in America and the people that live there, the pace is only as fast as you make it.

If it gets too fast, as it sometimes does in Hollywood—then the road to the Menninger Clinic and all practitioners of a mental form of medicine, is clear.

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WHY I DON’T LIKE DANGEROUS DATES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

hair done, get made-up, and into your costume. It’s always 6:30 or 7 p.m. before I’m ready for home. But don’t I already leave right after 6, but I’d rather take my shower in my studio dressing-room—because there’s more hot water there than there is at home.

Sometimes I meet Bob Wagner for a quiet dinner before going home. Bob is as busy with his career as I am with mine, so he understands my situation. We like to see as many movies as we can. We like to bowl, and swim. We talk and laugh up a storm. And he’s so considerate in every way. He insists on following me home in his car when I drive after dark, for he worries about whether I’m safe.

Whenever I have a date with a boy for the first time I invite him to the house to meet my parents. We either have dinner at home or I ask a couple I know to double-date with us. I never go out alone with a boy on a first date. Saturday night is the only time I can really plan a date ahead, because I don’t have to get up early on Sunday. But even then I don’t have to go to a big party or a night club or anything fancy. Companionship is the important thing to me.

I’ve learned this about dates: Be honest! That’s why I tell a boy on the first date that I’m not the type for mushy stuff. If I have to “pretend” to interest him, then he isn’t going to be the companion I want. So I save us both a lot of strain by laying the cards on the table. I believe that if a girl is definite from the first date she’ll have no trouble. She has to take a stand, establish her own reputation, and it’ll protect her from then on. There are plenty of nice fellows who take out girls just for fun, and don’t go in for heavy necking.

If you have to sneak out to meet a boy then that’s a dangerous date and not for me. I want everything aboveboard. My folks always encouraged me to make my own decisions. At home, when I make a mistake, I take the blame. I’ve never had to be deceitful, and I’ve no desire to start. I know that my family and my friends would be happy if I fell in love—and they would trust my judgment. But until I can announce my engagement and get married within a few months I’m not even going to go steady.

Dates that might trip you into carrying a torch are dangerous and foolish. I honestly don’t think I’ll fall into this kind of a trap, although. You don’t carry a torch until you stoop over to pick it up. If someone attracts you, but you know your ideas clash, don’t go out with him at all. Why does one boy have to be the only one in the world, after you’ve observed his behavior and it’s evident he is on a different road? Why make yourself miserable? I believe you can tell before it’s too late. He won’t be irresponsible once you admit he doesn’t want to change to fit your own idea of a husband. If his faults annoy you, that’s the warning sign! But remember, he has the right to lead his own life.

It’s a temptation to put only your best side forward, but I resist this urge. If a boy is the right one, he won’t vanish. He’ll be there tomorrow. I have lots of faults. Ask Bob Wagner, or any boy I go out with, and they’ll give you a list of my drawbacks. I confess I have ’em, and want to get rid of them—but, meanwhile, I’m just human.

I’m glad I am not impulsive about important things. Every time I’ve made a snap decision I’ve been wrong. I’m not mapping out the future. I’ve never done that. I think it’s silly to claim I must have a specific thing. It’s so useless! We can’t know what’s ahead. We may discover we have ability we never suspected in our dullest moments. However, I’m convinced we can decide deliberately to make the most of what each day is offering us. I can concentrate on what’s right in front of me. If I do, then I can tackle the next step wholeheartedly. I’ve learned that you can’t coast in any business if you want to be valuable to your employer. You have to be eager to acquire skills if you’re going to be worth promoting. I’m not fooled by movie “fame.” An actor or actress can be forgotten in a few months. In Holly-wood you’re exactly as good as your last picture.

Alibis don’t interest any boss. I found this out when I was only 14 and 15 and worked during Christmas vacations at Newberry’s andanny’s. It’s the same in the movies. I’m paid to be completely prepared when I arrive on the set—and I must be on time. Now I know that growing up anywhere teaches us that no
LOOSE PLATES
Fit Tight!

CHEW IN COMFORT!

DON'T LET UGLY PIMPLES RUIN YOUR LOOKS

PRAYER

FREE PHOTO

END
PUT THOSE PISTOLS DOWN!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

people interested. They’re also smart on another score—they don’t have exorbitant admission prices. The average movie admission in the state of Texas is 36 cents!

“I have real proof of lack of interest in promotion: we had a contest which ran in two exhibitor trade magazines, Motion Picture Herald and Boxoffice, offering $2,500 in prizes for the best promotion of any of my feature-length pictures and I am amazed that the exhibitors didn’t seem interested, even for cash prizes.

“Surveys have shown that show business receipts have decreased in areas where there is no television as much or even more than in those areas where TV is now in existence. Several theatres in large cities have tried TV advertising on an experimental basis, checked their customers as they entered the theatres and learned that TV advertising had brought in the patrons, not kept them away! And just see how RKO sold their re-issue of ‘King Kong’ with TV ads.

“I believe that a new picture, if it is a good picture, will always bring business to a theatre if properly advertised and promoted, and that the more publicity a star receives, provided it is good publicity, whether on TV, radio or personal appearances, the greater his drawing power will be at the box-office.

“I always try to encourage people’s going to theatres. At the end of my radio and TV shows we have an announcement, ‘Have you been to the movie, lately?’ I don’t feel that in any sense I’ve been a ‘traitor’ or enemy to exhibitors. I still make feature-length movies—recent ones are ‘Pack Train’ and ‘Gold Town Ghost Riders’—and I’m not about to cut off that field, am I?”

We were sitting in Gene’s handsome office while we discussed this conflict—or lack of conflict—between TV and movies. That office, upstairs over his spanking new TV film studio, is a delightful spot with wonderful heavy Western fabrics covering some chairs, leather on others. Three walls are paneled in fine light wood with superb patina, a fourth has a mammoth photo-mural of a scene from one of Gene’s pictures, with mountains fading into the background. The room smacks of the Old West with all modern comforts.

Naturally, Gene cannot handle all his wide interests single-handed. He has a staff of about 25, including two producers and four directors who work exclusively on his TV films.

“Back in 1950, Armand Schaefer, the man who has been producing my motion pictures since I first came to Hollywood, Mitchell J. Hamilburg, my friend and business associate since 1935, and I got together and decided it was foolish to fight something as strong as this new TV medium gave evidence of being. So we

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)
Style No. 911—Dots and stripes gel together to make a striking new suit. Straight from Paris this combination of two wonderful prints that add up to beaucoup style and subtract beaucoup pounds. An absolute dream to wear anywhere in rayon menswear suiting. Navy, gray, fuchsia, tan.

Style No. 902—Bright Eyes. A dress as young as you feel and want to look from its daisy-fresh pique collar, pert bow on past the button-bright midriff that makes you seem sizes smaller to its long-lined, hip-hugging skirt. Rayon menswear suiting in navy, gray, beige or aqua.

Style No. 900—Our Lady Bouffante of beautiful rayon faille. Its petal-pretty jacket unbuttons to reveal a dainty scalloped neckline in a skirt of a dress that points up your trim, tiny-waisted figure and a full-blown skirt. Pink, navy, powder blue, beige.
joined it. We formed Flying A TV Pictures and started production. We’ve certainly learned a lot since then,” says Gene.

Since then they have completed 52 half-hour Westerns, starring Gene, and are now well into the second series of 52 more. Flying A has produced 52 half-hour “Range Rider” shows and is starting the second round, and now is working on a series of 13 in the “Death Valley Days” stories.

On all of these they spend more than the usual amount of money for location work, far away from the studio, to get interesting—and new—backgrounds. They find this pays off because the viewer is not stupid and does recognize the same old spots. About two-thirds of each picture is shot outdoors on location, only one-third in interiors on the sound stage.

“We’ve learned, too, not to waste film on long shots which aren’t good for TV. After we establish a locale we move in and stay close to the subject. A medium shot is better than a long shot and a close shot is best,” Gene continued.

“We’ve found that it is hard to have dead silence on the screen at any time. People carry over the listening habits instilled through radio to their viewing habits. They want to hear as well as see. Consequently, when dialogue, songs or sound effects are not in evidence, we supply background music to fill in the voids.

“But I’ve also learned to cut down on my singing. Of course, I won’t abandon the thing that has become my trademark as a singing cowboy, but in our first TV film, ‘Gold Dust Charlie’ I sang four songs. That was at least two too many for a 26 minute film. Now I sing one song per film, maybe two if they can be worked in without slowing the action. But in Westerns the accent is on action and it must be kept moving. A static scene loses you your audience interest.

“Because our pictures play primarily to a children’s audience, we keep violence down as much as possible. There has to be a certain amount of gun play and fighting in every Western, naturally, but there need not be excessive killing or bloodshed.

“In all our pictures we have a clear definition between right and wrong. The hero is ‘pure as the driven snow.’ He gives advice to our youthful audience, either directly or indirectly, on tolerance, health, helping the underdog—even to drink milk. We can’t eliminate all violence or there would be no story, but I feel proud that the Gene Autry and ‘Range Rider’ series can contribute something constructive to kids.

“TV production calls for even more careful planning than that in movie production because our budgets are even more limited by being geared to as yet a not-too-wide market. There are now approximately 53 markets—or areas, there are more stations, of course. When there are 1,000 or 1,500 areas markets—and there will be—a great deal more film will be required and budgets also can be increased.

“We’ve learned that we can solve many of our problems right in the beginning with the preparation of the story. In our first TV films we tried to tell too much story. Now we use simple, straight-line stories with a minimum of counter-plot, with accent on character and characterizations. After all, we have only 26 minutes in which to wrap up our story, not the 60-plus minutes allotted to the average movie.

“We plan carefully, but do not bind ourselves so that spontaneity and improvisations are tossed out the window. Everyone concerned contributes; actors have to come to the set knowing their lines. We can’t afford endless rehearsals or retakes on the set.

“You might say that TV film production for our line of Westerns boils down to this: Keep it simple, keep it moving, keep it close and make it fast.

“Ultimately, we plan that we can reissue these TV films after two years. For one thing, the younger audience likes seeing them again. For another, in that time we’ll have picked up new kids growing up.

“I think that eventually the major studios will make the big, long, expensive films for theatre distribution and that smaller companies—or possibly subsidiaries of the major studios—will make the shorter half hour films for TV. I don’t see any conflict. At one time everyone thought radio would kill movies. It didn’t. Neither will TV. Movies and TV will work out their problems and will eventually be of mutual benefit to each other. I’m in the business both ways. But I’m not worried about the outcome.”

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**JEANNE CRAIN’S GLAMOUR FORMULA**

[Continued from Page 34]

The surprise wedding announcement of the year is the news that Mrs. Betty Wynn, ex-wife of Keenan, will marry Dan Dailey as soon as her divorce becomes final.
tomato juice (large).

Dinner: Medium portion of spinach, string beans and cauliflower. And warm stewed apples.

THIRD DAY

Lunch: Salad of lettuce, tomatoes, chicory, and celery or watercress, medium slice of roast beef (cold) and one raw apple.

Dinner: Medium portion of broiled chicken, stewed canned tomatoes, and a large glass of prune juice.

FOURTH DAY

Lunch: Two eggs (scrambled in heated pan without butter) string beans, heated tomato juice.

Dinner: Broiled steak, one half head lettuce, pineapple (fresh or canned).

Jeanne feels that your mental diet is every bit as important as your physical one and so she has become an avid reader. Her taste runs the gamut, but her favorite book is the works of Sandro Botticelli.

Hobbies are important, too, for they contribute to relaxation. When her younger children are napping (the two older boys go to nursery school) Jeanne makes use of the time to indulge in her favorite hobby of painting. She has a brand new studio five hundred feet above her hillside home and there she dabbles away to her heart's content. She's currently working on an oil portrait of hubby Paul Brinkman.

On the glamour side, a hairbrush is Jeanne's best friend. It's the surest way to have silkened tresses. Jeanne has a new shade of hair, by the way, burnt gold. She thinks a change in hair color gives a girl a morale boost. Jeanne has let her hair grow a little longer, too. "It was easy to keep neat when I had it cut short," she says, "but I'm the type who likes to wear it in a different style every few days and with that close-cropped you can't!"

Jeanne believes every woman should use some make-up, especially at night. She prefers make-up that is natural. Since her eyelashes are so thick, she doesn't outline both lids to achieve the dramatic doe-eye look. Instead she uses a brown eyebrow pencil at the outside of the eye and draws an upward tilt. It adds to eye glamour and provides a more provocative look.

Since Jeanne is stepping out more these days her clothes also have undergone a change. She always considered the black velvet suit with the prim white collar and cuffs just right, but now with her glamour upsurge, she breathes new life into the ensemble by adding a shocking pink bow scarf.

"Glamour is within the reach of every woman if she is willing to work for it," says Jeanne. Aptly, 20th-Century-Fox has taken notice of the new Jeanne Crain with the burnt gold hair, vivacious spirit and torrid cheesecake and has cast her in a flicker called, "The Form Divine." It couldn't happen to a more appropriate subject.

YOU NEED A VACATION FROM MARRIAGE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36)

round of habitual domesticity. Get away from the house, from meals at regular times, get away briefly from the children, if it is only for a weekend." Anne thinks that constant change of pace in your life is important. "Only," she warns, "you have to use imagination!"

"When I was a little girl I went to Summer camp and after a few weeks we were all bored and irritated with the regimentation and the rigid routine. Then the most wonderful thing happened—we had a 'do it backwards day!' We wore our clothes backwards. We had dinner at breakfast time and started it with dessert. We used all our ingenuity to find ways to do things backwards all day long and we wound up having cereal and eggs at dinner time and having morning prayers before we went to bed. We thought we had never had so much fun in our lives and after that the routine didn't seem so bad.

"That sort of doees does not be practical in a well run household, but you can certainly add to the gaiety of life by changing the way you do lots of things. I get just as tired as any other woman does of planning those everlasting three meals a day and when I do I dip into my collection of foreign cook books and look for the most outlandish recipe I can find—preferably one with lots of ingredients; I've never even heard of before. Win or lose, that's what I have for dinner. Sometimes it's horrible but more often it turns out to be exotic and delicious. But whatever happens, it's different—and fun.

"You can vary the order of serving a meal, sometimes things around by having fruit and cheese for the first course and serving salad at the end, instead of dessert. Or I eat breakfast outside of doors on a May morning. But the most fun, I think, is to have a real picnic in the attic on a rainy day." Anne thinks a lot of girls are in too much of a hurry to have fun at all. "We get into drab routines without realizing it. We rush to the hairdresser, perhaps once a week, have our hair and nails done and rush away again to the next appointment. We don't enjoy it.

"Every now and then a girl should have a 'spoil myself day'. Maybe she can devote only a couple of hours to it but she can surely find time to lock herself in the bathroom and luxuriate. Get a lot of bath oils and scents and powders and use them. Brush your hair a hundred strokes and experiment with new hairdos. Give yourself a facial, take your time over doing your nails and try out some new shades of polish on them.
Stretched out on your bed with a book or listen to some music. Beautify yourself, indulge yourself, relax for a little while. You can do as much for your looks and the way you feel as the most expensive beauty salon could do for you—if you'll just make up your mind to do it.

"But remember, don't forget that your husband probably needs some time to be by himself and do what he wants to do, too. Don't, for heaven's sake, go into a pout if he wants to shut himself up for a time and read mystery stories or tie fishing flies or take an alarm clock apart or indulge in some other masculine quirk. Give the man his privacy. He'll be your adoring slave."

Anne thinks it is wonderfully stimulating and lots of fun to change your looks now and then, too. She exults, "When I changed the color of my hair recently it gave me as much of a lift as if I had suddenly acquired ten thousand new hats! I had wanted to do it for such a long time and when I finally did I felt as if I had an entirely new—and slightly grey—personality.

"Everyone should do it. With the new color processes it's easy and absolutely safe and it's such a romp. Another thing that's fun, is a spray you can get now to color one strand of your hair to go with your dress for a party. That's a silly, of course, but it is a sort of conversational piece and somehow it makes you feel a little daring. It's good for any woman to feel a bit daring now and then—and it's becoming to her, too. It gives her zing!"

Anne certainly has "zing" herself these days. She has always been a vivacious and fascinating girl, but lately she seems to have taken on a new verve, a sort of sheen which has made her glamour even more emphatic. Her recipes for "zing" seem to work.

She is impatient with women who have no daring or imagination about their clothes. "Lots of women are stupid about it," she says, flatly. "It enranges me to hear a girl say that she 'can't wear' a certain color or style when she hasn't even tried. Usually some saleswoman has told her that and she never had the backbone to experiment for herself. Someone told me once, 'Of course you can't wear orange!' I had never thought of it before but that did it. I got myself the brightest orange colored frock I could find and it was spectacularly becoming. I have had at least one thing in an intense orange shade ever since and it is one of the most satisfying shades I ever wear.

"You mustn't be a sheep about clothes. If you've always thought you were the 'fluffy, pastel type,' for goodness' sake snap out of it. Go and try on the sleekest, starkest, most severe black outfit you can find. Try on something else in vivid, sophisticated shades and lines. You may find a whole new 'you' while you are about it. You'll get a tremendous lift from wearing something different from anything you've ever had before.

"The only thing any girl needs to ask herself when she selects clothes is 'Do I like it? Am I happy with it?' Never, never, never weigh yourself down with that dull, tired old question, 'Is this what "they" are wearing?' Nothing could matter less.

"I was invited to a swanky Hollywood party not long ago and on a sudden impulse I hunted up a dress I had had a long time but had never worn. It was a rather clinging, draped sort of gown, Indian in feeling, with a sari arrangement which goes over my hair. It was a sensation! Nearly every other woman there was wearing the sort of evening dress you see everywhere now—strapless top, full, wide, fluffy skirt—and my slinky outfit was socko. I've never had more compliments in my life and I had a wonderful time."

Anne has dozens of ideas for changing routines, giving yourself a change of pace. One idea is to change the furnitur around, buy a controversial book, give a novel kind of party, go for a roller coaster ride, visit the dog pound and bring home a wiggly puppy.

"Changing the furniture around is a lot of fun," she declares. "Use a mental eggbeater and shove everything into new positions, no matter how impossible or fantastic they seem at first. You may like it and if you don't you can always put it back again. It's grand exercise!"

"Get some new colors around you now and then if it's only an extra re-covering of a couple of cushions or buying new lamp shades. Change the positions of all the lights and don't be afraid to be dramatic about it, either. You can change the entire picture a room takes at night by altering the way the light falls.

"Small parties are more fun than big ones if you use some imagination. I have to admit I'm something of an energetic new dancer. You can get special records of South American dance music or some other exotic thing with printed directions for doing the dance. It's a romp to try these things out and the trickler the dance, the more laughs you get—and the more exercise."

"A costume party is fun if the idea isn't so elaborate that your guests have to go to a lot of trouble renting or making costumes. A simple idea designed for laughs is best—such as a come-as-you are party or come-as-something you're glad-you're-not.

"The important thing to remember about keeping a fresh point of view and making yourself an exciting personality is to avoid sameness in everything—small things as well as big ones. You don't have to take a trip around the world to have variety in your life. If you just watch yourself and avoid falling into drab habits, you'll be all right. Life will be fun."

Anne believes what she says. Not long ago she caused a little flurry and some saleswoman to stand back and gawk. She was wearing a small cigar in public.

"So what?" smiled Anne, imperturbably. "At least, it's different!"

END

MY LOVE FOR LINDA DARNELL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 64]
SMALL BUST Problems Corrected—NO PADS
How Bra Designers Perfected New “Natural Action” Molding

Revolutionary new design shapes small bust into attractive, fuller, more rounded bustline instantly

By JOAN HALLIWELL

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The most encouraging news for the 1 woman in 3 whose ample bosom has been revealed by 2 prominent Bra Fashion Designers here. After years of research among the medical profession and physical culture authorities, they have perfected an amazing new bra design.

Already it has proved to do more for the small-bust woman than any bra her reporter has ever seen. Almost magic, as by an entirely new principle, it molds the flat, small or sagging bust into fuller, more alluringly—you naturally, without embarrassing, artificial build-up of any kind.

The story behind this discovery is an exciting chapter in the annals of human progress. In their research among all types of stores, these Bra Design Experts found an almost total lack of proper design for naturally improving small-bust problems. Clearly, the small-bust woman’s real needs were being neglected by the makers, who were not having the manufacturers who finally admitted they were neglecting small-bust women because they were too left the market. The high cost of production and materials, and marketing it more probable to concentrate on bra styles for the much larger market of average bra women.

Instead of the natural bosom flowerly, small-bust woman had to be content with unromantic padded bras or with artificial insertions which frequently caused embarrassment by shifting around.

Many ordinary bras do nothing to make feel pretty or to enhance bosom into attractive well-rounded bustline.

Almost every woman had tried or considered trying some form of bra. Even though most of the “new design” bras were successful to some extent, they frequently caused the wearer to have a sagging or fuller, well-rounded shape you desire. Notice how much better you look and feel instantly. This is a demonstration of the new "natural action" molding principle, inside this corset of the new false bosomless design. The line corrects those flat or sagging forms of those with a gentle, natural molding action.

Before, the "Tri Form" "Natural Action" bra, she was flat, unattractive, and ugly. (Close-up:)$2.49

To prove to Yourself Today How the Amazing New "Natural Action" Bra Will Fit You—Now at Get-Acquainted Low Prices! In Nude, White, Blue, Black.

Complete Line of "Tri Form" Bras to Fit and Flatter Your Individual Figure—All with "Natural Action" Bra at $2.49, 3 for $6.99, 6 for $13.98. Worth up to $5 More—Now at Get-Acquainted Low Prices! In Nude, White, Blue, Black.

The experts’ trained eyes, their research pointed inevitably to an entirely new principle in bustline molding—an inward force doing amazingly simple that you can prove its wonderful effectiveness to yourself in front of your own mirror—right now! Firmly run breast in your hands. Then, by holding your fingers, lift, gather together, and hold firmly the fuller, well-rounded shape you desire.

Notice how much better you look and feel instantly. This is a demonstration of the true "natural action" molding principle inside the corsets of this new false bosomless design. It helps the wearer to have a sagging or fuller, well-rounded shape you desire.

New Design Helps Small-Bust Woman Look Shapely in All Clothes.

The experts questioned a cross-section of women to see what precisely they hoped to gain by correcting their small-bust problem. A slim girl at the end, embarrassed and shy because of her sagging, small bustline, said she wanted to wear a form-fitting dress, new spaghetti designs, etc., with complete "sweller girl" support and confidence.

A woman with a good figure, except for almost flat bosom, knew that right corset molding molding would make her look just anore. A woman who was too thin said she hoped to fill out bosom but not look too lush. She added that she feared "sweller girl" support suitable for bigger bosom would look funny on her and look more complete. Then she wanted to wear a figure-saving dress. She was just as important to the experts as the slim girl at the end, embarrassed and shy because of her sagging, small bustline.

Fit, Comfort and Beauty Included in the NEW BRA.

In designing the "Tri Form" bra, the experts did not forget that you like your intimate support to be dainty, a small dressing room, fashionable, not too revealing, but above all you like to look and feel pretty. Our experts gave you beauty, but it is not overwhelming. It is pretty but does not compete for attention with your figure. The quality and fabric washes which does women for your bustline—entirely with your own natural bosom!

NOW! Receive Home Course for Beautifying Small Bust—FREE!

Act NOW! Receive Home Course for Beautifying Small Bust—FREE! This home course will show you exactly what to do for your small bust. We will send you a helpful booklet that includes practical tips and photographs to guide you in the beautifying of your small bust. We will also send you a coupon for a free gift that will help you beautify your small bust. You will receive this free gift, worth $2.49, with your order. And other exciting methods of improving your small bustline. All FREE, simply write the name and address you want on your order form or return this coupon.

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turned and kissed me. Then there was a love scene on the raft. It was wonderful, but that part of the picture was censored and left on the cutting room floor.

Those long weeks in the lagoon of the south seas—we would work and then there'd be hours spent in rapt absorption in conversation. I loved to see the delicate outlines of her beautiful face when she talked softly. It seemed I could listen to her voice, against the splash of the sea's waves—forever.

One night after work, I went to get her coat and when I returned, one of the picture executives was talking. “Linda, you’d better discourage Tab from hanging around you so much. He’s a sensitive, emotional lad—loaded with talent and dreams—and while he’s reacting great in the picture, he’s only nineteen and I don’t want to see him disturb you.”

I burst in before Linda could reply and pretended I hadn’t heard.

The next day was my birthday. Linda gave me a surprise party. Even to candles on a cake. Everyone on the set had cake, and I kept wishing they’d go so Linda and I could talk. I just had to tell her that I loved her. She seemed to know because she lifted a hand and stopped me. “Tab,” she said, “You know how much I enjoy your talks, but let’s be sure everyone knows that this is just a simple friendship. One of the greatest to be sure, but let’s not let there be any misunderstanding—or let any gossip start.”

I guess she saw the pain and miserywell up in me for she made a cute little grimace that made me want to kiss her cute little nose—and with a light, laughing tone—that brought me wham back down to earth—she said, “Race you to the hotel!” And she was off—running as fleet as a deer.

I expected Linda would avoid me after that, but nothing of the sort. She was just as warm and friendly as ever, but I noticed there were usually more people around. And it seemed I could never get her alone for one of those good old long talks.

The night of the big hurricane, that caused some forty-eight million dollars damage, I'll never forget. The winds began to whine and whip—and I spoke to the director about Linda, who occupied one of the cottages by the waterfront. “Don’t you think she'd better be up here with us?” But he shook his head—and said with finality, “Don’t worry about her. She prefers to be where she is.”

By eleven-thirty that night, the wind was ferocious—like a tiger lashing its tail. The very walls shivered and shook and I kept looking down at Linda’s cottage ready to dash to her rescue at the slightest provocation. I sat there watching her windows all night, as the big waves splashed against her cottage. The next morning, I asked Linda if she had heard and survived it and she said laughingly, “With a prayer and a stout heart, of course!”

All that long night, I had been thinking—Linda naturally would be attracted to an older man, one with experience who would know how to make her happy and really give her the security and life she deserves. I was still in the trying stage. How could I expect or even dream to hope that she would want to share all of the hurldes ahead of me while I established myself. She should have life handed to her on a silver platter. That is the way it should be for a woman like Linda. For the first time, I began to realize, now that the long days for London, that actually I was an immature, punk kid. And I began thinking about the girls my own age and, as I began to compare—I decided perhaps I didn’t want women in my life.

Linda was always poised and beautifully groomed to perfection. Every detail of her ensemble blended in perfect taste. Besides her great beauty, she had unbelievable charm. She wasn’t like the kids who boast about the other men who beg to date them, who break dates, are self-conscious, never have a word to say or forget to thank a guy for spending his whole week’s allowance to show them a nice evening or who expect gifts, talk only about themselves and are more apt to be inattentive to a guy’s conversation than to be really interested in him and his welfare. Giggly, immature girls, I decided, left me cold. So they do have apple blossom complexes, cuter figures—and a bouncy walk. But what’s more pretty face, a pair of pretty eyes and legs—when there’s no soul? Of course, now I find out my perspective on girls my own age was wrong.

When we went to London to finish the picture, Linda let me take her out for dinner a couple of times. Men, does she look like a queen in a tailored suit and furs. She was gracious and I quickly began to lose my complexes about being with the woman I could never have. Once more I began to feel plain comfortable and excited and proud being with her.

One night at a small restaurant, we began to talk again. I told her she dressed so beautifully that I was proud to be seen with her. Linda laughed. "I didn’t always know how to dress—or which clothes to choose. You should have seen me when I was fourteen, fifteen, sixteen. Any girl who’s interested in clothes—learn how to choose them. It just takes growing up.”

About the last of the picture, there was a scene where a boy had to jump into the water. The water was about 42 degrees. He came out shivering and stood there wet and cold. This was the only time I ever saw Linda blow her stack. “Get that boy some blankets—get him warm,” she ordered and rushed into her dressing room and brought out her own. No wonder they love Linda.

She had an attack of yellow jaundice and was in the hospital. I wanted to do something for her, be near her. But the word was “no visitors”—not even me. More than ever, I now realized she needed a man with more maturity and consideration. So I stopped by with flowers and a little note.

Well, the picture ended and I came back home to Hollywood. Linda and I didn’t meet for three months. At a big party, she came over and said, “How are you, Honey?”—and we kissed. She was just the same and I realized this was no puppy love—but a real sincere friendship that I must never spoil.

Now I have begun seeing girls my own age, and I’ve found out that they aren’t so giggle after all. They are like me, enthusiastic and learning how to achieve the graces and poise which comes with experience and success.

Recently, I met Gloria Gordon, who seems older than her age, but who is only fifteen. Already she had acquired poise and fascination and she is tall and brunette and beautiful. We have fun on dates and we, too, have a lot in common. Gloria is under contract to 20th Century-Fox. Since she can’t date on working nights, I occasionally go out with other girls like Lori Nelson, Judy Powell, Betty Baker—and I’ve had two dates with Denise Darcel.

I often look at the scrapbook—my remembrance from Linda which she pasted together herself and gave to me. It has all of our scenes in the picture—as well as the behind scenes and informal ones. On one page is her portrait—inscribed. I am not telling the inscription for it is very personal. On another page is the picture of our first kiss.

It wasn’t easy to change my feelings back to a casual friendship with Linda, whom I’ll always remember, not as the older woman in my life—but as a wonderful girl!

S O R R Y, Y O U R T I M E ’ S U P!  
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43)

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announced early morning programs, singing commercials and
tourish, Bert received his big break. Eddie Cantor hired him to do
comedy bits and sing on his show. Bert
never knew what Eddie Cantor would come up with next. Eddie, wanting to
make each show better than the last, often was carried away by his emotions
and would do things that were not in the
script. One day up into Bert's arms during a show. This was not the way it had been rehearsed and Bert,
completely surprised, dropped Eddie Cantor
on the floor. The spontaneity of this bit set off the audience it went wild
with laughter and took five full minutes to quiet down so the program could
proceed.

When the Eddie Cantor show went off the air Bert worked as announcer and
singer for Benny Goodman. Then Uncle Sam stepped in. Bert received his "Greetings."
However, he was turned down for some physical defect he didn't know he had.
Bert went to Hollywood to work with Xavier Cugat and while there enlisted in the
U.S. Army. This time he was accepted.

Bert met his wife-to-be on a blind date. They fell in love and married as soon as Bert graduated from
Officers Training School. He graduated a second lieutenant, they were married and stationed in Macon, Ga.
He soon received his orders, left for the Pacific and didn't return for two years. He came back with a captain's
commission and three campaign ribbons. Bert and Annette hit their first big jackpot when the twins, Jeffrey and Joel, were
born.

Shortly after, Bert made the big time with "Break The Bank." After this came one of the top shows of all time, "Stop
The Music."

Bert's five golden rules to all who participate on quiz shows are:

Don't be nervous.

Pay close attention to the questions.

Forget about your personal appearance and how you may look to the
viewer.

Pay no attention to the audience. Above all, relax.

Bert's advice to people who want to break into show business is also good. Just
because your friends and family think you're terrific, don't let this be your only criterion. Audition for strangers, appear on amateur shows and if
and wife again.

When her husband pumped a bullet into her handsome 30-year-old business agent in a jealous fury, Hollywood was more shocked than it had been in many years.

Wanger's accusation that Lang had come between him and his wife stunned the film capital, for Joan, now 41 and one of the most glamorous of American grandmothers, had not been before touched by even a breath of scandal.

According to police, Lang and Joan on the fateful afternoon had been formulating a new television show. Joan parked her car in a lot behind Lang's office. Wanger drove by the lot at 2:30 P.M. and noticed Joan's wife's car. When he passed the lot an hour later he said the car was still there.

He decided to await her return. They arrived at 5 P.M. in Lang's car. As they walked toward Joan's car, Wanger approached them. An argument followed. Then Wanger pulled a pistol from his pocket and fired twice at Lang, one bullet missing its target.

Both Joan and Lang insisted their relationship was merely that of business associates. Nothing more. Joan said spiritedly that "if Walter thinks there was any romance, he is mistaken."

But Wanger asserted:

"A year ago Joan's affection for me chilled. I suspected an affair with Lang. I hired private detectives to follow my wife."

Reports made by the detectives were found in his car after the shooting and turned over to the District Attorney.

Wanger blamed Lang for what he said was a change in Joan's attitude toward him. Police said Wanger told them he had "a long talk" with Lang in New York last January, telling him "if anybody tries to break up my home, I'll shoot him."

Lang, meanwhile, asserted Wanger was "hoochided and confused when he said I was threatening his home."

"A fellow who's been up as high as Wanger and come down so fast is liable to get hotheaded," Lang said. "I feel sorry for him and his family."

Wanger, police said Joan told them, had been distraught since the Bank of America brought a recent bankruptcy action against him, alleging he owed $178,476 on his productions.

Hollywood believes that the ebb in their marital relations is closely allied with Wanger's decline as a successful producer. Wanger, in the top ranks in the past, had staked everything on his production of "Joan Of Arc," starring Ingrid Bergman.

Ingrid's love affair with Roberto Rossellini and the resulting scandal highly publicized throughout the world are blamed by Wanger for his misfortune.

Bergman, he believed, was no longer looked upon as a symbol of the spiritual defender of France. He had hopes of grossing huge profits from "Joan Of Arc," but Bergman's extra-marital romance caused a collapse at the box-office. Nothing he did thereafter seemed to pan out.

Joan Bennett said that Wanger "lost so much money" making "Joan Of Arc" that he seemed unable to get back on his feet, and he began to feel the whole world was against him.

When she married Wanger she had a hefty bankroll and owned a $150,000 house. All of it went to pay his debts incurred in making "Joan Of Arc." When she was making "Father Of The Bride" and "Father's Little Dividend," she was reported to have given Wanger $500 a week out of her salary.

Wanger told police he and Joan had discussed divorce several weeks before the incident. It was never seriously considered by Joan, it was stated, until his jealousy "became unbearable."

Then, it is said, she told him that if he stood in the way of her getting jobs she would have to take drastic action. She cited the fact she and Wanger and Mr. and Mrs. Lang had "spent a lot of time together," and that Lang was the one who "got me TV jobs which, goodness knows, I needed."

"To think I should be the one to bring all this terrible publicity on Hollywood," Joan said. "Walter's jealousy of Jennings Lang is so absurd it borders on temporary derangement."

Meanwhile, Joan, Wanger and Lang stayed out of the public eye, she attending informal dinners at the James Masons and rehearsing for her tour in "Bell, Book And Candle."

"Joan seems resigned to the fact she has to work again," a close friend said. "She has to support her family and she's nearly broke."

Another tragic aftermath of the sensational incident was the sudden death of Lang's wife, Pam, of a heart attack on October 22 last. An innocent victim of the shooting tragedy, Pam had stood staunchly by her husband. She was in constant attendance upon him until his recovery from his wound, and it is said they had worked out successfully their marital problems. Pam, like Joan, was 41 years old. She married Lang in 1940, and they had two sons.

Last Spring Hollywood was patrolling over reports Joan and Wanger had kissed and made up just before she left for the East. The couple had been separated since the shooting.

When Joan, radiant in a gray suit with three white orchids decorating her left shoulder and wearing a white off-the-face straw hat, stepped off the plane at LaGuardia Field, New York, she admitted that Wanger had driven her to the airport in Los Angeles, adding, intriguingly:

"And he kissed me three times."

She now refused to comment on the case. While it was still pending in the courts, she declared she would not be able to attend her husband's trial because she would be rehearsing for her play.

As she talked at LaGuardia she noticed a ladybug had crept on the hand of a reporter. She asked: "May I have it?" Joan put the bug on her own hand and said:

"Ladybugs are good luck. I sure could use some."

Arriving in Chicago on April 22 to open in her play, the vivid Joan had recourse to a remark that could have served as the curtain line of a Broadway drama:

"The past must be done with—for the sake of the future."

With little less rhetoric, she again refused to say whether she would reconcile with her husband.

"That's a personal matter, and I'd rather not discuss it," she said.

A month went by and then before the startled eyes of newsmen at Chicago, Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett were seen to embrace and kiss before he boarded a plane for Los Angeles to begin serving his prison sentence. He had been visiting his wife, who had replaced Rosalind Russell in "Bell, Book And Candle" in Chicago, and their eight-year-old daughter, Stephanie.

A reporter, finding them holding hands in a coffee shop at the Chicago airport just before the plane left, asked:

"Does this mean a reconciliation?"

To the question Joan smiled her most enigmatic smile, but Wanger replied:

"No comment, but you can say there is always hope where there is understanding."

As the plane taxied down the runway Wanger blew kisses to Joan from a window. Joan returned them, kiss for kiss.

Newsmen thought they had news.

Walter Wanger appeared at the bar of justice in Superior Court, Hollywood, on May 15. There he said Wanger told them he and the film colony waiting four months for a sensational drama found itself listening to a simple announcement by the producer's attorney, Jerry Giesler, that "we submit the case on the basis of the

(Continued from page 31)
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transcript of the evidence before the Grand Jury."

Under California law a defendant may have his case decided by the judge alone, solely on the basis of evidence submitted to the Grand Jury. Wanger was originally charged with intent to kill, but Giesler urged the court to reduce this charge to a lesser offense.

Throwing himself on the mercy of the court, Wanger's only statement when he announced how he would plead was: "I'm doing this for the sake of my children."

Judge Harry J. Borde reserved decision. Ultimately, Wanger was sentenced to four months at the Los Angeles County Jail Farm for shooting Lang. In sentencing him, Judge Borde told the film producer:

"The law of the six-shooter has gone out of California long ago."

Walter Wanger may have hoped intensely for wisely understanding during his sojourn at the Honor Farm. But when he was released on September 13 after serving a 102-day sentence—how strangely the fateful date of 13 turns up in this dramatic husband-and-wife saga!—Joan Bennett was not on hand to meet him. She was on tour with her play.

However, a confidante of the actress said Joan would not have married her husband had she been in Hollywood. According to this friend, Joan had stated three weeks before that there was no "chance of reconciliation."

"Joan feels any relationship with Wanger would be impossible in view of what has happened," the friend said. "She has no plans for a divorce. Wanger is still in love with his wife and she wouldn't want to do anything to hurt him or the children. There's no one else she wants to marry, so they'll just stay separated."

Recently in New Orleans where she was appearing, Joan expressed herself with firmness about the rumors of a get-together with her husband.

"There is no truth to any report of a reconciliation," she declared.

Wanger had made a flying visit to the southern city to bring their little girl, Shelly, 4, to Joan to accompany her on tour, and then returned to the Coast.

"I want to be with my little girl because I haven't had much chance to be with her lately," Joan said.

Meanwhile, Wanger, whose friends among top executives in the film industry rallied to his defense and sought financially to get him back on his feet, has a new job and three pictures to produce for Allied Artists, formerly Monogram Pictures.

Notwithstanding his effort at a comeback, the once Bennett-Wanger romance has come, apparently, to an end.

For 13 years they had been one of Hollywood's happiest couples. The film capital took pride in the young grandmother's life and that of her producer husband as an example of a successful blend of family and career.

Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger were married in Phoenix, Ariz., on January 12, 1940. He was then at the height of his career, head of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and responsible for the stardom of such personalities as Hedy Lamarr and Claudette Colbert.

It was Joan's third trip to the altar. She was married first at the age of 12, to John Mark Foy, 28-year-old heir to a Seattle lumber fortune, eloping from school in Paris to wed him in London. She divorced him in 1928 shortly after the birth of her first child, Diana.

In 1932 she married Gene Markay, screen writer and producer. Previously she had been engaged to John Considine, who had broken his engagement to Carmen Pantages, of the theatrical family, for Joan, and then reconsidered.

The Bennett-Markay union lasted six years, during which Joan again became the mother of a daughter—Melinda. Like so many Hollywood marriages, theirs broke over career conflicts. Joan said later that they were incompatible. Markay did not like big, glittering Hollywood parties. She not only liked them, she thought them necessary to her career.

Joan's film work and her allure were now attracting attention. Particularly, they were attracting the attention of Walter Wanger, whose wife, the beautiful Justine Johnstone, had just divorced him after 19 years together.

Wanger saw great potentialities in Joan Bennett, and as a top producer in the industry he believed himself able to do something about it.

At any event, he rescued her from cloying ingenue roles, gave her a chance at playing sophisticated women. He cast her, auspiciously, as a psychiatrist's wife in the picture "Private Worlds." He also persuaded her to turn from blonde to brunette. The switch altered Joan's personality, gave her a marked resemblance to Hedy Lamarr, the Wanger discovery who was to marry Markay.

Wanger was nearing 30 and was hopeful of establishing Joan among such of his successes as "Algiers," starring Hedy Lamarr; "Animal Crackers," with which he introduced the Four Marx Brothers to the screen, and "The Trail Of The Lonesome Pine," the first outdoor color film.

Wanger was a good friend to Joan and she was grateful for his help. But she wasn't sure she wanted to marry him. But she wasn't sure she wanted to marry anybody. A serious and earnest person, she did not like the idea of another unsuccessful marriage.

The producer, however, was eager to marry Joan, but it was not until 1940, when they had been good friends for five years, that he convinced her they could make a go of it. They eloped to Phoenix and were married in the basement of city hall.

Three days later Joan's first husband gulped an overdose of sleeping pills.

"I didn't like the idea of Joan being married to that other man," he claimed.

For a long time it seemed the Bennett-Wanger alliance was succeeding. They had two daughters, Stephanie, born in 1943, and Shelly, born in 1948.

Joan said she had learned that "marriage is a compromise."

Hollywood thought her marriage to Wanger was genuinely happy. He had been a top-ranking executive at Paramount, Universal, United Artists, MGM and Columbia. In 1945, while with Universal, he was one of the highest salaried men in America. He was listed as having received $409,928.

In 1948 her daughter Diane married, and in 1949 made her a grandmother—one of the trio of most glamorous grandmothers who included Marlene Dietrich and Gloria Swanson.

In 1949, Wanger produced his super flop, "Joan Of Arc," and almost immediately the decline of Joan's marriage had begun.

The history of the Bennett-Wanger union proved as sensational as any Hollywood picture.

YOUR GUIDE TO CURRENT FILMS (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

A colorful documentary based on Rachel Carson's best seller, the film closely parallels the book. It depends on its unusual subject-matter, explained by narrators Lon Forbes and Theodor von Eltz, to hold audience's attention. It offers a vivid presentation of the beginning of the earth, and how, after the boiling mass of land was created, the rest became sea. It suggests life first began in the deep waters. A disconnected series of incidents ranging from microscopic looks at animal and plant life on the ocean's floor, to a fishing fleet, to a man pitted against a whale, are included. The movie covers 64 of the 75 categories included in the book. Continuity, produced and written by Irwin Allen, was supplied by some 2,431 sources ranging from marine biologists to oil companies. Over one million feet of film was gathered from the widely diverse fields and trimmed down to sixty-one interesting minutes of educational viewing.

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SIREN: Monique Van Vooren, rated starrer when she showed up at a popular off-Broadway play. The 22-year-old starlet, being groomed as another Maria Montez, sat and sat for more than an hour waiting for someone either detained or forgetful. Nearby diners, mostly newcomers and magazine editors, couldn't believe their eyes when a very celebrated writer casually strode in and joined her at the table for two. The exquisite young actresses never once indicated she had been waiting. Instead, she was as glamorous and charming as she was animated during the two-hour interview session that followed. Her good conduct and fine manners boosted her stock sky high with the nearby scribes and reporters she has yet to meet. None of them will forget the incident, however. Monique unwittingly has won over an important segment of the New York press.

BRIEFS: Cesar Romero is being paged to star in the forthcoming N. Y. musical, "Ziegfeld Follies," due to go into rehearsal late this Summer. Tommy Morton, featured in Paramount's "The Stars Are Singing," is being co-starred with Mary Murphy in "Main Street To Broadway" despite the presence of such topflight New York stage stars as Tallulah Bankhead, Mary Martin, Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer and Fayre Emerson. Broadway showmen, wise in the ways of selecting young talent, predict young Tommy Morton will be another Gene Kelly. Greer Garbo insists she will never again make a motion picture even though a series of secret screen tests she has made show her as photogenic as ever. The tests, made in a New York TV studio under the supervision of Dr. Gaylord Hauser, her longtime confidant, have been destroyed at her request. Arlene Dahl has been cast with producers of the Theatre Guild in Manhattan appearing in a new comedy-drama stage play next season. The only man in the life of Hedy Lamarr at this writing is wealthy Howard Lee, who hails from Houston, Texas. Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Sinatra plan a three-months' holiday in Europe, to include England, France, Spain and Italy, beginning early in June. They will bypass the Coronation, however, going direct to Rome.

Rita Hayworth hopes to complete "Miss Sadie Thompson" and "The Gay Girls" on the Columbia lot in time for her to fly to London for the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth. Usually, when the film career keeps Bob-Bob-Bobbing along, is another Coronation-bound star, after she winds up "Gambler Moon," with Bob Mitchum and Bob Ryan. She hopes to attend the royal festivities as Mrs. Bob Taylor. "The Ugly Duckling" may be the next "Peter Pan"; with a pouing Donald Duck standing by because the Disney staff will undoubtedly want to use an "unknown" acting duck... Thelma Ritter and Connie Gilchrist (so wonderful together as a comedy team in "A Letter To 3 Wives") plan a series of comedy shorts a la the Marie Dressler-Polly Moran two-reelers of yesteryear. Independently produced, they would be distributed by the major film companies with all proceeds (less production expenses) going to a group of charity organizations. The re-issue of Harold Lloyd's "The Freshman" (with music track added) paves the way for the streamlined revivals of other old comedy classics of a bygone era which started a few days ago. Buster Keaton and Harry Langdon... Errol Flynn will fly a group of Hollywood pals down to his newly-built hotel at Port Antonio, Jamaica, B.W.I. in a private plane, late this Summer to inaugurate the official opening date of "Flynn's Folly"... Dorothy Lamour will follow in the footsteps of Patrice Wymore and package a special night club act with which she will tour the major cafes here and abroad... Judy Garland's financial arrangement for her starring role in the musical remake of "A Star Is Born" is the talk of her actor-friends along Times Square. As Mrs. Sid Luft, wife of the movie producer, she will receive a minimum salary, but shares in 50% of the eventual profits from the movie during the seven-year period following its release... Vie Damone will be given several major film musicals at MGM originally earmarked for Mario Lanza if young Vie, upon resuming his screen work, will promise not to marry in 1955... Farley Granger's fan mail has dropped alarmingly in recent months while Rock Hudson's has climbed steadily. Rock was a great hit with his fans in New York during a recent visit. Farley wasn't... Britain's Coronation festivities in June will be a Cinemart short subject of the future. This year's 25th Annual Academy Awards, the Silver Anniversary, may also become a Cinemart... Actor Paul Kelly, star of U-I's "Gunsmoke," now portraying Ward Dunphy in "The Scarlet Pimpernel" in Hollywood, has been cast with Bob Haines in "The Bandit Of San Diego," which is said to be a remake... when the book by W. D. Worn was sold. When the book by W. D. Worn was first published, Kelly thought it would be the dream assignment of his long and varied career if he could play the lead role. His return to San Fernando for certain sequels created a sensation with the more than 4,000 men now confined behind the prison walls. Kelly's presence has been a great morale booster, according to Harley O. Teets, San Fernando's new warden...

Life Begins at 40: Danny Kaye, reviewing the past twelve years, since the night he opened on Broadway as a little-known player in the Gertrude Lawrence starring "Lady In A Cage," refers to them as his "golden dozen."

Somewhere around 10:30 on that memorable night back in early 1941, a tall, slim youth with a shock of unruly blond hair and a pair of amusingly expressive hands, stepped to the footlights and rendered a goofy song number called, "Tschakowsky," which stopped the show. Drama critic something through the
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WHAT HOLLYWOOD ITSELF IS TALKING ABOUT

(Continued from page 13)

off to the races with that sexy part in Mr.
W's "Come Back, Little Sheba," the
beautiful Dawn Addams, Peter Lawford.
Deborah Kerr and Tony Barley, Robert
Newton, Freddy Brisson (Roz Russell
was in New York rehearsing her new
stage musical). Quite a do, this party was.

This is how Betty Grable's producer,
Nunnally Johnson, got wind of the fact
that La Legs was about to give in and
come back to work in "How To Marry A
Millionaire." Mr. J.'s daughter Christy
and Miss G.'s Vicki encountered each
other as Christy was dropped off at school
by her pop. Vicki allowed to the gentle-
man that her mother liked his script and
was going to be in it. With Betty, giving
and taking lessons on snagging a rich
fellow in the movie, is Lauren Bacall.

For a studio that has as many pictures
cooking as Columbia does, there's prac-
tically no activity on the home lot. Why?
Well, because "From Here To Eternity"
will be filmed in Hawaii, "River Of The
Sun" on the Amazon (river, of course),
"The White South," with Alan Ladd, goes
to the Antarctic, and "The Juggler" just
finished up in Israel. But when Miss
Princess Rita Hayworth makes with the
rain in "Miss Sadie Thompson" and Mar-
on Brando gets on his motorcycle for
"The Cyclist's Raid," then we'll see some
action.

Gal you're going to see around more
and more since she made the big splash in
U-I's "Meet Me At The Fair" is the tall,
slim, and veddy beautiful Carole Mat-
theus, who literally stole that show with
her singing—dancing routines and was
quickly hustled off to 20th Century-Fox
for "Fight Town," with Jeanne Crain and
Dale Robertson. Watch this gal—who
fought her way up through the horse
opery circuit to stardom.

Saw Kathryn Grayson out at Warners
the other day—didn't know that gal.
Now she's real blonde and it seems to have
changed her whole personality—she looks
animated and, well, different. She's mak-
ing like Grace Moore, you know, in "The
Grace Moore Story," a fabulous yarn
about a fabulous gal.

Up there a way we told you about the
present Piper Laurie gave Rock Hudson.
Well, here's another one that was given
to him by his chum in makeup, publicity
and wardrobe at U-I. It's an old-fashioned
type player piano that Rock's been han-
kering for all these years. Along with the
piano came 30 rolls of early jazz records.
About ten minutes after the gift was de-
ivered to Rock's house he had a party
going to christen the canned music box.

Martin and Lewis short-circuited
themselves when they dreamed up their
current comedy, "The Caddy." Both are
golf nuts and they figured if they made a
picture about this sport they'd be out on
the links most of the time. What hap-
pened—the entire picture is being made
on a set at the Paramount lot.

Well, Ginger Rogers isn't the only one
who lunched with a French fellow at
Paramount while she was making "For-
ever Female." Of course, her guy was
Jacques Bergerac. The darling of the
Paramount lot, Rosemary Clooney, started
some yakking when she lunched alone in
her dressing room with the Parisian actor,
Christian Pourcade, from the Crosby
picture, "Little Boy Lost." But leave us
hasten to add, the young man is all of
eight years old.

This is how to get ahead in this town—
young leading man Earl Holliman got dis-
couraged with all the no work in pictures,
got himself a job at a factory. But he had
to have a crew cut for the job. Turned up
at a party after his long locks were crop-
ped, ran into Director Budd Boetticher
and right away was signed for a part in
U-I's East Of Sumatra.

Bit of excitement when Paulette God-
dard blew into town after being in
Europe for a year or so. Got rushed right
into a picture, "Harness Bull," raced through it and went winging off to New
York again. Fastest visit in history.

Pretty young Marilyn Erskine, who sat
around out at MGM and did practically
nothing, suddenly exited the Culver City
lot and right away was snapped by War-
ers to play Ida Cantor in "The Eddie
Cantor Story."

Hear even Fernando Lamas did a triple-
take when Lana Turner walked into the
MGM commissary wearing the most
dreamy full-length silver-blue mink.
Lana's been more or less playing the field
since the Lamas break-up and one night
when she was not out with Lew Barker
but with department store man Jerry
Ohrbach, they ran right into Steve Crane,
one of Lana's ex's—it was all tres
friendly. Steve was escorting Mona Knox.

Possible twosomes about 14 years from
now—the brand new daughters of Judy
Garland and Jane Powell dating the sons
of Jo Stafford and Ruth Roman. All
these little newcomers arrived at about
the same time.

You would have died to see Vic Mature
dressed up in 18th Century elegance
for U-I's "The Prince Of Bagdad" prac-
ticing chip shots with a nice modern golf
club.

Funny paper fans oughtta be glad to know
that 20th is about to get "Prince
Valiant" onto the screen. Jeffrey Hunter,
who is the spittin' image of the brave
prince, will be the star.
RECORD ROUNDUP

Tops In Movie Music


Other Toppers

BING CROSBY'S "Open Up Your Heart" and "You Don't Know What Lonesome Is" for Decca .... "Everything I Have Is Yours" and "Hold Me" by Eddie Fisher for Victor .... Gene Autry's "Story Book Of Love" and "I've Lived A Lifetime For You" for Columbia .... Columbia's "Souza Marches" album by Edwin Franko Goldman .... Henry Jerome's "Don't Let The Stars Get In Your Eyes" and "Keep It A Secret" for MGM .... Mammy's Boogie" and "Bye Bye Blues" by Les Paul-Mary Ford for Decca .... Victor Damone's "Sugar" and "Amor" for Mercury .... Mindy Carson's "The Choo Choo Song" and "Tell Me You're Mine" for Columbia .... Art Moore's "Winter" and "Heartbreaker" for MGM .... Nina Never Knew" and "Love Is A Simple Thing" by Sauter-Finegan for Victor .... Patti Page's "Why Don't You Believe Me" and "Conquest" for Mercury .... "Till I Waltz Again With You" and "Hello Blue Birds" by Teresa Brewer for Coral .... "Keep It A Secret" and "Once To Every Heart" by Jo Stafford for Columbia ....

Grab Bag

"O.K., It's No Use That Thing" album by Bill Krenz for MGM .... Guy Mitchell's "Songs Of The Open Spaces" album for Columbia .... Johnny Standley's "It's In The Book" (two parts) for Capitol .... "Twilight On The Trail" and "Easy To Love" by Mary Osborne Trio for MGM ....

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asks Leslie Caron

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

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

Hollywood stars always wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons. And here's why. "When our stockings pick up reflections from Kleig lights—our legs frequently look unshapely, and that's fatal," says Miss Caron, star of M-G-M’s Lili

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On the Cover, Virginia Mayo, Starring in Warners' "She's Back On Broadway"

N. L. PINES—Publisher

Harry Slater—Business Manager W. A. ROSEN—Advertising Director

Oliver C. Klein—Circulation Director James L. Cunningham—Adv. Manager

Frank Luadi—Circulation Manager Sayre Ross—Production Manager

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*Over-activity of certain oil glands is recognized by authorities as a major factor in acne. According to actual store returns.

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**what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)**

Jack Benny squires daughter Joan to the glittering premiere of "Moulin Rouge."

Very sad people around 20th Century-Fox when "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" finished shooting. No more Jane Russell-Marilyn Monroe fun, see. Hollywood's kinda proud of these two gals for getting along together without temperament or falling for the attempts to get them to feuding. An added dividend in the picture will be the impersonation Jane does of Marilyn—there was such admiration for Jane as a blonde that she's approaching her husband Bob Waterfield with the idea that she should lighten her hair.

Casey Adams, the talented young composer-director, writer-actor who can do anything—but anything—in the entertainment field, wrote the new song with Ross Bagdasarian called "Das Nice, Don't Fight" which Rosemary Clooney, Jerry Lewis, and Marlene Dietrich plattered. We watched this young feller at work in San Bernardino, Calif., when a big stage show was put on for the Korean War hero, Lt. Joseph Rodriguez. The citizens of San Bernardino raised a large fund and presented it to Rodriguez to build a home. At the same time a half-hour film called "Medal Of Honor—The Rodriguez Story" was given a world premiere, with the full Hollywood treatment. Casey was master of ceremonies and played the piano accompaniment for the act Debbie Paget and Bob Wagner did. Casey also played the piano for singer Richard Foote. Afterwards, he told us he'd never m.c.'d a show before, but you'd sure never know it. Also on hand for the premiere, although they didn't take part in the stage show—three wonderful people—Marge and Gower Champion and Gene Nelson. It was a big night in San Bernardino—the citizens honoring their Medal of Honor hero and the Hollywood contingent coming along to pay tribute to the boy too.

Maddest gag yet to be pulled by Abbott and Costello in their new picture "Abbott And Costello Go To Mars"—when they take off in a rocket ship they fly so close to the Statue of Liberty that

(continued on page 11)

Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer make romantic news at opening of his movie.

Joan Tyler and Terry Moore flank Vic Damone at Jimmy McHugh's Ciro's party.
MONTGOMERY CLIFT AND ANNE BAXTER IN ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S "I Confess"

This is love with the brand of Hitchcock burned in! Filmed in Canada's colorful Quebec by Warner Bros.

KARL MALDEN - BRIAN AHERNE

Screen play by GEORGE TABORI and WILLIAM ARCHIBALD

Music composed and conducted by Dimitri Tiomkin

IF YOU KNEW WHAT HE KNEW - WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
There was nothing lily-white about her — the clinch-and-kill girl they called.

THE BLUE GARDENIA

WARNER BROS. PRESENT
ANNE BAXTER • RICHARD CONTE • ANN SOTHERN
"THE BLUE GARDENIA"

WITH
RAYMOND BURR • JEFF DONNEL
RICHARD ERMAN • GEORGE REEVES

AND NAT "KING" COLE
INTRODUCING "THE BLUE GARDENIA"
what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Ben Gage and wife Esther Williams were hosts at a party for Gov. of Wisconsin.

Collier Young beams at his bride, Joan Fontaine, during big shindig at Ciro's.

Pamela and James Mason at the Mocambo party after "Moulin Rouge" premiere.

Jane Powell and husband George Steffen having themselves some fun at Ciro's.

the lady has to duck. U-I technicians tried to rig up a statue that would dodge the rocket. Finally settled for statuesque Ruth Gillis, made up to look like the Liberty belle, who will make with the fast foot work when the boys whiz by.

Bob Horton and Barbara Ruick expect to get married in August, when his divorce is final. They met when they were co-starred in MGM's "Apache War Smoke." Barbara's in one of the most complicated romantic mixups to come out of Hollywood. It's a picture-type mixup but similar things have really happened in this town. In "The Affairs Of Dobie Gillis" Bobby Fosse's chasing Barbara, who's chasing Bobbie Van, who's chasing Debbie Reynolds, who only likes books. Just recently Bobbie Van married Diane Garrett and Bobby Fosse married Joan McCracken. This is a real young-type picture. Everybody connected with it is under 30 years old, including producer Arthur Loew, Jr. and director Don Weis. It's a story of the mishaps of a bunch of young college kids, and should be great fun to see.

Just don't get fresh with Doris Day—that's all. On account of she's learning the fine art of wielding a bull whip out to Warner Bros. for "Calamity Jane."

Right on the heels of the Joan Fontaine-Olivia de Havilland truce comes the news that Joan, bride of Collier Young, and his ex-wife and business partner Ida Lupino, want to make a picture together in Europe. Mr. Y., you know, is the godfather of Ida and Howard Duff's child—so it's nice to hear that people can be intelligent about their domestic affairs.

Slated to make a comeback in her career is Eleanor Holm, who retired from same when she married Billy Rose. The gal's had a bad time through the breakup of the marriage and Hollywood will roll out a very friendly red carpet to help her forget her unhappiness.

When Paramount held the big press premiere of the new Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis comedy "The Stooge," guess who helped usher the columnists to their seats—yep, it was Jerry, putting on a one-man floor show while Dean sat sedately in the audience with Mrs. M.

Big surprise when John Barrymore, Jr. eloped to Las Vegas with actress Cara Williams. He didn't even bother to ask the blessing of his Aunt Ethel—probably (CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)
LOSE UGLY FAT

UP TO
7 POUNDS IN 7 DAYS
THIS NEW SAFE EASY WAY

"I lost 29 lbs."

"I have been under a heavy schedule with church work but I have had more pep and vitality than usual while using DURELL. I think the DURELL method of reducing is ideal. I lost 6 inches around my waist, as well as 29 pounds. I never had a hungry moment. I am so thrilled with results, I am going to lose another 25 pounds with DURELL."

Mrs. Jewel Evans
154 No. Dillon St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Gay night club atmosphere notwithstanding, Diana Lynn appears to be in a very serious frame of mind during brief conversation with Spike Jones and wife Helen.

afraid she wouldn't give it. Junior gives every indication that he's inherited his father's flair for doing the unpredictable.

The temperamental Mario Lanza had a change of mood after the birth of his son, who his pop thinks will be a singer because he behaviors so loud, and figured perhaps he should go back to work, make up with all the friends and business associates he's hurt so badly, and generally try to be a nice guy again. High time, too—when anyone has had the fantastic breaks in fame and fortune that Lanza has he should be a little grateful.

The new penthouse apartment Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis moved into is sheer heaven to them. But no matter how much magic they both practice, there are still those dinner dishes to be washed and ironed—Tony usually gets the chore.

Charleton Heston and his wife Lydia Clark hung on to the shabby coldwater flat they lived in when they were struggling young actors in New York, until a few months ago, when, to their disappointment, they learned they'd have to vacate on account of the building was condemned and torn down because it was too dilapidated to hold up any longer.

For the first time in her life—and the last, according to her—Virginia Mayo was served breakfast in bed. But it was on the set of Warners' "She's Back On Broadway," not at home. Reason she's had it—she spent two days eating twelve breakfasts before the scene was completed.

Lonesomest boy in town—John Hodiak after he and Anne Baxter split up. Afraid most of the sympathy goes to John, who's (CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)

Zsa Zsa Gabor, aisle-hopping at premiere, chats with Deborah Kerr and friends.

Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell stepping out for a gay evening at swanky Ciro's.
Only the Star of Stars could accept the challenge of such a role... the greatest triumph of the twice winner of the Academy Award!

Twinkle, twinkle klieg-light star... be the woman that you are.

When the Hollywood star fades... the woman is born.

BETTE DAVIS rips the mask off the klieg capital in "THE STAR"

co-starring STERLING HAYDEN with NATALIE WOOD - WARNER ANDERSON - MINOR WATSON - JUNE TRAVIS

Produced by BERT E. FRIEDLOB - Directed by STUART HEISLER - Original Story and Screenplay by KATHERINE ALBERT and DALE EUNSON

Music composed and conducted by VICTOR YOUNG - A BERT E. FRIEDLOB Production - Released by 20th Century-Fox
Pimples

Cuticura helps clear them up fast

You'll be amazed how fast blackheads and externally caused pimples yield when you lather-massage with Cuticura Soap twice daily—apply Cuticura Ointment nightly—and use new "invisible" Cuticura Liquid during the day. Buy today, sure.

Colette Marchand, a woman of the streets, attracts Jose Ferrer's interest since she is one of few who isn't revolted by his appearance in "Moulin Rouge."

Your guide to current films

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

Moulin Rouge

An artistic tapestry of France in the 1880's is created by Jose Ferrer as the crippled artist, Toulouse-Lautrec. Film opens in the Moulin Rouge café where Lautrec goes nightly to sketch the divergent characters that watch the colorful can-can dancers. In flashbacks you are carried to the youth of Lautrec, how his childhood accident occurred, and the tragedy that drove him to seek an artist's life. The two women in his life are portrayed by Colette Marchand and Suzanne Flon. Colette as a woman of the streets attracts Lautrec's interest since she is one of the few who isn't revolted by his appearance. He soon learns that hers is not love and wonders if the prophecy of his youth—that no girl could ever marry such as he—will continue throughout his life. When true love does come in the person of Suzanne Flon, he doesn't realize it until it is too late. Before death overtakes him, Lautrec becomes the first living man to have his work accepted by the Louvre. Many of the artist's more famous paintings are exhibited in the film, plus beautiful color, and vivid portrayals. Zsa Zsa Gabor as the singer at Moulin Rouge contributes to the beauty and mood of Director John Huston's latest creation. United Artists Release

The Star

The death of a movie star, and the rebirth of a wife and mother are the pivotal points that Bette Davis covers in this study of a declining actress. When her furniture is auctioned off and her relatives and agent desert her, Bette gets drunk and runs afoot of the law. Her fine is paid by Sterling Hayden, a young man she once "discovered" for one of her movies, but who is now in the boat business. She hides out from newspaper reporters at Hayden's home, but when she hears of a part, scampers back to Hollywood to beg for a test. Alone in the projection room she sees what Hayden, her agent and the studio have been trying to tell her, she can't compete with (CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)

To learn "the truth" about your pals —

- Let them tell it with costumes
- Study palmistry

Who'd guess that timid Theresa secretly longs to be a Mata Hari? And Bill (The Shoulders) hankers to whip up the world's best souffle? Give a "secret ambition" party! You'll get a line on your gang — with their togs representing the life they'd really like! As for you, you're safe from revealing lines (that certain kind) — with Kotex. Just trust those special, flat pressed ends. And you get double protection — extra absorbency plus that safety center.

While dancing, which policy's best?

- Cool chatter
- Wait for the tone signal

Should you be a conversational ball of fire? Chances are, he'll prefer good footwork to clicking the pearly gems. Try a few remarks re the music; if he's for yacketty, let him set the tone. And if it's "that" time — keep prancing in comfort. Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it: this napkin holds its shape!

Can you offset bow-legged gams with —

- Grace
- Exercise
- Blue jeans

If Nature threw a curve when she built dem bones, exercise won't straighten 'em. To offset that bowed look, acquire graceful posture; avoid shorts, snug-fitting jeans. Wear skirts with a graceful flare — at the right length for you. For every gal (come calendar days) there's a "just right" absorbency of Kotex. Regular, Junior, Super.

Know someone who needs to know?

Remember how puzzled you were when "that" day arrived for the first time? Maybe you know some younger now who's in the same boat. Help her out! Send today for the new free booklet "You're A Young Lady Now." Written for girls aged 9 to 12, it tells her all she needs to know, beforehand. Button-bright! Write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 343, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.
The I Don’t Care Girl

Mitzi Gaynor sets off a Technicolor explosion of Terpsichore and temperament as Eva Tanguay in the "I Don’t Care Girl." When producer George Jessel stars to film the star’s flamboyant, uninhibited life he interviews the three men important in her career. David Wayne pictures himself as the starmaker who discovered Eva in a restaurant and persuaded her to join his vaudeville act. Oscar Levant, however, claims that Wayne drank so much that Eva had to turn to him for advice and that it was he who helped her introduce her carefree singing-dancing style. Bob Graham, the man that Eva loves, but continually battles with, believes that it was their love that inspired the Ziegfeld star to her greatest success. Film seems to catch fire primarily when Mitzi goes into her flashy, high stepping dance numbers, particularly the “Beale Street Blues” routine.

20th Century-Fox

Three Loves

The excitement, misery and rapture of falling in love are recalled by James Mason, Leslie Caron and Kirk Douglas in this Technicolor trilogy of romance. Mason, a driving ballet impresario, remembers his tragic love for ballerina Moira Shearer. Her dancing inspired him to write a famous ballet, but she never heard it because she died before it could be introduced. Leslie daydreams of her last night in Rome where she met a handsome stranger, Farley Granger, who recited poetry to her, took her for a midnight carriage ride and then abruptly disappeared. Kirk recalls Pier Angeli, the girl he saved from suicide and then taught to become a trapeze star. His reckless plan to use her in dangerous feats, backfires when he realizes his love for her and gives up his aerial work. A balanced blending of romance for all ages, with Ethel Barrymore, Ricky Nelson and Agnes Moorehead in on the fun. MGM

Peter Pan

The imaginative and whimsical touch of Walt Disney again captures the mood of this J. M. Barrie classic. "Peter Pan" emerges as a stirring combination of robust humor, delicate sentiment, and lilting music. The all-animated production, which was three years in the making, follows the adventures of the three Darling children, Wendy, John, and Michael, when they accompany Peter Pan and Tinker Bell to the enchantment of Never Land. Once away from the four walls of their nursery, they join such exciting adventure as seeing Captain Hook pursued by a hungry crocodile, meeting the Indian chief, and playing with "The Lost Boys." It is only when Tinker Bell becomes jealous of Wendy that the gay adventure becomes a perilous flight to gain freedom from Captain Hook who has been informed of Peter Pan’s hideaway by the irrate Tickler. Geared to the family trade, the picture winds up happily and stands out among Disney’s best pro-

Netherland prince John Derek flirts with death, destruction and pretty Barbara Rush as he goes about the business of crushing Spain in "Prince Of Pirates."
David Wayne and Oscar Levant play important parts in Mitzi Gaynor's life in "The I Don't Care Girl," the story of Eva Tanguay, fabulous vaudeville star.

The treacherous Captain Hook has Peter Pan at his mercy in this scene in Walt Disney's full-length, all-cartoon production of beloved J. M. Barrie classic.

Productions. Many will recognize the voices of Bobby Driscoll, Kathryn Beaumont, Hans Conried, Candy Candido and Heather Angel. Walt Disney—RKO release

Gunsmoke

Cowpoke Audie Murphy has a hankerin' to settle down on his own ranch, but up until now his reputation as a hired gunman has kept him hustling about. The little town he decides to sink his spurs in, is plagued by a land baron who is forcing the ranchers to sell their herds at Scrooge-like prices. The main hold-outs are Paul Kelly and his daughter, Susan Cabot. Kelly tried to get Audie to work for him, but he wants his own spread. Finally, Kelly offers him a gambler's chance—they'll flip cards, if Murphy loses he'll work on the ranch, if he wins, the ranch will be his. He wins the land, plus the headache of getting the cattle to the buyers. Eventually, Audie manages to get through to both the buyers and to Susan who promises to marry him. Lots of new U-I players, plus some unusual photography gives an unexpected freshness to the Western, U-I

The Stars Are Singing

When Polish refugee Katri Waleneka (Anna Maria Alberghetti) jumps ship off New York, she seeks sanctuary with one-time opera great, Poldi (Lauritz Melchior). Although immigration authorities immediately start hunting the 16-year-old, Poldi's friend, Terry Brennan

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)
Rosebuds on Nylon

You'll be enchanting in this glamorous Gown & Duster Coat set with lovely rosebuds scattered on pure 100% nylon. The swirling ruffled gown is the new waltz dress length...with an enticing camisole top. The whirling duster is frothed with ruffles...has deep roomy pockets. Washes and dries in minutes...marvelous for travel and perfect as a gift.

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- Amount enclosed plus 25c to cover postage and handling.
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Your guide to current films CONTINUED

Rosemary Clooney urges him to hide the child when she discovers her marvelous singing voice. Selfishly planning to exploit Katri, Terry gets her to make some recordings which she disperses to disc jockeys all over the country. Later, she arranges for the youngster to appear on TV, where immigration authorities recognize her. Katri gives herself up, but the American public has heard her sing and through their appeals she remains Stateside. A pleasantly patterned film, which will boost the names of Clooney and Alberghetti, plus a hummable tune entitled, "My Kind Of Day." Paramount

Bear Country

"BEAR COUNTRY" captures the most comical as well as dramatic behavior of America's bruis. The educational film, latest in the True-Life Adventure series which has won many awards, is entertaining and, at times, exciting. It takes the audience to the den where the bears wake up from their five months of hibernation and shows how the young cubs, who fear no natural enemy, are taught where and how to hunt for food. Particularly amusing is the three-minute stretch which illustrates how bears love to scratch themselves. The varied tempos of the music have the bears itching to waltz right down the line to a samba. Beautiful scenery taken at Yellowstone National Park and in Wyoming and Montana add to the interest. The foreword aptly describes the series: "This is one of a series of True-Life Adventures, presenting strange facts about the world we live in. In the making of these films, nature is the dramatist. There are no fictitious situations or characters." Walt Disney—RKO release

Leslie Caron and Farley Granger in the unusual romance story, "Three Loves."

Prince Of Pirates

John Derek seems to enjoy flirting with death and destruction as a crusading Netherland prince intent on crushing Spain's drive for world conquest. Head- ing a small band of volunteers, which includes orphan Barbara Rush, Derek manages to foul up his brother Stephan's alliance with Spain. Stephan (Whitfield Connor) has just ascended the throne and plans to marry Spanish princess (Carla Beldade) to unite the two countries against France. Derek learns that the princess has never seen her betrothed and in a move of strategy marries her to learn of Spain's future plans. This added information helps him to destroy the Spanish fleet, and indirectly his bride and treacherous brother. Film offers lots of swashbuckling and slap-bang adventure, plus a vivid coat of Technicolor.

END

Susan Cabot harbors no real love for cowpoke Audie Murphy, whose reputation is none too good in "Gunsmoke," Universal-International Technicolor Western.
Mona Freeman co-starring in "ANGEL FACE", an RKO-Radio Picture

Positively Breathtaking

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FIFTH AVENUE STYLES

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LINDA DARNELL, who made headlines last year when she said she couldn't find a man to date in Hollywood, has probably found 1953 a much better year in the Romance Department, particularly when she's gadding about Gotham. At El Morocco she shared a table for five with four eligible males and the following night she had three escorts during dinner at the Persian Room. Before departing for Hollywood, she dined with another trio of handsome men-about-town at "21" who showered her with attention and more orchids than she could possibly pin to her traveling suit. At no time during her appearances around town did she seem to be duplicating an escort, a fact which did not go unnoticed by several other screen actresses, all of whom had to do the town with lone male date. Whether she was aware of it or not, Miss Darnell created a sensation everywhere she went. 1952's complaint can never be repeated. If anything, Linda Darnell's lament in 1953 might be she would like to be left alone.

A well-known furrier in the local garment sector, who has been crashing private parties and movie premieres hereabouts for the past several years by escorting screen stars, finally got his come-uppance when he suggested to Rita Gam that he would design a fabulous crystal mink coat for her to wear at one of this town's biggest annual midnight affairs if he could accompany her to the soiree. Rita Gam, in private life Mrs. Sidney Lumet, declined the offer with thanks and explained she would attend the elaborate function with her husband, and instead of mink (her own, incidentally, for she has two coats of the precious pelt) she had every intention of wearing a cloth coat. She did, too, and walked away with best dressed honors despite the presence of a wide assortment of minks, ermines and chinchillas. Rita Gam's cloth coat was a coat of gold coat, tightly fitted at the waist and flaring out dramatically adding emphasis to an already famous figure.

When Ava Gardner left Nairobi, Africa, to go to London via a Scandinavian Airlines Royal Viking, her "Mogambo" (continued on page 71)
Like Ann Sheridan, you, too, will thrill to the radiant beauty of Crescent Diamond Engagement and Wedding Rings. For Crescent is the larger, lovelier diamond you've always longed for... at a price so easy to afford.

When you choose Crescent, you're sure of true and lasting value. The Crescent Certificate of Guarantee and Registration, signed by your jeweler, is your protection—your assurance of an exquisite diamond. Choose now from many new beautiful styles... and be sure the name Crescent is in the ring and on the blue tag.

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Pier Angeli, Kirk Douglas share the same realistic viewpoint of life

Today in Hollywood, there isn’t anyone who wouldn’t like to see a happy ending to the romantic attachment and wooing of two of the most popular and eligible players in the movie industry . . . Pier Angeli and Kirk Douglas. When wedding bells ring in Hollywood, the music often has a tinny, hollow sound, but chances are that if, and when, they ring for Pier and Kirk, the tune will be a soft, harmonious and encouraging one.

While perhaps on the surface it seems odd that Pier Angeli and Kirk Douglas should fall in love with each other, and perhaps Hollywood may shake its head and wonder how it happened and if it can last, basically it has every chance of succeeding.

Both Pier and Kirk have characters and temperaments that complement each other remarkably well. For instance, they both like children. Kirk counts the days and months until his two sons can be with him, cheerfully gives up all social engagements in favor of being a father. Pier today is no different from the little 12-year-old girl in Italy who prayed for a baby to mother and love.

They think alike, too, on how to raise children. Kirk says, “My boys have got to be tough. They have to learn to take knocks in life, but I don’t want them to have as hard a time as I had. There must be a way to teach them with love and security how to stand the bad breaks everyone gets.”

Pier, also, thinks discipline and regard for authority is not a bad thing. “When there is love in the home, the children are happy to be there and do not want to go outside,” she says softly. “Too much freedom is not good until you know how to use it. Perhaps sometimes I would have liked more freedom than I was allowed to have, but in my home there was so much love and affection that it was not hard to give up freedom.”

According to Hollywood, it is not surprising that Kirk should be head-over-heels about Pier. Who isn’t? But what, they wonder, does she see in him, after her dates with young John Ericson, Arthur Loew, Jr., David Schine and the rest?

Pier herself provides the answer. “In Europe,” she says simply, “we expect to marry men, someone we can respect and look up to. In America, your men are like little boys. A boy of 17 or 18 in Europe is already mature and independent, but here, such a boy is still a child.”

Probably this is Kirk’s greatest appeal for Pier—he is certainly a man, with maturity and self-respect. He is deeply in earnest about his career, determined to do his work well and honestly. While many people say Pier would be willing to give up her . . . (continued on page 56)

Sweet and unspoiled on the surface, Pier is surprisingly mature about men.
the inside story of the

Marilyn-Jane Feud

There was talk Jane at first refused to do the picture because she thought her role was second rate; when the picture started the girls spent little time together between scenes; and there was the delicate matter of who would wear the most revealing clothes, Marilyn or Jane?

By Jon Bruce

The hottest news in Hollywood of late is the report of a blistering, blazing feud between Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell.

This is the inside story of that feud.

Of course, it's not surprising that this kind of news should have made the gossip columns. After all, look at your contestants. Both are liberally endowed in the glamour department, both have had a career built on the same kind of sexy publicity, both are enough alike in professional ways to have made news by themselves, let alone together. When they were cast in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," then, what could have been more natural than that they were supposed to immediately indulge in a backbiting campaign against each other?

The news of the supposed feud actually began as a gag. When Bob Welch, producer at Paramount where Jane had made a couple of films, heard who she was to star with he said, "Let's see who makes the first crack, and then let the fur fly." Naturally, this amused Jane and when she met Marilyn she told her what Bob had said.

In the meantime, Marilyn had heard that Jane was bringing her own cameraman, make-up man and hairdresser from RKO. Marilyn had been told by a friend, "Jane's bringing her own photographer—and he'll butcher you." This was also done as a gag. Then came the report that Marilyn was insisting on her own photographer—a completely false rumor.

True, Jane had her (continued on page 26)
Old friend Bob Mitchum was frequent visitor of Jane's on set. That's Jane's personal make-up man posing with them.

Director Howard Hawks describes scene for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Jane seems a trifle bored with it all.

Co-stars Jane and Marilyn rehearse one of their musical numbers. Both have had the same sort of sexy publicity.

CONTINUED

own cameraman, but only as part of the loan-out agreement her boss, Howard Hughes, made with 20th's head man, Darryl Zanuck. But the regular studio still photographer, who shoots pictures of both girls for publicity, gave each equally the Grade A treatment.

It was interesting to check on the preconceived impressions the girls had of each other before they actually met. Marilyn had liked Jane on the screen and wasn't in the least worried. As for Jane, she remarked, "Here was a girl who had the same kind of buildup that I had had, except that she was blonde while I was brunette. I wondered how that buildup had affected her, what it had done to her life, both professional and private. After I met her I couldn't see that her publicity had gone to her head in any way. I thought she was far more beautiful, too, than I had expected to find her. Her sincerity is impressive and her willingness to listen to and take advice is one of her outstanding qualities."

When the two had a chance to compare notes they could see the humor of all the reports about a feud. As Jane put it, "The feud was just publicity, that's all. It amuses us both now. Marilyn is not a girl you can feud with. She is too busy doing the best job she can before the cameras."

From the beginning, Jane and Marilyn hit it off. Jane called the Monroe lass "The Round One," to which Marilyn said, "I don't know what she means by it, but I'm sure it's friendly remark."

Rumors of a feud continued to grow, though, when it was noted that Jane and Marilyn didn't spend a lot of time together between scenes. Jane always had lunch with her friends from RKO, among whom was Bob Mitchum who was making "White Witch Doctor" on the lot. And Marilyn was busily engrossed with dramatic lessons with her coach when she had any spare time. But when they did get together they played the piano and sang songs and Jane even did some sketches of Marilyn.

Also, Jane brought her own coffee to the studio and she invited Marilyn to her dressing room to join her. During actual shooting, the two girls helped each other by cueing one another when one would slip up on a line. Howard Hawks, the director, also spent a lot of time with Marilyn because he is determined that she will give a performance in this picture that will live up to all the publicity she has had. Marilyn, being very conscientious, is naturally doing every-thing she can to prove she is no flash in the pan.

While Marilyn has already been seen in a number of pictures, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is her showiest role to date and she knows the film is a terrific showcase.

"Marilyn is wonderfully sincere in her work," Jane commented during production. "She is always trying to improve and wants to do her best in every scene, yet she makes no effort to steal a scene or upstage anyone ever."

There was talk for a while that Jane had at first refused to do the picture because her part was a "second rate" one compared to Marilyn's. There was no basis to this rumor either since Jane's role always was and is of equal importance. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 611)
"I'm one of the luckiest girls in the world, not only professionally, but privately."

Luckiest Blonde Alive!

"I've had second chances in all departments - career, marriage, even a second chance to live," admits Marie Wilson

BY PETER SHERWOOD

Not so long ago, a leading French newspaper, already noted for its habitually cynical view of American concepts of moviemaking, conducted a nation-wide poll to find out who was the girl in Hollywood who had the most to be thankful for.

Strangely enough, the winner, as polled by the younger readers of the newspaper in an age group from 15 to 35, was not a shining, topflight movie star. It wasn't a newcomer like Marilyn Monroe, into whose lap film world's pot of gold had been unexpectedly dropped, or an old-timer who has made a miraculous comeback like Joan Crawford.

Choice of the readers of the popular Paris Journal was Marie Wilson who, although she has been seen in several pictures, such as the current "Never Wave At A WAC," is best associated with the stage, radio and TV's "My Friend Irma." How she came to be chosen by some quarter of a million readers makes interesting reporting, and why the poll was conducted in the first place is also worthy of recording.

What the newspaper really wanted to know was why so many feminine French stars fail in Hollywood. The writer cited personalities like (CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)
Zsa Zsa Gabor, fickle singer at the "Moulin Rouge."
"Moulin Rouge," with Jose Ferrer as Toulouse-Lautrec, re-creates Parisian way of life of 1980s

The PARIS That Used To Be

It was Toulouse-Lautrec, a crippled little man but a giant in the art world, who made "Moulin Rouge" and its Can-Can girls immortal. His frenzied living typified the Paris of the 1880s. A childhood accident doomed Lautrec to be a grotesque man. Yet he had a tempestuous affair with a raucous streetwalker; unknowingly won the love of a good woman before drinking himself to death. Lautrec was first living artist whose paintings hung in Louvre.

As Lautrec, Jose Ferrer gives the greatest performance of his career.

Colette Marchand, the streetwalker, lives with Lautrec to support a lover.

The Can-Can girls at the Moulin Rouge. It was the one place where Lautrec was happy.
Virginia with Oren Haglund, asst. director, on set of "She's Back On Broadway," in which she has another sexy role.

Says her husband, Mike O'Shea, "I get a kick out of sending leg art of her to the soldiers. They've darn good taste."

"It's nice to have a husband feel about a wife the way Mike feels about me."

I'M GLAD I'm

BY VIRGINIA MAYO

I'm always amazed by those stars who build a screen career on glamour, then suddenly announce they're now too important to pose for cheesecake. What strange metamorphosis must take place in them? I frankly never get tired of the parts I've played—and let's face it: they have been rather glamorous and with much emphasis on sex appeal. And what's more I don't want to do any other kind of part. I'm not the type to try anything else. And I'm glad that I'm able to face that fact and not go around being miserable because of any frustrations to be the great (continued on page 60)

"I don't think it's very honest to try to be something you're not. If you're a good cheesecake product, why not show it?"
"As long as I'm asked to give out with sex appeal, I'll give out and be very glad to have the chance," frankly declares Virginia, pin-up favorite with GIs.

the sexy type!
Ty’s Gay Double Life

Tyrone Power’s delightfully enchanting marriage to vivacious Linda Christian is every bit as exciting and colorful as his adventurous career in pictures.

Following his road-tour of “John Brown’s Body,” Ty lost no time in taking his wife, Linda, on a vacation to Mexico, not merely for the pleasure of it, but to put aside, as well, the rumors that his touring around the nation, while Linda pursued her career in Hollywood and social life in New York, was not so much his desperate urge to return to the stage as it was to separate from his wife and reflect on their marital future. Linda, who resumed her screen career with “The Happy Time,” is back in studio demand again as the result of her sprightly performance of the French maid. Her latest film is “Slaves Of Babylon,” in which, Ty proudly boasts, she couldn’t be more enticing. Two careers in the same family present no problem for the Powers. Ty in no way interferes with Linda’s decisions as to roles, nor does she intrude upon his film activities. Happily, they both enjoy the same group of friends and do much entertaining of same in their palatial Beverly Hills home. Both adore their young daughter. (Continued on page 69)
Mona Freeman, long a hidden treasure in Hollywood, has been re-discovered and is now on her way to topflight stardom.

It was Howard Hughes who, in 1940, first brought Mona to Hollywood. She was modeling teen age fashions at the time. For two years she underwent intensive dramatic training to prepare for her first break in pictures. Then, Paramount bought up her contract and cast her as Barbara Stanwyck's young sister in "Double Indemnity." The first rushes, unfortunately, revealed that Mona photographed like a girl of 12! She was replaced. But Mona kept trying, went back to dramatic school, was satisfied to (continued on page 68).

With Rod Cameron, Carole Richard at charity ball game. Mona is always very willing and co-operative.

Mona with Pat Nerney, the man she married and divorced. The experience helped Mona to acquire needed worldliness.

Mona has sympathetic role of a nurse who's jilted by Bob Mitchum in "Angel Face." Bigger roles are awaiting her.
Mickey with Ava Gardner, his first wife. She was a shy starlet when they married in 1942. He influenced her career greatly.

Betty Jane Rase was only 17 when Mickey took her as his second beautiful wife in 1944. They had two sons.

Martha Vickers gave Mickey his third son, Terry. She has custody of him.

Mickeys recent elopement to Las Vegas, Nev., with Elaine Mahnken, 22-year-old flame-haired model, brought no disturbing disenchantment to Hollywood. Three other beautiful girls had been married to Mickey before.

The film colony, shrugging its shapely shoulders, was certain all along that the little guy would stay in the groove, that he would adhere firmly to his distinctive pattern of winning and marrying beautiful girls—big, beautiful girls.

Elaine, his fourth bride in 10 years, like her predecessors, is in the top brackets of beauty. Like them, she also towers over her husband.

Why does diminutive 32-year-old Mickey, who stands only five feet, three in his shoes, attract beautiful girls who average around five feet, seven in their sheer nylons and in high-heel pumps loom a full head higher than he? It's easier, of course, to answer why Mickey falls for them.

The reason is he "likes tall girls better than short ones." That, anyway, was the reply he once gave his second wife, Betty Jane Rase when, curious, she queried him about it.

There are those who try to explain his fondness for lofty beauties as a mark of an inferiority complex, and further point out that (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62
Lovely Martha Vickers was Mickey's third wife. They were married in 1949, separated, then divorced in 1951.

Elaine Mahnken, 22-year-old flame-haired model, is Mickey's current wife. She knew him but two months.

Mickey

What's so captivating about Rooney the Runt who already has won four beauties as wives? The answer can help all men

BY LOUIS REID

There's more to Mickey than his brashness.
Walter Winchell always wears his hat while giving out with his rapid fire delivery on his radio and TV shows.

Tallulah Bankhead and guest star David Niven during recent telecast. Her TV show ranks among the best.

Hedy Lamarr, Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney. Dummy was responsible for Paul spending a night in hotel lobby.

Although included in list of 10 best dressed men in TV Perry Como likes to dress informally for his rehearsals.
By MAGGI McNELLIS

LOCAL CALLS: Franchot Tone and Nina Foch may wind up being the most popular acting team in TV. Their recent performance in "Legal Affair" on "Hollywood Opening Night" is creating a tremendous demand for their joint services.

Gypsy Rose Lee (of all people) may surprise everyone and play Aimee Semple McPherson in a TV biography series based on the career of the famous evangelist. The talented "Gyps" could make a name for herself as a straight dramatic actress if ever given the opportunity. This may be it.

Winston Churchill's 8-year-old prize-winning cow, Gratwick Beatrice, is wanted for an appearance on the Jimmy Durante show but the cost of transporting her from England to California is too costly. The Lloyds of London insurance alone covering the proposed journey makes the entire project ridiculous.

If the Jimmy Stewarts (she's the former Gloria Hatrick McLean, a non-professional) follow through on the suggested Mr. and Mrs. TV show, they will favor a thirty-minute program once a week in place of three fifteen-minute programs weekly now under consideration by several CBS Television city execs in Hollywood.

Walter Winchell, whose rapid fire delivery is the fastest on TV and radio, wears his hat while telecasting just as he has always done on his broadcasts.

There's no stopping Tallulah Bankhead. Last year she conquered radio; this year her full-hour TV show ranks among the best.

Faye Emerson, who went from wearing a chignon to sporting a poodle cut, has gone back to clamping on a chignon while waiting for her hair to grow very, very long...

Elizabeth Taylor's asking price for TV spot commercials is $3,000. . .

(Continued on page 60)

COMINGS AND GOINGS OF FAVORITE VIDEO PERSONALITIES AND DELECTABLE TIDBITS OF GOSSIP
Dropping in on Lucy and Desi

Come on along to Rancho Arnaz and meet America's favorite TV couple and the other members of the family whom you don't get to see on "I Love Lucy"
The family get-together around the TV set includes Desi, Lucy, little Lucy, a young friend, Lucy's nephew and brother-in-law.

Mommy and Daddy have great fun during little Lucy's swimming lesson every day, but little Lucy herself looks a bit scared.

Judging by the zany antics emanating from the "Ricardo" household on to millions of American television screens each Monday evening, one would almost expect to find the real life Arnaz household in a similar state of uproarious confusion. But Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, who, of course, are the famous Ricardos of CBS-TV's "I Love Lucy," live and love a quiet family life on their San Fernando Valley ranch. Well, it's a family life all right, but how quiet it can be is a question, with 2-year-old Lucy Desiree and the baby Desi 4th, born January 19—probably the most famous baby in America long before he was born. The feeling that TV audiences catch of Lucy and Desi having such fun together strikes you in their home, too. It's the kind of comfortable, livable home where old friends drop in for an evening's talk or poker playing. Desi is the one who loves to cook, while Lucy takes charge of the children. And when Desi isn't in the kitchen, he's always building something for the house or the kids. "He's a regular putterer," reports Lucy. "He built our playroom all by himself."

Desi is trapped between his two Lucys, Desiderio Alberto Arnaz 4th having retired.
The Jackie Gleason No One Knows

An intimate visit in his apartment with the real, out-of-character Jackie Gleason, TV's Number One Comic, reveals there's still a lot of the lost and lonely little boy in him which may explain his heartfelt appeal.

BY SALLIE BELLE COX

Anyone meeting Jackie Gleason in person for the first time and expecting to find him a typical post-graduate of night clubs and vaudeville, bounded on the North by Broadway, and on the South by Walter Winchell, is in for a surprise. That's what I expected, and he set me back on my heels. Any preconceived ideas I had of him exploded and shot off in all directions like a bundle of fireworks.

He's much better looking in person, and there is about him such a suggestion of power that it's like meeting a Mack truck head on. His eyes are most extraordinary; they are the eyes of a hypnotist, and when he fixes them upon you, you feel like a rabbit frozen by the sudden glare of headlights. Then he smiles, and the hypnotic eyes become Irish, gay, twinkling, and crinkling at the corners. It's a smile of almost cherubic sweetness, and it's completely disarming.

He has the measured grace of a black panther, and it's easy to believe that he's a superb diver (he was once a performer in a water follies) for there's perfect coordination in his movements. He seems to be a person of immense vitality, and he displays an awareness of what goes on around him that is almost as sensitive as radar.

The words "animal magnetism" surprisingly flashed through my mind as he sat opposite me in the living room of his handsome duplex apartment, his thick, dark hair, and the turkey red sports shirts he wore, set off vividly by the soft blue of dusk framed by tall windows. Behind him, hanging over the fireplace was a full-length, droopy-eyed painting of the Poor Soul. Any resemblance between the two seemed purely coincidental.

Beyond the windows, twenty floors below, was Central Park twinkling with myriads of lights, and I couldn't help remarking about the magnificent view. He glanced over his shoulder, his eyes following mine. "I like to be near the park in case I have to start sleeping there."

It sounded very droll coming from America's Number One Comedian. Hollywood offers are pouring in upon him by the dozen; Max Gordon, the Broadway producer, is planning to star him in a play; and the "Jackie Gleason For Lovers Only Music" is on the current national list of best seller recordings.

I asked him if he was returning to Hollywood (he's already made five pictures). "Not (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)"
Jackie, an expert musician, plays many instruments. He composed "Melancholy Serenade," theme song of his TV show.

With Audrey Meadows who does the popular "Honeymooners" skits with him. Jackie never saves himself at rehearsals.

Jackie sits in on all script sessions, rehearses endlessly, yet never loses his warmth and understanding, nor his patience.

Bringing happiness to people is his chief aim in life. Undoubtedly it's based on the unhappiness he endured in his early years.

Watching Jackie rehearse a musical number for show you'd never suspect he had wanted to be a psychiatrist.
Brains Need A Low Neckline

Once the "I-Qutie" of films, Vanessa Brown has recently come upon SEX—a discovery which leads her to believe that posing in the nude is important.

Vanessa Brown, Hollywood's shapeliest mental marvel, has come upon a tremendous anatomic secret—sex is every bit as important as brains.

To prove her discovery, Vanessa is ready and willing, she has stated, to pose in the nude.

It is a startling announcement, coming from one who not too long ago was one of those horrendous young fry on the original "Quiz Kids" radio show. Then she was able—and still is—to dumbfound you with her erudition—spelling chlorophyllous, defining relativity, reciting Keats and giving the name of the vice president under Rutherford B. Hayes.

But it's goodbye now to all that heavy water on the brain. There's new glamour work to be done.

Hollywood has become convinced that Vanessa could be Venus without half trying. Indeed, as easily as taking off clothes. She has the chassis, the loveliness of line, the fairness of face for the post.

In short, at 23, a nifty number.

The reason for her willingness to appear in the all-together is that she plays the part of a model in the Broadway comedy, "The Seven Year Itch," who, in the memorable manner of Marilyn Monroe, has posed for a nude photo that is reproduced in a camera magazine.

Showing none of the staid, even restrained, attitude that once characterized her film career, Vanessa even hinted she was looking for a respectable happily-married Hollywood photographer to snap her in the raw.

Immediately, a battalion of cameramen all but battered down her door in their eagerness to do her bidding.

The petite, lovely up-and-coming Miss Brown, it seemed suddenly to the lensmen, was (CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)
Transformation of a Tomboy

Julie Harris goes through the emotional growing pains of adolescence in "Member Of The Wedding"

Like a butterfly emerging from a cocoon, the lonely, confused Frankie of "The Member Of The Wedding" matures from a 12-year-old tomboy with a scraggly-looking hairdo and blue jeans, into a very feminine young lady with a new outlook on life. Julie Harris, who off-screen is twice Frankie's age, brings her gifts of intense, vibrant acting to this poignant study of a difficult period in a girl's life. In the course of acquiring her new femininity, Frankie experiences heartache and some hard facts of life.

Rejected by the honeymooners, Frankie runs away and is accosted by a drunken soldier in a tavern.
2. Overjoyed by her brother’s approaching marriage, Frankie buys an outlandish evening gown.

3. Frankie wants to go along with her brother and his bride (Nancy Gates) on their honeymoon.

4. A glamourous girl in real life, talented Julie Harris is making her movie debut in this film.
Tattersall check in Sanforized cotton blouse comes in three colors. $1.98 at NEISNER BROS., Inc.

1. Grey and pink candy stripe blouse from GRANT'S. $2.98, in sizes 32-38.

2. Laura Mae "Life" blouse from NEISNER'S is only $1.98.

See page 50 for how to get hat directions.

Colorful

Here are bright new accessories for Spring to make flavorful accents and add a large bonus of fashion-right color at prices designed to fit comfortably into your carefully tailored clothing budget.
I N APRIL, 1953, the Victorian poet's famous definition of a little girl as being "sugar and spice and everything nice" also becomes a timely description of her older sister. Accessories, crisp, color-wise and worn with a flair, are the secret of the currently fashionable insistence on having "everything nice." Our selections from the bumper crop of new arrivals in the Variety Stores are reassuring proof that top styling and attention to detail are now available to all of us, in spite of slim budgets.

1. Waist-whittling belt in black, red, turf and saddle color is big $1 value at NEISNER'S.
2. For your scarf collection, KRESGE Stores' good-looking pink and green print. 79c.
3. W. T. GRANT'S new shoes are a miraculous $2.99 and come in several combinations.
4. Tall and slim umbrella is $2.98 at the MURPHY Stores.
5. McCORY'S have the white cotton knit gloves. S. M. L. $1.19.
7. Smart stripes in cinch belt at S. H. KRESS. 98c. Solid colors also available.
8. McCORY'S roomy handbag in champagne, red, navy and other desirable shades of long-wearing plastic calf. $1.59.
This casual hat is made in a single crochet stitch; the open work circling the crown is made with doubled thread.

Three balls of gold colored Knit-Cro-Sheen, scraps of white thread and grosgrain ribbon were used to make this.

PIN MONEY HATS

Screenland offers these patterns for you to make. Needed:

less than $1 for three balls of thread and a little time to make one of these crocheted charmers

Hand-crocheted hats, expensive to buy at any store counter, can be yours with a little effort and less money. These and the hat shown on page 48 are made of J. & P. Coats Knit-Cro-Sheen (29¢ a ball), on sale at all Variety Stores. They are modeled here by Geraldine Brooks, whose next film is the Italian-made "Volcano," a U. A. release.

To obtain instructions for these hats and the one shown on page 48, send 15¢ (in coin) to Marcia Moore, SCREENLAND Magazine, 10 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.
The Siren Look" is Helena Rubinstein's name for dramatic effect achieved by the knowledge of a few make-up tricks that you can adapt to your personality.

Make Way For Beauty

By Elizabeth Lapham

It's time to exchange your Winter-weary look for a fresh new glamour that can be the loveliest part of Spring.

Give the experts half a chance and they'll have you done over in practically no time at all. Helena Rubinstein, for one, is eager to teach you a new make-up to give you what she calls "The Siren Look," a reassuringly feminine kind of allure designed as man-bait. You start off by applying a foundation that's quite a bit lighter in color than the shade you would have chosen ordinarily—the light tone gives your features a more striking background. Next comes an even powdering of face and neck, with the powder matching, or lighter than the foundation.

Tricks with rouge come to the rescue at this point to work more facial magic. Just a touch of rouge blended in a half moon at the tip of the chin will make an angular face seem desirably oval. Another dot just at the inner corners of the eyes does wonders in blocking out those dark shadows at the bridge of the nose. And if you want to really bewitch—try a smidgin of rouge on the outside of your nostrils—(continued on page 73)
Girls, especially those equipped for sweaters, are Bob Wagner's hobby, but as for marrying one—well, someday . . .

Secret Life Of A Bachelor

By Ruth Cummings Rowland

Bob thinks the best thing about a guy—is a doll! And even though gentlemen prefer blondes—Bob prefers them all and makes no bones about it. He's deceptively bashful-looking—but look out, girls! He packs a lot of dynamite in his slow, easy smile.

He wishes all girls with the proper equipment would wear sweaters and skirts. "I'm all for the sweater girl, myself." But he doesn't like that new kind of sweater all trimmed up with fur and pearls and sequins and things. "A sweater should be a sweater!"

He's never forgetful about little things. Remembers every telephone number of all the girls he likes best—and that's a lot, brother. He loves to send presents and he can never wait for birthdays or Christmas.

Bob has only one hobby outside of girls. He's set on building a miniature railroad. He's building
the trains and the cars himself—and very carefully.

He loves French bathing suits—on French girls, only.

He’s real gone on Dizzy Gillespie’s band, Stan Kenton and Sarah Vaughan. He’s a real hip cat, and likes to talk jive talk just for laughs. But he can get “thataway” about a Beethoven Concerto. “I play music the first thing in the morning . . . at night, the moment I get into the house.” Loves the Rodgers and Hammerstein “South Pacific” music. Especially that salty song, “There’s Nothing Like A Dame” and believes it.

Thinks girls should always wear the color “white.” He explains it very carefully. “They look so clean and so pretty and so white.” He thinks there is more glamour in that scrubbed look than all the chi-chi veils and things. He goes for white sport clothes, white evening clothes, white everything . . . and lots of accessories . . . like chiffon handkerchiefs, rhinestone-studded vanity cases, gold kid gloves, shoes that glitter.

He doesn’t speak a foreign language, but might plunge right into learning French or Spanish one of these days. Until that time, he gets around all right with any girl from any country.

He’s very good humored and likes most everyone. But he gets his stubborn streak up when . . . “anyone tries to tell me what to do! That must be the Norwegian part of me!”

He loves to wear blue jeans with turned-up cuffs, and sloppy white sweat shirts, but he’s something terrific in a dinner jacket.

He loves huge dogs. “Like boxers, collies and English Shepherds.” But he doesn’t own any. He’s crazy about his Siamese cat, Rudy . . . “who has the worst temper in Hollywood. That’s because he’s getting old and doesn’t like it at all. Rudy was something of a Casanova in his day. But the other day, he had to go to vet’s and have two teeth pulled. Poor Rudy! Like any male, his lost youth and his lost teeth are making a neurotic out of him!”

Bob was born in Detroit on February 10, 1930.

He’s mad for steak, rare—can cook it himself, and prefers to. “But my friends have got to eat it on paper plates.” He revolts against washing dishes. He’s a real fiend for ice-box cookies.

He doesn’t have to watch his weight. Can eat what he wants to and generally does. Next to steak he prefers Spanish food. Hot chili peppers, tamales, enchiladas . . . “the kind that Debbie Reynolds’ mother makes.” He’s a real outdoor kind of guy. Plays golf in the seventies. Is a whiz at tennis. Loves to snow ski and water ski, and generally goes off with his friend, Dan Dailey. But he has a punctured ear drum suffered in a water skiing accident.

Bob’s an excellent business man. “But my father doesn’t think so.” His father wouldn’t. He wanted Bob to go into the steel business, but Bob wanted to be an actor. “I can understand my father’s point of view. The acting business is so completely different from everyday business.” But Wagner senior is very proud of Wagner junior these days. Looks like there’s going to be a star in the family!

He doesn’t think girls should chew gum. But he does it himself.

He has no interesting frustrations. He’s as rugged as a tall tree. Refuses to take vitamin pills. Can’t understand why people need them. “With all the sun, and the sports, and the good things to eat—who wants to take a pill?”

He loves to eat chocolate layer cake late at night.

He’s got brown hair that falls over his forehead sometimes . . . kind of blue grey eyes with a very naughty twinkle . . . and the kind of charm that really takes hold. Old ladies adore him . . . middle-aged ladies are terribly fond of him . . . but young ladies yearn for him! With it all, he’s a man’s man . . . and he’s got to go places!

He can’t bear small poodle dogs. “Especially when they wear those fancy bows around their collars!” Canaries make him squirm. He thinks parrots are awfully amusing. But he wants a big brown horse all of his own . . . he can ride like a cowboy from Wyoming.

Bob loves to walk in the rain in New York. “But rain in California makes me moody and depressed.” He’s got a real yen for New York. “It’s wonderful, real exciting to walk in the rain in New York and you can walk for hours. I love the theatres there, and the new UN building . . . and the antique shops on Third Ave. Did you ever watch the people on Broadway—thousands of them, rushing like a panic was on? It’s terrific, stimulating, and I love it!”

He isn’t mechanically minded. Can take anything apart, but he can’t put it together again. “I haven’t got the patience.”

Loves to sing Johnnie Ray songs when he’s in the shower and thinks he’s pretty good, too. He’d never try it anywhere else.

Gets a real bang out of watching wrestling over television. Thinks Gorgeous George the best entertainer in the business. “And he can wrestle very well, too. Don’t let anyone kid you!”

He doesn’t go for modern music. “Can’t understand it at all.” Loves romantic melodic songs. Could listen to David Rose over and over. Plays the score from “The King And I” every morning before breakfast. He’s got a new rave now—the London Symphony Orchestra.

He doesn’t own a hat.

He likes bow ties on everyone but himself. “You know, not that wide kind, but the narrow ones in bright colors.”

Spends a great deal of time reading every book he can lay his hands on. “I never read anything while I was at school.” He’s all for Hemingway now. Has read every single thing he has ever written.

(Continued on page 54)
He likes three sweet rolls every morning for breakfast—the flat, crunchy kind. He doesn't smoke many cigars. Thinks a pipe is fun sometimes. He loves to watch bull-fighting. "It's a magnificent technique." And the blood and sand don't bother him at all.

Has great respect for Clark Gable. He used to caddy for him before breaking into pictures. "I used to ask him a hundred questions about how to break into pictures and he was always so patient about it. Then when I did get started, I'll never forget his advice to me. 'Now that you've made the grade, keep your feet on the ground. Never go high-hat. Anyone can be replaced.'" Bob has memorized these words over and over. He'd never lose his head anyway. He has too much intelligence. Would like to play those rough-tough Gable parts someday.

He loves practical jokes. Likes them played on himself, too, and never gets annoyed about it. He's got a genuine sense of humor and never forgets to laugh at himself.

He would have been in the steel business, had he not become an actor. He worked in a lot of steel mills back East, but just couldn't make it his life work. He can go back into the steel business any time he wants to. You see, his father is "Steel Business."

He wants to breed horses. Thinks Johnny Longden the greatest jockey on the track today.

He will never play cards with a stranger. But loves to play gin rummy and poker with his friends. He refuses to learn about Canasta. "That's for girls." Loves beer. Can't abide sweet wines. Hardly ever takes a cocktail before dinner.

Has a mad yen to go to Europe. "I'd like to ski in Switzerland. Love to dance in Paris, then ski in Switzerland again."

Thinks Judy Garland the most talented singer in show business today. "I heard her in New York and she was thrilling."

Wishes like anything he could be as funny as Jerry Lewis. "But then, nobody can, except Jerry Lewis. He breaks me up every time."

He has twenty-three shirts in his wardrobe and most of them blue.

He loves loud sport jackets with big patch pockets, and has three of that type in his closet at home.

He can't understand how people can like miniature furniture, miniature chocolates, miniature anything. "I like Viking Oak—massive pieces. They're so comfortable."

He loves to dine at the Beachcombers with the girl he likes best. Lately there have been quite a few, and he loves them all.

Bob won't eat popcorn in a movie. He can't abide the stuff.

Is real gone on sports cars. Likes to drive hot rods. But he recently sold his MG and bought a Ford. "I thought I ought to be a little practical." But he's just as liable to sell the Ford and get another MG.

He loves to lie in the sun, but never has time these days to do it.

He's quite crazy about Benny Goodman's recorded concert of 1938 and plays him for hours and hours. He's always going on some musical binge. "I get a different kick every week. Never can tell, it might be Artie Shaw any time now."

He isn't one bit superstitious. He doesn't believe in wearing jewelry. He loves it on girls. Thinks it makes them look so glamorous. But he wears only a huge gold ring himself—a real rough, rugged kind of ring, hammered out of an honest-to-goodness gold nugget.

He thinks Liz Taylor has the most fabulous eyes . . . "Bluer than anything I've ever seen." He loves the color blue.

Loves to hear Debbie Reynolds laugh. Can eat a box of chocolate creams before dinner. "The hungrier, the better."

But he can't put on any weight.

Never wears garters. Loves white woolen socks and always wears them with everything.

Can't relax one bit. Wants to keep going every minute. Likes to read, hear the fights on the radio, play a hot jazz concert, all at the same time and can understand it all, and never goes wacky.

He's six feet tall, and he weighs 155 pounds.

He has no nick names for anyone. But he likes to be called R. J. himself.

He wishes he could roller skate. Isn't much good on the ice, either. But loves to sail a boat and is pretty good at it, too.

"I never get seasick, no matter how much the boat rolls."

He won't carry a good luck piece. Will walk under any ladder any time, and always does.

He's learning to tap dance. Thinks his friend Don Perley, is the greatest. Thinks fighter Chuck Davey has lots of style and predicts he'll be champion any day now. He's a smart fighter."

He loves to eat by candlelight, but likes to see the food before the candles are lit.

He adores rhumba.

He loves small parties, pretty girls and exciting music. Likes to play the drums himself—when he lets himself go.

He's mostly reserved. That is, the first time you meet him. After that, he's lots of fun. His smile is very ingratiating, his wit, sharp, his manners, impeccable . . . and he loves almost everyone.

He smokes one and a half packs of cigarettes a day and promises he will cut down, but never does.

He wishes he knew something about photography.

Swoons over Peggy Lee and Toni Arden. Still loves his old Sinatra records. "Those old Sinatra records were the greatest. That Guy taught most of the singers how to phrase and how to sing, too. He's still in the major league as far as I'm concerned."

He has never wanted to paint like Renoir, or Gauguin, Van Gogh, or Toulouse-Lautrec. But he'd like to make enough money to own great art. "The Degas ballet girls are wonderful. But he really doesn't care a great deal about ballet. He'd much rather go to a jazz concert any time."

He has nine suits. Two blue ones, three dark grey, one light grey, one brown, one dark brown tweed and a grey tweed. Of course, he also has a dinner suit. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)
"I Can't Believe My Ears... I'm Playing Music!

I've Learned So QUICKLY and EASILY My Friends Are Simply Amazed!

Thousands Are Doing It — You Can Too.

No Boring Exercises — You Start Right Out Playing Whole Pieces. FREE BOOK Tells All About It

"I JUST IMAGINE! I'm actually playing music... REAL music... Waltzes... hymns... musical comedy hits. I can hardly believe my ears!

Why? A short time ago I didn't know a single note of music. I had always envied people who could play musical instruments beautifully. But I was convinced I could never be one of them. I thought I had to have special musical talent—and had to spend months practicing boring scales and exercises—before you could play anything. I imagined, too, that it was necessary to pay several dollars an hour for private lessons from a music teacher!

The Secret

"Then a friend told me about the U. S. School of Music. I wrote for their FREE BOOK. This book showed me how EASY it is to be your own music teacher! right at home for only a few cents a lesson, which even included the sheet music. It convinced me that I could learn to play after all!

"To my delighted surprise, the U. S. School started me out playing real pieces by note—right from the very first lesson! Since then, it's been much fun to clearly explained to understand—that I've been making truly amazing progress. In fact, my friends are amazed at how well I can play already. They insist I must have been playing my musical skill a secret all these years!"

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Find out the facts for yourself. Mail coupon for our valuable 36-page FREE BOOK and Free Lesson-Sample, showing how simple yet effective our method really is. No obligation! no salesman will call on you. U. S. School of Music, C364, Port Washington, N.Y. (Special reduced prices on instruments to our students.)

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 Didn't Know a Note — Now Plays for Parties

"I didn't know one note of music. Three months later I started to play for dances, I have many parties and make much money.

Happy with my music!" — Miss Ruth Monkmann, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

"Easy as Falling Off Log.

"It's easy to fall off a log, but it's hard to learn to play and not a life-long dream is being realized." — Phyllis A. Jones, Provo, Utah.

Amazes Her Friends

"I bet some friends that I couldn't learn to play that quickly. They didn't believe me — because I am slow learning. Imagine their surprise last night when I played for them. One said, "They sound just like you've been playing for years!" — Louise Greene, Oakland, Cal.

How Famous Band Leader Got His Start

"I got my start in music with your Course. How easy it is to learn to read notes and play the guitar (according to your Course). I have an ability which is being realized for me by my Course. I've yielded my nub and the wind is food for me. I have enrolled my daughter, my niece and my daughter. I believe in your Course." — Ernest J. Vande Graaf, Detroit, Mich.

Masters Many Tunes In First 3 Weeks

"I was able to play many pieces of popular current songs in a short time. My family certainly was surprised at what I had learned to master several notes on my guitar. I've enjoyed my course and the joy it gives me in playing the guitar. I have several other friends who have also been very pleased with the results." — Mrs. A. K., Randville, N. Y.

Enjoys Fun, Popularity

"It's been fun and interesting to learn many songs and have been employed to play the guitar at parties and dances, etc. Your Course has opened the door to new friendships and a wider circle of friends." — Miss Mabel R. Reveal, Atlantic City, N. J.

Learns Faster Without Teacher

"I have no special talent — but thanks to your method, I play my guitar (according to your Course). I have done better than many students who have taken lessons from many different teachers and at a higher cost." — Mrs. Alice May, Seattle, Wash.

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(Please state Zone No. (if any)
He likes three sweet rolls every morning for breakfast—the flat, chunky kind. He doesn’t smoke many cigars. Thinks a pipe is fun sometimes. He loves to watch bull-fighting. “It’s a magnificent technique.” And the blood and sand don’t bother him at all.

Has great respect for Clark Gable. He used to cuddle for him before breaking into pictures. “I used to ask him a hundred questions about how to break into pictures and he was always so patient about it. Then when I did get started, I’ll never forget his advice to me. ‘Now that you’ve made the grade, keep your feet on the ground. Never go high-hat. Anyone can be replaced by a less talented person. These words over and over. He’d never lose his head anyway. He has too much intelligence. Would like to play those rough—tough Gable parts someday.

He loves practical jokes. Likes them played on himself, too, and never gets annoyed about it. He’s got a genuine sense of humor and never forgets to laugh at himself.

He would have been in the steel business, had he not become an actor. He worked in a lot of steel mills back East, but just couldn’t make it his life work.

He can go back into the steel business any time he wants to. You see, his father is “Steel Business.”

He wants to breed horses. Thinks Johnny Longden the greatest jockey on the track today.

He will never play cards with a stranger. But loves to play gin rummy and poker with his friends. He refuses to learn about Canasta. “That’s for girls.”

Loves beer. Can’t abide sweet wines. Hardly ever takes a cocktail before dinner.

Has a mad yen to go to Europe. “I’d like to ski in Switzerland. Love to dance in Paris, then ski in Switzerland again.”

Thinks Judy Garland is the most talented singer in show business today. “I heard her in New York and she was thrilling.”

Wishes like anything he could be as funny as Jerry Lewis. “But then, nobody can, except Jerry Lewis. He breaks me up every time.”

He has twenty-three shirts in his wardrobe and most of them blue.

He loves loud sport jackets with big patch pockets, and has three of that type in his closet at home.

He can’t understand how people can like miniature furniture, miniature chocolates, miniature anything. “I like Viking Oak—massive pieces. They’re so comfortable.”

He loves to dine at the Beachcombers with the girl he likes best. Lately there have been quite a few, and he loves them all.

Bob won’t eat popcorn in a movie. He can’t abide the stuff.

Is real gone on sports cars. Likes to drive hot rods. But he recently sold his MG and bought a Ford. “I thought I ought to be a little practical.” But he’s just as liable to sell the Ford and get another MG.

He loves to lie in the sun, but never has time these days to do it.

He’s quite crazy about Benny Goodman’s recorded concert of 1938 and plays him for hours and hours. He’s always going on some musical binge. “I get a different kick every week. Never can tell, it might be Artie Shaw any time now.”

He isn’t one bit superstitious. He doesn’t believe in wearing jewelry. He loves it on girls; thinks it makes them look so glamorous. But he wears only a huge gold ring himself—a real rough, rugged kind of ring, hammered out of an honest-to-goodness gold nugget.

He thinks Liz Taylor has the most fabulous eyes . . . “Bluer than anything I’ve ever seen.” He loves the color blue.

Loves to hear Debbie Reynolds laugh.

Can eat a box of chocolate creams beforehand. “They make me hungrier.”

But he can’t put on any weight.

Never wears garters. Loves white woolen tennis socks and always wears them with everything.

Can’t relax one bit. Wants to keep going every minute. Likes to read, hear the fights on the radio, play a hot jazz concert, all at the same time and can understand it all, and never goes wacky.

He’s six feet tall, and he weighs 155 pounds.

He has no nick names for anyone. But he likes to be called R. J. himself.

He wishes he was taller. Isn’t much good on the ice, either. But loves to sail a boat and is pretty good at it, too. “I never get seasick, no matter how much the boat rolls.”

He won’t carry a good luck piece. Will walk under any ladder any time, and always does.

He’s longing to dance. Thinks his friend, Dan Dailey, is the greatest. Thinks fighter Chuck Davey has lots of style and predicts “He’ll be champion any day now. He’s a smart fighter.”

He loves to eat by candlelight, but likes to see the food before the candles are lit.

He adores to rhumba.

He loves small parties, pretty girls and exciting music. Can play a mean drum himself—when he lets himself go.

He’s mostly reserved. That is, the first time you meet him. After that, he’s lots of fun. His smile is very ingratiating, his wit, sharp, his manners, impeccable . . . and he loves almost everyone.

He smokes one and a half packs of cigarettes a day. Promises he will cut down, but never does.

He wishes he knew something about photography.

Swoons over Peggy Lee and Toni Arden. Still loves his old Sinatra records. “Those old Sinatra records were the greatest. That guy taught most of the singers how to phrase and how to sing, too. He’s still in the major league as far as I’m concerned.”

He has never wanted to paint like Renoir, or Gaugin, Van Gogh, or Toulouse-Lautrec. But he’d like to make enough money to own great art. “The Degas ballet girls are wonderful.” But he really doesn’t care a great deal about ballet. He’d much rather go to a jazz concert any time.

He has nine suits. Two blue ones, three dark gray, one light gray, one brown, one dark brown tweed and a grey tweed. Of course, he also has a dinner suit.

(Continued on Page 56)
I Can't Believe My Ears...
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Note: The text is a promotional piece for the U.S. School of Music, offering to teach music to anyone with a simple method and no prior musical ability required.
WHY THEY FELL SO IN LOVE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

career in favor of marriage, everyone agrees that she, too, puts a sincere and honest endeavor into her work.

Here is a facet of Kirk's character which Pier can not only respect, but understand from her own experience. Only another film star can really understand the demands of life in Hollywood—accept the broken engagements due to re-takes, the exhaustion which shortens the evenings and sends a star to bed early, the tiring round of personal appearances between pictures.

More than many other girls, Pier has the gift of service to others. To the foreign-trained girl, the most important thing in life is the man in her life—to cherish, to love, honor and obey. These are not empty words to Pier, but the cornerstones of a career which she has been taught to think is even more important than a personal success.

Gently but firmly, Pier disapproves of the American girl's insistence on herself.

"When I have more freedom," she says, "I will know how to use it wisely. I think that girls need to have many dates in order to choose the right man, but when they have too many dates, a date becomes so ordinary they forget that they are looking for the man to make them happy."

This is not an accusation anyone could make about Pier. She has been around, but not by any means so far or so often as either she or her would-be dates could wish. In contrast to Pier's sheltered existence, even in Hollywood, Kirk's public appearances and the hints of romance between him and filmdom's more glamorous stars stand out.

What can Pier offer that is more enduring to Kirk Douglas than such beauties as Gene Tierney, Elizabeth Threatt, Rita Hayworth or June Haver? Sweet, unspoiled, simplicity?

Actually, anyone who knows Pier will tell you she is exceptionally mature underneath the youthful appearance. War-time in Italy does that to a girl. It is more surprising that she retains the charming enthusiasm of youth, than that she is mentally a woman after the experiences of her early life.

And it is in just these early experiences that Pier can more readily understand and appreciate Kirk Douglas. He, too, came up the hard way, with poverty and hard work and the need for using his wits and physical strength to get ahead. Because of Pier's own terrifying youth in wartorn Italy, she would find it easier to understand Kirk's tough childhood than the usual naivety that surrounded the other boys she has known.

"A background in which there was a secure home, with money and good schools, pleasant vacation trips and holiday treats, is outside Pier Angelli's experience," confides a close friend. "However delightful it would seem to think of a life in which college educations and Packard convertibles were a matter of course, it is probable that Pier views them with a certain reserve; these are not the essentials of life to a girl who has run terror-stricken from German soldiers."

To a girl reared in the European fashion, it is altogether proper and accepted to marry, not only a man considerably older than yourself, but one who is worldly and knowledgeable. The foreign girl is expected to lead a normal man's life, in which escorting beautiful women to night clubs is viewed as "sowing wild oats," "getting it out of his system," and in general, preparing him to cherish and protect the innocent, worldly young woman whom he marries.

Is Pier jealous of the lovely women Kirk Douglas has taken about Hollywood? Does she feel uneasy at the thought of holding his interest and attention after princesses and countesses? Probably not.

Here is one of the great differences between Kirk and Pier Angelli; to Kirk, life is a matter of developing an external shell, of being tough enough to take the knocks and resilient enough to bounce back. But to Kirk, toughness is an external thing.

To Pier, it is not.

When Pier was young, she learned that there are two sides to everyone: inside and outside. What matters, she found, is what is inside—and her work, her character, her approach to life is founded on inner toughness, inner strength.

Here is one most important place at which Pier can be of service to Kirk—like any other woman, she will find within herself the strength to help the man she loves.

Essentially, Pier is well-balanced in a way that is unusual for a film star. She likes Hollywood, but according to her fellow actors, she won't let Hollywood or success throw her. She's unwavering in her loyalty, which sometimes brings her unhappiness, but her faith in others makes her a great friend.

Here then is the basis for the best sort of marriage, and Kirk Douglas will be a lucky man with Pier Angelli—a girl who knows how to be a friend, whose capacity for love is fresh and unspoiled, who has a deep-rooted respect and faith in the value of the family unit, and both a willingness and a need to look up to the man she marries.

That Kirk will provide the best standard for her to look up to is unquestionable. He is successful in a career she understands and values truly, both for its lucky breaks and glamour and its hard cruel pace.

For all her gentleness, her quietness, the reserve which comes from a sheltered life and an unfamiliarity with the language, Pier has a core of the finest stainless steel—so any actress must have to be successful. For all her youth and surface inexperience, Pier is a girl who can provide more understanding of people, more real maturity, than an American girl of her age.

There are differences between Kirk and Pier: and these differences are the very sort that make for a well-rounded happy life, in which each can open up a new kind of living, for the other.

Kirk loves—the outdoor life, the masculinity of sports, the company of men. Pier loves—the quiet life of a home, with an occasional jaunt to a night club. She likes friends, and adores music—any way, shape or form, but like all good Italians—especially opera.

Kirk hates sham; so does Pier.

All in all, it's a marriage—if it ever happens, and everyone who knows and likes them both hopes that it will—that can succeed. Both have a lot to give to one another, and both are intelligent enough—and sufficiently in love—to recognize it.

It is when the giving is all on one side that so many Hollywood marriages go on the rocks. With Pier and Kirk there should be plain sailing ahead . . . and, it is to be repeated, all Hollywood wishes them well.
Luckiest Blonde Alive!

(Continued from Page 27)

Danielle Darrieux and Simone Simon, and came to the conclusion that in Hollywood luck counted a little more than talent.

Who, then, the newspaper wanted to find out, was the luckiest girl in Hollywood?

Much to the discomfiture of everyone connected with the poll, the majority of the answers steadfastly gave argument to the accusation that luck supersedes talent in Hollywood.

Almost all of the readers named innumerable and outstanding examples of genuine acting ability, refreshing personality, true charm, and what have you. And, as we have already indicated, the final choice was Miss Wilson.

Marie Wilson typified, the readers felt, the all-American girl who knows what she wants and gets it. The readers, like all Europeans, who have known much adversity and recognize it with sympathy in others, pointed up the qualities of Marie in getting slowly, often painfully ahead. Furthermore, they admired her looks, her behavior, the way she talks in an interview.

"This girl has it over Marilyn Monroe every time," quoth one correspondent, whose letter was prominently displayed by the newspaper. "Her figure may not have the ooh's and aah's dimensions of the other girl, but she has a flair for farce (which all we French people love) that would put to shame the acting talents of many other performers—including Mlle. Monroe."

Another reader eulogized, "I pick Marie because she shines in whatever she does like a well-polished diamond, and because all of her future is still very much before her."

Nothing, perhaps, could ring more true than that last statement from across the Atlantic, because how close Marie Wilson came to having no future at all is still a matter of shivering to her friends and family. It doesn't, on the other hand, bother Marie.

Of that horrible day over a year ago when, in a bleak hospital room, she faced death for the first time, she says firmly, "I think when you're really sick, you're like a little child, just trusting in good things, and that someone, somehow, will take care of you. When I was sick, I just told myself, 'You'll make it. You always have before.' And I did!"

Perhaps it is this simple faith in the goodness of things—and people—that makes Marie Wilson such an outstanding hit as Irma.

"It is Marie Wilson's own character which makes Irma so real, but with a difference," reveals Cy Howard, producer of the successful CBS TV comedy series. "Marie is not stupid, just enthusiastic and credulous. She believes in people, in goodness, and rightness—and

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Marie Wilson gets a lift from Rosalind Russell and two WACS during rehearsal at Fort Lee, Va., for pool sequence "Never Wave At A WAC," her latest RKO film.

despite all the people who take advantage of her belief, she holds tenaciously to it."

Lucky blonde?

Yes, Marie is lucky indeed, and she'll be the first to tell you. To any actor or actress, the biggest, most wonderful piece of luck in the world is to find a part—a role—a character which is the real expression of the actor. Marie Wilson has such a part in "My Friend Irma," and what a lucky break that is after all those years of playing beautiful dumb-blonde roles!

"For years I had said that I would give everything to be able to play some day a character that was sympathetic to my own nature," says Marie. "Someone that I knew was real and true, and someone an actress can portray almost without trying. Irma was the answer to that prayer."

What Marie Wilson, in her truly modest fashion, does not add is that she has made the role of Irma all the better and more believable for the loving care she has given to the portrayal. About everyone from the sponsors of "My Friend Irma" to the technicians themselves see the star of the show not only as a talented trouper, but an actress always with her heart in her work and, at the same time, always gracious and friendly.

Behind the scenes of "My Friend Irma," here are some of the opinions of the girl from her fellow workers and friends.

"I'm supposed to have a hundred 'acting' voices in my job as a radio and TV actor," says Hans Conreid, who plays Professor Kropotkin, "but off-stage I have only one voice—my own. It's in that voice I'd like to say that working with Marie is one of the most complete and satisfying things that can happen to anyone."

"In fact, Marie is so real that she is often unbelievable," he goes on. "She's first to help the other actor, last to criticize anyone—unless it's herself. As a truly great little star, she is everything a supporting actor could ever expect of one!"

"There's no camouflage to her make-up and that's what makes Marie such a good friend," remarks Cathy Lewis, who plays her roommate, Jane. "Loyalty, integrity and sincerity are the basic foundations of a very real character that endears itself to everyone who comes in contact with it."

Others in the cast like John Brown, who plays Al, and Gloria Gordon, who portrays the brassy Mrs. O'Reilly, have much the same thing to say. "Even if we never played with her again, we'd both hope we'd have her for a friend the rest of our lives."

As for the writers on the show, Messrs. Parke Levy, Stanley Adams and Roland McLane, they all agree that one of her great qualities, other than an eternal astonishment at her own success, is her gift for impish humor. No one has ever quite found out how unconscious it is.

Cy Howard, for instance, will never forget the time he first asked her to play Irma.

"I won't do it right," she warned him.

"Good!" beamed Howard, when he'd got over his shock. "That's what I mean. You ARE Irma!"

Another time when the producer wondered whether Marie Wilson's retorts are a type of frank humor all her own, or merely accidental quips, was when she fluffed a line at the microphone. Instead of saying Jane, she said, "Oh, that will be wonderful June!"

"Marie, you're calling her June!" rasped Cy Howard from the control booth.

There was a long pause while Cy Howard's reproach sank in. Then Marie slowly faced the mike again, and said, "July?"

Going back some years when Marie was a bright decoration to the record-breaking run of "Blackouts," the revue kept alive seven years by Ken Murray's facile wit and Miss Wilson's famed figure, she had the whole cast in stitches one night with one of her typically quaint remarks—uttered in dead seriousness.

She sat on the darkened stage, waiting for the curtain to go up, her chin cupped in her hands. She had, she remembers afterwards, been giving deep thought to the fact that "Blackouts" might run forever and that she was in a rut.

Marie looked so morose sitting there, waiting to go on, that Ken walked over and patted her on her bare shoulder. (It was very bare in those days). "What's on that beautiful Einstein mind of yours, baby?"

"I was just thinking—if only I had a wonderful past to look forward to."

All along, it has been that way. Over at Schwab's Drugstore, where movie's 400 drop in for a soda or a quick sandwich, and often a prescription for a studio-precipitated headache, Marie Wilson was a familiar figure. She was there often, sat around longer. Those were long and lean waits between engagements.

One day a studio scout approached her, and said fondly, "What's cooking, beautiful?"

Marie looked at him lazily through long lashes. "In my house, everything but food," she said hollowly.

Of course, it wasn't as serious as all that. But Marie, even in those days, had a quaint and frank way of describing her words that gave her, of all the things she didn't want, the reputation of being a little dumber than her roles.

"They wanted to turn me into a blonde Goldwyn," she said once. "And they almost did. Just as they did to Mr. Goldwyn, they put words in my mouth. Words I never said. Sure, I do get a little mixed..."
up sometimes. Who doesn't?"

Today there is nothing mixed up about Marie Wilson. She has gone a long way, and often along a hard route. Once she believed that luck was exclusively a gift for other people, that Dame Fortune, for no certain reason, had reserved a special frown for her.

"I don't believe that any more," she told this writer. "I am one of the luckiest girls in the world—not only professionally, but privately. Perhaps luck when it comes a little later than it should is a little more powerful, a little more permanent. Anyway, this time it seems to be hanging on." She tapped the leg of her chair. "Touch wood, of course."

On another occasion she remarked with a faint but satisfied smile, "Call me a second-chance-lucky girl. I've had second chances in all departments. Second chances at my career, in marriage, and of course, even a second chance to live at all after that siege with blood poisoning."

As it happened, second chances with Marie all turned out well. During her fight for life in the hospital, with temperatures ranging from 104 to 106 and a heart fluttering like a leaf in a storm, it was, she thinks, the thought of a "nice new beau" which really helped pull her through.

"I began to worry. Would I ever get out of a hard hospital bed, and my nice new beau—would he ever give me another glance when I was looking awful?" she smiles. "Then I stopped worrying, because if I could worry about how I looked, I knew I was really all right!"

She had met charming, handsome Bob Fallon some months before when they were both appearing at the Circle Theatre in "Three Out Of Four." She had been through a tremendous emotional strain after many years of trying to patch up her shaky marriage to Allan Nixon. Her divorce wasn't yet final, and Bob's attentiveness wasn't only welcome—but necessary.

"I had never felt so alone or lonely in my life," she recalls. "And when I was put away in an oxygen tent, it seemed the end. To my career, my world, my family—to the possibility of finding someone to take care of me. In my more lucid moments I wondered what Bob might be doing. Wherever he was, would he be thinking of me? I hoped so—but there were dark, long moments when I didn't think he'd care about a girl out of reach, out of mind in a grim hospital bed."

It was when Marie Wilson was out of danger that she discovered that Bob Fallon had paced the corridors of the hospital day and night through the entire ordeal. When she was well enough to see anybody... it was Bob who poked his head in the door first.

"He didn't have to speak, and I didn't have to ask to find out that here was someone who wanted to take care of me. That was something no one had ever done before," says Marie, "... and I liked it!"

It is when she speaks of that incident alone that Marie says with almost startling fervor, "Lucky? You bet I am!"

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What's wrong with being thought of as a Glamour Girl? After all, this business is built on a definite flavor—which is its salable commodity. But unfortunately, stars today can't go in as heavily for glamour as they used to because budgets just don't reach far enough. If you have a lot of money you can be twice as alluring as you can without it. In the past stars could buy almost anything they wanted—even to leopard skin upholstery for their shaving tubs. But today there has to be a more practical approach to the business of glamour.

Of all the parts I've played recently, and most have been in the same particular vein, my favorite has been the one in "She's Back On Broadway." In it I play a movie star and I get a chance to wear a lot of very attractive clothes. It's also a good part—although it isn't the kind to win an Academy Award. However, winning such an honor has never been the first and foremost thing in my mind. I'm just happy to have the chance to do that for which I'm best qualified.

I have never refused to pose for any kind of cheesecake—as long as it wasn't vulgar. That's right up my alley. Without it I'd be lost.

I think every actress has to be honest about her potentials and her capabilities. And I don't think it's very honest to try to be something you're not. If you're a good cheesecake product, why not go in for it?

I believe, of course, that every woman should try to be as glamorous as possible. I've seen a lot of women who weren't beautiful, but who made the most of their natural assets.

Some women go in so heavily for glamour they become phony. I remember seeing a woman who was so meticulously made up she was afraid to smile for fear of spoiling her appearance. I know another who ate so daintily it was laughable because she didn't want to ruin her lipstick. I've seen other women who were so conscious of their own glamorous appearance that they were like statues—and no one could get to know them or even find any interest in talking to them. This kind of glamour is not real because it is too self-centered.

Those women who are self-enamored lose their own personality. I think it's better to be as attractive as you can and then forget about it so others won't be bored by you. Real glamour doesn't need any production number to back it up.

Which brings up the point as to whether or not glamour is ever a bore. I won't say that it is, but I will say that there are times when I like to get out of all the fancy clothes and make-up and just relax. At home I like to wear an old pair of levis and an old sweater. This is not only for comfort—it's also practical since I like to play with our four dogs and they can get you a bit messed up with their jumping on you. Occasionally—and I mean very occasionally—I also like to putter about in the garden. This you can't do in a frilly dress.

At other times at home I spend my time sewing and cutting out pictures in magazines of unusual things in architecture and interior decoration—or new ideas for a dress. I love to go about redesigning my own clothes. But at home comfort is the keynote of my wardrobe. What else should it be? Glamour is a real luxury that you can't afford to have at home. And yet, I don't let comfort take over too much if a friend is going to drop by even for a casual visit. Then I do dress so I'll look attractive. I think this is especially important when a woman friend is coming over because any woman likes to see another looking her best.

Being married to Mike has, of course, made changes in me. He hasn't changed my ideas radically, but I certainly do your dressing pleasure. We always go shopping together and I never fail to ask his opinion about my clothes. He has excellent taste. Frankly, I love to shop, but it takes me ages. I want to see everything in the store, and Mike keeps insisting I should buy something that intrigues me without debating about it.

Mike has influenced me in many ways—but the most important is that I'm relaxed as a person now—not nervous as I used to be afraid, frightened actually, and certainly very shy. I'm none of these things now. To put it briefly, Mike has helped me to grow up.

And with that I turn this over to Mike for a comment:

(Aside from Mike: Is Virginia glamorous? Well, I guess so. I've never paid much attention to that. If she wants to be, that's fine with me. Frankly, from my viewpoint, I don't know where glamour starts and make-up and clothes end. According to the dictionary, it is a sheen, a vesture, a brilliancy that is not real. Virginia has a beauty no matter what she wears. And she has a quality I consider most important in women—she is a lady. When I met her I was working on a picture and about twenty-five guys were sitting around trading man-talk—and what's diller than a lot of men talking? Virginia came on the set to be interviewed for a small part in the picture. She was a frightened kid, but had real dignity and poise. That did it for me. No, I didn't marry Virginia because she was a glamorous movie star. She wasn't even a star then. Like any man who is in love with his wife, it doesn't matter to me what she wears, says, or does—she's still the most beautiful person in the world to me. As long as she has dignity and all the good graces, nothing else matters.

(A) For being glamorous I think it's great for those who like to watch her on the screen. I'm not jealous of the effect she has on people. In fact, I get a big kick out of sending leg art of her to the
AND JANE COULDN'T BE HAPPIER WITH HER PART. AS SHE SAID, "I'M HAVING A BALL WITH THIS BECAUSE I GET A CHANCE TO PLAY A SMART, WISERCRAKING DOLL—THE KIND OF ROLE I'VE ALWAYS WANTED."

EVEN MORE THAN THAT, IN ONE SCENE SHE HAS TO IMITATE MARILYN — AND THIS, OF COURSE, CAUSED MORE REPORTS THAT SHE WAS GOING TO LET GO AT THE MONROE GIRL. JANE WEARS A BLONDE WIG AND OFFENDS MARILYN'S WALK AND SPEECH. THIS DIDN'T BOther MARILYN IN THE LEAST. IN FACT, SHE HELPED LA RUSSELL WITH THE IMITATION AND REMARKED TO FRIENDS, "WHY SHOULD THIS BOther ME? I KNOW JANE WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING THAT WOULD HURT ME."

THEN THERE WAS THE MATTER OF WHAT WOULD WEAR THE MOST REALIZING CLOTHES IN THE PICTURE SINCE REVEALING THE FORM DIVINE HAS BEEN A SPECIALITY OF EACH. BOTH GET A CHANCE TO SHOW OFF PLENTY OF PULCHRITUDE IN BATHING SUIT SCENES. FOR A WHILE JANE WAS SUPPOSED TO WEAR SLACKS IN A FEW SCENES, BUT IT WAS DECIDED — NOT AT HER INSISTENCE — TO NIX THIS AND ACCENTUATE THE RUSELL FORM MORE. WHILE JANE WILL SHOW PLenty, SHE DOESN'T GO AS FAR AS ONE MIGHT THINK SHE WOULD, AS MARILYN DOES.

FOR A SCENE, MARILYN HAD TO WEAR A COSTUME SUPPOSEDLY OF COSTUMES. COSTUME PERHAPS IS USING THE TERM LOOSENLY SINCE THERE WASN'T MUCH TO THE OUTFIT. THE BIG PROBLEM, HOWEVER, WAS FINDING SOME DELICATE WAY OF MEASURING HER NVEL INTO WHICH A DIAMOND OF THE PROPER SIZE WOULD BE INSERTED. THIS TASK WAS FINALLY TAKEN CARE OF BY THE WOMAN'S WARDROBE CHIEF.

AS FAR AS PUBLICITY PICTURES ARE CONCERNED, BOTH JANE AND MARILYN POSED WILLINGLY FOR THE USUAL CHEESECAKE. JANE, HOWEVER, DID BALK AT ONE SHOT. THE PHOTOGRAPHER ASKED HER TO LEAN OVER FOR OBVIOUS REASONS — FOR A PICTURE. JANE SMILED AT HIM AND SAID, "I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT, BUT LET'S DO IT THIS WAY INSTEAD." AND SHE STRUCK A LESS REVEALING POSE. THIS IS SOMETHING SHE WOULD SCARELY HAVE DONE IF SHE WERE INTENT ON OUT-SEXING MARILYN.

"OF COURSE, I'M USED TO THIS KIND OF BUSTY PUBLICITY," JANE REMARKED. "AND I'M USED TO THE OTHER TYPES, TOO. AFTER BEING IN THE BUSINESS THIRTEEN YEARS THERE'S NO ANGLE THAT IS NEW TO ME. I'VE LEARNED THAT THERE IS A TIME TO TALK SEX AND THE BOSOMY MATTERS, BUT THAT IS NOT ALL THE TIME. JUST AS I'VE LEARNED THAT IT'S BEST NOT TO CONCENTRATE TOO HEAVILY ON THE HOME LIFE AND ON MY RELIGIOUS BELIEFS."

JANE HAS OCCASIONALLY TALKED TO MARILYN ON HOW TO FACE THIS PARTICULAR PHASE OF HER CAREER — AND ONE THING SHE HAS SAID IS FOR HER NOT TO WORRY ABOUT THE KIND OF PUBLICITY SHE HAS BEEN GETTING. AS JANE POINTED OUT, "THIS WILL FADE IN TIME. MY FAMILY USED TO WORRY ABOUT THE TYPES OF PICTURES AND STORIES DONE ON ME, BUT THEY FINALLY LEARNED TO ACCEPT EVERYTHING AS I DID."

"ACTUALLY, MARILYN HASN'T BEEN CONCERNED — EXCEPT FOR THE RELEASE OF THE CALENDARS. HERE SHE FEELS THE LIMIT MUST BE DRAWN AND SHE'S DRAWING IT."

JANE HAS HELPED MARILYN IN OTHER MATTERS, TOO — THINGS SHE HAS LEARNED FROM HER OWN EXPERIENCE.

"I KNOW WHAT MARILYN IS GOING THROUGH BECAUSE I HAD THE SAME KIND OF PROVOCATIVE CONCERN AS AN IMPETUS TO MY CAREER," JANE SAID. "FOR ONE THING, SHE'S A GENEROUS PERSON WITH HER TIME — AS I WAS. SO I'D LIKE TO HELP HER REALIZE SHE CAN'T LET PEOPLE TAKE HER FOR ANOTHER. SHE HAS TO LEARN HOW TO SAY 'NO' TO THINGS. HOWEVER, I'VE FOUND THAT MARILYN IS CAPABLE OF TAKING CARE OF HERSELF IN MOST MATTERS AND FAR MORE THAN MOST PEOPLE GIVE HER CREDIT FOR."

And Jane couldn't be happier with her part. As she said, "I'm having a ball with this because I get a chance to play a smart, wisecracking doll—the kind of role I've always wanted."

Even more than that, in one scene she has to imitate Marilyn—and this, of course, caused more reports that she was going to let go at the Monroe girl. Jane wears a blonde wig and affects Marilyn's walk and speech. This didn't bother Marilyn in the least. In fact, she helped La Russell with the imitation and remarked to friends, "Why should this bother me? I know Jane wouldn't do anything that would hurt me."

Then there was the matter of what would wear the most revealing clothes in the picture since revealing the form divine has been a specialty of each. Both get a chance to show off plenty of pulchritude in bathing suit scenes. For a while Jane was supposed to wear slacks in a few scenes, but it was decided—not at her insistence—to nix this and accentuate the Russell form more. While Jane will show plenty, she doesn't go as far in one concept as Marilyn does.

For a scene, Marilyn had to wear a costume supposedly of costumes. Costume perhaps is using the term loosely since there wasn't much to the outfit. The big problem, however, was finding some delicate way of measuring her navel into which a diamond of the proper size was to be inserted. This task was finally taken care of by the woman's wardrobe chief.

As far as publicity pictures are concerned, both Jane and Marilyn posed willingly for the usual cheesecake. Jane, however, did balk at one shot. The photographer asked her to lean over—for obvious reasons—for a picture. Jane smiled at him and said, "I know exactly what you want, but let's do it this way instead." And she struck a less revealing pose. This is something she would scarcely have done if she were intent on out-sexing Marilyn.

"Of course, I'm used to this type of busy publicity," Jane remarked. "And I'm used to the other types, too. After being in the business thirteen years there isn't any angle that is new to me. I've learned that there is a time to discuss sex and the bosomy matters, but that is not all the time. Just as I've learned that it's best not to concentrate too heavily on the home life and on my religious beliefs."

Jane has occasionally talked to Marilyn on how to face this particular phase of her career—and one thing she has said is for her not to worry about the kind of publicity she has been getting. As Jane pointed out, "This will fade in time. My family used to worry about the types of pictures and stories done on me, but they finally learned to accept everything as I did."

Actually, Marilyn hasn't been concerned—except for the release of the calendars. Here she feels the limit must be drawn and she's drawing it. Jane has helped Marilyn in other matters, too—things she has learned from her own experience.

"I know what Marilyn is going through because I had the same kind of provocative excitement as an impetus to my career," Jane said. "For one thing, she's a generous person with her time—as I was. So I'd like to help her realize she can't allow people to take up all of her time. She has to learn how to say 'No' to things. However, I've found that Marilyn is capable of taking care of herself in most matters and far more so than most people give her credit for."
It is true that Marilyn has been willing to give almost anybody her time. Strange characters will get her on the phone at her hotel and she'll talk to them because she doesn't want to cut them off. This is all because at heart Marilyn is a timid and scared person who wants to please everyone. Now that she's developing more confidence she will probably learn to put a halter on the use of her time.

The only other things Jane has discussed with Marilyn have been the importance of working with a good director like Howard Hawks and of encouraging her to do comedy, for which Jane thinks she has quite a flair.

Marilyn really looks up to Jane in many ways. She once told a friend, “I want some day to have as happy a life as she has—a happy marriage combined with a well-adjusted career. I admire her so much for the wise way in which she has handled her life.”

So you can see this feud is really hot—but only from the amount of aimless copy it has created. Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe have proved that two glamour girls who sell sex provocatively can also be two normal human beings and friends. This is probably the greatest shock ever thrown at the Hollywood rumor factory.

END

WHY GLAMOUR GIRLS GO FOR MICKEY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36)

his idols are Napoleon and Gen. Paul Sheridan, short men who made good in a tall way. Perhaps these theories are actual facts, but we're more concerned with why beautiful girls like Elaine go for Mickey.

As in his previous trips to the altar, Rooney jubilantly declared when he married the comparatively unknown Elaine in the Wee Kirk 'O The Heather chapel in the Nevada resort that it was "for keeps." His utter sincerity always impressed the girls.

Yes, indeed, this time he was "really in love."

They had met only two months before at a Hollywood party, but they "did not run into marriage hastily," he said. "We waited long enough to make sure we were right for each other." Mickey is a born salesman even when proposing.

As at his other marriages, he also was a jittery bridegroom, fidgeting about, fumbling with the wedding ring during the 20-minute ceremony. Naturally, a bride feels that only a groom genuinely in love behaves like this.

Though it is difficult to believe Mickey is still self-conscious about his height, he refused to pose for photographers and whisked his bride away to one of Las Vegas' plusher hotels where they registered as Mr. and Mrs. Joe Yule, Mickey's real name.

Elaine, who had been married once before, has taken her place in the imposing Rooney wedding gallery that once claimed the glamorous presences, successively, of Ava Gardner, Betty Jane Raze, and Martha Vickers.

No glamour boy himself, with his short stature and his wizened, puckish face, Mickey has brashly whirled from girl to girl, making a hit with them because, apparently, he is more entertaining, more energetic, more hep, more flattering and convincing than the average-size man. Like his idol, Napoleon, he works twice as hard at everything in life, especially love, to offset his size.

He bounced with a bang into the life of Ava Gardner, a shy and obscure starlet on the MGM lot during the Summer of 1941. Only 18 years old, Ava had come to Hollywood from her home in Wilson, N.C., after a relative had submitted her picture to a talent scout who, obviously, was having no trouble with his eyesight.

Mickey met her on the set of a picture he was making. She was being shown around by studio officials, and the little guy—he was only 21—was bowled over by the slender, beautiful, soft-spoken Southern girl.

Next day he had a date with her. Soon the dates were piling up thickly. By December Mickey and Ava were engaged. She had fallen in love, too. She also, was impressed—as who wasn't in Hollywood—by the notable fact that for three successive years Rooney had been America's top box-office star.

He was the Napoleon of the films, yet he was novel Ava Gardner's to have and to hold. It was quite a feather in her North Carolina cap. Had he not been the squire of—even reported engaged to—Linda Darnell, Dolly Thon, Sheila Ryan and other beauties?

On Jan. 10, 1942, Mickey and Ava slipped away to Ballard, Calif., and were married in a simple ceremony in the presence of his parents, the late Joe Yule, burlesque and screen comedian, and Mrs. Belle Pankey; his stepfather, Fred Pankey, and Ava's sister, Beatrice Gardner.

Members of the wedding party reported that he was a nervous bridegroom. He fidgeted throughout the ceremony, and at its close kissed the hand of his bride twice.

It is significant that when the wedding pictures were about to be "shot," Ava quickly and solidly took off her shoes. She was five feet six inches tall, but with her high heels a head taller than her bridegroom.

Ten days later the couple were in New
York on a combined honeymoon and personal appearance tour. Mickey made it evident that he was wearing the pants of the family as befitting.

It is on record that Mickey answered not only the questions put to him, but to his wife. Between questions he gazed at his wife on every occasion.

She was asked if she planned to have a family. Undaunted, Mickey interjected: “We want everything that goes to make a happy American home.” Mickey would be twice as devoted as any husband had been before.

But six months later friction was reported in the Rooney-Gardner menage. The story was that his friendship with his old music-loving pals had broken up their marriage, though Mickey denied there had been any trouble.

There followed a series of separations and reconciliations. In September, 1942, Ava declared that “things weren’t happy around home and we decided to call it quits.”

She filed for divorce and asked a share of $200,000 community property. York for embarkation overseas to the Western front. He did not see “BJ.”—as he called her—again until he returned to the U.S. in March, 1946.

Their marriage, too, was a series of separations and reconciliations. They separated for the first time in March, 1947. Following their bitter quarrel. Betty Jane went to court and opened a sharp financial fusillade at her husband who pleaded he virtually was broke, though he was earning a minimum of $250,000 a year.

A reconciliation was effected six months later. It lasted until February, 1948. They then agreed upon a “trial” separation. Mickey went to live with his mother and stepfather. Betty Jane remained in the Hollywood house, for which Mickey was paying $750-a-month rent until he could buy a place for her.

The experimental parting didn’t work out. On March 30, 1948 she filed suit for divorce, declaring she was “convinced Mickey and I could never be happy together.” Two months later Betty Jane won an uncontested divorce.

She got a hefty settlement from Rooney. She received $100,000 in cash over a 10-year period, $25,000 toward the purchase of a home, $3,000 a year for their two children, two autos and miscellaneous property. He also agreed to provide college education for their two boys.

She was awarded the custody of the children—Mickey, Jr., born July 3, 1945, while he was overseas, and Timothy, born Jan. 4, 1947, while he was on a personal appearance tour.

It took neither Mickey nor Betty Jane long to marry again. On June 11, 1949, she became the bride of orchestra leader Buddy Baker at their home.

On June 3, 1949, beauteous honey-haired Martha Vickers, one of the most popular of Hollywood’s glamour girls, became No. Three on the Rooney marital scoreboard. She, too, had been captivated by Mickey’s double amount of zest for living.
His divorce from Betty Jane was entered on the court records only a few hours before he was married to Martha in a simple ceremony in Christ Memorial Unity Church of North Hollywood.

For that matter, Martha's divorce from film publicist, A. C. Lyles, Jr., had become effective only a week before the actress faced the altar with Mickey.

Martha was 25 years old, Mickey a ripe old 29.

After the dominie pronounced them "man and wife," Martha, who loomed almost a foot above the sawed-off actor, stooped over, took his face into her hands and planted a resounding kiss on his lips.

Squeezing the waist of the third Mrs. Rooney, he exclaimed: "I've got a wonderful girl. If I don't make this one last there's something wrong with me. But this one's going to last."

Mickey said he and Martha "had been dating about three months and we've been together as much as possible," and he added:

"A lot of people seem to think we're not right for each other, but I'm sure we're completely happy for the first time in our lives." Trouble with Mickey, his excessive enthusiasm never lasted long and he soon became dispirited, in fact, doubly so.

Mickey Rooney's fond belief that his marriage to Martha Vickers would last forever was shattered only a year and a half after they exchanged their hopeful wedding bands.

On Dec. 6, 1950 they separated, Martha asserting that her husband "didn't like the restrictions of marriage." Revealing plans to divorce him, she said, "We found out we didn't have enough in common."

"My interests are centered in the home, and Mickey's are not," she added. "He will be happier free."

Then, as was the case with Rooney's other marriages, he rallied his enthusiasm and reconciled with Martha. She called off the divorce lawyers.

"We thought it was a shame to spoil the baby's first Christmas," she said. The baby, Terry—Mickey's third son—was born to Martha on April 12, 1950.

The reconciliation lasted only four months, though it was marked by the couple's decision to "work things out, honestly try to make a go of it."

In April, 1951, Martha sued Mickey for divorce. "We might as well get it over with," she said bluntly. "We both know there isn't a chance of our living happily together."

She charged Mickey with being "extremely and habitually cruel." He did not contest the action. The decree was made final in September, 1951. Martha received a large settlement and custody of their child.

Then began a new sentimental phase in the life and times of Mickey Rooney. He started toting a torch. A double torch. Heretofore after a marital bust-up the happy-go-lucky little guy had gone on blithely to new love, a new marriage. But last Winter he admitted he'd like to "try it again" with Martha.

"Nothing is impossible," was his confident comment. "I've been trying to act like a good kid. I hope I'm getting somewhere."

"I know, I know," he said. "I'm supposed to be going out with girls. But I haven't had a date in a long time. Right now I'm concentrating on Martha. A wonderful girl, Martha! She put up with a lot from me."

Time, obviously, healed Mickey's heartache. Time and a new heartthrob in the form of beautiful Elaine Mahnken. There's one thing sure about Mickey Rooney. Beautiful girls go for him!

HONG KONG'S JUDY DUN, fourth in "Miss Universe" contest, is in "Gobi Outpost."

THE JACKIE GLEASON NO ONE KNOWS

(unless the right role comes along," he replied. "I'd like to do a play—on the order of 'Born Yesterday'—with a role similar to that which Paul Douglas did."

But the remark was made with a casual, almost disinterested manner. In spite of the versatility and skill he displays in his TV show, he has no illusions about himself as an actor.

"I shouldn't have been an entertainer at all; I should have been a psychiatrist. That's what I wanted to be, and that's what I am at heart. I like to analyze people, and try to help them. I've made quite a study of psychology; I've read almost everything written on the subject. I've also studied theology, telepathy, and hypnotism," he added. "I own over three hundred books, mostly books relating to psychic phenomena."

He suddenly chuckled. "I showed my library to the last person who came to interview me, and after seeing those books, she forgot all about me, browsed around for a couple of hours, borrowed several volumes, and left. She never interviewed me at all," he said with comic pathos.

"So I won't even look at your books," I said. "Let's talk about you."

"I decided to become an entertainer because you can reach more people in that way than any other. I'd like to see everybody happy, and, at least, as a comedian, you can help them with a few laughs to a little happiness."

"But you enjoy clowning before an audience, don't you?"

"It's work," he flatly stated. Then he shrugged. "Everybody hates his work. And anyone in show business is searching for compensation for something that his life has lacked."

This remark brought sharply to mind the story of his mother's death when he was sixteen, and her burial on the afternoon of his first night as master of ceremonies at the Folly Theatre in Brooklyn.

He was devoted to her, and theirs was a very close relationship—he'd lost his father and an older brother several years earlier—so his very first triumph was completely overshadowed by tragedy. He'd been working for over a year at that time, his first job having been master of ceremonies of Amateur Night at the Halsey Theatre with a salary of three dollars a week which he turned over to his mother. It's doubtful that success, no matter how great, can compensate Jackie for all that has been lacking in his life. There's still a great deal of the lost and lonely little boy in him which may explain his infinite appeal.

"I'd like to write a book about us—all the crazy people like actors, writers, artists—we're not normal. The most important thing in life is to be, not a great actor, painter, musician, or great anything—but just a nice human being. And that's all that I want to be."

"Why don't you write that book?" I asked.

"I'm going to," he firmly stated. Then he lightly added that he'd already written two books—and torn them up. "They weren't good," he said, "so why keep them around?"

"One," he continued, "was on the subject of psychokinesis."

The big word threw me. "Which?" I asked. "Pardon me while I run out and buy a dictionary."
He laughed. “It’s the science of psychic phenomena.” He went on to explain that it had something to do with the ability of mediums, for instance, to make tables move.

“I laid my story in a monastery, and it was a bit out of line, I guess, according to Catholicism,” he smiled ruefully. “So I tore it up.”

Catholicism is the faith he chose for himself. “I thought about it a long time—and then I made up my mind.” He showed me the medal of St. Genesis, the patron saint of all actors, which he wears around his neck on a slender, golden chain. Then he told me about the time he substituted as a Sunday school teacher at a Catholic chapel in Hollywood. One of the teachers hadn’t appeared due to an emergency, so Jackie offered to take over the class of small boys. The priest laughed and said, “Jackie, you’re an actor. Those boys ask questions, and you’ve got to answer them.”

“I’ll answer them,” Jackie replied with all the confidence and aplomb of a night club emcee who’s learned to hold his own with practiced hecklers.

The priest was dubious, but there was still no teacher for the class, so reluctantly, he gave in.

“I was getting along fine,” Jackie recalls with a laugh, “when this bright-eyed little sprite pops the question why he should go to Confession. I hedged with another question, trying to get his angle, and the kid pipes up with, ‘Well, I go to Confession, and I confess that I’ve lied and stolen—and I’m forgiven. But I know all the time that I’m going to do it again, that I’m going to right on lying and stealing, so what’s the use of my confessing?’ It doesn’t do me any good, so why go on doing it?”

“How am I going to answer this one?” Jackie asked himself, racking his brain. “Well, I’ll tell you a story,” he said, playing for time, and trying to hold his audience. But he couldn’t think of a story which would answer the question.

“I’ve got quite a supply of stories stacked away, but none of them was suitable for the occasion,” he chuckled. So he finally said to himself, “Guess I’ll have to do it.”

“Well,” he began slowly, “there were two young frogs who fell into a jar of milk, and as they hadn’t learned how to swim, they began to flounder helplessly. They slushed and struggled, and they tried, and they tried, but they couldn’t swim. So one of them gave up in despair, and wailed hopelessly to the other, ‘It’s no use; we’re going to drown, so we may as well go down together.’

“But the other frog gasped, and choked, and croaked, ‘I’m going to keep on trying!’ And he went right on kicking and flailing his legs about, trying to swim. So the first frog sank to the bottom alone and drowned. This made bubbles rise to the surface, and what with the other frog still kicking and kicking and kicking, and churning up the milk, a blob of butter suddenly appeared in the milk. So the frog climbed onto the blob of butter like an island in a storm tossed sea, and was saved from drowning. That’s why you keep on going to Confession.”

“It seemed to answer the question with satisfaction,” Jackie finished modestly.

Somehow the conversation got back to books and he expressed admiration for Voltaire, Plutarch and Freud. Most modern writers leave a great deal to be desired, he thinks. He doesn’t agree with the critics about Hemingway’s “Old Man And The Sea”—thinks it something he should have written for his own pleasure, then torn up.

I asked when he found time to read so much. “I have insomnia,” he explained, “so I read most of the night.”

He played the “For Lovers Only” recordings for me, and I told him that I thought they were quite wonderful—which I do, particularly “Melancholy Serenade,” the theme of his TV show which Jackie wrote. So he asked if I’d like to go along to the recording ses-

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Milton Berle with his mother and his best girl, Ruth Cosgrove, arrive for the Broadway opening of Danny Kaye’s show at the Palace Theatre in Manhattan.
The numbers recorded that evening were of the hot Dixieland variety, with only a few phrases now and then suggestive of the romantic, haunting poignancy which distinguishes the “For Lovers Only” music. But I thought the music very fine indeed.

Most of all, however, I was both impressed and fascinated by Gleason, the Musical Director. This was a completely different man from Jackie Gleason, the comedian, and star of a big TV show. I’ve watched him at rehearsals of the show, and marvelled at his ease and nonchalance. He works, and works hard, but he’s got that offhand, effortless manner which is probably due to years of training and experience. When he directs his musicians, it’s something else again; it looks very much like love to me.

Yes, most of all, Jackie loves people, and he’s constantly surrounded with them. His apartment overflows with friends and guests streaming in and out as though it were always Open House on New Year’s Day. And Jackie thrives on it. You don’t have to be around him long to learn that he’s an extremely lovable understanding human being who likes to make people happy.

More than the awards being handed to him right and left these days, he’d like, I think, the words that I overheard from a hatchet girl, formerly a show girl in a night club where Jackie was involved. She was the one who said, “He’s not a half as nice as most of them; he’s just a real nice guy.”

END

BRAINS NEED A LOW NECKLINE
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

about to give Marilyn, to say nothing of Hedy and Marlene and Jane and Corinne, some concern.

Of her new intention to get down to bare essentials, Vanessa delivered a typical explanation as befitting her lofty IQ:

“I see no reason why I shouldn’t consider posing at a very discreet and artistic manner to carry out the central theme of my new play. I just don’t feel I can actually give the part the fullness and shading it demands unless I go through the experience of posing in the nude.”

She meant that sex appeal had become a necessary ingredient of an actress’ success.

Meanwhile, she did not realize, she added, that so many married photographers existed in Hollywood.

Following the back-to-nature school of Marilyn Monroe is Vanessa’s latest, though not so surprising, phase in a busy career that is increasingly pointing away from exploitation of brains to that of beauty.

Once asked if brains were a handicap for a girl, she said explicitly and without the slightest hesitation:

“But I have no actual frame of reference to give me the feeling of a girl who has posed in the nude.”

Move over, professors, for a young woman who can rationalize intellectually with the best of you! The phrase “frame of reference” is a neat bit of entangling alliance with Supermind.

But Vanessa is aware that regardless of her lack of experience as a poseur au naturel the quickest way for a girl to lose a man is to let her brains show.

Show him a few other things, is her advice. Plunging necklines help, she asserts, “I love them, I think they’re very pretty. I favor them,” she says frankly, “because I have nice shoulders.”

She prefers sex appeal in the movies to mental magnetism any day. And she is thankful that television came to her rescue and substituted sexiness for braininess.

To look at her figure equipped to fill a bathing suit as it should be filled, to note her eager air, her vitality, her chestnut hair and vivid blue eyes, you somehow don’t think of her as an intellectual.

“The kind of women who have a terrific impact on the world,” she says, “don’t struggle with sex versus brains. Each quality complements the other.”

As a measure of her mental versatility, while all the time getting closer and closer to nature, she has also been busying herself broadcasting in German, French, and Italian over “The Voice of America.” And just before election she appeared in a newspaper forum discussing—believe it or not—ideas for voters.

Not long ago the compellingly un-plain Miss Brown said that women who are only endowed with beauty are often tragicfigures, for “they make so many mistakes.” A disarming statement, for sure. Was she not conceding, without her realizing it, that she was a young woman who not only had good looks but something more?

Such a comment helped to take her out of the shrinking violet classification in which some Hollywood authorities had placed her.

Her TV parts—more than 60 of them in the past year, for which she crossed the continent 16 times—were, she said, a complete reversal of the prim, reserved characters she had been saddled with on the screen.

She must have been referring to her past performance in the “proper Bostonian” in The Late George Apley and the stilly decorous maid in The Heiress.

Vanessa had come to Hollywood originally with the reputation of having been an intellectual wow as a quiz brat. The publicity of being a mental giant who always came up with the right reply did not do much for her marked looks.

Aware of Hollywood’s gift for exaggeration, she made the pointed reminder that “if you are able to add one and one you immediately get a reputation for being a marvel.”

The astonishing Vanessa had one of the highest IQ’s in the film capital. When she was only 13 and answering questions like an Einstein, she won the rating of 165. Genius rating, really.

In her new emancipation from the category of excessive mentality she also has branched out in physically magnetic parts on the stage. She played a role similar to Scarlett O’Hara in Shaw’s “Philanderer.” She toured with Katharine Hepburn in Present Laughter.

These activities served to arouse Hollywood’s interest anew in Vanessa’s film potentialities. Hollywood rubbed its eyes with the realization that here was a dynamic, devastating glamour girl, as well as a hefty thinker.

The studios even began to consider her for cheesecake roles. Cast as the scantily-clad Jane to Lex Barker’s Tarzan, her film fortunes seemed beginning to turn. But it was not smooth going, even though she was making the curves with ease. Her sexy scenes were stolen by Cheetah, the chimpanzee. That was a tough break!

No one should get the wrong idea about her, however. She is still interested in culture and higher education.

“I’m going to get my master’s degree someday,” she declares. “But I will get it under my real name of Smylla Brind.”

Why not under that of Vanessa Brown, the name Mervyn LeRoy gave her when she became a screen actress? Then she could go on to get a Ph.D. Dr. Vanessa Brown in electric lights on theatre marquees would not be over-forbidding.

As the newest answer to a photographer’s dream, she must realize now that it was easy for her with her curves and her brain to be a college student and a movie actress at the same time. As a matter of fact, she has been combining higher education and an acting career for many years. Why not? Her father is a language teacher, her mother a practicing psychologist.

Vanessa came here with her parents from her native Vienna when they saw the Nazi storm clouds gathering. Pretty and talented and intelligent, she was quickly engaged for a child part in the play, “Watch On The Rhine” in Chicago. Radio scouts saw her, signed her up for the Quiz Kids show. Hollywood scouts then heard about her, looked her over,
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End
UNCOVERING A NEW MONA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

play bit parts. Her best role for Paramount, before securing her release, was “Dear Ruth.” Meanwhile, she married Pat Nerney and soon had a daughter, Mona. The marriage, like her movie career, started off promisingly, but gradually faltered. Mona and Pat separated. Well, with the jolting experiences Mona was getting, careerwise, and worldlywise, she really grew up, got the looks, poise and characteristics of a mature young woman. The lack of these had previously hindered her progress. Now, Mr. Hughes again has Mona working for him. But it’s a brand new Mona. She’s in “Angel Face” and will follow this as the star of “Size Twelve.” It is now agreed the new Mona is ready for full-fledged stardom. Nothing is more exciting than that for an actress. Mona, at last, will know the joys and sorrows of being a really big star.

WHAT HOLLYWOOD ITSELF IS TALKING ABOUT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

one of the nicest guys in or out of this town. People close to Anne think she’s a little mixed up, what with all the eccentric antics she’s been pulling, prompted by a local press agent. Then there’s the school of thought that she’s torching for John too, and that they’ll get back together and make sense.

The newest character in town is Richard Burton, the exciting and attractive young Englishman of “My Cousin Rachel” and “Desert Rats.” He’s a pal of the James Masons and he and Mrs. B. moved in with Jean Simmons while Stewart Granger was away filming “All The Brothers Were Valiant.” For gags, Burton sidles up to pretty dolls and, making like a gangster, asks them if they want to see his gun. So out he comes with a dangerous looking model which turns out to be made of rubber. Everybody is crazy about this guy, and he’s copped off one of the real plum picture parts—he’ll be Marcellus in “The Robe.”

When Peggy Lee married Brad Dexter her favorite director, Michael Curtis, attended the wedding and offered to give it a real professional touch by suggesting that they move the altar to another spot for a better effect. He was kidding, of course. Everybody’s happy about this marriage on account of Peggy’s one of the nicest gals in this town.

Haven’t heard much about Cornel Wilde lately? Well, he and Jean Wallace are off in French Morocco where he’s making “Saadia” for MGM. Before they left, Franchot Tone put up a protest about Cornel and Jean taking the two Tone sons with them because he was afraid it was an unhealthy climate. Jean used to be married to Franchot, you know.

Those two sensational youngsters, the Bell Sisters, make their movie debut in Columbia’s “Cruisin’ Down The River,” Lotta singing talent in this one—Dick Hayes, Billy Daniels and Connie Russell will take the musical cruise.

When the romantic Vittorio Gassman came to Hollywood he expected that things would be different from the realistic, on-the-spot way Italian pictures are made. He expected large sound stages, elaborate costumes, and the works—the way Hollywood’s always built up. So his first picture was “The Glass Wall” which was made on the streets of New York, nowhere near a studio sound stage. The elaborate costumes he expected to wear turned into one outfit—a beatup pair of pants and a sport shirt—that cost all of $16. All the same like in Italy.

Director Henry Hathaway of “White Witch Doctor” watched his star Susan Hayward open a large box of roses on the set one day, and asked her who sent them. Susan said she’d sent them to herself, just because she loves flowers.

An attractive young man who’s a good chum of ours—name’s John Raven and you saw him in “Rancho Notorious” and “San Francisco Story”—has been working like crazy on a new nightclub act which will have its debut come about now in one of London’s swankiest supper clubs, the Berkeley.

Two who might become a team are Rosalind Russell and Marie Wilson. With the great success of “Never Wave At A Wac” the gals decided it’d be fun to do a repeat, and their next one has Roz as a TV actress getting involved with a gangster’s girl—Marie, of course. Sounds like fun.

Couple of married teams are getting together professionally—Richard Conte and his Ruth are appearing in Alex Gottlieb’s mystery meller, “Blue Gardenia,” and Ronnie Reagan’s little woman, Nancy Davis, joins him in the Ford TV Theatre production “First Born.” Nancy’s been so busy being Mrs. Reagan and having a child that she hasn’t given much thought to her career.

Mari Blanchard, U-1’s newest glamour gal, gets a strenuous workout in “Prince Of Bagdad” when she walks through about 90 guys having a blood-and-thunder brawl. The studio picked out two husky wrestlers to pilot her safely through the slugging mob into the waiting arms of Victor Mature.

What to do with your old shoes if you’re a romantic star named Jeff Chandler. Seems a fan of his wrote and asked Jeff for a cast-off pair of his size elevens. Jeff sent them off to her and forgot about the strange request until he got a letter from his admirer telling him she’d planted flowers in them and that they were growing just fine. Along with Jeff in “East Of Sumatra,” Latin boy Eugene Iglasias (you saw him in “The Brave Bulls”). At a party Carole Mathews gave, Gene not only cooked up a batch of sensational Mexican food but he also sat down with his guitar and played and sang some of the most exciting Andalusian folk-songs we’ve ever heard. Couple of producers at the party were bug-eyed listening, so you’re apt to be hearing Gene do these on the screen.

We sneaked up on a sneak of U-1’s “Take Me To Town” which Ross Hunter, who produced it, has been so excited about for the reason that a gal by the name of Joan Shelley can star. Well, you’ve just never seen Annie until you see this one. She is but great!

Oh, we gotta tell you the gag Jeff Chandler played on Marilyn Maxwell in “East Of Sumatra.” Marilyn’s supposed to sock Jeff on the jaw and, quite to her horror and dismay Jeff spit teeth in all directions after she punched him. Jeff the Joker had supplied himself with some trick teeth without Marilyn knowing it, and had a prop man all primed to rush up with a towel covered with ketchup to add more realism to the gag. Just before Marilyn swooned, Jeff hurried up to explain it was all for laughs.

Latest romance of Terry Moore’s is the attractive young actor Lawrence Harvey who will make his American debut as Caligula in “The Robe.” Things are on the up-beat for Terry, whose emotional part in “Come Back Little Sheba” made everyone Moore conscious.

Bob Wagner and Barbara Stanwyck still continue to be very close and to have fun together—while Bob Taylor takes Ursula Thiess around when he isn’t off hunting or flying his airplane around the country.

Saw Richard Long at U-1 the other day—looking just as young and cute as he did before he went off to the wars. Reckon he’s glad the “Ma And Pa Kettle” series sort of dimmed while he was away—he was about to be typed forever as their son. Now maybe he can get into the glamour department again.

Two of my favorite people, Gene and Miriam Nelson, celebrated their eleventh wedding anniversary. Gene was in a celebrating mood because he got to shave off a big old handlebar mustache he’d been growing for weeks for a picture. Finally Warners notified him he could shave as they were switching him to another film, so he was able to look his cute self for the anniversary.

END

END
TY'S GAY DOUBLE LIFE

Francesca. She, unquestionably, is the strongest bond between them. Ty is so fortunate in having a woman like Linda for a wife. She has loved him unselfishly, lived in his shadow, without subjugating her own sparkling individuality. She has made him forget his marriage to Anna-bella which turned out unhappily; also his rebound romance with Lana Turner which, after so swift and direct a start, floundered hopelessly. Linda, too, has encouraged Ty broadmindedly in his career, especially during that depressing period when, no matter how tirelessly and conscientiously he labored on films, none proved a box-office success. Ty loves his Linda deeply. Yet he's devoted to his career as an actor. But it's a double life of which Linda, now living one of her own, naturally approves.

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

Marguerite Piazza hopes to star in an Italian movie based on the life and times of composer Puccini late this Summer during her "Show Of Shows" vacation. She's mourning the loss of her devoted husband, the late J. Graves MacDon-ald . . .

Wally ("Mr. Peepers") Cox, who never got more than a faint nibble from Holly-wood talent scouts while he was in New York cafes and musical revues, is now fighting off the movie moguls who have invited him to write his own ticket to Movieville. To date, Wally says "no thanks." He'll stick to TV . . .

Little Doe Rogers, the baby girl recently adopted by Roy and Dale Evans Rogers, is a Choctaw Indian taken from a Texas orphanage. Roy, himself part Choctaw, hopes that he and Dale will have another addition to the family via the adoption route on or about next Thanksgiving Day . . .

THOUGHT WHILE DIALING:—Doesn't Dagmar get confused when people she knows hail her by different names. For instance, when she has to answer to "Dag," "Jen" or "Ginny" what is the immediate thought association she has with those nicknames which are really meant for Dagmar, Jennie and Virginia, in that order. Born Virginia Ruth Egnar, she adopted Jennie Lewis as a professional name before switching to Dagmar for her video debut several years ago. She has every intention of making Dagmar the remaining Dagmar in the future, but I just can't help but wonder what her reaction is to, say, some shrill feminine voice shrieking "Jen" or a deep basso male thundering out "Hey, Ginny!" Knowing Dagmar, I don't believe she'd tell, which is all the more reason why I'm curious . . .

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER! Ventrilo-quist Paul Winchell had to sleep the night in the lobby of an over-crowded Provi-dence, Rhode Island, hotel recently when he went there to make personal appear-ances. Although he had telephoned in a reservation himself, there was no record of it when he arrived to check in. After spending an uncomfortable, sleepless night, it was discovered that the reserva-tion in Paul Winchell's name was auto-matically listed by the room clerk in the name of Jerry Mahoney, Paul's famous side-kick, dummy!

After their local commitment, Paul and Jerry went on to make another personal appearance in the toy department of a large store in Newark, New Jersey. Large newspaper ads had heralded Paul's ap-pearance days before. When he arrived in Newark, a big hurricane was in progres-s and a near-state of emergency had been declared as a precautionary measure. Nevertheless, there were several hundred youngsters in the store's toy department waiting patiently for Paul and Jerry. Paul was frankly amazed at the turnout and approached a young mother of a five-year-old boy who was present.

"Why did you bring your little boy out on a day like this?" inquired Paul. "There's a ferocious gale blowing out-doors."

The woman, sighing deeply, replied, "I promised my little boy that he could see you today, and if you know anything about children and about the nagging that takes place if you disappoint them, then you'll appreciate why in compari-son with all this, the storm outside is nothing!"

BUSY SIGNALS: Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are as contrasting in back-stage manners during a TV show rehe-sal as they are in physical appear-ances. Dean performs as required by his director, then in-between times, he relaxes completely leaning or sitting, mildly bored with everything going on about him. Jerry, on the other hand, never calms down, instead he's forever running all over the place, revising bits of horseplay business to be done on the show, changing cueing lines with the cooperation of the director. In general, he's a beehive of activity when he's not practising or performing. The only time in recent memory that Jerry was relaxed during a TV program rehearsal was the afternoon he almost collapsed from fright. His $7,000 movie camera which he had brought to the studio with him was "missing" when he went to record a few

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LONDON CALLING: Romney Wheeler, chief of NBC’s London bureau, has been a constant overseas caller with news about NBC’s TV coverage of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in London, June 2nd. Plans for bringing the royal festivities to NBC TV audiences have been under way for more than a year. Not until the great day is closer at hand will it be officially announced by NBC Television here and in London, that it will be brought “live” to American video audiences.

GIT ALONG LITTLE MAGGI, GIT ALONG—Gabby Hayes went to bat in defense of other famous, if not all cowboys, who on and off TV wear their hats, the ten gallon lids, that is, in the house. Fans who have been curious as to the correctness of this practice can be assured that ranchhands and cowmen wear their hats at home without any qualms from their womenfolk because the wide-brimmed felt makes the best eyeshades. Ranchhouse guests in the West can spot an Easterner the minute he walks in and automatically doffs his Stetson. According to Gabby, the Emily Post of the Corrals has approved the wearing of hats indoors. It isn’t quite clear to many a dude, however, just why a man means an eyeshade in the house while he’s having dinner or playing cards.

Sticking to the Boots and Saddles side of the news this month, Gene Autry came through with an explanation as to the difference in the pronunciations of the word rodeo. From what Gene had to say, Westerners call cowboy roping and riding contests, ro-de-o, but what they call the working round-up is ro-day-o. To make my education in matters wild and woolly more complete, Gene also volunteered the information that just as trained nurses can recognize each other’s school by their caps, one cowboy can tell another’s home state by the size, shape and crush of his hat.

MOVIE AND TV GET-TOGETHER: One of the most exciting theatrical events of the season added glitter and gaiety to the local Broadway sector and was shared by TV audiences through the facilities of the American Broadcasting Company. At the famous Roxy Theatre, the world premiere of Gene Autry-Faye Emerson-Fred MacMurray color musical production, “Stars And Stripes Forever,” was emceed by Robert Q. Lewis and your correspondent during a 30-minute ABC video show. Robert Q. and I chatted with the stars as they arrived by limousine. In addition to society, theatre and civic notables in attendance, TV stars who added large globs of glamour and excitement were Gertrude Berg, escorted by her husband; Gladys Swarthout, Arlene Francis (with hubby Martin Gabel), Rita Gam (with her ditto, Sidney Lumet), Dorothy Kilgallen, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, Eloise McEllhone and Fran Warren.

It was Gertrude Berg, in black velvet and a black fox stole, who created the greatest stir in the Roxy lobby as she arrived in front of the TV cameras and smiled her greetings to the thousands of fans who were blocking traffic and cheering her entrance. The beloved actress wore a large diamond lavaliere and in her hair, a matching pin sprayed with diamonds that sparkled like a halo as she strolled into the theatre. A far cry from the house dresses of “The Goldbergs.”

TV’S TEN BEST DRESSED MEN—After very careful consideration, I’ve decided to take the plunge and get myself out on a limb over just who the ten best dressed men are in television. The task of selecting men whose tastes in tailoring and the manner in which they wear their clothes, come under the heading of “best dressed,” hasn’t been an easy one. Observation of the personalities chosen below (and please note see list them alphabetically to avoid mayhem within the ranks) was done while the men were on and off TV screens. Since many of our television stars sometimes wear costumes or the traditional dinner jackets during course of their shows, it has only been fair to give each of the gentlemen considered (and those could choose from) every opportunity to shine in apparel that was becoming and correct at all times, as seen by me at parties and other functions requiring the candi- dates to be at their best dressed. Unbeknown to them, they were thoroughly scrutinized and scored in-between cannot apes, cocktails and chic chat. Your admitted Mata Hari submits the ten best dressed men in TV, to wit—Desi Arnaz, Lee Bowman, Bud Collyer, Perry Como, Robert Cummings, Bob Hope, Gordon MacRae, Robert Montgomery, Bud Palmer, Erizo Pinza.

BEST HOSTESS OF THE MONTH was Dorothy Kilgallen, the brilliant “What’s My Line” panelist who, with her husband Richard Kolmar, gave one of the season’s gayest parties at Sherman Billingsley’s famous Stork Club. Charming in motif with superb Cantonese cooking the featured cuisine for the midnight revels, Dorothy had as much fun planning the party as each and every one of their guests did being there. Held in the private upstairs quarters at the Stork, the room was gaily decorated with numerous hand-lettered signs in Chinese script and several headwaiters had donned coolie costumes complete with caps and pigtails to complete the oriental effect. Peter Lind Hayes arrived wearing a Sherlock Holmes-type of jacket with a flap-earred cap to further set off the effect. Exiting from the elevator he insisted he and his wife Mary Healy had arrived by way of a rickshaw which he explained was then standing out in front of Mr. Billingsley’s establishment. Dorothy’s guests just took Peter Lind’s word for it and let it go at that. A scout later reported that a young white mare and dilapidated buggy were driven down the street and that the animal was attracting considerable attention by passersby. Busy munching a bag of fresh oats, the horse seemed to be sporting something that looked like black bangs, a set of oversized artificial eyelashes (made of crepe paper) and a rather exotic expression, something the theatrics of this horse. Even with this wild report, guests refused to budge from the party to investigate.

Hostess Dorothy, regal and stunning in a white tulle gown by Cell Chapman, greeted her guests as they arrived and most of the early party-goers were married couples such as Faye Emerson and Skitch Henderson, Anne Jeffreys and Robert Sterling, Mr. & Mrs. Tom Rogers (she’s an MGM executive in NY), Frank Chapman and Gladys Swarthout, Ed and Janet Madden (he’s an NBC-TV veepie) and Mr. & Mrs. Huber Boscowitz, socialist friends of the host and hostess. Gladys Swarthout and Gypsy Rose Lee both wore flame red evening gowns and shortly after 2:00 A.M., Gypsy Rose Lee, who had just arrived from Europe that morning and didn’t have a regular gown to wear, had to literally back out of the party in the red spangled costume she wore. Having sat down once, “Gyp” split her dress from hip to ankle and had to leave as unobtrusively as possible. This, as anyone can tell you, is not the easiest thing in the world to do, not in a red dress anyway.

All in all, it was a fun party and Dorothy is to be congratulated on its tremendous success.
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tive unknowns being presented by producer Stilling as his personal discoveries, it was Van himself who first-off reminded impresario Stilling that he, Van, worked in another "New Faces" revue, vintage of 1937, and that at the time he was following in the footsteps of other "New Faces" of earlier years, Henry Fonda, Imogene Coca, Eve Arden, Gypsy Rose Lee, Tyrone Power and Richard Carlson among them. Van went from the 1937 "New Faces" into the chorus of the Roxy Theatre stage shows and later appeared in such musicals as "Too Many Girls" and "Pal Joey". It was his work that sent him on his way to Hollywood fame.

While chatting with "Pal Joey" star, Vivienne Segal, in her dressing room backstage at the Broadhurst Theatre, several callers were announced to Miss Segal (who was the star of the original production of "Pal Joey" when Van was hoofing in its chorus), Desi Arnaz among them. In time, Desi who was featured in "Too Many Girls" with Van, started a gabfest that went on and on. When the trio decided to cross the street and have supper at Sardi's they discovered the popular actors' hangout had closed. It was three o'clock in the morning! That's one reunion in Manhattan none of them will ever forget.

Manhattan autograph-seekers have found a new spot for securing signatures of Hollywood stars. It's a small art gallery on fashionable Madison Avenue in the 60's called The Little Studio. The steady stream of Hollywoodites who drop in to view the exhibits and perhaps make a purchase or two, do so because the art shop has several famous movie stars sponsoring it. Ginger Rogers, Dorothy Lamour and Faye Emerson are a few of the patrons, in addition to some of New York's top society leaders. The combination of Hollywood names and Gotham topdrawer socialites makes the gallery a hit of the screen stars bound east for New York.

It must be the cultural atmosphere, for every request for an autograph has been granted to date, with the usual exceptions being Katharine Hepburn and Greta Garbo. The well-mannered youngsters who have been milling about the shop have been Joan Fontaine, Robert Montgomery, Eleanore Parker and Dorothy McGuire, among the many, only too willing to comply. In defense of the Misses Hepburn and Garbo who never do give autographs, the celebrated actresses may not make it a Red Letter Day for the youngsters outside, but for the unknowns whose works are displayed for sale inside, it's a different story. Both Hepburn and Garbo buy works of art in The Little Studio the way most of us purchase magazines. Several struggling artists who have been unheard of in the past, have suddenly become established through the sale of their easel efforts as Garbo and Hepburn who pass the paintings on to personal friends as gifts.

Abbe Lane (Mrs. Xavier Cugat) featured in her movie debut in U-'s "Wings Of The Hawk," will be given a big build-up by her studio after a publicity whirl in and around glamorous New York night spots. Originally a Brooklyn girl, Abbe appeared on the Broadway stage as Abbe Marshall, a singer in a musical called "As The Girls Go." In the show she was from time to time either a platinum blonde, a red head or a striking brunette. When she became vocalist with the Cugat orchestra (and eventually his bride) her hair was coal black. She's a protégé of Vincent Lopez, the man credited with sending Betty Hutton on her way to fame. For her second screen appearance, Abbe Lane is reported to chalk white on in a bid to out-Lana Turner, and to out-measure Marilyn Monroe. Of all the newer actresses who are being hailed as "another" Turner and Monroe, Abbe Lane comes closest to having the talent to make a name for herself and to move in on that territory reserved for topflight Screen Queens. Further, Abbe has youth, she's nineteen and has a burning desire to be a major motion picture actress.

**NOW IT CAN BE TOLD:** When Shirley Booth went to Hollywood for the first time to make, "Come Back, Little Sheba," her chief problem was not how she would photograph on the screen, or whether her performance would please moviegoers, but how she would get through the main gate at the Paramount Studios. Unknown to studio officials and other Paramount employees, Shirley decided that when she approached the famous iron grill gates she would merely announce herself to the gateman as "Miss Booth" and see Mr. Hal Wallis please and let it go at that. Mr. Wallis could then send someone out to get her and take her into his office.

The first day she had to report for work she no sooner opened her mouth to speak, than the gateman removed his hat, swooped down into a bow and grinned, saying, " Glad to see you, Miss Booth." To which Shirley replied, "But I'm a Hollywood girl!" Shirley, delighted with the unexpected reception, couldn't resist asking him his name and how he recognized her.

"Very simple," is what doorman Tom Matson answered. "I spend my annual vacation in New York taking in all the Broadway stage plays. I've seen you in other shows. I think you're the 'take the best, drop the rest' sister Eileen' and that was more than twelve years ago. How could I not know who you are. You're my favorite stage actress!"

That will explain how it is that when Hollywood gatekeeper Tom Matson visits New York late next month he'll be Shirley Booth's guest at a performance of her newest stage hit, "The Time Of The Cuckoo" which she opened in after finishing the film version of "Come Back, Little Sheba" . . .

**BRIEFS:** George Sanders and Zsa Zsa Gabor tiffed in the lobby of their hotel, before he left for London, then kissed and made up all the way out to Idlewild Airport for the benefit of photographers . . . Before departing for Jamaica, B.W.I., for film work, Stewart Granger packed several jars of preserved chestnuts to take with him, a gift for Winston Churchill, visiting the West Indian island at the same time . . . Ethel ("Call Me Madam") Merman and singer Russell Nype exited from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, got caught in the pouring down pour and delayed the departure of the royal couple, who fell victim to the hordes of photographers they had been avoiding all evening . . . Colette Marchand of "Moulin Rouge" and Jeanmaire of "Hans Christian Andersen" are both being sought for roles in John Murray Anderson's "Almanac," a forthcoming musical . . . Ethel Waters, the "Member Of The Wedding" co-star, and Lena Horne are both candidates for major roles in another pending Broadway musical, "Be My Guest" . . . Elizabeth Taylor will do her Easter shopping along Fifth Avenue and then parade in her new Spring finery come April 5th.

Dame rumor has it along the Broadway Beat that Sylvia Ashley Fairbanks Gable, the "ex Mrs. Clark" that is, has a financial as well as romantic interest in Richard Greene's planned movie, "The Promise," which will be filmed in Italy late this summer and Greene himself ends up his acting chores with the touring play, "Dial M For Murder." His contract for the latter expires May 30th. His agreement with the glamorous Sylvia gives her the right to sit in on story and casting conferences for "The Promise." Deanna Durbin is still in the running for the lead role in 20th Century-Fox's musical production originally called "The Girl With Black Glasses" and set in the famous Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The plot of the film, which parallels the real life experience of Roberta Peters, will be enhanced with Technicolor. Miss Peters won acclaim on the Met Opera stage several years ago when she stepped into the role of Zerlina in "Don Giovanni" after Nadine Conner collapsed with a sudden illness. Deanna, who has been dieting carefully and maintaining her voice lessons daily, made sure that Miss Peters who has been seriously considered for the leading role in the film now tentatively called, "Opera House." Columbia University officials in uptown Manhattan aren't sure if they want Stanley Kramer, producer of "The Caine Mutiny," to send cameramen and equipment to the college campus for exterior shots of the famous university. On the other hand, nightclub proprietors on New York's West 52nd Street, the famed "Swing Lane," are hoping they'll get into the act and be included in the Big Town scenes.

Several of those recorded Barbara Payton-Sonny Tufts on-the-set explosions and line fluffings during rehearsals for "Run For The Hills," are now being played by New York radio personalities who entertain visiting celebrities with the amusing recordings. They are considered by many to be the funniest of the more recent recorded flubs, the best, at least since Bing Crosby's memorable singing slips made at recording sessions for "Holidy Inn" and "Going My Way."
it adds a sensuous look! Obviously, a liquid formula is an essential to achieve the subtleties necessary in these tricks with rouge. Helena Rubinstein has a new Silk-Tone Liquid Rouge created especially to blend into your natural skin tones without leaving any hint of where the color begins or ends.

Further requirements for “The Siren Look” include a vivid red lipstick, to make your lips more provocative, and an Auto-pencil and Waterproof Mascara to emphasize your eyes. The eye pencil also should be used to etch the eyebrows in a tapering line that is heaviest at the beginning and arched in the middle for a sophisticated “high brow” expression. And there you have all the ingredients to turn you into an alluring 1953 edition of the female fatale.

When it comes to facing the problem of improving skin texture the scientific answer is always lanolin, because lanolin approximates the natural protective oil of the skin itself. Most of us understand this truth but many still fail to realize that lanolin is equally beneficial to hair. It’s another reason why Lanolin should make Lustre-Creme Shampoo such a potent ally in your post-Winter campaign for glosy, manageable tresses. The shampoo itself is a super-cleaner that makes a luxuriant lather in spite of hard water. The lanolin does its job of conditioning so unobtrusively you’d never suspect the shampoo even had any in its formula.

You use Lustre-Creme just like other shampoos—first wetting the hair thoroughly, then applying a small amount of the frothy cream and working it into a lather with your fingertips. Rinse and repeat until the hair is clean. Lustre-Creme is a favorite with a great many stars who not only use it themselves but recommend it enthusiastically.

There’s another exceedingly helpful boon to hair beauty that you should know about because it too contains procaine. You get it by going to your neighborhood drug or variety store and asking for “Nestle Superset Waving Lotion”—an eight-ounce bottle sells for only 25c. You won’t find the lotion either thick or sticky, nor will there be any of that flaking that is the main objection to so many setting preparations. What you will discover is that Super-Set gives your hair body and helps keep it sleek and glosy. Other plus features are the rapidity with which the lotion dries and the very pleasant fragrance it leaves on your hair.

Any perplexity you may have been feeling about just which perfume to wear when you leave home should be speedily routed by Bourjois’ “Carnival of Values.” Here are three famous perfumes—Endearing, Evening in Paris, and Mais Oui, arranged in a gay patent purse kit. The trio in cigarette cases comes packed in a bright red case. Translated into stock form, the three are packaged in gold foil. Each set is just $1.

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By MARY MARATHON

Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok! Anybody who doesn't stir to the mention of these daring Americans who left us such a wealth of true adventure stories... just doesn't know how to LIVE! Two of the most colorful characters in our history, Buffalo Bill's and Wild Bill's fight through rugged wilderness and over scorched desert to open a mail route to California, makes every minute of "Pony Express" a breathless experience! It's a picture that will give you that exciting feeling of being part of a glorious venture! That's the way I felt. I wasn't just watching it... I was WITH it!

* * *

The story is based on incidents that occurred after the founder of the Pony Express commissioned Cody (Charlton Heston) and Hickok (Forrest Tucker) to blaze the trail westward to California. There's stirring heart interest, as well as action. Denny (Jan Sterling), a charming, reckless tomboy, adores Cody and dreams of being his bride. She has some pretty stiff competition in the beautiful person of Evelyn Hastings (Rhonda Fleming), a volatile redhead!

* * *

Evelyn and her brother are on the side of the rebellious Californians who, incited by crafty foreign agents, feel their state will fare better isolated from the Union.

* * *

There's a thrilling climax involving Denny. Your heart will ache for her but I'm not going to reveal all now. Just make sure to hop to it... when the "Pony Express" rides your way!

* * *

If you hear someone say "It made my hair stand on end," you can bet that he—or she—is talking about "The War of the Worlds." E-e-e-k! Remember your favorite thriller? That was a cozy fireside story by comparison. When I viewed "The War of the Worlds," my scalp felt as though an Indian warrior from the pioneer days was practising his favorite hobby—with me as the scalpee! And what made me shiver? In a nice, warm projection room?

* * *

"The War of the Worlds" opens on a high note of terror. Out of a sudden, flashing brilliance in the sky, numberless huge, fiery objects come crashing to earth, spraying screaming heat rays that destroy everything in sight!

* * *

What are they? You can't talk me into telling you! This is the kind of picture that has so many surprising turns that I want them to be surprising to YOU. Just go see "The War of the Worlds" and be scared yourself! And you'll never have a more fascinating time being frightened. I WILL tell you that the invaders are finally destroyed—And HOW... will AMAZE you!

* * *

There's another thriller coming along that I'll get my typewriter into for the next issue of this column. It's "Jamaica Run," starring Ray Milland, Arlene Dahl and Wendell Corey. I KNOW you'll want to hear more about this one. It's a picture with murder... suspense... and an underwater action scene the like of which YOU'VE NEVER SEEN!
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by Lynn Bowers

"Desi, we got it!" cries Lucille Ball, as the Arnazes receive the "Emmy" for the best situation comedy show at the Academy of TV Arts and Sciences dinner.

Well you can't hear yourself talk or think in Hollywood because of all the noise about 3-D. Not since the days when silent films went out in a large, fat huff and sound came in with a crash has there been so much hubbub. For your info, if you don't know—3-D is the curved screen processes (there are about a billion different ones already) that will make the "flats" (new name for the kind of pictures you see now) as old hat as a horse and carriage.

Hollywood's talking about the surprise-surprise marriage of Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac that happened in Palm Springs—the favorite spot of this glamour duo. They're both avid and very good tennis players and P.S. is the spot for all that and romance too. All the characters around the Racquet Club, who predicted this one would never last, are undoubtedly eating their tennis racquets, liberally sprinkled with diet dressing.

The decision of June Haver to give (CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)

Magic tricks are Tony Curtis' hobby since he and Janet Leigh made "Houdini," their first film together. Here they're at Screen Directors' Award Dinner.
Dick Conte and his wife at Chasen's. They are both in "Slaves Of Babylon."

Judy Garland and hubby Sid Luft at the Mike and Gloria Romanoff party.

Elizabeth Taylor with her infant son, Michael Howard Wilding, born Jan. 6th.

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Stop perspiration and odor with the safe-and-sure deodorant

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what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

be left alone, so they gladly complied.

The newest infant of the golden spoon set, with the top-heavy title Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV, came into the world as famous as any child of royalty and maybe a little more so. Just goes to show what TV can do for a young fellow.

And speaking of TV—when it was announced that the beautiful Mary Astor was making her comeback in a TV series called, "Career Club," she was practically snowed under by picture offers.

With all the—shall we say—more mature male stars like Humphrey Bogart, Gary Cooper, etc., after the Ernest Hemingway novel, "Old Man And The Sea," for motion picture starring purposes who should grab it off but Spencer Tracy. He'll be just perfect in this absorbing tale.

Another tour that was a big success—Carole Mathews, who hit the road for U-I with the picture, "Meet Me At The Fair," which is her first big flashy screen role. After her new one (for 20th Century-Fox) shows up on the screens, the gal will be on her way to stardom. The 20th flicker is "Fight Town."

Well, it isn't often that a stork and separation rumor hits one family at the same instant practically. But it happened to the Tyrone Powers. Finally L & T convinced the press (1) that they were expecting the addition and (2) that they weren't planning any separation. Mr. P. is an absolute sensation in his tour of "John Brown's Body."

The wise-crack of all time—from Marilyn Mmmmmm. When a nosey character was probing about the famous calendar pose and asked Marilyn did she have anything on at the time, our girl replied: "Of course—the radio." That's tellin' 'em, kid.

Can you imagine Lana Turner taking up skating???? That's what she's done, now that Lex Barker is an important part of her life. They flew off on their mule-trains to Aspen, Colorado, for the sport immediately after Lana finished up "Latin Lovers" at MGM. This gal never impressed anyone in town as being a sports lover.

The hot seat that was given Bob Hope on the set of Paramount's "Off Limits" was not instigated by Bing Crosby, seems he was liberally padded with asbestos
before a shot was made with Ski-Nose’s britches on fire. But the liquid smoke was so hot that our boy had to have a little emergency treatment and double asbestos padding before he could go on with the scene.

The talk of Hollywood is young Harry Belafonte, whose opening at the Coconut Grove was a smash success. He’s sort of a balladeer type, but the most exciting singer to hit this town in a long time. You’ll see him in the MGM picture, “See How They Run.” Tony Curtis, one of Harry’s best pals, was so nervous on opening night that Harry had to tell Tony funny jokes to get his mind off the nerves. Dan Dailey, with a covey of glamour girls, was ringside; Mitzi Gaynor and Wanda Hendrix in other parties.

How would you like to give birth to four daughters in four weeks? That’s what’s happened to cute lil red-head Marilyn Erskine at Warner Bros. Reason she’s having such a batch of kids—she plays Eddie Cantor’s wife in “The Eddie Cantor Story.”

It’s gonna be a little tough on Bing Crosby when he starts making “White Christmas” because that young, talented scene stealer, Donald O’Connor, is co-

(Continued on page 70)

Hardy Krueger, star of German “Moon Is Blue,” with Movita Dawn Addams.

The David Nivens at the Romanoff party for both casts of “The Moon Is Blue.”

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It’s the best... yet costs less
That master spellbinder, Alfred Hitchcock, reaches new heights of suspense with “I Confess,” which has Montgomery Clift as a priest accused of murder, yet unable to defend himself, and Anne Baxter as a girl who played an innocent part in his past.

**Your guide to current films**

*by Reba and Bonnie Churchill*

BOUND by the secrecy of the church confessional, Father Montgomery Clift, finds himself accused of murdering a prominent Canadian businessman. Although the real murderer (O. E. Hasse), a gardener at the parish house, has confessed to him, Clift cannot break ecclesiastical law to expose him. Under the relentless probing of Karl Malden and Brian Aherne, the Crown's prosecutor, a case is quickly assembled against the priest. Blood-stained robes are found in the parish house; Anne Baxter, wife of a prominent member of parliament, reveals that she was being blackmailed by the dead man who once caught her and Clift in an innocent but embarrassing situa-
tion, and finally, there is the testimony of two teenage baby-sitters who saw a priest leave the house the night of the murder. The priest suddenly finds himself on trial, with the real culprit calmly sitting in the court room viewing the entire proceedings. It is to this exciting climax that the master spellbinder, Alfred Hitchcock, pilots the film with all the emotion and abandon of a runaway rollercoaster. RKO.

Off Limits

Bob Hope packs a real fun wallop as a fight promoter who joins the Army to protect his prize investment, champ Stanley Clements, who's been drafted. When Army medics okay Hope and reject the fighter, Pvt. Ski Snoot does everything to get out of the service, but winds up assigned to a military police unit run by rule-spouting Eddie Mayehoff. Hope's stint with Uncle Sam is further complicated by Mickey Rooney who has aspirations to become a fighter. Hope fluffs him off until he gets a good look at Mickey's aunt, Marilyn Maxwell, and decides that the kid's fight background may be lacking but there're some pretty good lines in the family. Although Mickey gets off to a poor start, he eventually becomes champ of the local military base and wins a bout with Bob's former protege, Clements. Hope, with the advantage of knowing both fighters' techniques, masterminds one of the weirdest matches ever filmed. It's fun, fast and laugh-loaded. Paramount.

Salome

Columbia's Technicolor temptress, Rita Hayworth, provides all the passion, promise and allure evident in King Herod's court during the days of John the Baptist. As the stepdaughter of the pagan king (Charles Laughton) and his scheming queen (Judith Anderson), Salome has been banished from Rome because of her romantic involvement with Caesar's nephew (Rex Reason). Revengeful of all (continued on page 14)

A promise of passion in Rita Hayworth's eyes lures Charles Laughton in "Salome."
The Romberg music is beautifully sung by Kathryn Grayson and Gordon MacRae in “The Desert Song,” wherein Steve Cochran is the third corner of triangle.

As a fight promoter temporarily in the MP’s, Bob Hope promotes himself into a romance with Marilyn Maxwell, who is Mickey Rooney’s aunt in “Off Limits.”

The life of impresario Sol Hurok is the springboard for great musical moments in “Tonight We Sing,” featuring Ezio Pinza, Byron Palmer and Roberta Peters.

**Your guide to current films**

**CONTINUED**

Romans, Salome peppers her return home by taking spite on Claudius (Stewart Granger), a Roman soldier and convert of John the Baptist. Unaware of her parents’ true nature, the princess realizes the prophet’s outrages against the court are making her parents unhappy and orders Claudius to arrest John the Baptist (Alan Badel). Instead, he takes her to the prophet, whose spiritual perception convinces her of the truth of his sayings. To protect him from the trickery of her parents, Salome offers to dance for her covetous stepfather, a symbol that she will submit to his will, in return for the prophet’s freedom. The climactic dance of the seven veils, the lavish costumes and the gaudy Technicolor lensing provide a bizarre impact of the Orient Columbia.

**The Desert Song**

SEYMOUR ROMBERG’s musical classic shows off to good advantage in this Technicolor film, with Gordon MacRae and Kathryn Grayson paired in romance and song. Whenever the Riffs in the Moroccan desert need a leader to help them regain their just rights against Sheik Yousseff (Raymond Massey), a victorious commander, El Kobar, mysteriously appears. The tribes of the desert do not know that El Kobar and the shy professor named Paul Bonnard are the same person. Gordon MacRae plays both parts with vigor and good humor. While posing as the teacher, he is instructed by French captain Steve Cochran to help the general at the French Legionnaire headquarters to get his daughter (Kathryn Grayson) to attend to studies. Kathryn, who much rather study Cochran than listen to Latin as taught by MacRae, completely forgets her crush when she meets El Kobar in the sheik’s garden. She is unaware that MacRae is both persons, since his veiled costume keeps his identity as the Riff leader a secret until he kidnaps her to bring her general father to terms. All winds up happily with the French supporting the Riffs and the villainous sheik being trotted off to the pecky. Kathryn is the last to learn of MacRae’s dual personality, but when she does, makes the most of it. Warner Brothers.

**I Love Melvin**

FLECKLING news photographer Donald O’Connor soon learns that a press pass can get you into a lot more than a free show—namely, plenty of hot water. When he wanders backstage of a hit New York musical, he talks chorus Debbie Reynolds into a date by telling her he wants her to pose for a national magazine. As the romance progresses, much to the opposition of Debbie’s parents, Don soon has a jillion pictures, but no place to put them, for the magazine he represents employs him as an
apprentice to eccentric photographer Jim Backus. To get himself off the hook with Debbie’s family, who are beginning to suspect his delaying tactics, Don fakes a magazine cover with Debbie’s picture on it. Pandemonium breaks loose with father quitting his job, mother easing out all of Debbie’s other suitors, and the neighborhood alerted for publication day. When equine instead of chorine appears, Don does the only sensible thing and hides out until a reconciliation can be affected. Film is bouncy and tuneful, with Don joining moppet Noreen Cochran for a show-stopping dance. MGM.

The Glass Wall

Producer Maxwell Shane continues his man-in-the-street film technique with New York locations, hidden cameras and off-beat castings providing unusual settings for this tender narrative of a displaced person (Vittorio Gassman) who is refused admission to the U.S. and jumps ship. Unable to find the lone GI who can vouch for his underground work and help him win admission to this country, Gassman begins an almost futile search for a clarinet player named Tom, living somewhere in New York City. In the 24 hours he has before the ship sails he and he is declared a fugitive, Vittorio finds few who will befrend him except factory worker Gloria Grahame. It is she who eventually leads immigrant officials and the missing Tom to the United Nations building (the glass wall) from which Vittorio has decided to jump rather than face deportation. An impressive film debut for Shelley’s guy Vittorio, plus a top-notch entry in the documentary field. Columbia.

Tonight We Sing

A musical potpourri skillfully blended for all tastes and saluting concert manager Sol Hurok is served up by producer George Jessel. Technicolor movie shows Hurok (David Wayne) as an un- talented, but devoted patron of the arts, who is fired from his job in a Russian hardware store. On the eve of his dismissal, he attends an opera featuring Feodor Chaliapin (Ezio Pinza), who...

(Continued on page 161)
As a psychological study of a killer and two hostages, "The Hitch-hiker" is taut entertainment, with Frank Lovejoy, William Talman and Edmond O'Brien.

The Hitch-hiker
You will be glued to your seat for 90 taut minutes by this psychological study of a killer and two hostages. William Talman, an escaped convict, is making his way to Mexico and freedom by hitch-hiking across country. He thumbs a ride, murders the driver, and proceeds on with the stolen car. After two such happenings, he flags down an auto with Edmond O'Brien and Frank Lovejoy. The latter are going on a fishing trip—they have no idea the hitch-hiker they picked up is the wanted killer. It is only via the car radio that they begin to suspect. Talman tips his hand and forces them at the point of a gun to dodge road blocks and the police to get him to the border. O'Brien and Lovejoy are aware that death will be
The Glass Wall," tender tale of a D. P.,
stars Gloria Grahame, Vittorio Gasman.

their fate at the end of the ride. A
gripping climax results in the capture
and death of Talman, with Lovejoy and
O'Brien cheating death. Film marks an-
other orbic for Ida Lupino as the direc-
tor. Filmaker's Prod.—RKO.

All Ashore

Mickey Rooney scuttles his usual
brash, egotistical role to play fall
guy for shipmates Dick Haymes and Ray
McDonald in this breezy by-play of three
gobs on leave. Haymes and
McDonald are broke and decide to muscle-in on
Mickey, who has saved $300 for a spree on
Catalina Island. Their high-powered
plans go astray, with Mickey losing his
money and the trio forced to work its
way over to the resort on a passenger
ship. Once on the island, Mickey's
friends find Peggy Ryan and Jody Law-
rence much better company and desert
him. Alone and lonely, Mickey decides
to go back to the mainland, when he
notices Barbara Bates having trouble
with the motor of her boat and offers
to help her. The act not only wins him a
girl, but the support of Barbara's wealthy
father, who offers to aid him when he's
discharged from the service. Easy-going
Technicolor musical designed for the
family trade. Columbia.

She's Back On Broadway

Fading movie star Virginia Mayo re-
turns to the Broadway stage in the
hope it will hypo her film career. Pro-
ducer Frank Lovejoy is delighted with
the backers her name still attracts, but
stage director Steve Cochran is a lot
more suspicious. He warns Lovejoy that
Virginia is using the play as a stepping
stone back to Hollywood and will leave
them flat after opening night. Lovejoy
ignores the warning, and rehearsals get
underway, with Cochran and Virginia
continually needling each other until the
inevitable eruption occurs. After carry-
ing on solo for a week, they both learn
the uncomfortable fact that they are
much better together and reunite in
time for a successful opening night,
which has Virginia spurning movie offers
to remain on Broadway. Lots of lively
dancing and catchy tunes have been in-
cluded in this WarnerColor package
which also co-stars Gene Nelson, Patrice
Wymore and Virginia Gibson. Warner
Brothers.

END
The Happiest Wedding of Song and Dance in Many a Honeymoon!

This one is really stacked with greater-than-ever musical fun!

The Farmer takes a Wife

BETTY GRABLE
DALE ROBERTSON
THELMA RITTER
JOHN CARROLL

Produced by Frank P. ROSENBERG
Directed by Henry LEVIN
Screen Play by Walter BULLOCK

with Eddie Foy, Jr. · Charlotte Austin · Kathleen Crowley · Merry Anders · Donna Lee Hickey

From the Stage Play by FRANK B. ELSER and MARC CONNELLY · Based on the Novel "Rome Haul" by WALTER D. EDMONDS

"On the Erie Canal" · "We're Doin' It For The Natives in Jamaica" · 
"We're in Business" · "Today, I Love Everybody"
Danton Walker's

HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

At work or play, visiting Hollywood stars can set even sophisticated New York back on its heels

Zsa Zsa Gabor who used to be known locally as Sari Gabor Hilton, is as beautiful off-screen as she is on. Her complexion is the envy of most other cinema queens but her habit of giggling continuously at everything that is said or done is beginning to bore most of the New York hosts who entertain Zsa Zsa when she comes to town. She hasn’t appeared in a single movie yet that she didn’t purr and giggle her way through every scene. Years ago, Norma Shearer was told by several intimate friends that her habit of giggling like a school girl made most people nervous just listening to her. Norma, fortunately, broke herself of it in one week. Zsa might do the same and put an end to this unattractive nonsense.

Although Broadway stage plays, especially comedies, seem to be the goal of most film stars, it took Tom Ewell and Vanessa Brown to pick the plum comedy of the year in "The Seven Year Itch." The play is such a hit that Ewell’s Hollywood pals insist it should be renamed to read "The Seven Year Hitch," since the star may have to stick around New York just about that (CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)
My daughter Gene fell in love with England and the ballet while playing opposite Clark Gable in “Never Let Me Go,” which was filmed in MGM’s studio outside London. Playing the part of a Russian ballerina, Gene spent several hours a day on ballet lessons, and acquired an authentic accent from a Russian coach. She just loved the ballet lessons and wants to keep it up even now that the picture is finished. Her little daughter, Tina, and I were in London with Gene while the picture was being made, and we all three became balletomanes.

Not only did Gene take lessons every day at the studio, but every so often she went into London for a lesson with the great Anton Dolin, who said she had a real flair for it. He had never, even in a professional ballerina, seen more beautiful hand work, which seemed to come to Gene naturally. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)

The English spot of tea was a habit with Gene while working in London.
BLONDES . . . Restore the golden color of youth—or add henna or auburn color.

REDHEADS . . . Lighten your hair to red-gold—or enrich its natural henna or auburn color.

GLORIOUS COLOR-HIGHLIGHTS sparkle your hair when you use Nestle Colorinse. Removes dulling soap film—adds glamorous color-highlights—makes hair softer, silkier, easier to comb and set. Use Colorinse after every shampoo—or whenever hair looks dull and drab. In 10 beautiful shades that rinse in—shampoo out! 6 rinses 25¢; 14 rinses 50¢. Nestle COLORINSE

RICHER COLOR TINTS glamorize your hair when you use Nestle Colortint. Enriched with Processed Lanolin, nature's wonder ingredient, to enhance your natural hair color or add exciting new color. Blends-in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair. Lasts through as many as 3 shampoos. More than a rinse but not a permanent dye! 10 glamorous shades. 6 capsules 29¢; 12 capsules 50¢. Nestle COlORTINT

LIGHTER, BRIGHTER COLOR . . . as much or as little as you choose in one application—with Nestle Lite. Enriched with Processed Lanolin to leave hair wonderfully soft, silky, natural-looking. Lightens blonde hair, brightens brown hair, accentuates red tones in brunette hair, adds glamorous golden streaks, disguises gray hair. Quick and easy to use—contains no ammonia. $1.50. Retouch size 79¢. Nestle LITE

HAIR LIGHTENER

BROWNETTES . . . Lighten hair to a golden brown—or add henna, auburn or rich brown color.

BRUNETTES . . . Lighten hair—odd gold or red or deepen its blue-black color.

GRAY . . . Add silver color, blue highlights or steel-gray tones.
In her free time she read books on the ballet and also about the great ballerinas. When she came home to our London apartment each evening, it was a circus to see Tina and me taking lessons from her on what she had learned that day. She wasn’t in the house five minutes when the Victrola went on and we were off. If a stranger came in on us suddenly, he would have thought he’d struck a mad house. Grandmother, mother and child running around, trying to emulate ballerinas. Gene was so mad about the dancing that every time I turned around she was executing a step and counting out loud. We went shopping one day in London, and in the midst of buying sweaters she broke out into a dance. And the day she first got up on her toes we opened a bottle of champagne.

Altogether, we had a wonderful stay in England. The English countryside is all it is cracked up to be. The flowers, both wild and otherwise, are breathtaking. We stopped everywhere to look at them and tried to find out the names of the ones we didn’t know, and had not seen in our country. Every now and then Gene saw a lovely old whitewashed farm house and said, “That’s the kind of place I want to live in.” Her enthusiasm for England and the English was something.

Socially we were pretty gay, but of course only when Gene was not working the next day. We went to a couple of splendid plays. The theatre in England is superb. Of course we saw Hepburn in “The Millionaire” and were very proud that our compatriot was the biggest hit in London. One night Jose Ferrer invited us to a party at the Cafe de Paris where Noel Coward was the entertainer. Mr. Coward came to our table to chat with us. He is utterly charming and the epitome of sophistication. Just like a character in a Noel Coward play, Gene said.

At a party given by Douglas Fairbanks we met the Duchess of Kent, who is as lovely as her pictures. I liked her tremendously. She recommended a milliner to us, and the next day Gene and I both bought hats from the royal chapeau maker.

Gene went to every ballet in and around London. Once we went all the way to Portsmouth to see The Festival Ballet of Dolin and stayed for the afternoon and evening performances going behind the scenes between performances to get the atmosphere of backstage. At the opening of the Festival Ballet in London, Gene met Princess Marie Louise, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, who is a patroness of the ballet.

We spent ten days in Cornwall while the company was on location at Mullion, a beautiful spot, right on the sea. Several times I had dinner with the gang, as they called themselves. I (continued on page 63)
Here, at Miami Beach, ready for a dip in the inviting pool of the Sherry Frontenac Hotel, are two lovelies in left to right, Catalina’s “Border Butterfly” and “Success Story.” Catalina is the “Official Swim Suit of the Miss Universe Beauty Pageant” held at Long Beach, California, July 9th to 19th.

World playgrounds preview

New Swim and Sun Fashions

Below: One of the most luxurious ways to enjoy the soft waters of the Caribbean is at the Silver Sands Beach Club at Jamaica. Here, sipping coconut milk from a close-by tree, a visitor wears Catalina’s “Shirmaker,” 17.95.

Shopping in the native marketplace at Chichicastenango, Guatemala, is a most exciting vacation experience. Completely unspoiled by any modern-day innovations, it carries on century-old traditions. Here, bargaining for hand-crafted souvenirs are vacationers wearing, left to right, Catalina’s “Candy Denim” gingham shirt with matching pedal pushers and “Tennis Club” terry shirt with tennis trunks.

When it makes fashion news . . . it’s Catalina

Look for the Flying Fish

Suntan by Skol

For name of nearest store, write Catalina, Inc., Dept. 512, Los Angeles 13, California
They kept their love a secret while all Hollywood wondered about a possible romance . . . now, at last, Lex Barker talks of the Turner he knows

By MAY MANN BAER

"Lana Turner is the nicest girl I have ever met in Hollywood," Lex Barker said quietly. But the way he said it—spoke volumes. "She is a wonderful, wonderful girl and believe me, my feelings toward her, after we met and became acquainted—were so sincere and of such respect—that I was afraid to take her out for fear it would be termed another Hollywood name-linking. Or that I was attracted to her for any reason except that she is feminine and lovely to know." This, he said, the day he returned from two weeks in Mexico and Lana had returned the same day from her Nevada divorce from Bob Topping.

Several weeks before, right after Marion Davies’ fabulous party when Hollywood was all question marks about Lex and Lana—were they dating?—and what was it all about anyway?—Lex was at our house one evening. And I asked him. "Truthfully," he had replied then, "I had never met Lana before the Davies party. My date (Susan Morrow) was asked for a dance and Ben Gage and Esther Williams asked me, while I waited, to sit down at their table. The only empty chair was one next to Lana and we were introduced. Fernando Lamas, who was her date, was in a long discussion with some one about something and Lana, tired of the drawn-out argument, turned to me, 'Let's dance,' she said. We danced one minute and Fernando blew a fuse. I couldn't understand what it was all about. Lana laughed helplessly, a little embarrassed, and I went on my way. I had no idea that we would ever see each other again."

The next morning's papers, of course, revealed that the Turner-Lamas romance was "quits." Fernando had the good grace to call Lex's agency and leave an apology for his actions. Since Lana could not be reached at all, the press carried stories that Lamas had called it (CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

"We both had unsuccessful marriages . . . we're ready to settle down . . ."
Moira MacDonald, John's love in "Return To Paradise," has charm, talent, beauty and sex!

NATIVE GIRLS...

What I found out about

In the film, islanders live under a dictator who has decreed the laws of nature are sinful.

Between scenes, Moira and another beauty in the cast go in for swimming and fancy diving.

Samoan girls accept their hours of love with a charm that leaves them fulfilled yet still yearning for more.

Love is the most important part of life to the native girls of Samoa.

Because of their intense feeling of its importance, the art of South Sea love-making, by natural instinct, is to them uninhibited, open, warm and irresistible in the surroundings of the rendezvous secretly picked by the island girl and her lover, under a balmy tropical moon-washed night. And by the light of day, this same lovely creature is still, by nature, shy, quick to laugh, eager for romance and always ready to fight for her man.

The passion and excitement of Samoan love-making is as dramatic, exaggerated and full-blown as its lush green ferns and banana leaves, elephant trees, flying foxes, sudden tropic rains, depleting mid-day heat and its magical moons. The Samoan girl's life and dreams are full of courtship of which there is so much; of her last, her present or her dream lover. There is no frustration, or loneliness for love in a Samoan girl or boy because it is taken as naturally as the sun, the stars, flowers and air. Yet it is never taken for granted and, moreover, never abused.

When the rendezvous is picked and the moon starts its bright two weeks cycle over the island (CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)
In filming "Return To Paradise" on Samoa, John Hudson and Moira MacDonald made love for the cameras in native fashion—dramatic, exaggerated, full-blown love.

Even by the light of day, the lovely Samoan girl is eager for romance and always ready to fight for her man. John hopes to return some day to the island paradise.
Take it easy, Ava

Ava Gardner should know that you can go so far—and then you have to stop—before disaster overtakes health or marriage

By LEONE MATHEWS

SULTRY, ever-vivacious Ava Gardner glanced into the mirror of a make-up case, and slim, frowning Frank Sinatra stood nearby—his suitcases packed. Another hour, and each would be alone, Frankie flying towards a night club engagement, Ava left behind in the heart of Africa, pursuing her career, her life, her supreme ambition.

Suddenly, in the arid, burnished sky, a small speck appeared. It might have been a hawk—or a vulture. It circled, turned, and veered, and disappeared into the East; no one thought of it again.

The small private airplane put down on a nearby airstrip. Its sole occupant stepped out and from then on was lost in the hubbub of "on location" activities for "Mogambo." Frankie bid a fond au revoir to his spouse. Ava faced the jungle cameras.

But that night was another story. In the MGM camp there was a stranger—an elegant, youngish, rather handsome refugee from the civilization of Great Britain. He was Dr. Robin Humphreys, a noted English doctor, member of the faculty of St. John's, and someone who had looked over Ava Gardner when she was rushed to London when the bunda had caught up with her.

His arrival was hush-hush. How he got there was plain. He had come by air—in a hurry. Who had brought him there was another matter. The studio? A worried husband? Ava herself? No one knew. All that was known was that he wasn't a casual caller, dropping in for a cup of tea.

His departure was equally mysterious. He no sooner came than he was gone. Clark Gable clinked glasses with him, Ava herself was hostess at a small dinner in one of Nairobi's hotels. The movie workers showed him how the wheels went round. Like any white man who drops in unexpectedly on a safari, he was welcomed and not questioned. He was everybody's friend, without being any particular person's friend. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

Frankie and Ava have reached the danger point where one is going up, the other marking time.

Co-star Clark Gable bid Ava a fond farewell as she departed the African location of "Mogambo."

An English doctor flew to the African jungle to tell Ava the truth about herself.
What sort of sex appeal do they like best?
Why are some men scared to be sentimental?
Mitzi has the answers and more besides!

Let's talk about

Mitzi wants a man who is ready for adult love, doesn't want to be a mother to a husband!
Men can be more fascinating than anything else. But they're so complicated! There is nothing simple about the mechanism of men. Just jar it and you're in a jam. All of them, I have been discovering, are definitely guaranteed to make a girl continually wonder.

What sort of sex appeal do men like best? And what puts a particular man in a strange mood? I know that's what I'll ask myself sooner or later today. Often I feel like singing, "You must have been a bewildering boy, for baby—look at you now!"

Only I don't. After all, I want to hear my phone ring again. Any girl, in or out of Hollywood, is sure in her heart that an eager masculine voice at the other end of the wire is much more exciting than a shattering silence.

So he's male and a mystery. So this can't drive me mad. He's up to me to solve!

In the past six months I've been analyzing the men I've dated. Secretly, of course, for I'd never want a man to feel like a specimen. I've found out that all men certainly are not alike. What's attractive to one can mean almost nothing to another. You can't claim it's a girl's hair, or figure, or cooking that counts most. Where there's a man you never can tell in advance what's going on in that intriguing head of his!

It takes time to size him up correctly. I attempt to adjust accordingly. I'll admit a girl is always absorbing one more unexpected lesson.

I wonder why a man wastes his time trying to outsmart a woman with little white lies. Men who foolishly fence themselves in with falsehoods can thrill a girl and cause her plenty of nervous tension. But they grow bored when she presumes he'll maintain his pose. I realize a convincing line may click for a while. But when I catch on to pretense, he no longer is the strong male he'd hoped I'd suppose. After they trip on their tall tales such men don't panic us any more because they're pathetic. They don't wish to lie, but they go on imagining they... (continued on page 56)
"I believed love should bring pain as well as pleasure. I was wrong," admits Anne

Saw only him—and I was ecstatic and miserable, radiant and tragic—all at the same time. I thought I was in love—and this was it. The "Once In A Life Time." I had never before been in love.

I read poetry and believed it—that love should bring pain as well as pleasure. I was seventeen and like many of the very young, I had the tendency to dramatize my emotions.

My career in radio and modelling had begun when I was a little girl of seven. Now I was doing well on TV and my mother was extremely worried at my confused emotions which were playing havoc with my work. My willingness to let my personal feelings over-rule my good judgment—even to the point of throwing away all of the progress I had made in my career to please this boy—was not entirely rational. And yet, by his actions, he condoned it.

"Stay single. If being engaged to him makes you this miserable—what will marriage do?" a studio executive told me. That was the day I broke in the middle of a show. I was unable to train my mind on the continuity of my dialogue. I had had a quarrel with my boy friend just before I went on the air. My eyes were also swollen from crying.

"You can't pick up a career again so easily. You're just beginning to live. If you get married, you're dead," was his advice.

I did not have the emotional experience then to realize that with a real honest love, I could have a full life, as I am enjoying now.

I met—I shall call him Bob—at an advertising agency where I had been asked for an interview. He was a commercial artist. He was 20 and tall with black hair—and large black eyes—which, of course, made him very handsome. He had a tremendous personality—one that instantly drew people to him. Ours started out as a fun romance. Only gradually did I finally become aware—that he was selfish, an egotist and was immature—that he had no thought or consideration for me. It was not by intention but he was incapable of any depth of emotion other than for himself.

The day I was to make my (continued on page 58)
Terry's technique for dating

By Ben Maddox
What she will and won't do,

exactly where she draws the line and why, are

revealed by Terry Moore, as she discusses

precisely what a "date" deserves

Tantalizing Terry Moore has turned out to be this year's most terrific girl! Any unattached male with marriage on his mind will tell you that. There is no mistaking the high-voltage impact she has. Her proud escorts ache to prove it's possible to make her fall in love and they persist in proposing a wedding.

What she will, and won't do, when an exciting man looms, needn't be a vague matter any more. Terry's told me exactly where she draws the line, and why.

Sometimes she rushes at life with so much zest I call her wacky, but always it's evident that she also is wonderful.

"Boys are one of the best things to have around," she said radiantly, when we began a recent long luncheon together. I pried her away from a group of severely smitten admirers, because I'd sworn to sum up her private code with men. The right response to a man, or the wrong reaction, leads to feminine completeness or deep loneliness. And Terry's not lonely! If you combine the race for her exclusive devotion, with her new long-term contract to star for 20th Century-Fox, it's clear why this is the happiest month so far in the exhilarating saga of the voluptuous Miss Moore.

A sudden, amused, remembering look stole into her heart-stopping, huge blue eyes. "I mean men are nice company," she hastily added, afraid I might misinterpret her actual attitude towards age. "Chronological years have nothing whatsoever to do with masculine sex appeal. If he has a passionate urge to live fully, he is a real male at sixteen or forty-six!"

She won't, you gather correctly, stubbornly limit her horizon on this score. Incidentally, Terry herself is now a luscious twenty-two.

Off the screen her gorgeous shape is amazingly packaged in a mere hundred, perfectly placed pounds. Without her high heels she's only five feet two. Her face beckons with a fresh allure she doesn't spoil with excessive make-up. You may recall that during the transition period in her career, it decorated the covers of twenty-two magazines. Her gay smile bursts from a temptingly generous mouth, and you note with a jolt that her brow has a contrasting, classic serenity.

Then she warms up on a subject and you find out why her personality packs such a merry, magnetic punch.

"I don't believe any date deserves to be made over!" she observed candidly. "There's room in this world for many sorts of people. A bossy female has too much nerve! If I'd be frustrated not being myself, why wouldn't a man be? Why (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

Terry is the outdoor girl, in championship form, when she's dating a sportsman.
What "I love you"
means to Jane

Why these beautiful words, to Jane Wyman, are more important than all else married life has to offer

"It's funny about Hollywood," Jane Wyman observed. "You can know someone for years, see him at parties, meet him at previews—in a sort of casual, friendly way—and then suddenly your work throws you in his company and you begin to know him so much better. You discover so many things you have in common—music, certain hobbies, a particular song you both adore, the way you can laugh at the same incidents, be concerned about the same things—and before you know it, you find you're in love with a wonderful guy!" Jane's dark eyes snapped with a little light of mischief as she slyly added, "and it's so perfect when you discover that he's in love with you, too! Makes it unanimous!"

You've probably guessed by now that Jane was talking of her new husband, Freddie Karger, a most charming and talented musician. This is a departure for Jane. She never used to share her private life with her public. However, since her marriage, Jane is perfectly willing to tell the world how really happy and in love she is!

She'd known Freddie for years, Jane told me, as we talked together in her most exquisitely furnished library, where paintings by famed artists line the walls. It is a rich, warm room, reflecting the charm of Jane herself, who that day was most attractive in her pale blue terry cloth robe, with a gaily colored kerchief tied around her head—as unpretentious in her manner as only a sincerely great personality can be.

In a gossip town like Hollywood, where everyone thrives on "from one delicious scoop to another," it's highly amazing that Jane and Freddie were able to keep their romance off the front pages. No one suspected it at all, for Jane Wyman's name had been linked with so many others, like Greg Bautzer, Lew Ayres, Travis Kleefeld. But she side-stepped marriage with these likely eligibles, disappointing all the columnists who had predicted this "glorious state." And then suddenly she ran off, leaving everyone with "their deadlines down," and married Freddie Karger.

They had fallen in love while they were both working on the same picture, then aptly titled "Love Song," in which she co-stars with Ray Milland. Freddie was writing all the musical arrangements, which included all of Jane's songs. They say that Jane (continued on page 68)
"No girl," declares Rosalind Russell, "need be single when, with just a little effort, she can get any man she wants."

Any girl can get any man she wants! If she stays single, it's because she wants it that way. When a woman makes up her mind that a certain man is the one she wants to marry, all she has to do is go after him.

The absolute conviction with which Rosalind Russell spoke intrigued me. "Supposing there isn't a man in view that she really wants," I challenged. "She can't create him out of thin air!"

"She has to find him," Roz returned imperturbably. "She has to go on a man hunt."

"But where?" I persisted. "You can't exactly go to the Bureau of Missing Persons in search of a man you've never even met."

"If a girl wants a job, she goes after it," Roz said. "She doesn't sit around waiting for the job to come to her, does she? Well, marriage is a career too—and the most important career for a woman, as anyone knows—so you have to approach it in the same way."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63
Why I Married Cara...

Cara Williams awakened in young Johnny emotions he had never before understood. "It was like a flame of fire—like sweet, gentle music"

I was fifteen when I made a vow that I wouldn’t marry for fifteen years—not until I was thirty. Then, and until my twentieth birthday, I didn’t feel that I would ever love a woman—not deeply enough to ask her to be my wife. And then I met Cara Williams!

Cara has glorious red hair—hair that I wanted to run my hands through at will—and a mouth that I wanted to kiss.

A man always envisions the perfect woman with trim ankles and feet, nice legs, a perfect figure, simple, yet lithe and willowy, soft and femininely curved. You look for everything in a girl—beauty, intelligence, brains, good taste and especially a strong emotional impact of spiritual and physical appeal. In Cara, I saw the most fascinating woman of the ages—the rare combination of companion, wife, mother, adviser, friend and playmate. I wanted to make her mine and keep it that way always.

Like most boys of twenty, I had gone out with many girls—most of them beautiful too. Some I had kissed, but I had never experienced the excitement that would make me say, "I love you. I want to marry you!"

I seemed, in a sense, detached. I would wonder at their display of emotions and, more often, I would regard being drawn out into the moonlight from a party a little annoying. I’d rather remain with the group than go outside with some girl. And I’d try to avoid lipstick on my collar, not to mention my face, and all of the romantic words they wanted to hear.

Pier Angeli was the first girl I ever thought seriously about. May Mann, the columnist, invited me to a party alone and she introduced me to Pier. She was the loveliest young girl I had ever met. But (continued on page 65)
Do they do more silly little things in life than men or do we just imagine they do? Or are women actually more intelligent than men?

By ART LINKLETTER
An expert, whose career is the daily doings of men and women, gives the answer!

People are my hobby. Long before I made a business out of it, I have had a natural curiosity about other people. Not only for what they could tell me about their own lives, but for what they could do towards answering a question I had always asked myself, “Are women crazier than men? ...”

Now that I have managed to build a career out of my curiosity, I still don’t know the answer. After long years of interviewing, on radio and television, some 25,000 people of both sexes, I still have to make up my mind whether women are crazier than men.

Women will climb the highest mountain, walk three times ‘round the block in a downpour, and even stand on their heads—if not for men, at least for good giveaway programs.

Men, on the other hand, I have found think that having fun with their dignity is like taking a part of their life in their hands. They’d rather hold on to it as they would a comfortable old jacket or pair of pants. But to women in general, the art of make-believe—with its spice of the ridiculous—is like trying on a new hat, and they let the jibes fall where they may.

Women talk better about things they know very little about, while men talk best about things they know something about. A woman who has a lot of security and is happily in love, has a family, and no fears of anything or anybody, is able to unload her thoughts (and often her heart) with ease—and to whomever is ready to listen to her.

All in all, she manages to venture opinions without fear of contradictions, because if she is wrong she is the first to admit it. She says, “Yes, I am wrong . . .”; and she can say that because she knows that she is right in so many other departments.

Probably one of my most embarrassing moments when interviewing someone on the air occurred when a woman came out of the audience for a little department I have from time to time, called, “How Did You Meet The Man You Married?” I interviewed her without, for some reason or another, noticing that she was about eight months’ pregnant.

I am so intent on looking into the eyes of the people I interview (it being part of my technique to completely embrace them, so to speak), that, mike in hand, I didn’t realize that I was bending over to (continued on page 67)

Women will do most anything, if not for men, at least for giveaway programs, says Art, with Harold Lloyd and hostesses at opening of his bowling alley.

Wed 17 years, Art and wife have 5 kids.
LISTENING IN ON WHAT'S GOING ON BEHIND THE SCENES IN TELEVISION—THE LATEST NEWS, VIEWS

MAGGI'S PRIVATE

LOCAL CALLS: Betty and Jane Kean, the TV comedy cutups, have a comedy routine in which they give their impressions of the "I Love Lucy" stars, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, but it is something strictly for private parties. The Kean sisters and the Arnazes have been friends for years and it is with the personal endorsement of "Lucy" and Desi that Jane and Betty continue to mimic their good friends...

If you happen to hear the name Bryce Hutchens used on the Robert Cummings show at any time, you'll know that the star of "My Hero" is just having fun. Bryce Hutchens is the name Robert Cummings used to be known by at one time during his early screen career. He got the idea of using it on his TV show from Veronica Lake, who, during an appearance on an interview telecast kept mentioning her "good friend," Constance Ockelman. Only close friends and devoted fans knew that Miss Ockelman and Miss Lake were one and the same...

Peggy Wood, celebrating her fourth year as TV's Mama next August, always hums the same tune from "Naughty
COMINGS AND GOINGS OF VIDEO PERSONALITIES

Maggi, in gay mood, arrives at the Paramount Theatre where premiere was held, with Danny Thomas, star of "Jazz Singer."

WIRE

By MAGGI MCNELLIS

Marietta" during rehearsals of the show. Dick Van Patten, who plays Nels, her oldest child on "Mama," finally asked her why and learned that Mama Wood got her first show-business break as a teenager when she auditioned for Oscar Hammerstein and landed a job singing in the chorus of "Naughty Marietta" ... 

Raymond Scott, the musical maestro of "Your Hit Parade," has branched out into the recording field also. He formed his own organization, known as Master Records, and his initial set of waxings will feature some of the wonderful Raymond Scott Quintet masterpieces with lyrics sung by Dorothy ("Your Hit Parade") Collins, who is Mrs. R. S., of course . . .

Betty Furness, one of my favorite performers on TV, did a telecast recently in which she sang during the program. Actually, the voice was that of Anita Ellis, the thrush whose voice is used for Rita Hayworth and Ava Gardner in movies. With Betty mouthing the lyrics and Anita singing onstage, the effect was very realistic.

(continued on page 70)
"I don’t feel married—that is, in the usual, mundane sense of the word. I feel that we two have a real partnership in a good life."

Jan Sterling says that is one of the nicest things her husband, Paul Douglas, ever said to her. And that attitude may explain, in part at least, why Jan’s ideas about marriage and about how to keep a man happy are unorthodox by some standards. The Douglases are an unusual couple and there are certainly no cliches involved in their relationship.

"You hear so much about the necessity for wives to ‘pamper’ their husbands,” says Jan. “To take unobtrusive pains to make them comfortable and to smooth the domestic path with a lot of subtle attentions. To me, to make a ‘project’ of pampering a grown man sounds as if his wife were treating him like a slightly subnormal child.

“Certainly you want your life together to be comfortable and relaxed, to run smoothly and pleasantly, but I don’t see how it can work except on a partnership basis.

"Of course Paul and I both work at the same sort of jobs, so we understand one another’s problems and stresses and strains. If I’m working and he isn’t, then I get all the special consideration. And if Paul is busy at the studio while I’m resting at home—of course I try to make things as easy as I can for him.” Jan has been working recently in “Pony Soldier” with Tyrone Power and Paul has finished “Forever Female.”

“But I don’t see why it wouldn’t work just as well for two people who do different things. A wife wouldn’t expect her husband to come home from a tiring day in an office and take over a lot of her responsibilities—but he would realize that housekeeping and caring for children can be pretty tiring, too. They would consider one another’s comfort and peace of mind—if they loved each other.”

But Jan concedes that if you are in love with a man your greatest pleasure is pleasing him.

“I could never be comfortable wearing something he didn’t like. There are two reasons for that. First —after all, he is the one person, more than any other in the world, for whom I want to look nice. Secondly, Paul has perfectly wonderful taste and I know that if he says something isn’t right for me—then it isn’t.

“He never goes with me to select clothes, though. He hates stores because he says they make him feel suffocated. But I know that he likes me in severely simple things with no frill or fuss. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)
Screenland Variety Values

By Marcia Moore

Be kind to your purse

Joan Taylor wears halter dress of glazed chambray. It comes with matching bolero (not shown). 9 to 15. $7.95. In gray, brown and mauve-rose. At most GRANT Stores.

Screenland shows you the way to a collection of fresh Spring fashions—this crop of outstanding cottons to wear now and later. All these, found in leading Variety Stores in your city, have been selected for their fashion "rightness," their tubbable fabrics and down-to-earth prices

For your nearest store, write to Dept. VV, Screenland, 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y. Prices are subject to change.
Crisp checks of Dan River cotton come in green, brown, black. Belt has button trimming. $7.77 at G. C. MURPHY Stores.


$2.98 makes this sleeveless seersucker dress your own, in green, red, grey, navy. Sizes 12-20. Cinch belt, 98c. All at KRESS.

Soft flattery in slimming two-toned model at $5.98. W. T. GRANT dress comes in two shades of grey, lilac and purple, blue and navy.

Luscious shades of smooth cotton percale plus elasticized midriff help make this $2.79 charmer a winner at NEWBERRY'S.
Our roving photographer found CBS-TV's Roxanne in Gimbel's (New York) Shoe Department.

Roxanne Goes Shopping

Looking over Spring and Summer shoe styles, Roxanne pauses to admire Honeydebs shoe designs for casual living. She finds this a colorful collection, which includes linen shoes, platform and low wedgies in raffia, variations in nylon mesh and the handsome new Grecian sandals.
LOVELINESS SHALL REIGN

Techniques and make-up for Coronation beauty work just as well for you

By ELIZABETH LAPHAM

WHEREVER you go, whomever you talk to these days, the conversation invariably gets around to the subject of the coming Coronation. What a thrilling and glamorous spectacle it will be! But did you ever stop to think what very special problems a Coronation presents to the women who are privileged to attend? We were mulling these over in our mind when it dawned on us that the beauty problems that will confront the ladies of the British nobility will be just an exaggerated version of yours and mine.

When Eve Gardiner, the Director of Make-Up in the Max Factor London Salon, landed here the other day we cornered her. Here was our golden opportunity to get an inside story on how Miss Gardiner and her staff plan to help the English beauties keep looking beautiful throughout the impressive length of the Coronation. Miss Gardiner, an enchantingly vivacious young person, seemed as eager to talk about the Coronation as we were to listen. She pointed out that she and her staff will be busy giving make-ups throughout the night before the big day—dressmakers and hairdressers also will keep their salons open. So much of London will be closed to traffic that the Coronation-bound beauty will have to allow a great deal of additional time just to get to her destination.

The long-lasting make-up that Miss Gardiner will give is the complete Max Factor make-up used by so many screen stars. If you want the same sort of professional result, you must remember to take the same painstaking care in applying it. Start by preparing your face, removing every trace of overnight cream or old make-up. At the London Salon they’ll do this with Max Factor’s Satin Flow (a quick-working liquid cleanser). Then they’ll pat on Skin Freshener to close the pores and take off every last vestige of cream. Right there you have the basis for a part of the success of any make-up. It’s the Skin Freshener step that keeps your face from developing a shiny gloss through the make-up when you get hot or nervous.

(continued on page 52)
Next, will come an application of either Pan-Cake or Pan-Stik over Invisible Make-up Foundation. If it's to be Pan-Cake, a moistened sponge is used to smooth the preparation evenly over the entire face and neck—Pan-Stik is stroked directly on the skin and then blended and the color “set” with a damp sponge. In either case, the shade should be chosen to idealize the natural skin tones.

Cream Rouge goes on over Pan-Stik at this point (it should be put on under Pan-Cake). The rouge is most often dotted on the prominent part of the cheek bone, then blended upwards and outwards. To flatter an overly thin face, Miss Gardiner will see that the rouge is kept high and wide. On a full face, the trick is to bring the rouge shading down the outside of the cheek.

Now comes the face powder. Experts like Max Factor point out that the correct application of powder is half the secret of a lasting make-up. A velour pad should be used and the powder patted on, never rubbed or stroked on. Eve Gardiner always recommends patting around in a circle so that the nose is last to be powdered. This cures the common fault of over-powdering the nose so that it looks as though it didn’t belong to the rest of the face. A face powder brush, used lightly at this stage of the game, takes care of all surplus powder. (For English beauties or any others, face powder is chosen a shade lighter than the foundation color).

Since the whole trend in make-up is toward greater naturalness, Miss Gardiner told us that she will trace eyebrows with more of a downward line at the outer edge than in other years. There’ll be just enough of a touch of eyeshadow to add emphasis but lashes will get the full treatment, with mascara carefully brushed upward on the upper lashes and downward on the lower. Lipstick colors for the Coronation will have to be clear and strong to stand up against all the competition given by the rich reds and purples of the Coronation robes. Max Factor’s Clear Red and Brighter Red blend perfectly with the royal reds. At the English salon, a lipstick brush is always relied upon to give a properly controlled line —in your own hands it may seem a little tricky at first but once mastered you’ll never be content with anything less professional.

For the final step in the make-up, there’s still that important territory below your chin. Max Factor’s neck make-up starts off with Make-Up Blender or Pan-Cake applied evenly over the whole area. Over this goes a dusting of talc. Excess tlc is brushed off with a powder brush. And there you have it—the complete make-up that will keep a peeress looking her prettiest throughout a Coronation or you and me throughout an eight-hour day. If there’s any surreptitious refurbishing to be done, we can all whip out our new Max Factor Creme Puff compacts and count on this combination of foundation and powder to restore a faultless finish.

The vitality and clear skin you need to back up your make-up are the products of health. Health, these hectic days, has to be bolstered by the scientific potency of vitamin-mineral combinations. The latest eminently complete formula is Beauti-Mins, tempting pink capsules to be taken with each meal. Many cosmetic departments carry them or you can get them from de Herriot, Inc., 4650 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 27, Cal. 36 tablets are $3.50.

Ironically, Lana plays a star who is unhappy in “The Bad And The Beautiful.”

Lynne was going to meet Lana’s twelve-year-old daughter Cheryl. “I knew you were seeing Lana quietly before you went to Mexico—lucky man,” I said. “She is really lovely, isn’t she?”

Lex smiled assent but he didn’t offer to expound further on the subject.

“Since you were both at the Mocambo and Circus that night, everyone knows.” I insisted. “It must be serious.”

“It could be,” Lex sighed at my persistence, “but I don’t want our friendship to become a publicity romance. Lana’s too nice a girl.” And that is when he said she was the nicest girl he had ever met in Hollywood.

He was definitely reluctant to say more. So I said, “At least, you might tell me how you two finally got together. For you were sitting in that very chair a couple of months ago when you said that it would have to be a matter of fate—that you didn’t want your intentions misunderstood.”

Lex smiled and partially relented, “To be truthful, a mutual friend decided we should meet and a month later, invited us to a dinner party. I arrived, but the hostess said Lana had sent word she was ill. After dinner, I asked the hostess to please call Lana and say I was sorry that I had not had the opportunity to meet her again. The next day, my friend called to report. Lana had said, ‘Tell him not to be silly. Why not call himself?’ A few nights later, we had a date for a quiet dinner.

“All I want to find is happiness,” Lex said. “I don’t care whether it is in this business or any other. Lana, too, is looking for a life that is basically solid. We find we have many ideas in common. We’ve both had unsuccessful marriages. We’ve both learned from experience and were ready to settle down. Lana turns down countless invitations to parties and premieres. I have never cared for them, or a round of night life—although I go and Lana has—to escape boredom and being alone.

“I am sure Lana is very much afraid right now to be tied up with anyone. She doesn’t want to fall in love immediately. Nor do I. We’ve both been through the mill and I guess that makes one a ‘little gun-shy,’ so to speak. She is a real sweet
Beautiful, Heavenly Lips

WITHOUT LIPSTICK

Lex's ex, Arlene Dahl, switched partners with Lana in dating Fernando Lamas.

girl. Believe me, I never want to hurt her—even. Just make her happy."

A man could never have spoken more sincerely of a woman than Lex did in those few brief remarks—without committing himself as being in love with her. And yet, he did not say they were in love. They are keeping out of the limelight—away from the places where their appearance together would make headlines. They have favorite restaurants out in the Valley and along the seacoast where the food is good and no one pays attention to film people.

"Going to Ciro's and the Mocambo that night was one of those 'spur-of-the-moment' ideas. We had been to a dinner at Minna Wallis' and had left early. Lana is making 'Latin Lovers' at MGM and never stays out late when she is working. As we passed the clubs on the strip, we laughed about everyone wondering if we were going together or if we weren't. So we suddenly decided to drop in for a minute and get it over with. Fortunately, Lana had a late call next morning because we didn't leave the Mocambo until three. Everyone wanted to know if we were in love, were getting married, etc., etc. Lana is such fun, and we have so much to say to each other. It seems we always run out of time. We danced, and she is a wonderful dancer. She is five-two and I am six-four so she danced on her tip-toes."

Most people imagine Lana Turner is a night club girl. But she isn't. She prefers quiet dinners and she likes to be with one person, not ten or fifteen.

She invites friends to her beautiful Holmby Hills house. Lex is a great cook and loves to invite his friends to his home for dinner. Those who know Lana say she would like to quit pictures and settle down to being the beloved wife of the man she loved. True, she tried to quit her career when she was married to Bob Topping. Financial reasons, however, brought her back to her lucrative career, for Topping, reportedly, spends money faster than his income permits. Lana was generous when they were divorced. His family paintings were taken from the walls of her home—the home she had had

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before she knew him—leaving big, bare places. She also returned the heirloom jewels of his family.

Lex found himself on the spot when I asked him to tell me the truth—is their romance serious? Naturally, he is proud of Lana but he is adamant about their friendship being misunderstood, or snickering at publicity. Lex comes from a fine family of sound background and prominence. While he is no stuffed shirt, he stands on gentlemanly protocol and frowns on the insincerity with which a lady's name is too often used in Hollywood publicity. But he couldn't help agreeing that Lana is completely fascinating and a woman of great beauty.

Lex admits, "She is interested in the things that I am doing. Also, one of her chief charms is that she is such a good listener."

Lex has just completed what he says may be his last Tarzan picture—unless he makes another this Summer. He likes the Tarzan roles but feels he is ready for other types of pictures. Recently, he co-starred in "Riders Of The Desert" for Warner Bros. with Randolph Scott.

"You can both believe you have mutual interests," Lex said, "but it really takes a long time to actually know you have them. When you are over twenty-one, you have established a well-set pattern for yourself. Hollywood is filled with so many people who try to be what they are not. Lana dislikes phony people as much as I do. Most of my friends are people you never hear of. Lana's closest friends are not name people either."

"Lana's chief charm is her naive belief in the good in everyone. She has never been crafty or conniving. She never tried to get into this business by using other people and, therefore, she is not suspicious of other people's motives. Her simplicity and the honest outlook that she has retained, no matter what has happened to her, and her complete lack of cynicism are wonderful to see. It," Lex admitted, "makes a man feel very protective."

"Before you make a story of this, I am going to run," he said. "If you must say something, you can say that I dislike being a bachelor. It is lonely. If Lana and I should be so lucky as to fall in love—if well, it could be wonderful!"

Yes, he does send her red roses. And red roses spell "I Love You"—as everyone knows!

No one quite suspected his real mission. He was gone almost before anyone realized it, but in the interval between the plane's arrival and departure, he'd accomplished something. Dr. Robin Humphreys, doctor-on-a-vacation, told Ava Gardner the truth about herself. Whatever summoned him to Africa—a studio, husband, or patient herself—the appraisal was a stern one.

"Take a year off," said the doctor. "You've been going at it too hard. Rest up now, or you'll be sorry. Finish 'Mogambo' or whatever the thing's called, and forget you're a star. Try, for a change, to remember you're a wife, and you can be other things, too."

One of Ava's closest friends reports that dialogue of the young, understanding English doctor, and the story goes that the girl concerned gave good clear hearing to the warning. Ava knows, as no one else can know, that you can go so far—and then you have to stop.

The doctor's visit was top secret for everyone concerned—studio, Ava herself, and Frankie, who is possibly more concerned than anyone about the state of Ava's health. She has been going a hard, fast pace in her work alone, and no one worries more about what the present is doing to her, and what the future may bring.

One thing that can be said about Frankie is that he knows the part nerves play in an entertainer's life. Like most people who have been on the verge of a nervous breakdown, he can recognize the tell-tale symptoms faster than anyone—even the family doctor.

Today Frank Sinatra is worried about Mrs. Frank Sinatra. With an uncertain future of his own, he sees the picture ahead for Ava—and it looks ominous and predictable. The portrait of a movie star who is going up, up, up. How he will cope with that is quite a problem. Now that Frankie is going down, down. But temporarily, as can happen to many talented performers, he is staying still . . . not in a rut, mind you, but a little dormant, to put it kindly.

One of their intimate friends reports, "Frankie, no matter how harmonious things are at home, can't help seeing with a clear eye Ava's new MGM contract. It involves over a million dollars, and calls for 12 pictures at $100,000 each. She can make the first three pictures on this contract in Europe—tax exempt."

That last clause is the one that baffles Frankie. In his own long years at the game he has never had the same opportunity. In all fairness to Frankie, his contracts, as lucrative as they have been, have not earned him his due profits. Everyone from Uncle Sam, to a handful of sundry managers, and his own actual high, generous overhead has taken his toll.

"Frankie," says an official of the United States Treasury, "is a great guy. He can give hundreds of good cigarette lighters to his 'friends,' but ends up not being
able to afford a lighter for himself."

Seeing what happened to himself makes Frank Sinatra worry about what can happen to Ava. At the moment his plans are clear: he will play the part of the tough, embittered Italian in "From Here To Eternity." There's a plum of a role anyone could be proud of—but what will it bring to Frank? A handsome fee, the chance of nomination at an Academy Award, but a mere drop in the bucket when it comes to meeting his commitments.

No matter how you look at it, Frank Sinatra is still married to Nancy Sinatra—financially. So much of his income—actual and potential—is earmarked for his ex-wife, that anything he earns today is merely a tip to the bill Ava has to pay.

Many marriages have gone on the rocks because of financial stress. There is no chance that the Gardner-Sinatra union will break up for that reason. Combined, their incomes are large and enough to take care of all overhead and emergencies. But . . .

"Frankie worries about his pocketbook. In the many years he's been at the game," says a confidant, "Frankie has never been short on a commitment. But financial stature is a long way from artistic endeavor, and the husband of Ava Gardner can't lightly dismiss the threat of one member of the family succeeding and the other failing. Intermittently, he may measure up—in dollars and cents—but in the long run it is the popularity count that is likely to get him down.

High in the polls of the nation's popularity, Frank Sinatra, it is true, could worry about seeing his wife at the top of the ladder, and himself at an intermediate rung. Whatever may be said of Mr. Sinatra, although he has lost dignity in the eyes of many people, he has rarely lost pride in himself—or his accomplishments. One rung down the ladder and he is the most miserable of individuals.

And lately he has been losing many rungs.

All of which brings us back to Ava Gardner, and the disaster that possibly could take shape in 1953. Aside from all the usual fatalities that can break a movie star's career—uncontrolled temperament . . . appearance in half a dozen box-office flops . . . participation in scandals . . . ill-health—there is a big private problem which may take its toll of Ava.

Ambitious for herself, Ava will not turn aside from her career, or from pulling herself up one rung after another of the success ladder—yet, if she loves Frank Sinatra, she will inevitably be torn between accomplishment of her own ambitions, and sympathy for his present marking-time. Nothing could be more difficult for Ava than having to play down her natural pride in her own success out of love for her husband, and sympathy with his current state. To anyone of Ava's temperament, this could very well be a private volcano which might blow the roof off the house.

So with Ava it could easily be ill health—both physical health and mental frustration—which would halt, but not necessarily extingush, a flourishing career. For a long time her closest friends have worried about her health. Her studio has cast a concerned eye on her inability to rest and relax. Even her own husband, himself a nervous dynamo of energy (much of it false) has pleaded with Ava to slow down.

Today it would seem that Ava is living

Bellhops at London's swank Dorchester Hotel, just like American fans, want Clark Gable's autograph. He's been in Africa with Ava Gardner for "Mogambo."
on her nerves. Her smile has an unfamiliar tenseness to it, her laughter is often brittle, forced. She smokes too much. Her eyes have a ceaseless shift from one thing to another.

It is something of a miracle to Ava’s friends that she hasn’t ever cracked up. But fundamentally Ava is a healthy girl—when her mind is at ease.

Anyone would find it hard to stand up under the emotion and strain of Ava’s last two years. In the long run, there is bound to be a price to pay—and Ava is paying that price today—in unsassurance.

Unassurance! In any acting career there is no harder price. Sure of the roles to play—sure of her popularity with the fans—sure of her way of life with the man she loves. It could all spell disaster to even the healthiest person.

You don’t have to know Ava well to know that she is all-out physical; that she floats beautifully in the shallow waters of the superficial world of Hollywood, and sinks in the strong tides that are set in motion by anything that is of the earth.

The very earthiness of Nancy Sinatra is something Ava can never forget. It hit her as probably nothing has ever hit her in all her life, through all her marriages, and along the rapid journey from nonentity to the pinnacle of fame she now occupies.

Woman to woman—the true story of Ava Gardner and Nancy Sinatra is never likely to be formulated. The loser still looms strong, formidable, and what is worse, deeply sympathetic. To many of their intimates, the shadow in Ava’s life—and the basis of much of her precarious state of health—is still the shadow of the woman Frankie left behind.

In the eyes of many, when Ava can dismiss that shadow for all time and lose herself in the substance of her newly-found happiness with Frankie, she will be well on the road to being back as Hollywood first knew her—radiant with natural health, and unneedful of medical check-ups, pills, or that extra glass of bubbly.

END

LET’S TALK ABOUT MEN!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

have to establish a fine front quickly to be accepted. A man who even fies to me about his friends, his family, his possibilities, his past, or salary seems weak. A fantastic pitch for attention, and avoiding the mention of the everyday problems we all have in some form, is running away from life. Whatever’s bound to fall flat some day strikes me as a poor substitute for the frank confiding you get from smarter men. What if a man is broke or miserable right now? He should admit it to a friend. If he’s &hame, I’m going to root for him!

But the male who scorns stooping to conquer is another story. I shiver when I meet a man who is appallingly honest from his opening remark. He’s the one who could be really dangerous from the first moment on. When he decides to be emotional, his effect can be atomic. It’s what a man actually has courage enough to search for in this world that sets him apart from the rest. Once he is positive what he wants to achieve, he’s on his way! I’m all for a man who is. If he’s still undecided, or if he’s plain lazy and has no sense of responsibility, he ought to be concentrating on one kind of promising job after another. When he’s ambitious to become the greatest at what will bring him the deepest satisfaction, he’s grown up enough to be ready for love as an adult. Until then he needs a lot of mother love. At least, this is how I see it. I want to be a mother to my children in the years to come, not to a husband.

A girl shouldn’t hesitate to be practical immediately, I’ve concluded. When a man isn’t, I’m completely confused.

If he wants to come over and watch television because he already has beaten his budget to a pulp for the week, I’ll get a kick out of a quiet evening—providing he’s said straightforwardly that this is what he prefers. I don’t have to tear around all my free time, don’t want to be taken to only expensive spots because I happen to be in the movies. I don’t judge men by their superficial assets. That’s why I’m surprised by the new male whose apparent attractiveness has temporarily distracted me.

Sometimes you’ve probably had this same experience. I reached recently. I was ready, dressed to the teeth, the minute he arrived. Don’t keep a nice man waiting is my motto—it’s not nice, and he’s nice to know! Idiotically, I assumed he’d whisk me out. From his attitude when he’d suggested we go somewhere, he could afford it. I’d had visions of dining and dancing. When he appeared he beamed. So did I. After mother had retired to her room with a good book, he mentioned a drink of water. Water seems awfully dull for a marvelous person. A polite touch of flavor would give his glass a zing, I guessed.

Are you with me? Has this fate floored you, too? Two hours afterwards you’re starved and you’re stuck, staring with a forced sparkle at television. Then you murmur as tactfully as any woman could, “Perhaps we’d better start or every place will be so crowded we’ll never get in.” He gives you a darling grin and you bite your lip for being that forward. At midnight, though, he’s still comfortably sprawled on the couch. Your preparations to be stunning have sagged. Your hair is hanging sadly on one side. But you’re clutching your temper to the bitter end. You’re only famished, besides. Of course, he isn’t. He’s confessed brecilly that he ate a huge dinner before coming over. He snaps you out of your daze when he casually quips, “Well, I’d better get along now. I have to get up early in the morning.” Speaking candidly, I detour from such a gay deceiver by replying to an invitation with, “What do you want to do?” It’s practical, and a
Man with a capital M isn't flustered.

Manners never make me mope! They're the icing I hate to resist. I can dream a red carpet is unrolled specially at my feet, I'm in the Grade A treatment when men open doors for me, offer a light for a cigarette, wait till I walk ahead, don't take anything for granted. I melt inside. I'd rather be sent by a gentleman than cringe at crude conduct. It's easy for a man to throw his weight around, so it doesn't impress me. He has to care truly about all his fellowmen and women, respect everyone for hopes and potentialities as important as his own, to rate as charming in my book.

Then he won't debate whether or not he should behave like a gentleman. It's always worthwhile. I'm talking about real charm that's a million miles from the slick tricks of a promoter. A charming man uses his desire to be considerate, tender, and grateful to unlock my loyal affection. When a man literally has your interests and comfort as his code in action, he's slightly irresistible, isn't he?

I wonder why some men are scared to be sentimental. I believe that when you have happy hours with someone you remember everything that happened and want to share your memories whenever it's possible. A private glance, a sweet note, a dreamy wire, a single rose to recall a wonderful time—I fall apart, deliciously, when I encounter a sentimental male. Men can be both realistic and romantic, without skimping on either.

Men who don't respond to music worry me. I suspect they miss so much. They tend to be the type who don't understand that women enjoy any style that makes a setting beautiful. Men who show you into a packed, noisy night club might try a simple candlelit table for two. When passionate violins go into "Play, Gypsy, Play" I sense my mother's Viennese and my father's Hungarian blood.

I wonder about men who dread to laugh. What's wrong with being silly? It's fun! Roaring at your own eccentricities is healthy. Yes, I am attracted by a man who is a comedian. He has a keen awareness of the absurdities around us.

The lack of logic in some men astounds me. When you ask them, for instance, what's proper for you to wear they're liable to be as casual as Crosby with their answer. You'll be entirely informal. In words of one syllable: you don't have to dress up! Unless you've had a remarkable Winter, you're way ahead of me here. You reach the party and everyone is so chic you can't bear it. So your puzzled escort turns and barely suppresses his glare. Obviously, you're crazy for dressing in such peculiar taste. You can't kick him and mutter, "You told me it'd be as elegant as a hot dog stand!" Next, you're guilty of a simper, and on me a simper is a sorry sight. You remain miserably Miss Misfit of 55 for the evening. Only I don't get trapped like that anymore. Now I probe with a few leading questions whenever I say thanks to an invitation. I go prepared then. I've bought some dresses with strapless tops and matching jackets. If it's as informal as billed, I'm all right in a suit. If the other women have chosen an evening gown, I take off my jacket and I'm wearing one too.

Men! I no sooner figure out what a certain man will do than someone else disturbs me into beginning a new diagram for his behavior. I'm not upset, though, by the painfully booked-up ones who make their dates three weeks ahead of time. Then, they say, Flowers start coming in every other interval. You count the days to your lucky occasion. But I don't now. I can't survive the drumming of my fingers. I don't want to be anywhere near that dated up myself. What are you probing by straining to show how popular you can be? A date should be spontaneous, spoken in like a man, see him as soon and as often as you can! If I'm not amused by him, I won't kid anyone that I am. Is it a sin not to have a date even on Saturday night? I don't think so. I get a bigger kick out of going to the movies with my own mother than I would from getting bogged down with a drip.

I don't feel irritated because men are different from women in their concern over things rather than without. Male interests. It is stimulating to have to read and discuss what's going on in many phases of life. What she said to me, and I told her, is repetitious and trivial compared to the challenges that generally are more evident to the male mind. Gossip is for idle girls only, not to dangle at a man.

What can each of us do to help bring better conditions in our own city and country and in the world we share with so many other nationalities? I like to listen to suggestions and try to do what I can in my own small way. I've no urge to be a parasite, and I'm glad men don't want a girl to be dumb and helpless. Men are proud of me when I demonstrate any constructive feelings.

I am enthused by the idea of a trip to Europe whenever I can finally get it between pictures. Not merely to learn what men there are like! (I hope to find out.) Playing the Palladium in London would be a career peak. I wish I could study all the leading stage theatres abroad. Then, I don't want to see all the famous places I've dreamed about merely as a rushed, tired tourist. My notion is to explore with no time-table frustrating me. I have a whole suitcase filled with what to see in Paris alone.

Meanwhile, never having gotten further towards the South Seas than the shore at Santa Monica, I've at least an authentic sweetheart from Samoa for 20th Century-Fox's "Down Among The Zips." Playing Ford Island 7,000 miles to locate Sailofi Jerry Talo, champion swimmer there, and flew him to Hollywood for his role. Since a fictitious island is the locale for our musical, a suitable native language had to be devised. Dr. William J. Lessa, professor of anthropology at U.C.L.A., was the man who recalled 30 dialects spoken in the South Seas. He combined three of the languages. As the princess in a Sarong,
I’m the first to speak this new tongue. I decide to cast a love spell over Bill Lundigan, who portrays an American Army captain in command of an occupation unit.

I was entranced by the moonlit lagoon and all the tropical trimmings. Then it dawned on me some scenario-writing, movie producing, film-making males had decreed I’d have to go to walking school to master the capang-capang. This is what South Sea islanders call the slow, swaying gait of the women there. Luana Mu-Anna, from the Fijis, taught me to undulate like an ocean swell before I even heard the tempting beat of a tom-tom. You must go barefoot as the very first step.

I wonder what some man will think of next!

END

THE LESSON IN LOVE I NEVER FORGOT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

first appearance as a star on TV—he had quarreled with me the night before. Over what? He had imagined that I had smiled too warmly at the boy playing opposite me. Bob had caught the end of the rehearsal when he came to take me out to dinner. He was furiously jealous. He asked me why I flirted. I assured him I had not. I was humiliated when Bob said, “Either you tell him or I will—to play your scenes strictly within the script. He’s only trying to make a fool out of you.” I begged him not to provoke a quarrel. I had to be up early the next morning. I wanted to look my very best for this was my first big break. It was so important to me.

Bob’s jealousy worked into a fury. He argued and raged for hours. I later realized he had enjoyed giving this attention-demanding performance. I wound up with a headache, a sleepless night, and, of course, I was terribly unsure of myself the next day on the show.

In the beginning, I thought it was perhaps male pride. He was afraid I was falling in love with someone else. He felt that a woman’s work was merely a pastime, and certainly not to be taken seriously. When he learned that I made much more money than he did, he started fretting that he couldn’t buy anything good enough for me. More often, he would say, “Quit your job.” On Christmas and my birthday, he bought me a three-way phonograph and a bracelet. I discovered that he had sold his set of rifles the first time, and a treasured painting the second, in order to buy those gifts.

We could make no marriage plans because he said he would not marry a working girl. He had such great charm and physical attraction that I was sure he was right and I was wrong in wanting to go on earning my living—even though I couldn’t guarantee a future for both of us. Finally, I acquired a guilt complex about my work. My heart wasn’t in it.

One day, after I’d known him a year and when I had fluffed the dialogue on a long commercial—my indignation and independence broke through. I suddenly fully realized that he couldn’t really love me and still keep me so upset. Even though he was handsome and could be so wonderful—he had not had my needs. His childish tantrums had turned into a jealous regard of me and my work. He insisted on dominating me. His attitude had become over-possessive. I concluded that his kind of love, that had me on the verge of ulcers, wasn’t for me.

On the rebound, I became engaged to a very level-headed, very stable and practical young interior. He was considerate, too. While he was not flamboyant—handsome or exciting like Bob—at least, it was nice to date a boy and be calm and serene and enjoy a peaceful life. Then I began to find that perhaps it was too peaceful.

He—I shall call him Fred—was interned at a hospital in a small city outside of New York. He set one evening a week to come to New York and see me. He never varied from this schedule. He would call me twice a week at a certain hour when the long distance rates were less. He was almost too practical. He never took my breath away by sending extravagant bouquets of five dozen red roses—for no reason at all—like Bob. Rather, he would send me a greeting card or, on occasion, buy a bunch of violets from a street vendor. When it seemed that our once-a-week dating did not allow him to take me to parties and other unexpected occasions that would arise, he insisted, “Get some one else to take you. I am not jealous. I understand that you can’t sit home six nights a week.”

This surprised me. With Bob, I had scarcely dared to be civil to old friends lest he flare into a fit of jealousy. And here was Fred—saying that I let other men escort me. When I came to Hollywood to make pictures, I knew that Fred was not for me either. Where Bob would fight to hold me—Fred was too complacent. He came to Hollywood to see me and by amicable agreement, we called off our engagement.

Now, I was fancy free and heart free. All around me, I had seen too many grabbing at love. Too many were blindly mistaking mutual attraction or infatuation for a life-time emotion that didn’t exist. I realized that I, too, had been blindly grabbing. I decided to go along with my work and not worry or be over-anxious any more.

One night at a Hollywood party, I met Bam Price. He had those same arresting qualities that Bob possessed which so attracted me. Black hair—dark, handsome eyes—coupled with a terrific personality that outweighed everyone else at the party. He said, “Bob is flaky.” I thought, “Has some good lines and he’s not for a good time. Likely he collects girls’ telephone numbers—for his ego. A 20th Century Don Juan.”

Two weeks later, I moved into a new apartment house. One morning, I ran down to the incinerator with the wastepaper basket. My hair was in curls. My face was freshly scrubbed—sans so much as a lipstick. Standing there was the same Bam Price. By sheerest coincidence I had moved into the same building as he. I almost died of mortification.

“I live next door and say—I like you better this way,” he grinned. “You have nice skin—in fact, beautiful skin. Why

It took two unhappy love affairs for the luscious Anne Francis to learn how to love. Now she has a devoted husband in Bam Price, the “boy next door.”
did you try to hide it under all that make-up?"

Then I remembered. I had had make-up poisoning and that night I went to the party—had used a heavy make-up to hide it. Bam had thought I was a regular painted Hollywood doll—and he hadn't been interested in knowing me further. As for himself—he had tried to whoop it up with laughter to create gaiety and ease an embarrassing situation that concerned (unknowingly to me) two people who maintained a strong feeling against each other. He was playing the cover-up-life-of-the-party and I had mistaken him for a playboy.

As we grew to know each other, I learned that he was 27, had graduated from pre-med school, that while convalescing in an Army hospital, he had started a radio show and had wound up taking a course at UCLA majoring in motion pictures. Now, he was working on his Master's degree—by filming his own hour-long movie for his master's thesis.

Our casual acquaintance grew into dates. I found myself happy, very happy, when Bam asked me out for a hamburger—or to go see a movie—or to help him with his film—or to drive with him to a new location for some special scenes for his picture. Soon, my thoughts centered mostly on him. I was happy—happier than I had ever been. I couldn't wait until evening when he would call me.

Instead of resenting my work, he was proud of me. He would spend hours with me—talking about my work as well as his own. We had so many mutual interests that it was soon obvious to everyone who knew us or saw us—that we were falling in love—deeply in love.

He never became violently jealous—nor went into tantrums when anyone would smile at me or when we would go to a party and some one would single me out to dance. But he was always there. I was his fiancée. His possessiveness showed in his real affection. I was certainly not taken for granted.

Bam wouldn't hook our furniture to buy me an extravagant gift—but he often brings me roses. Whenever we go shopping, anything I look at, he'll say, "Get it. Why don't you get it?"

Recently, I completed a picture, "A Lion Is In The Streets," for Warner Bros. on loan-out from 20th Century-Fox Studios. I played the swamp girl Flamingo. At the preview, Bam hadn't been more complimentary. "You have what it really takes," he said, squeezing my hand in the darkness of the theatre. I couldn't help but think—Bam has what it really takes—for real love—for me.

When I learned to love everyone and not myself or my conceptions of love—I learned the invaluable lesson of what real love can be. And that, with patience and time, will come. Don't grab for it. END

Tops in Movie Music


Other Toppers


Grab Bag

should he obediently change to suit a woman’s plans for him? I want a date to have the courage to become the best he can be, strictly as himself. If we don’t have enough in common, that’s no fault on either side. We should go on and meet someone else, because no one was born with the privilege of sidetracking us from our own instincts.

“A date deserves to be treated as someone who’s magnificent, because it certainly can be to someone. Belittling him is awful! It betrays the narrowness that hides beneath a shallow criticism. I don’t,” Terry stressed, “see how you can pay too much attention to a date when you’re with him. It’s the courtesy he rates. Flirting with another fellow, or leaving the table to talk to others unless he suggests it, insults the man who’s complimented you by inviting you out. Every man is bound to be different. The problem is simple. How much can I enjoy what he likes, sincerely? That’s what I ask myself!”

Her remarkable awareness of the variety existing in the opposite sex, and her determination to get a kick out of accepting a man for what he actually is, have made her truly adult at last. She genuinely wants to understand men, as well as herself. In maturing, she’s broadened her scope so intelligently she’s never bored.

Today Terry is a licensed pilot. If she has spare hours she can get a guaranteed thrill by going out and flying a plane herself. This hobby began when she and a girl friend used to hang around the airport eagerly to watch her friend’s father take off in his plane. He was so tickled by Terry’s genuine enthusiasm for the sky that he taught her to solo. Now she can borrow a two-passenger Cessna or a four-passenger Beach Bonanza whenever she’s in a hurry to get anywhere out of town. Ordinary traffic jams are skipped as she blissfully hurtles through the clouds, untroubled by old-fashioned fears of the stratosphere.

“I love outdoor men,” Terry went on specifically. “An athlete develops championship form by learning the easier way to score in sports. Why not apply that trait, of cultivating the least effort to win smoothly, in life? It’d cut out a lot of unnecessary confusion!”

While she was interested in a tennis professional it was only natural to acquire her semi-tournament style with a racket. She rides with rare grace since a superb horseman inspired her to keep up with his pace. She’ll bowl, or play ping-pong, with dash, thanks to some dears who linger in her memory. This Summer she’ll rush onto the beach for volleyball and to swim, and next Winter she’ll ski in Sun Valley again, because of the gusto she appreciated in other vigorous lads.

Don’t assume she can’t comprehend good books, because she can. Don’t assume she can’t revel in the glamour of a dining and dancing whirl, even if she’s such a sight in the sunlight. When a young English actor visited Hollywood two months ago, he deftly maneuvered an introduction to Terry and did his utmost to sweep her off her feet in his passion. The sun didn’t send him, but sophistication did. Fortunately, she was between pictures, so for ten afternoons and evenings she was a social butterfly at a series of parties. He still doesn’t know her outdoor self, and the fact she soon recognized they couldn’t have that brand of fun because of his nature. Her ear for a hot band, her rhythm in the samba, and her ready wit totalled two hundred per cent to him. Appropriately, she dazzled him in a succession of five stunning new cocktail dresses and three fabulous formals. The columnist, of course, announced that the two were in love.

But the week after he had to return to London, she was up at Pebble Beach to cheer on the golf professional she liked most in the major tournament there. On their hilarious drive back down the coast, they stopped to take practice drives and putts at every golf course they could spot. He’s never seen her in anything but sweaters and skirts. She knows night life would be dull for him.

Her wardrobe has been deliberately built on the sure-fire theory that you can’t miss with excellent taste. Whatever the occasion the date provides, Terry’s in a spotless, suitable ensemble. To her a man never is simply an excuse for flaunting her latest purchase. She could shop ecstatically in the important dress houses in Paris, and be delirious over the fashion accessories at any chic shop, but she’ll never disturb a date with flair that’s too fantastic, either. “As soon as he wants you to dress more conservatively, you know he cares,” she declared to me. Publicity geniuses who’ve attempted to proclaim that Terry wears nothing beneath what you can see, have been balked. “I treasure beautiful lingerie,” she informed them. Her grandmother told her, she explained, that a girl ought to pick the prettiest underthings, for you never can tell when you might be hit by a car!

“The quickest way to get a marriage proposal is to say you don’t want to marry anyone,” she said, swerving to what a date deserves when he becomes serious. “I have absolutely no intention of getting married again soon, so I say so truthfully.”

When she was twenty Terry burned her fingers on love at first sight. One month and nine days after her first date with Glen Davis, the flashing football hero that season, they had a family wedding and she counted on it being for forever. She had no inkling Glenn expected her to quit the movies. Residing in Lubbock, Texas, for his oil business, after being born in Los Angeles and always adorning acting, was not her destiny. They had to acknowledge their courtship had revealed but half of their hopes, and when what had been unexpressed crushed, a divorce was the solution.

Terry’s willingness to let a date be himself doesn’t imply she thinks he should be indiscriminately yessed. Once he grows earnest she never lies about her own preferences. “It takes time and different circumstances to get thoroughly acquainted, and a date deserves plenty of both.” That’s why she’ll have a much longer engagement in the future. “When I was in high school a boy asked me for a year to go steady with him. Then when I said yes we broke up in two weeks. When you’re a teen-ager you can be heartbroken because your steady may suddenly see another girl and walk out on you. What’s hard to believe is that there are so many years ahead. It’s a pity to cheat yourself of what you can do, by settling down too soon. A mutually rewarding marriage is the most wonderful thing in the world, but it won’t happen until the timing is correct.”

“Today Terry knows she still isn’t ready to settle down, even if she once guessed she was. She’s had a normal home life, in spite of making her movie debut at ten, at the same studio where she’s returned in triumph now. A neighbor then sent Terry’s photograph to a casting mag-

When Terry Moore goes to a fashion show withDesigner Michael Woufe, she’s smooth and sophisticated. On the right is her mother, Mrs. Louella Koford.
Ann Blyth and Dr. James McNulty have bought a house at Toluca Lake and are in the throes of wedding preparations and festivities. They'll wed in June.

azine. When it was printed the amazed child and her mother were called in for an interview and a good role was won. Unlike Jane Powell and Elizabeth Taylor, Terry didn't stay in a studio school between her pictures. She managed to shift from tutors on sets back to the public schools in suburban Glendale. She held onto her professional status during her bands-on-her-teeth phase by acting in nearly all the major network radio programs originating in Hollywood, and happily tackled the leads in the plays at Glendale High between ingénue leads in films.

"Every date deserves the facts about a girl the minute he begins to make long-range plans. I'm glad I've learned so much more about myself, so I can be quite fair. Men don't want to be kidded, don't deserve any phony line. They dread female babble, but are stimulated by honest feminine opinions. I'm surprised that I'm very deceiving at first, unconsciously. My background doesn't mean I could be content being wholly domestic. The truth about me is that I have as much temperament as any actress and always will have it. It's excitable, don't intend to turn calm. And, when I'm sufficiently provoked, I mean. I'm not ashamed to tell any date this, because I hate sweet people who cover up their human impulses with a coy act.

"I'm gregarious, so I couldn't be cooped up in a house for one man alone. I won't stay put in one place until I do considerably more traveling. I'm going to get my wondering about distant spots I've dreamed about out of my system. Flying the Atlantic to make my new picture in Germany was such an eye-opening experience, and all I've seen so far in Europe makes me want to keep on adventuring and seeing the world."

Since she's been emotionally free Terry's been on the edge of an engagement three times. "But I sensed it wasn't right. A girl is foolish to be the victim of conflicting emotions when she knows better. I believe in letting a man salvage his pride. 'Tell them you broke up with me, that it was your decision!' I don't hesitate to say that if a man is hurt.

"No date deserves any pettiness. Possessiveness that's carried to ridiculous lengths, jealousy, horrid little tricks to hold a man—what has attacking him where he's vulnerable got to do with love? Making demands, arguing in public, embarrassing him in any manner—where will that get you? No date rates being walked on! He shouldn't be dragged to parties only the girl wants to go to. But consideration is a two-way deal, too.

"I've no use for a man with a bad disposition, who pouts because when he gets you someplace he immediately wants to go somewhere else. I don't drink or smoke, because I'm a Mormon, so I'll never get involved with a man who's a heavy drinker. His depression sets in eventually and then he'll be quarrelsome or silly.

"I'll be the kind of wife who'll always want to progress in her own profession—acting in my case. So I'll have to live close enough to where my work is." Terry's knack of reciting an entire script after two hours of study is only part of the framework of the acting technique she's mastering. Elia Kazan, the top Broadway and Hollywood director who guided Marlon Brando to fame, has just finished putting Terry through her spirited performance in "Man On A Tightrope" and he now has dubbed her the

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The REDS had been attacking all night in overwhelming numbers. By dawn Jerry Crump could see that his position alone was keeping them from overrunning L Company. Twice he went out to meet them with his bayonet. Once he recaptured a machine gun. Four times he left shelter to bring in wounded.

Then an enemy soldier lobbed a grenade squarely among the wounded men. Without a second's hesitation, Corporate Crump smothered the explosion with his own body, and saved his four companions' lives.

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Peace is for the strong!
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female Marlon Brando because of her talent and individuality.

"Every day discovers I don't cook and don't want to, as long as I can make enough money following an artistic streak." Don't leap to the idea Terry doesn't cherish all the advantages of a home. She's always gotten along fine with her family, could always speak freely and be sympathetically helped. She's been able to entertain relaxedly at home. Her mother is as young as a sister in outlook, and all Terry's dates soon call her Mom. Her dad, a business man, is just as genial. Her twenty-year-old brother Wally is following in her acting footsteps. The neighbors are entranced by the excitement Terry's vitality perpetually causes, for she democratically includes them in the commotion around her. At home she needs two telephones, with two different numbers, and when she runs back and forth to conversations on both, while trying to decide what to do and what to wear, the delighted onlookers chuckle. Whenever she begins a new picture they recall the black snake she found on location in Florida. She adopted it as a pet, chiefly to scare the frightened assistant director.

She's a screwball because she's so honest, her friends say. I don't think Terry will tumble from the tightrope she's on now as a soaring star. I predict she'll really wait for that rugged, fearless, brilliant, artistic, sensitive he-man who's only her dream guy so far. She's so real that he'll have to be!

**END**

**HOW TO KEEP A GUY HAPPY**

(continued from page 46)

about them. Good things. And he can't stand platform shoes or ankle straps. 

Things like that. I have also discovered that he seems to have a sure instinct which makes him like me in expensive things, whether I've told him the price or not. That's not a bad trait in a husband! "I wouldn't think of going with him to order clothes, either. He is the best dressed man I know—without any help from me! He has everything made to order so there is never any reason for me to do anything about shirts and things.

"I did buy him some ties once, though, just to experiment. He was very sweet about it. All he said was, 'Oh, you shouldn't have bothered to do that, dear.' And suddenly I knew I shouldn't have! I took them right back to the shop the next day.

"But I wonder if a lot of men don't force themselves to wear things which make them writhe inwardly, just because the little woman picked them out and they cost her feelings."

Jan has forthright ideas about a good many marriage bromides.

"You're always reading in women's columns and magazines that you must never let your husband see you when you aren't at your best... all handbox groomed. Never in pincurls or without makeup or with cream on your face. I think that's nonsense.

"Pin curls are simply a fact of life that a husband has to face. If you're going out later on and want to look nice, you probably have to wear pin curls for an hour or two. You certainly don't want to hide from the man and you had better be honest."

About as looking like a lazy Valentine at breakfast—in the first place I don't think he is likely to notice you much so early in the day, or to be in the mood to criticize you. I want to wear a reasonably unrumpled housecoat (I don't want to be revolted!) and maybe it's a good idea to tie a scarf around hair which may not be at its best. But I see no necessity for getting all done up as if you were going to pose for a fashion layout.

"If your marriage is a good one, there are too many interesting and important things to think about and do together to be bothered about such details. Togetherness counts so much. Every successfully married couple must have mutual projects. Of course we are both crazy about our work, so the most fun we have has to do with that—going to the theatre or movies, reading together, working up acts or just talking about acting. When Paul's little girl, Maggie, is here (she is with us one month in every four) we have a lot of fun with her.

"Other couples have different kinds of mutual interests—gardens or music or some sort of hobbies. They are awfully important but you must both enjoy them."

But what if one likes some activity that the other one can't stand? That is difficult for Jan to understand.

"If hunting, for instance, means a great deal to him, then she should try to learn to like it, too. He'll enjoy it more with her than with anyone else. But if she simply can't understand the idea, then I suppose she must encourage him to go ahead without her. But I wouldn't encourage him to do many things without me. I'd join him and try to like it no matter how it upset me."

Jan also thinks it is a mistake to differentiate between "woman's work" and "man's work" in matters about the home.

"It's our home and Paul has just as much, if not more, to say about how it is run than I do. He is the tidy one in the family, the one who notices whether things are in order or not, and I am constantly trying to discipline myself to be neat, too, on his account. I'm everlastingly grateful that we have separate bathrooms so that I don't upset him when I leave wet towels and things around. But if we had to share one I'd do my part about keeping it in order if it killed me.

"That is only good manners and I think, good manners are as important as anything I can think of in marriage."

One of the ways in which Jan keeps her man happy is by writing for him!

"Paul is the cook in our family," she says. "He can do wonderful things with wines and spices and mushrooms and all sorts of intricate sauces and salad dressings and he often concocts elaborate meals on the cook's night off. He is the one who gets into a corner at parties and trades recipes with some other gourmet and I notice that there seem to be as many men as women who are interested in cooking.

"I don't like it, and I have never had any training for it, since until I was married, I lived in hotels. Once I tried to whip up, as they say, a chocolate cake. But I turned the Mixmaster on too hard and splattered icing all over the kitchen walls and decided, then and there, that Fate had not meant me to cook. Paul, I might add, was very much pleased when I said I wouldn't try it again.

"I do think, though," she concedes, "that there are a lot of little things which a woman should attend to without bothering her husband. Things like going to a new butcher shop because the old one sold you a tough roast. Or sending for someone to fix the vacuum cleaner. Women have been coping with the small details of domestic life for centuries and they do it easily. Those things bore a man to death—even to hear about them."

Jan was warned by well meaning friends not to marry Paul because they were both born under the sign of Aries and were therefore too much alike in temperament to make a go of it. "Opposites, not likes, should marry," said the well wishers.

"But I think it is precisely because we are so much alike that it has worked so well," Jan says. "We have the same tastes, the same traits and we understand one another. We are too much alike in temperament, too much like, in temperament to make a go of it. "Opposites, not likes, should marry," said the well wishers.

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had a wonderful time and they were all loads of fun. Mr. Gable couldn't be a more genial fellow, or a more modest one, for all the adulation.

Just to show you the effect Clark Gable has on women of all ages, Gene and I came home from the studio one day to be greeted by an ecstatic Tina who's all of three years old. She had been walking on Park Avenue with her nurse, and she was bursting with excitement. "I saw Mr. Gable! I saw Mr. Gable!" she screamed, jumping up and down.

Tina got as much of a kick out of England as Gene and I did. She insisted upon going to Buckingham Palace almost every day to see the changing of the guard. While we were in Cornwall she had the time of her life playing on the beach, and soon was no longer the dainty child she had been when she left home. She was really rough and tumble, acquired the ruddy complexion of the English. She even rode a horse, and I guess to see that mite cantering around, of course on a lead rein, usually followed by three large dogs—two police and a boxer.

We had one bad experience in our hotel in Cornwall, which was a repetition of something that once happened to Gene in New York. She was robbed of every piece of jewelry that she owned. Of course, she was insured, but so much of what was taken had sentimental value.

Gene said that she will never own another piece of jewelry, and will let the world know that anything she wears is paste, and anyone who likes paste is welcome to take it. In addition to the jewelry, the robbers took one pair of shoes, the fanciest and most glamorous pair, but not another thing to wear.

In London we lived in smart Grosvenor Square, where so many Americans live, and our "flat" was just about four doors from the American Embassy. Mr. Roosevelt's statue in bronze was directly in front of our door, so it was all quite homelike. We bought a history of England and brushed up on our English history before making the rounds of the museums and galleries.

We flew over to Paris one weekend and had a glorious time and Gene ordered a Paris suit. Had a wonderful trip to Scotland and saw no end of beautiful country, heather in full bloom, lots of lovely Gothic cathedrals and castles. We didn't see the Queen, but saw the Duke of Edinburgh when he opened the Military Tattoo in Edinburgh. He is more attractive than any movie actor we have ever seen. He just reeks with charm.

Now Gene is back in London, working in "The Day's Mischief" for J. Arthur Rank. Although she is not a ballerina in this picture, I know she'll never lose that fascination for the ballet which she acquired in "Never Let Me Go."
"Barring the bride and groom, of course!"

"I still think that it sounds too easy," I demurred. "Sounds like one quick jump from a cocktail party to the altar. When she met the Right Guy, how did she convince him that she was the Right Girl? The plot at that point intrigues me; suppose she doesn't dazzle, bewitch, or even bother him at first glance?"

"There are three things," Roz continued, lifting her hands and counting off on her fingers. "Beauty isn't necessary—you only have to walk down the street to notice how many plain women have got themselves attached to handsome or distinguished husbands. So what's the answer? Either you must have money, or fame, or—" she paused and lifted her eyebrows, "What's left? What is it that a woman must have if she hasn't anything else, and is the most important thing, no matter what else she has? Charm," said Roz, her eyes lighting up. "A woman must have charm; it's her most powerful weapon. That's what gets a man!"

"But we don't always know exactly what is meant by the word charm."

"It's consideration for others, basically. Here's an example: last night I went to a party for Mary Martin, and when I arrived, the place was crowded. On the far side of the room I saw a woman rise and come toward me; it was Jean Dixon, the veteran actress, and a superb one. She had got up and crossed that room to tell me how delighted she was that I was finally coming to the stage—I've waited for this for a long time! she said, 'And I just had to come and tell you!'"

"Well, that just got me," Roz said. "She made me feel wonderful. I went around glowing like a flashlight all the rest of the evening. She made the effort to walk across the room to say something-very nice to me—that's charm!

"And I remember the host of another party who came out in a snowstorm to see us to our car instead of saying good-night at the door. It wasn't necessary to do so, and he made us feel very special. That's what you call a charming host."

"Being a good listener is a quality of charm. One hears that constantly, yet few people actually listen and appear interested in what the other person is saying. Men love to talk about themselves, and wise women know that, and give them the opportunity to do so.

"The charming woman thinks of what the other person wants to do. When the man who is taking her out to dinner asks where she'd like to go, she's smart to find out where he'd like to go, and then, when he makes a suggestion, she falls in with his wishes and desires—and likes it. If she's bored, and doesn't appear to be enjoying herself at the place he has chosen, it's quite likely that the next time he'll take someone else who appreciates his efforts, and creates the impression that they share the same likes and dislikes. No man in his right mind is going to choose a woman for a lifetime companion with whom he can anticipate a tug of war every time they go out for an evening. If she goes into a sulk every time she isn't taken to the Stork Club, she's killing her chances of being taken anywhere by that particular man for very long. If being at the Stork Club is more important to her than being with him, that's an answer in itself, he's not the right man for her."

"That brings up another point," I said. "Let's assume that a girl has charm, or the ability to make herself charming. She's met the Right Guy, the charm has worked, and they're married. Since, obviously, you believe that the girl in the ease guides and controls the courtship, it might follow that the success of a marriage, as well largely depends upon the woman. Do you believe that, Roz?"

"Yes, I do. Marriage is a career, as I said before, and should be approached and prepared for like any other career. Girls give time, energy, and study in learning how to become secretaries, dieticians, fashion stylists, and whatnot, knowing that they couldn't possibly step into positions without doing so, yet they expect to jump willy-nilly into marriage without the faintest idea of how they're going to carry out the job of being a wife and homemaker."

I thought vaguely of courses in how to keep spinach fresh and frilly, and how to cut down Early American highboys into late American lowboys.

"How would one say a girl should prepare for marriage?"

"By studying her subject—the man she's going to marry—learning all about his tastes and interests and inclinations, his disposition—that's very important—his idiosyncracies. She should see him under all kinds of situations, so that she knows what he's like at his very worst as well as his best. She should take her time—not leap into marriage without knowing exactly what she's facing. I took my time—I wanted to be sure. And I'm more in love with my husband now than I was when I married him eleven years ago. He has a sweet disposition and that word 'sweet' may sound peculiar when applied to a man, but that's exactly what he is. And he's the most considerate person in the world; that consideration for the other person that we've been speaking of is a very important factor in marriage. The husband who cuddles home in a completely drenched state after a harrowing day at the office, followed by a ride in a crowded commuter's train, only to be greeted by a wife who just can't wait to pour out her grievances about the broken down washing machine, or the misbehaving furnace, must be something more than the human to refrain from asking himself why he didn't stick to bachelordom and a dog which could be counted upon to greet him with a joyously wagging tail.

"People who work together are fortunate in that they have mutual understanding of the problems, wear, and tear
of everyday. Take us for instance; when I've been up since 5:30 to be on the set at 7:00, a lot of things have gone wrong, Freddie knows all about it, and he understands how I feel at the end of that long, exhausting day. If I come limping through the door, drained of all energy, and perhaps slightly disgruntled, he's neither surprised nor inclined to take it as a personal injury. He doesn't expect me to come leaping and bounding in with war whoops like a hockey playing schoolgirl. He knows how I feel, and his understanding and consideration make me feel better. Just like a pick-me-up.

"On the other hand, I know all that he has to contend with at the office, and when some nasty problem has to be ironed out, I understand how he feels at the end of the day. So I try to lift his spirits instead of adding to his troubles and aggravations.

"I realize that the wife and husband whose daily lives are worlds apart have to grope a bit in the dark for complete understanding, and they're deprived of our favorite indoor sport—shop talk. But, on the other hand, they have the advantage of not seeing too much of each other. It seems to me a question of adapting oneself to one's own particular marital set-up, and making the most of its advantages.

"Whatever the circumstances, charm never fails in winning a man or holding a husband." Roz glanced at her watch, and then burst out laughing. "I talk about being a good listener, and here I've gone on talking for nearly two hours.

"You were being considerate," I said. "You knew that I wanted you to express some opinions, and you couldn't have made it easier for me!" I might have added, "Nor more delightful!"

Few women can be positive and still retain their charm. But in expressing her brilliant mind, Roz bubbles and sparkles so that her sugar-coated pills of wisdom seem to have been dipped in champagne. And whatever charm may be, she has it in large quantities. The producers of her new Broadway musical hit, "Wonderful Town," can attest to that, for Roz is causing stampedes at the box-office and will probably be busy on the New York stage for months to come. END

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**WHY I MARRIED Cara**

*CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41*

I never kissed her—nor did I ask to. I spent quite a bit of time with her but, to me, she was just a sweet young girl. Then I met Cara.

There had been a gag about her being French when we were first introduced. The joke continued for a week. I would sit and look at her silently and wonder if she were real, this exquisite woman. And her laughing eyes seemed a challenge. I had to keep my impulses in check. I could scarcely resist her.

There was that first night when we really became acquainted. We had been to the theatre and had stopped at my sister Dee Dee's apartment. We began to talk and soon it was two a.m. We talked right on through the night—all about myself, herself, my father, her father, my career, her career, what I wanted out of life, what she wanted out of life. We talked until four o'clock the next afternoon. I was completely fascinated.

She is that rare combination of beauty and brains. She has such charm and such a sweet, talking, speaking voice. It wasn't only her beauty that attracted me. She acted and spoke like a woman—not a silly girl. As she talked, I saw in her everything a man seeks in a woman he wants to share his life with.

She's a great mimic. She knows the theatre and acting, for she has been in it since she was a child. She is well read. It is unbelievable how much she helps me. She coached me for four days, for a test my studio, RKO, wanted me to make, and when I made it, everyone asked, "Did your Aunt Ethel coach you?"

Cara is under contract to MGM and plays the feminine lead in Red Skelton's next picture. She's the greatest thing that could happen to a man. She has a strong mind, and when you're young, some one strong makes you twice as strong. I hadn't even touched her hand that first night we talked. But as I sat there listening to her, talking to her and confiding in her—suddenly, I wanted more than anything to hold her—and kiss her.

I went to her, and bending down, I kissed her sweetly—not roughly—on the mouth. I thought, she is the first girl I feel like being very sweet and kind with—almost protective. I drew her over to the divan to sit beside me. I placed her hand in mine—and it was like a flame of fire shooting from the tips of my toes to my head. It is unexplainable. It was like listening to music, sweet, gentle music, with sudden overtones of stirring, fiery music. I tried not to show my feelings, nor how I marveled at my emotions, but I knew then that I must marry Cara. In reflection, I discovered I now knew how girls in love, who had heretofore seemed a little silly to me, actually felt. I realized for the first time that I must have seemed rude and a great bore.

Of course, there was another man. The way was not clear. Cara told me that he was returning from New York and she would see him for a week until she was sure of her feelings. I bought an eight-day ticket. Each day I'd say, "You must burn eight days," and I placed it in the window. When its flame was exposed to a draft of wind from the opening and closing of a door, it still burned. On the sixth night, Cara came to me and we drove to Las Vegas where we were married.

My mother was shocked but welcomed us back. Her mother was quite upset, and so were some of the press, who took a "How long will it last" attitude. The fact that she is about four years older made them a little unkind. Or they thought I was too young. But they didn't know our hearts. My mother, my Aunt Ethel and my Uncle Lionel wished us every happiness.

That first week, we moved Cara into my bachelor apartment. It took twenty-five trips in our Jaguar to move her...
I cook Cara's breakfast. I delight in awakening her and sitting on the bed and watching her eat. When she arises to shower—she leaves a fragrance on the pillow.

I love her without make-up. Some women don't look as though they were born, but as though they were sculptured. She's like that, as if she had been molded by the hand of a divine artist, and had not come to life by birth. I never tire looking at her and I find I am lonely even if she is in the next room. That's how mad I am about my wife.

We experience all of the facets of marriage, laughter, love, disagreements, petty quarrels and making up. I'll watch her put on mascara and I'll mimic her until she's hysterical. And when she looks like a goddess of perfection, ready to go out, then she is completely irresistible. I can't check the impulse to run my hands through her hair. "Don't mess me, Johnny—we've got to go out," she'll say, while I'm covering the back of her neck with kisses.

My wife has a red-headed temer and I have an Irish one. And the flare-ups we have only bring us closer. Out of great sentiment, I ordered our twin wedding rings in mine made tight, because I knew I would never remove it. When Cara tried to place it on my finger it wouldn't slip on. Later she asked me why. I tried to explain and, without being aware of it, we were shouting. She has such wonderful eyes. They are like looking into the bottom of a very clear lake and seeing the coral—for her irises are flecked with red. And when she is angry—WOW! We always calm down quickly and we are in each other's arms. And what we argue about is so unimportant that we can't even remember it.

I drive her to the studio when she is working and she, in turn, goes with me. We like to have dinner out and sit and talk about our lives, our plans, of which we never tire. When some man looks at her beauty I suddenly feel myself resenting it. Maybe it's jealousy, I'm not sure. But she is mine, all mine. My wife is the greatest thing to happen to me.

Marge and Gower Champion at a party at the Palladium added to the gaiety by dancing for the guests. They're currently appearing in "Give A Girl A Break."

clothes. They overflow the extra closet, the guest closet, my closet, and my clothes are hanging in the hall. "We must be practical, Johnny," Cara said. "We must look for a house." We go house-shopping and we are eagerly searching for a home of our own.

Cara is efficient about money and about everything. She is more practical than I, and soon she instituted the budget system of running our life. Where my milk bill was forty dollars for me alone, today it is twenty. I have just as much milk. No longer do bottles spoil in over-abundance, and overflow the hallway while the Barrymores are away. When I wanted to buy a new expensive sport coat, she said, "But Johnny dear, we could use that money for food and the house." It was no sacrifice to pass it, or many other things, up. As long as we're together, I'm happy.

After our honeymoon at Howard Manor in Palm Springs, we became so engrossed in each other that we rarely see our friends. Cara's six-year-old daughter Cathy (by a previous marriage) shares part of our time. On Saturdays, we take her to the amusement park and watch her ride the ponies and the merry-go-round. The other day, she said, "Daddy, put me on the choo-choos, will you?" I can't explain how that made me feel. She called me "Daddy." It was wonderful. Now I want a child, Cara's and mine. If we have a son within a year, when I'm forty-one, he'll be twenty-one and we'll be like brothers. All of the camaraderie I missed with my own father (I only saw him once that I remember) I will give my son—our son.

My wife has given, and is giving me, everything I've ever missed. Someone to believe in me, to be heart and soul for my interests, to encourage me, to expect great things from me, and to give me the determination to be worthy of her expectation and faith in me.

When we were about to say our marriage vows, she suddenly looked up at me with great frightened eyes. I was the one who had to be strong—to reassure her. "Darling, I love you with all my heart," I told her. "You know I will do everything to make us happy."

Today, after three months of marriage, I know that if we should ever come to divorce—which I know we will not—I'd never marry again. I could never love anyone else so completely.

Someone said I was too young to marry—to know real love. Serious love, I believe, is reserved for the young. When you are young, everything is more serious, more intense, more deeply felt, more until-death-do-us-part than when life has become cynical, embittered.

Unintentionally, sometimes, Cara hurts me. As when I tell her I love her, and her mind is engrossed in rushing to dress and reach the studio. Or when I feel that she is not as keenly aware of my love as I am, I feel like a scene from "Dante's Inferno" with my whole stomach gnawing away. Then, she smiles and puts her arms around me and reaches up for a kiss—and I am complete.

I never read books, but Cara reads to me. Long evenings, we lie in each other's arms while she reads and I stroke her beautiful hands—and listen to her lovely voice. And then we talk and she makes me believe in myself. And I want to become a great actor. I have someone who will watch me grow into something worthwhile. I've never had that. I quit school when I was in the 12th grade. My family fought my desire to become an actor. They wanted me to become a doctor. It is our togetherness that makes Cara mean so much to me. Before, I was always so alone, even with my family around me.

David Niven and Dana Andrews having some talk at Sam Goldwyn party.
ARE WOMEN CRAZIER THAN MEN?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

reach her. I asked her how she met the man she married, and this is what she had to say:

She was driving her car, he was walking along the pavement, and she was backing out of a driveway—and she knocked him down and ran over him. They took him to the hospital, and she felt so badly she visited him.

The poor man had been run over both ways, so that he was in plaster cast from his ankles to his neck. She brought him candy, and flowers, and one thing and another. They fell in love, and got married while he was still in the hospital.

“Did he ever get out of the cast?” I asked, without thinking.

The audience started to laugh, and she retorted, “How do you think I am in this condition?”

I shall remember the roar of that audience as long as I live. There were 5,000 people there, and I don’t think I’ve ever been so embarrassed in my whole life—professionally or privately.

But it taught me one thing—that when it comes to poise in the most awkward of situations, a woman has it all over the stronger (?) sex.

One of the questions I am most frequently asked, “Are women more intelligent than men?” also defies a cut-and-dried answer.

Out of all the people I’ve interviewed on ‘People Are Funny’ and ‘House Party,’” I’ve yet to really find out. It all depends, I’ve discovered, on the subject matter. I believe that women are more easily interviewed, tend to be more extraverted, and are more inclined to tell you their secrets.

However, I think that when it comes to the field of the home, family romance and other related subjects, women are more intelligent interviewees. Men, on the other hand, speak best of their work—the various kinds of endeavor that provide the security of the whole family—or the great adventure they’ve missed in life.

In both sexes, a highly intelligent person is often very self-conscious, a less intelligent person the tops in naturalness.

Most women tell me what they think their friends think they think! They say things for effect, and they are a little conscious of whatever lack of intelligence, or rather lack of information, they may have.

But as women grow older, they begin to realize that everybody doesn’t know everything, and you don’t have to pretend to be so smart. They tell you then just what they think. But men are different. They stay eternally young—and consequently less communicative!

Women are better off-hand talkers.

In the course of my work, I have found that women are better able to do any stunts on radio and television than men. Anything that calls for imaginative thinking is their meat, but when it comes to the men, their sense of reserve predominates over their talent for make-

believe, and for inventing a situation.

Here’s a good example. Suppose I took a woman out of the audience and said, “Now I’m going to interview you, but not as yourself. Let’s pretend, say, that you’re a counterfeiter, the head of a gang, you’re captured by the FBI, you’ve spilled the whole works, you’re not holding back anything, and I’ll be the interrogator.

“How long was the gang organized?”

I’d go on. “What denomination of bills were printed, how did you pass them, etc., etc.?” What would happen is that this woman would very glibly, as a general rule, fall into the spirit of the game and give me a very imaginative interview.

The men are not prone to do this.

Perhaps another question you may want to ask is, “Are women funnier than men?”

I think that humor is a serious business, and the saying, “Laugh and the world laughs with you,” is not always a true one. Most comedians I know are very serious about their business of making other people laugh. Whether it is Jack Benny, or Sid Caesar, Fred Allen, or Red Buttons, they all know how fragile a commodity it is. Because it is that fragile, I think that people tend to laugh more in groups than alone.

Women, particularly, would rather enjoy a joke in a crowd, than face to face with the teller of the story. A cynic might say that is because they’re afraid to miss the point, but the truth of the matter is that laughter is a contagious thing, and the bigger the party the merrier the result of the attempt to tickle the funny bone.

But—women or men—I think that the American people today are not serious-minded about some things. I believe that too many of us are concerned, as is natural and human, with our own little problems and our own little world, about every little thing that goes on. The bigger things slip by.

Being a nation of have-nots, instead of have-nots, I think we’re not concerned enough with the responsibilities that democracy and freedom have placed on us. I think, then, that men recognize our bounties more strongly, and that women accept some of our difficulties with a little too much disinterest.

In ‘House Party,’” we have a rather popular department called, “Turn The Tables,” a title which explains itself, and in which I let the audience turn them on me.

Anyone can ask any questions he wants. But the recurrence of the questions about my family and myself—and they’re mostly encouraged to ask ques-
has never sung so sensationally and that Freddie’s music was never lovelier. What could be more romantic in this most unpredictable world, where everything changes except the “ways of romance,” than that these two talented people should combine their talents to make “beautiful music forever.” Certainly they have the affection and the sincerest wishes of everyone who is always intrigued by a real love story. This story of their marriage has all the elements of a real romance.

Jane knew Freddie casually when she was married to Ronald Reagan. Freddie and Ronald used to play golf together. Jane didn’t know him too well. She was always so busy with her career and with her children whom she is so mad about. She never dreamed that someday she would be married to Mr. Karger... and that Ronald would be married to Nancy Davis.

Their next meeting came about in a rather casual way. Jane had been having extraordinary success with recordings of songs she had made, and it was through her contacting Freddie Karger to get an arrangement for a certain tune she wanted, that their romance really had its early beginnings.

“Freddie knows every song that was ever written, no matter how long ago, or how remote the song might be. I wanted to sing an old song that had a certain kind of rhythm, so I called him. He was very charming and suggested that he help me rehearse the number. I thought that was just swell... and so he did... and that’s how this love story began!” Then she laughed, “now suppose I didn’t want to sing that particular song...and suppose I hadn’t called him...and suppose...” (I firmly believe they would have met again anyway, because when a girl can sing like Jane, and a man can play like Freddie, their love for music alone is enough to bring them together eventually.)

However, that’s what makes living so interesting—the unexpected. We must all go through certain phases, before we find the one man with whom we can be happy. We are propelled by fate, as if each of us were travelling down a different road, only to join hands with the one we least expected at the crossroads. Our values change. The man we loved at eighteen would perhaps not be compatible at twenty-five or thirty. I don’t think husbands and wives grow apart. I think mostly they grow in different ways, and sometimes in so doing, outgrow what once were mutual interests. It isn’t wrong that this should happen. It’s only wrong when they don’t have the intelligence or the dignity to separate and go on from there! We have only one life to live, and everyone is seeking to find happiness!

In reviewing the different phases of Jane’s life and career and Freddie’s career, one can see that the happiness they will now find is certainly more solid, more mature, more enduring because of their experiences of the past. I think they are both fortunate that they were able to find each other at this particular time in their lives, when they both have so much to look forward to—a good, rich, colorful life. Some of us may become intimate with our own particular “fate.” Some of us do not have the determination nor the intelligence to take a forward step and act quickly and wisely at the right moment in our lives.

In a long and very lucrative career, Jane Wyman has always had an uncanny sense of the right timing. I believe that is almost more important than anything else. She has always demonstrated that she has talent, a provocative personality and a great zest for living. As a director, who once did a picture with her, said, “I’ll always remember her as the cutest little kid on the lot, and no matter how small the part, when she was on the screen, you didn’t look at anyone else. That makes a star! Although in those days, she wouldn’t believe it, because the leading lady always got the leading man, and the best part in the script besides.”

While Jane was trying to go places and get the breaks in Hollywood, Freddie Karger, always a talented musician, was trying to make a place for himself, and it wasn’t easy, although he had come from a family which had been established in the motion picture business. Jane and Freddie had gone their own ways, their paths never really crossing, until a few months before their elopement.

It is ironical that Jane Wyman, who, long before her career as an actress, had always been considered a “great singer of songs,” is now enjoying the luxury of having her voice heard again. Should she decide not to make pictures any more, (although Heaven forbid such a thing!), she could still have a career as a topnotch singer. Many of her recordings have been in the hit category. She has a “zing” to her rhythms. She is also considered an art singer. Artistic. Time magazine, Hallmark brought one of Jane’s paintings as one of its best selling cards!

She has great plans for the future, which will probably be more exciting now that she has married someone who is as accomplished in his career as she is in hers. She has great respect for his talent, always the basis for a happy mar-
recently separated from hubby John Lindsay, Diana Lynn attends TV Awards with her press agent, Glenn Rose. She's now in N. Y. to do stage play—and forget.

WHAT I FOUND OUT ABOUT NATIVE GIRLS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26)

(and, incidentally, lovers have to wait patiently for the moon, because they don't believe in romance without it), the boy and girl accept their hours of love with an eager and graceful charm which always leaves them fulfilled, yet yearning for more.

The American boy from home, lucky enough to reach this enchanting paradise, such as I was for my role in "Return To Paradise," is immediately captivated by these island maidens, and temporally forgets the girl back home and conventional ways of courtship. But only temporarily! Because, let's face it:

American girls, the girls-next-door, have charmed the world with not only their beauty and sweetness and sex-appeal—but with their great achievements in sports, in the arts, in business and their ability to set the pace in this so-called man's world. These are the girls that know and understand the boy-next-door. And these are the girls that are smart enough to know that every American boy gets homesick and dreams and

years for the things that are dear to him in the States—like a drive at night in dad's town car, or in his own old cut-down hot-rod, with his smooth American beauty close beside him.

Dates, drive-in movies, hot dogs, a day at the beach, juke boxes—but always with that "best girl" at his side. The "best girl" who knows what makes him tick, who knows that in a distant land he can never lose his heart to an island maid, and who also knows it's really only herself who completely understands and can take care of him.

Moira MacDonald, my girl friend in the film, is all these things. She has the combined characteristics of island girl and American girl. Charm—wit—beauty—sex!—talent. Moira made me leave part of my heart in Samoa. I still see her dark, shining eyes, her quick smile and hear her laughter and the American slang she tried so hard to use.

Someday I want to return to that island under the Southern Cross.

END
WHAT HOLLYWOOD ITSELF IS TALKING ABOUT

(Continued from page 11)

starring with him. Mr. O'C takes over the role Fred Astaire was to play in the remake of “Holiday Inn”—the picture that launched the song, “White Christmas.”

Hollywood's gabbing about the fact that practically half the film colony is in New York, busying around with stage plays, personal appearances, television and, in some cases, just plain fun. This column took a fast, four-week whirl in Manhattan and it doesn't matter where you go in that town—you're bound to run into so many Hollywoodites that you think you're on Beverly Drive at home. The first refugee from the Beverley Hills I saw was the beautiful Lisa Ferraday, who is so busy in television in New York that she's sold her home on the West Coast and is settling permanently in the East, in a large and handsome penthouse apartment in which I settled comfortably as a house guest during my stay.

At the crack of dawn, Earl Blackwell (head of Celebrity Service and one of New York's most eligible bachelors) and I trekked to Grand Central Station to meet Louella Parsons and her entourage, just arrived from Hollywood. For it was the train came in, who should sneak up on us but Rosemary Clooney, whom I'd just said good-bye to at a Hollywood shindig a few days before. She and LOP are close friends—and believe me, you have to be devoted to someone to get up with the birds in that town to meet an early morning train. Miss C. and I compared gruesome notes on our air flights from Hollywood, both of us having gone through assorted rough flying weather, forced landings, and docked-out engines on the trip.

Next stop was the Maisonette Room of the St. Regis Hotel, where Hollywood's Connie Moore was opening in her delightful singing engagement. The gal's repertoire is sharp and witty and her clothes are divine. It's good to see Connie well on the way to a new success.

"21," the restaurant that's the hangout for all visiting firemen from Hollywood, had all necks craning when Humphrey Bogart walked in, dressed in California sport clothes (but with a necktie on). Bogey's been ousted from so many Manhattan smart spots that it's a bit of a novelty to see him welcomed by bistro proprietors. But the Kreindler Brothers—there are about a million of them—are real nice guys and they like eccentric members of the film colony.

Run smack into that gorgeous redhead, Piper Laurie, at the Little Club. Piper's been out on n.p. tours for her studio, Universal—International, all over the country and wound it up in a blaze in New York. Rock Hudson flew in for a fast date with Piper and there was quite a buzz around town. But her heart's elsewhere—and so is his. Lunch was with another actress—Mildred Natwick—who seems to prefer all the N.Y. television activity to Hollywood movies. But she's one of John Ford's favorite actresses and when he gets going again, our gal will be back.

Danny's Hideaway, a hangout for the movie world, was the lunch spot for the glamorous Rita Gam, just before she departed for Europe and a picture. Rita's gams were clad in jodhpurs and boots—a very unusual sight in New York, which is always chic beyond words. But she had rushed from posing for a flock of stills right to the dining spot.

An experience no one should miss is the Bette Davis Broadway revue, "Two's Company." In spite of all the hassles and difficulties it took to get this show off the road and onto Broadway, and Bette's recurrent loss of voice, the thing is delightful to see. Bette doing a housewife-frump skit and a hill-billy number is one of the most hilarious evenings in the New York theatre.

Then to see Shirley Booth in "Time Of The Cuckoo"—ahhhhh! The success she's had from "Come Back, Little Sheba" and this stage play is something all her pals are happy about. After the play we went back stage with Donald Murphy (you'll be seeing him in the movies after the play closes) to meet Miss Booth and I can tell you she's the most modest, shy, friendly big-time star you'd ever meet.

The Pen and Pencil Restaurant, rapidly becoming New York's MOST popular dining spot, was the scene of a fabulous party which Earl Blackwell threw for Louella Parsons and Margaret Ettinger. These gals are cousins and Maggie's the famous press agent. Earl's place cards for the men were on gold paper with photographs of the "Two Gals From Freeport, Ill." Place cards for the gals were hand-painted French scarves with sketches of Earl's Paris, London, New York, and Hollywood offices and each female's name painted in the middle. After dinner some of Broadway's most famous people dropped in—Ethel Merman, Bette Davis and Gary Merrill, Yul Brynner, Reggie and Nadia Gardiner, Zasu Pitts (appearing on Broadway in a revival of "The Bat"), Lillian Gish, Cobina Wright, the George Hearsts—and sands of others. The fun went on till dawn.

Practically the most delightful experience in the theatre—watching the antics of Beatrice Lillie in "An Evening With Beatrice Lillie." Her partner in the show is Reggie Gardiner, who never had it so good or was so funny.


We sort of flung a small ball for a few thousand friends—surprise guests of the evening were Bob and Mary Cummings, who had flown in from Detroit on a 500-mile an hour tail wind and arrived so fast they were still winging. They just stopped off long enough to say hello to a few pals and were off again to Hollywood for Bob's television show, "My Hero." The very fascinating Elizabeth Threatt excited a lot of comment on account of she's very handsome and keeps people in doubt about whether she's really part Indian or not. Nobody ever found out for sure. It was fun to see Marta Linden, who deserted Hollywood for the New York stage, Ben Lyon (he and Bebe Daniels are living permanently in London and doing TV and radio like mad), Ben Neddell and Oline Blakeney who seem to like New York better than you-know-where. Piper Laurie had columnist Earl Wilson (and his beautiful Rosemary) asking her lots of questions and she sort of divided herself up between other columnists Louella Parsons and Cobina Wright.

Caught a glimpse of Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley at the Algonquin, fresh in from their Pacific Palisades home, for a fast tour of the theatres and night spots; had a wonderful evening with Glenda Farrell, who is commuting to the West Coast more and more often for pictures.

Yvonne De Carlo had all the men ogling her at Jerry Zirkin's party for Louella and Maggie. Saw Ella Rhodes, who is another deserter from Hollywood, in the large and gay bunch at Jerry's. END

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

(Continued from page 45)

That night when Betty got home she asked her daughter Babbie, age thirteen, at what point in the show did she realize that Betty wasn't really singing. Babbie replied, "As soon as they announced that you were going to sing!"

Several hospitals are planning to install television sets in rooms set aside for expectant fathers, so that their wives needn't be on edge during the ordeal. At first thought, the idea appealed to me, but now that I've given the plan further consideration I'm inclined to feel differently about it. Wouldn't TV shows, some TV shows, make those jittery men more irritable?

The success of "Omnibus" may pave the way for thousands of non-profes-
sional writers to get established, if ama-
ateur scribes are invited to submit story
to the brains behind “ Omnibus”
for use in future programs. An appeal
to frustrated playwrights and comedy
writers for samples of their talent might
be the very thing television needs in the
way of new material. Should this plan
be put into effect, the producers of “ Om-
nibus” will advise followers of the show.
We just wanted to be the first to tell you
here in TV-LAND . . .

Archibald Bleyer is the man-with-the-baton
on the Arthur Godfrey show, is an ex-
cutive of a record company called Ca-
dence Records in his spare time. Bleyer
outfit’s first TV singing star is sign up
for a series of popular song platters is
another Godfrey program attraction—
Julius La Rosa. That’s keeping it “is the
Godfrey family,” as it were . . .

Menasha Skulnik, the noted Yiddish
Theatre comic who attempted a career
on TV almost three years ago, then
dropped out of sight when his shows
were canceled by video critics, will re-
turn to television this summer. He’s been
a hit on Broadway in a play, “The Fifth Season,” and has numerous offers
to return to TV as a Summer replace-
ment.

Neil Hamilton is somewhat bewildered
by the interaction in the movie dialogue
he uses so much on his “Hollywood Screen
Test” show because it is being picked up
by the younger generation who watch the TV pro-
gram. A recent letter to Neil from a
viewer the other day told him that her
young son was in bed “with a cold the
previous week and his mother decided to
serve him breakfast in bed. When he
was finished he shouted, “Hey, Mom,
strike the dishes!”

Jack Russell, handsome baritone fea-
tured on “Your Show of Shows,” likes
to eat in cafeterias despite the fact he
can well afford any dining spot in town.
The reason is simple. Five years ago
Jack worked as a night counterman in an
off-Broadway cafeteria in order to sup-
sidize his daughter, Carlotta, in the
derector, Patricia, then four. The young
family was expecting another addition (that’s
junior, now four) and jobs were scarce
for singing-actors. While ladling out
soup orders he overheard an agent telling a
couple of actors about an audition for
a new musical. Noting the time, place
and name of the show, he decided to try
his luck. He did and it was a lucky day.

COAST TO COAST CALLS: Marilyn
Monroe may appear on a “live” telecast
modeling the famous Maximilian Dia-
mom discovered in Brazil in 1855 and
now on exhibit at the Metropolitan
Museum of Art, the golden valued at $125,000,
would be worn on a platinum chain by
the film star who will soon be seen in
“Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.” The TV
stunt will promote Miss Monroe’s new
film while the musical background to be
supplied, will be “Diamonds Are A Girl’s
Best Friend.” The blonde siren will re-
main silent and not speak during the
proposed show. Most male viewers in-
sist Miss Monroe doesn’t have to say
a word as it is. Just having her stand there
seems to be sufficient . . .

TV channels vying with each other to
get better movies have offered stock-
holders in Republic Pictures to sit up
and take notice. The money is rolling
in because more than a hundred Repub-
lie feature films, all made within the
past seven years, will be shown on TV.
Musicals, comedies, adventure and mys-
tery movies are included in the deal
with nary a Western in the lot. Among
the players who will brighten TV screens
are Edward Everett Horton, Vera Vague,
E llen Drew, Nelson Eddy, Joan Davis
(competiting with her own TV show), Gail
Patrick, Judith Anderson, Joe E. Brown,
Louis Calhern, Woody Barry and Fran-
ces Langford.

Adolphe Menjou’s “Favorite Story”
requirements cause him to dept his su-
perbly tailored suits for duff and colorless
duds when particular character roles
are portrayed. His wife, former actress
Carole Landis, never shared in the
hosting on the program, but only when
narrator Menjou sports dinner clothes . . .

Bing Crosby’s four sons are being ap-
proached to star in a variety series which
would stress a Western motif having the

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Crosby foursome operating a large ranchhouse with visiting "tourists" entertaining informally. Pop would be earmarked as the show's first "guest star," with Uncle Bob Crosby to follow subsequently.

Eve Arden's husband, actor Brooks West, is rumored about set to replace Bob Rockwell as "Our Miss Brooks" hero when the popular TV show begins its second year.

Rather than have their old "Thin Man" films released for TV, William Powell and Myrna Loy have approved the plan to produce an entirely new series of the comedy-dramas in which they would costar as of yore. The new telefilms will feature stars of the past in major roles in an endeavor to find employment for former Hollywood greats.

George Raft's telefilm series, "I Am The Law," has renewed interest in his screen career to the extent he once again commands top salary and the right to approve his scripts.

If Hollywood's Collier Young has his way, he'll co-star his current wife, Joan Fontaine, in a dramatic TV series with Ida Lupino, his ex-wife.

John Agar's career was at its most promising best when he had his second brush with the law. His own thirteen weeks' series was being lined up by his agent, and six guest shots on shows such as the Ford Theatre had to be cancelled.

THOUGHTS WHILE DIALING: Everytime I see Dave Garaway I'm amazed at his relaxed manner and the energy with which he bounds about town. I'm sure his must be the roughest daily schedule in TV circles, yet he's forever calm, never disheveled and as easy-going as you please. I know he must be a constant source of wonder to his harried fellowworkers inasmuch as a typical Garaway day goes something like this:

He starts with breakfast at 3 a.m. and rehearses for his NBC-TV network show, "Today," from 4 a.m. until 7 a.m. The two-hour program ends at 9 a.m. and from then until noon he attends staff meetings and answers his fan mail. After lunch he rehearses and broadcasts an afternoon radio show ("Dial Dave Garaway") which invariably is followed by more meetings with agency and sponsor representatives of his "Today" telecast until dinner at 7 p.m. Agency and sponsor meetings, incidentally, like TV rehearsals, are as time-consuming for every TV performer as they are to the sustained success of any TV show.

Dave gets to bed each weekday night at 8 a.m. All of his fans are comfortably settled at home watching their TV sets for hours (to come) and sets his alarm for 3 a.m. His topsy-turvy life begins again at the sound of the alarm and he finds he has too little time for the pursuit of his pet hobbies—sports car racing, hot jazz and golfing. Of all his hobbies, his favorite form of relaxation is star-gazing. He's interested in astrology and although as he says, "the stars are just coming out when I'm going to sleep," he makes up for it on weekends by staying up late as midnight, on Saturdays. That's his big treat of the week.

CALLING CUPID: Piper Laurie appeared on "The Stork Club Show," "Toast Of The Town" and "Do You Want To Be A Star" during her recent Gotham visit in order to help promote "Mississippi Gambler." When she wasn't racing to and from TV stations, she'd relax at "21" while being interviewed by newspaper and magazine editors. Not once during her stay in New York did she have a real date. Rock Hudson came to town for a twenty-four-hour visit and took her out for breakfast, lunch, dinner, theatre, and supper, with cocktail parties and dancing in-between times. They had a great around-the-clock fun time together, but despite reports elsewhere, this is NOT a "romance." As Piper said to me at "21," "I wish I did have a real honest-to-goodness boy friend in New York. Rock and I are having a 'studio romance,' that's all!"

John ("The Lone Ranger") Hart and Vera- Ellen made their valentine's own by virtue of a two-hour long distance telephone call Coast-to-Coast.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: That stunning crystal mink stole Mrs. Sandra Berle wears is another gift from her son Milton Berle. Knowing that Sandra must have every type of precious fur imaginable, a friend inquired as to the how and why of her newest pelt. The explanation was simple, "Years ago Milton ruined a fur piece of mine and ever since he's been doing everything he can to replace it. Just like he promised." On the surface, that's the story, but the crystal mink, along with all the other furs Milton Berle has given the mother he loves so much, is symbolic of something that happened years ago and few of his friends and fans know the meaning.

Berle, who has been in show business thirty-nine of his forty-four years, made his first stage appearance at the age of five. This occurrence took place in Mount Vernon, N.Y., at an amateur contest, when he dressed up as Charlie Chaplin for Hallowe'en, in order to make an authentic mustache, the five-year-old took a tuft from his mother's only fur piece. He took many tufts until he was satisfied with the one he wanted. The ruined fur couldn't be repaired and Sandra Berle, who always encouraged her young son in his theatrical ambitions, decided his aspirations were more important than her astrakhan fur cape. Realizing what he had done, young Milton promised his mother he'd make it up to her "later on." He has.

That very Hallowe'en night, his mother spent $1.35 taking him up to Mount Vernon from their apartment in the Bronx, in order for Milton to win a $2.00 cup. But even if he did, astrakhan moustaches and all, and it gave Mama Berle an idea. A week later, he was given a job in one of the Pearl White thrillers, "The Perils Of Pauline." He's worked ever since.

AUSPICIOUS OCCASION: Night club history was made the night Anne Jeffreys and husband Robert Sterling began their joint supper club debuts in the Empire Room of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. Beautiful Anne and handsome Bob had every topflight celebrity in town out for the auspicious occasion. Great names from stage, screen and TV applauded Anne and Bob and among those we spotted at ringside tables were Jane Froman, Walter Winchell, Frank Fontaine, Milton Berle, Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca, Sarah Churchill, Victor Borge, Faye Emerson, Bud Collyer, Roxanne and Jackie Gleason.

Anne, who has been wooed on the screen by Frank Sinatra, Robert Mitchum, Pat O'Brien, Robert Ryan and Randolph Scott, talked her husband into teaming up with her. While Bob was busy with his TV assignments, the beautiful Mrs. Sterling was turning down lucrative night club engagements because she didn't want to be separated from Bob and hated to leave New York and not make her TV guest shots, too. On a dare, Bob, who has made love on the movie screens to Greta Garbo, Lana Turner, Claudette Colbert, June Allyson, Gloria Grahame and Ava Gardner, brushed up on his singing lessons and the rest had become what we told you in the beginning—night club history in New York.

No easy feat that. You've got to have talent in order to make Gotham cafe critics toss their napkins into the air, which is just what they did for Anne and Bob at the Waldorf. An exciting night it was, too.

TV AND MOVIE GET-TOGETHER: It would be hard to imagine how anyone can ever duplicate the glamour and excitement of the recent New York premiere of "The Jazz Singer" held at the famous Paramount Theatre in Times Square. It was a glittering event for the thousands of fans who jammed Broadway outside, and it was thrilling for the thirty-seven hundred people indoors who, collectively, had paid out $40,000 for the privilege of witnessing the first screen performance of the film starring Tommy Dorsey and Peggy Lee.

Before Dennis James and I introduced the arriving celebrities in the Paramount
lobby to our TV audience, I joined the Danny Thomas, Brad Dexter, Fayre Emerson and Sketch Henderson, the Dennis James, Maria Rita, Joe E. Brown, Robert Taylor, Hazel Scott and dozens more at a special buffet dinner which was given in the private suite of offices of Paramount toOfficers of United Paramount Theatres. There were so many notables at the party that we were afraid we’d lose a few en route to the theatre. Our luck held out and when Elsa Maxwell wasn’t being stopped by Salvador Dali stepping on her train, the steady parade of arriving persons made our telecast colorful and tremendously gay. Sam Zaz Gabor, Dagmar, Anne Jefferys and Bob Sterling, Jane Pickens (who sang the National Anthem), Earl Blackwell with Lisa Kirk, Johnnie Ray, Betty and Jane Kean, Jackie Gleason and Rozanne were among the many who attended.

Earl Wilson, Chairman of the Special Events Division for the March of Dimes, announced that the entire proceeds of the event were for the benefit of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. The special performance was made possible by Warner Brothers Pictures and the Paramount Theatre who absorbed all costs of the initial showing of “The Jazz Singer” so that the money collected might help the March of Dimes in its fight against polio. Danny Thomas and Peggy Lee took over on stage and after singing, struck a serious note when they told the audience that “if there’s a star, a real star there’s something’s wrong if picture, it’s Michael Curtiz.” The applause following that tribute to the director of “The Jazz Singer” was deafening.

Before leaving the stage, Peggy told the spectators that in all the times (eight exactly) she played engagements at the Paramount Theatre, this night would live long in her memory as the greatest night in her life. She cried when she walked off into the wings. The following day word was received that viewers of the TV premiere program had mailed in, voluntarily, their personal contributions so that they too could share in the good fun that went on that night. It was an exciting, touching evening. It was a great, big wonderful night for all concerned. I’m happy to have been a part of it.

Hear Maggi broadcast her radio version of “Maggi’s Private Wire” at 12:15 P.M. E.S.T. Monday through Friday over WABC, New York.

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DANTON WALKER’S HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

(Continued from page 19)

long in the very funny play, Ralph Meeker and Janice Rule also picked a hit in “Picnic.”

Mark Stevens, another refugee from Sunset Boulevard, was raised to star billing after his Gotham stage debut in “Mid-Summer,” but only because his leading lady, an absolute unknown named Geraldine Page (who played a bit part in the film, “Taz”), was greeted with opening night raves by the drama critics. Paul Crabtree and Frank Hale, producers of the click play, elevated her to stardom for a two-fold reason. First, because she so richly deserves the honor; secondly, because it meant insuring a longer run for the play. Mark Stevens refused to stop adding心血 to the Page, hoping for a star billing over the name of the show. Had he done so he would have endeared himself forever to theatrical managers in New York (to say nothing about his movie fans). He might have won more friends and greater admiration as an actor as well as a person had he permitted the magnificent effusion with the name of Geraldine Page. Ladies First, at least, Mr. Stevens!

Producers and agents have been blocking Geraldine’s dressing room door but she has to decline all lucrative offers. She’s tied to a seven-year contract with Charles K. Feldman and her first major screen role will be in the future production of “The Wayward Bus,” which William Saroyan has adapted from the John Steinbeck novel. Miss Page once checked in Linda’s Restaurant on Broadway while struggling to gain recognition as an actress. She’s been eating there regularly ever since her overnight stardom and it is friends such as Irene Dunne, Patricia Neal, Marlene Dietrich, Deborah Kerr and Eleanor Parker who vie with each other to share a nightly supper table at the all-night restaurant.

Since this is the year wherein Hollywood has decided to expose itself to the paying public via such fine films as “Thekkis of 1953,” several film players should be told that their conduct in and around New York is hardly above reproach. What an actor does during the requirements of a screen assignment is one thing, but what he or she does while visiting Manhattan on vacation, is something else altogether. Judy Garland should be spanked for the way she dresses and the fact that she’s usually overweight doesn’t add any to her personal appearance. A slim Judy, the kind most reporters have always respected and loved, is a joy to behold. Mussy hair, tweed suits and sloppy costs are unfailingly a source of surprise to those who have been shocked at her lack of interest in herself. The blame is usually given to Sid Luft, her husband, but as most movie fans know, it’s up to the individual to be perfectly groomed at all times.

David Wayne, who plays Sol Hurok, the impresario, in “Tonight We Sing,” the Ezio Pinza-Roberta Peters movie about concert artists and opera stars, likes to dabble in paint. When he came to Gotham for the premiere festivities attendant on the opening of “Tonight We Sing,” he learned that the only original oil painting ever executed on canvas by Sal Hurok was not available for display at the Radio City Music Hall because its owner had left town. But photos of the painting were obtained and David Wayne set about to duplicate the original. He did such a good job that Ezio Pinza and Roberta Peters pronounced if picture it’s Michael Curtiz.” The applause following that tribute to the director of “The Jazz Singer” was deafening.

Stars such as Joan Crawford, Dorothy Lamour, Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis, Betty Hutton, Bob Wagner and Debbie Reynolds should individually or collectively take Rosemary Clooney aside and explain the facts of life-as-a-movie-star to her. Paramount’s white hope for 1953, who is being given every conceivable chance to be the greatest bright star that has been ducking interview assignments in New York and that’s not good. Matter of fact, for someone as new in motion pictures as Rosemary Clooney, this could well be the kiss of death to a promising career. Marilyn Monroe, who is notorious for being hard to handle (any appointment, dentist or photographer), may be detained anywhere from fifteen minutes to an hour, but she’ll show up and when she does, well, it’s usually the person who has been kept waiting who apologizes. In the case of Rosemary Clooney, she just doesn’t show up for press appointments, nor does she offer any explanation for her absence to the reporter or interviewer who had waited and waited. It’s new, this season at least, for any of the up-and-coming stars to treat newspaper and magazine writers that way. Rosemary Clooney had better mend her ways before leaving town there must have been some disappointment, only her fans, who to date think she can do no wrong. It must be explained that only her fans think along those lines.

With Tyrone Power starring on Broadway in “John Brown’s Body,” the fact that he must surely be the Last of the Hollywood Glamour Boys was brought to mind forcibly when such fellow-stars as Wendell Corey and Paul Douglas were spotted in the audience at the Century Theatre. Douglas, who is admittedly a great romantic figure, is hardly dashing, smooth and slickly handsome enough to make them the idols of panting feminine fans. To Power, who has reigned as the King of the Passionate Kiss for almost a decade, doesn’t have any competition from Marlon Brando or Ronald Coleman in the memories of movie fans of a bygone era. The days of Ramon Novarro, Rudolph Valentino, Richard Barthelmess, John Gilbert and Francis X. Bushman are gone forever. It will even take more than a “Mogambo” with Ava Gardner to get Clark Gable back up on top of the heap. That leaves Tyrone Power, young enough to
Dana Andrews dropped in to hear Johnnie Ray at the Copacabana and during the course of their conversation it was Dana who told the singer that the funniest thing that had ever happened on a movie set he was working on occurred during the filming of Sam Goldwyn’s “Edge Of Doom” three years ago. Twenty-five human derelicts enjoyed an enormous hot meal gratis when the RKO picture was on location in the Los Angeles slums. The catering company hired to supply the actors with man-sized hot lunches had pulled its mobile kitchen-truck into a vacant lot and lunch was almost over before it was discovered that many of the derelicts had dined heartily. They had merely joined the line in which film extras and bit player’s dressed as “skid row” dwellers were moving toward the chow wagon. By the time the real actors got to the wagon there was no more food.

BRIEFS: Corinne Calvet, never satisfied with what she sees of herself on screen since she’s constantly striving for improvement, walked out of a screening of “Thunder In The East” in a Broadway movie house on the verge of tears when she found the audience laughing in the wrong places . . .

Mary Sinclair, the “Arrowhead” star, detained by traffic congestion due to construction work on Fifth Avenue, breezed into the Stork Club and said, “I’d like New York if they ever get it finished!” Her luncheon companions vowed throughout lunch over that one . . .

Harvey Lembeck, Joyce Holden, Glen Roberts, Patricia Hardy and Helene Cronen, young stars of “Girls In The Night,” enjoyed their joint visit to New York so much that they vowed to hold an annual reunion each Valentine’s Day at Danny’s Hide-a-way . . .

The most sensational news scoop of the month in Gotham concerns the hush-hush plans to make a movie in Manhattan of “Man Into Woman,” the diary of the Danish painter, Einar Wegener, who after an operation became Lillian Wegener, married and bore children. Published by Popular Library, the book, upon which the movie will be based, will cash in on the international publicity received by the George-into-Christine Jorgensen news stories.

A flock of visiting society leaders turned out to welcome actress-singer Constance Moore during her brilliant Masionette engagement at the St. Regis. The Infanta Maria Cristina of Spain and her husband, the Marquis and Marquessa de Cuevas, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Count Enrico Marone Cinzano, the Baron and Baroness Von Hoyningen-Huene and Count Lanfranco Rasponi were a few who joined Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer, Walter Pidgeon, Deborah Kerr, Rock Hudson, Piper Laurie, Madeleine Carroll, Eleanor Parker, Robert Mitchum, George Raft, Robert Cummings and James Mason in making every night a gala night for the popular singing star . . .

Rene Jeanmaire, the “Hans Christian Andersen” ballerina, has been in conference with play producer Shepard Traube almost nightly over his suggestion that she star in the operetta, “The Girl In The Pink Tights,” in New York early next year. Before departing for Paris, Jeanmaire indicated she was interested. Upon her return, she was still anxious to hear more about the musical work, to the extent that she had Danny Kaye listen to the show’s musical score one night after his Palace Theatre show . . .

Fred Zinnemann, who directed such young actors as Marlon Brando, Montgomery Cliff, Julie Harris and John Ericson in their screen debuts (“The Men,” “The Search,” “Member Of The Wedding” and “Terese”), sat unrecognized in the Astor Drug Store as autograph-collectors milled about waiting for a chance to see Joni James, the singer, so that they might get her signature. Zinnemann, who will direct the all-star cast of “From Here To Eternity” (Sinatra-Lancaster-Cliff-Deborah Kerr), smiled as he left the counter and plodded his way through the youngsters who would have swooned had they known who he was . . .

Geraldine Brooks and Myron McCormack (he’s featured in the long-run Broadway hit, “South Pacific”) were an on-again, off-again romance only because of her infrequent trips to New York. But they date steadily now she is in town . . .

Jack Dempsey’s life story cannot be made into a motion picture because of the expense it would entail. Every major principal involved in his fabulous career would have to be paid terrific sums of money for the right to be depicted in any filmization of the Dempsey career. His appearance in the Bob Hope-Mickey Rooney-Marilyn Maxwell comedy, “Off Limits,” brought many a nostalgic tear to the eyes of hardened Broadway characters who witnessed his screen performance at a sneak preview at the Astor Theatre . . .

Bette Davis can be credited with helping to influence so many New York women to adopt the Mamie Eisenhower banquet. Everywhere she’d appear after a performance of her musical, “Two’s Company,” she’d make every woman within sight notice her hairdo. In the Powder Room at Gogi’s Larue, she actually cut a fan’s hair to affect the same bangs, when the young girl begged her to do so . . . Only thing Miss Davis did that was different was to wear heavy false eyelashes night and day.

The daughter of a famous New York theatrical acting family may file a lawsuit on or about October 1st over the similarity of her own life and that of the one portrayed by Lana Turner in “The Bad And The Beautiful” . . .

The historic Empire Theatre which is to be torn down late this Summer to make way for a new office building (it is currently housing Shirley Booth in “Time Of The Cuckoo”) will be the subject of a semi-documentary film to be made by an independent producer in Gotham using famous actors and actresses in scenes from the stage plays they made famous in the distinguished playhouse . . . Helen Hayes, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Julie Harris, Katharine Cornell, Ethel Barrymore and Billie Burke are among the many . . .

Kurt Kasznar asked the New York office of MGM if they would screen “Lili” for him so that he might see friend Zsa Zsa Gabor’s performance in the Leslie Caron star. The date was set. Unbeknown to Kasznar, his fellow-Hungarian Zsa Zsa had made a similar request for a special showing the same date of “Sombrero” in which Kasznar appears with Pier Angeli. So what happened! Both Zsa Zsa and Kurt arrived at the MGM projection room in the Loew’s State Theatre Building and the movie shown was “I Love Melvin” in which neither of them appear.

Lisa Ferraday had Pen & Pencil dinners, the male contingent, dropping their steaks for higher stakes—the opportunity of helping her retrieve a few 14 karat gold gadgets which had slipped from her plastic box-like handbag when she got up from her table. Thanking the gentlemen who helped her find her personal effects she started to leave the steak house and as she approached the door, she bumped into an incoming patron and her handbag again flew open, causing a repeat of the earlier incident. Since the man she colluded with happened to be Richard M. Nixon, Vice President of the United States, she did all the apologizing . . .

Joan and Constance Bennett, who have been touring the nation in separate plays, have confided to Broadway pals that they would welcome the chance to co-star in a new stage play in New York before resuming their film careers in Hollywood. Currently in “I Found A Million” Connie Bennett almost played the same town, New Haven, Connecticut, the same week her sister Joan was starring in “Bell, Book And Candle.”
GET THESE DRESSES—
Don't Pay a Penny!
and Make Fine Extra Money
Even in Your Spare Time

You've never read more exciting news! Think of seeing more than 100 beautiful latest-style dresses—and you can take your pick in YOUR OWN favorite fabric, style, color and size WITHOUT PAYING EVEN ONE CENT, on this brand new introductory plan! And all you do now is mail the coupon at the bottom of this page! You'll receive ABSOLUTELY FREE the most thrilling display of gorgeous styles you ever saw—all the latest models, the newest colors, all the popular fabrics—separates, mix-and-match, convertibles, casuals—suits, sports-wear, and hosiery and lingerie too! You select the dresses you want and they're YOURS, simply for showing the beautiful styles and sending just a few orders for friends, neighbors, or members of your family. That's all! You don't pay one cent for your own dresses—and you can get dress after dress for yourself this easy way!

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The moment folks see the beautiful styles, the vast selection, and the LOW, MONEY-SAVING PRICES, they want you to send to famous Harford Frocks for dresses just like them. And for sending us their selections you get your own dresses without paying a single penny—and you can actually make several dollars in one hour of spare time besides! Don't wait! We'll send you everything you need...

FREE! JUST MAIL COUPON BELOW!
Send no money! Just write your name, address, and dress size on coupon below (paste it on a postcard) and mail it, and we'll send you the big valuable style display so you can start at once getting your personal dresses without one cent of cost and collecting EXTRA CASH besides. Mail the coupon NOW!

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RUSH ABSOLUTELY FREE the big, valuable Harford Frocks Style Display so I can start quickly getting personal dresses without paying one penny for them, and make extra money in spare time besides.

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Personalized care of your hair is more than just “grooming”...

shampooing, brushing, styling and setting.
The real art is in keeping your hair groomed after you arrange it properly.

Tomorrow, an hour or two after you dress your hair, see how soon it becomes disarranged.
Next morning, take 10 seconds to put on a Venida Hair Net. Notice how your hair stays in place all day long, without a single recombing.

Once you experience this wonderful feeling of protection and assurance, you won’t be without a Venida Hair Net...any hour...any day! Fully guaranteed, Venida Hair Nets are sold everywhere.

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A gay, party-going pink—feminine as it is fiery!
Wear it when you're in the mood for spur-of-the-
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Pink for a proposal! Marriage on your mind?
This is for you...a tempting, rosy-soft pink...so romantic,
it's practically guaranteed to make it happen!

Strike Me Pink...

dramatic, sophisticated!
For the moments when you feel very
"femme fatale"...in the mood for a
Paris hat...a new love affair!

CUTEX

puts your love-life in the pink with the
prettiest shades of the season! Try some of this
Cutex color-magic tonight...and listen
for these sure-to-be-whispered words
..."LOVE YOU IN PINK"!

Spillproof Cutex, 15¢ plus tax
Stay Fast Lipstick, America's Creamiest Indelible,
29¢ plus tax
Lovely Cutex Trillium Case, contains 3 different
shades of Stay Fast Lipstick—color-keyed to your
complexion, $1.25 value for only 89¢ (FTM) plus tax.
M-G-M presents

Mystery-comedy at it's best!
Meet two swing-happy sweethearts
who
dish
out
hot licks
amid blood-chilling menace!

BROADWAY'S STAGE HIT IS ON THE SCREEN!
Playwrights Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse who
did "Arsenic And Old Lace" have done it again! A riot of fun!

CO-STARRING

LOUIS CALHERN · ANGELA LANSBURY · JOHN BEAL · DOROTHY DANDRIDGE

STAGE PRODUCED BY

LELAND HAYWARD · DON WEIS · ARTHUR HORNLOW, JR.
What makes them all like Tampax?

Take Nancy. The outdoor type. Always ready for any sport, from cycling to tennis, no matter what time of the month it is. Even goes in swimming on "those days." How does she do it? With Tampax, the internal kind of monthly sanitary protection. Tampax does away with chafing and irritation; is so comfortable the wearer doesn't even feel it, once it's in place.

Then there's Helene. Overwhelmingly feminine. Sachet for her bureau drawers and satin cases for her lingerie. Helene likes Tampax because it's so dainty. The highly absorbent cotton is easily disposed of, even while visiting. One's hands need never touch the Tampax, thanks to the throwaway applicator.

Ann's a career girl. Efficient and practical. Naturally you'd expect her to use doctor-invented Tampax. Just the assurance that there can be no revealing outlines, that there isn't any possibility of offending odor, lets her feel poised and sure of herself under any circumstances. And Tampax is so convenient to carry. A month's supply fits in the purse.

They're making
Hey! Hey!—in
the most
warm-hearted
musical
under the
sun!

By the Light of the Silvery Moon

"Your Eyes Have Told Me So"
"I'll Forget You"
"The Only Girl in the World"
"My Home Town"

Your eyes have told me so
I'll forget you
The only girl in the world
My home town
what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Peds

The Aristocrat of Foot Covers...

All NYLON Knit
New Green Box
45c

Fine COTTON Knit
New Yellow Box
25c

Peds are the tailored foot covering, shaped to fit your foot and to stay in place. They're sanitary and keep feet and shoe linings clean. Elastic edge keeps Peds snug. Exclusive heel protector prevents slipping.

James Stewart with his Gloria. Jimmy presented Academy art direction awards.

Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger were also on hand for Academy night doings.

Yvonne DeCarlo, who has never lacked boy friends, fretted a little over the fact that her newest flame, Latin Carlos Thompson, was out and around town with a lot of the unattached glamour pusses while she was in London making a picture. One of Carlos' favorites was another Latin, Katy Jurado. Yvonne wasn't planning to linger in Europe as she usually does, for this reason.

Ho hum and who cares—when last heard from, Mario Lanza was about to consider going back to work at MGM in the long-delayed "Student Prince." The guy, in spite of his reluctance to work, is still one of the top money-makers for his studio and if there's any way to get him to report on the set, MGM will hope he will be around for as long as the money rolls into the till.

On the other hand, Johnnie Ray, who was so hot last year, has a few fears to shed (real ones). With the breakup of his marriage to that nice little gal, Marilyn Morrison, and a slackening in interest when he makes night club appearances, he's not the same boy. Almost makes us cry to think of it.

Bob Cummings and his pretty gal, Mary, threw an open house thing on the stage where they shoot their funny TV show, "My Hero." Practically the most attractive bartender you ever saw poured—it was Mrs. C.

Looks like a good Summer, with Shirley Booth expecting to be out here, after the close of her Broadway play, for Hal Wallis' picture, "About Mrs. Leslie." It's gonna be tough for Shirley, who's a pretty retiring person, to turn down all the invitations that will come her way when she arrives. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)

Anne Francis' new vivaciousness is very evident at "Call Me Madam" premiere.

Anne Francis' new vivaciousness is very evident at "Call Me Madam" premiere.
The bullet was waiting for Colby at the Zapotec gate... guarding the ancient Mayan temples and exotic riches hidden from the world! This was the terror-trek that took him to the gold Sun-Goddess—and a golden-haired spitfire who almost spelled disaster!

Filmed on the spot in the far reaches of Mexico's fabulous Oaxaca!

Warner Bros. present Glenn Ford in the suspense-scorching adventure of the Plunder of the Sun

Diana Lynn Patricia Medina
Paramount is definitely on the prowl for all the cute canaries in the territory. With a corner on the fabulous Rosemary Clooney, the very pretty Teresa Brewer (who's practically a dead-ringer for Jennifer Jones) and talented young Joanne Gilbert, the studio has also latched onto another cutie, Marjie Millard, who gets star billing and two solo songs in the new Martin and Lewis pic, "Money From Home." Marjie's the gal who will marry 20th's talented boy actor, composer, director, dancer and singer, Casey Adams, just about as you're reading this here. Since Casey's sensational success in "Niagara," he's been spotted for a very important part in 20th's "Vicki."

Opinion around town is that Joan Crawford listened to an ill-winded advice giver when she gave Marilyn Monroe that unsolicited piece of counsel about not believing her publicity. The great Crawford needs this kind of foolishness.

A gal who doesn't go around much and doesn't always look as if she's having a good time, named Rita Hayworth, positively guffawed out loud at Mocambo when she went to see the fabulous act of Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers. The biggest hoot from the Princess was when Kay and the boys made a sly reference to Rita's ex, Prince Aly Khan. Rita, was, as usual, with the very handsome Manuel Rojas.

One of the nicest things about the picture business these days is the re-discovery of some of the great talent of the old days. Now hear this—Columbia's spotted old-time stars Dorothy Phillips, Gertrude Astor, Cleo Ridgeley and Arline Pretty in their 3-D pic, "Man In The Dark." The producer, Wallace MacDonald, and director, Lew Landers, also used to be matinee idols. Columbia also has Pat O'Malley in "The Wild One"—the flicker that allows Marlon Brando to ride around like crazy on a motorcycle. Out at MGM they've got Mae MacAfee, Naomi Chil- ders, Rhea Mitchell and the Moore Brothers, Tom and Matt, in Red Skelton's "The Great Diamond Robbery." In another of theirs, "Take The High Ground," old-timer Creighton Hale has a big part. At 20th, Mae Marsh gets a spot in "Blueprint For Murder." Hate to say it, but we think the movies get the idea from television.

I'm glad that Bob and Dorothy Mitchum's latest rhubarb, which sent him off to live life like a bachelor in a Westwood apartment, is a thing of the past and that Bob has returned bag and baggage to home and family. What we like about Mitch, though is that he admits it's his fault.

Lot of clacking went on among the gum-beaters about the illness of Vivien Leigh after she arrived in Hollywood from India to finish up Paramount's "Elephant Walk." Her pals—and the studio—were very concerned over her exhaust- ed state, which finally forced her to quit the picture and fly home to England. Elizabeth Taylor is taking the role.

(Continued on page 12)

Kathryn Grayson, Frankie Laine and Dinah Shore at "City Of Hope" show.

Lucille Ball and husband, Desi Arnaz, doing a stunt at "City Of Hope" show at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs. Lucy has many offers to return to screen.
Six-feet-four of fighting man
to tame a wildcat beauty!

Explosive intrigue engulfing a reckless love
made desperate by
danger!

DAVID E. ROSE presents

YVONNE ROCK DE CARLO • HUDSON • MAXWELL REED

in

SEA DEVILS

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

with DENIS O’DEA

Produced by DAVID E. ROSE • Directed by RAOUl WALSH

Screenplay by BORDEN CHASE • A CORONADO PRODUCTION • Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.
what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Joan Crawford with her old friend, Cesar Romero, at supper-dance at Romanoff's following "Call Me Madam" premiere.

Anybody who doesn't speak Gaelic (that's Irish to you) will be lost at the Ann Blyth-Dr. James McNulty wedding. Both of them are as Irish as a shamrock and Dennis Day's going to be the best man. Calling all leprechauns.

Now that it's known that Gene Nelson baked a birthday cake for his pal, Gordon MacRae, that dancing feller will be swamped no doubt to appear on cooking shows. Seems like Gene used to be a baker before Hollywood discovered him.

The Screen Writers' Guild, not to be outdone by other inside-industry organizations, threw one of the fanciest Award banquets this side of the Pacific Ocean, to pay due tribute to the writers who slave and slog to write good and bad screenplays and put bright words in the mouths of actors. Held at the Hollywood Palladium—mighty big place, and full of— it sported the best and funniest show of the season. George Jessel and Ronald Reagan were the m.c.'s, the best anywhere. Mary McCarty, and you'll be seeing her on the screen as a result of this, stopped the show with her hilarious routines from Broadway musicals and night
clubs. Tony Curtis and Dan Dailey had a couple of skits that made everybody fall on the floor. One of the surprises of the evening was Merle Oberon in a very funny bit.

Any of you—all fans been lonesome for Farley Granger? This boy’s been on suspension for eight long months (this is a polite term for off salary around these parts) since he made “Hans Christian Andersen.” Now he goes to MGM for a picture. That won’t make this boy mad. In addition to getting paid, he gets to be near Dawn Addams, the first gal he’s shown any enthusiasm about since the old days of Shell and Farl.

And then whatever happened to Lynn Bari? Well, this girl’s not only got a new romance, but she’s also got a top spot in a new film called, “Sabre Jet.” Oh, yeah, and whatever happened to Wayne Morris? Well, sir, he’s taken off a lotto weight (40 lbs.) and got himself a part in a Randy Scott Western called, “Riding Shot Gun.” When it came time for him to get into them riding clothes he was so lean that the wardrobe department had to pad him a little.

END

Special Offer to get you to try New MUM with M-3 — Destroys Odor Bacteria — Stops Underarm Odor All Day

Don’t miss this wonderful, no-risk chance to try new Mum cream deodorant. Mum now contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor-bacteria — doesn’t give perspiration odor a chance to start.

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So get a trial size jar — free of extra cost. You pay for only one jar. And you’ll be thrilled with its amazingly effective protection or 39¢ will be mailed to you promptly.

*Accept this Offer!

Use bonus jar of Mum with M-3. If you don’t agree that Mum is the best deodorant for you, return unused 39¢ jar (before July 31, 1953), with your name and address, to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. MM, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. for 39¢ refund. (Offer good only in continental U.S.A.)

Available only while supplies last.
"The President's Lady" is the story of Pres. Jackson and his much maligned wife. Charlton Heston and Susan Hayward star, with John McIntyre featured.

George Sanders briefs Ethel Merman on courtly etiquette in "Call Me Madam."

The love story of Andrew Jackson and his much maligned wife, Rachel, is beautifully played by Susan Hayward and Charlton Heston. Jackson, a young attorney in Tennessee, boards at the home of Rachel's widowed mother (Fay Bainter). He is immediately attracted to her daughter, but learns that she is married and separated from her husband, and that a feud is brewing between the two families. Rachel takes refuge on a river boat and plans to stay with relatives in Natchez. Jackson goes along as protection. When word comes that...
Van Heflin, Jean Arthur, Alan Ladd in an unusual story of the West, "Shane."

Rachel's husband has sought a divorce, the couple are married. After two years of wedded life, they learn that the divorce has just been granted. Although remarried, the scandal mars Rachel's life, even though Jackson valiantly tries to protect her from the slurs of his enemies, particularly during his political campaign for president. Acting, directing, and production values stamp this film as top drawer entertainment.

Call Me Madam

Ethel Merman bounces onto the screen with all the sensitivity of a brass band, and from the moment she sings the "Hostess With The Moste's On The Ball," you know that you are in for a rare evening of entertainment. As U.S. Ambassador to the mythical country of Lichtenburg, Ethel manages to upset the schedule arranged by charge d'affaires Billy De Wolfe, fall in love with George Sanders, and help promote the romance of her press attache, Donald O'Connor, and Princess Vera-Ellen. Of course, the Irving Berlin numbers are standard hits by now, but with the Merman interpretation and the top terpsichore of O'Connor and Vera-Ellen something exciting happens. Film's outlook is almost as bright as the Technicolor lensing of Leon Shamroy, and wait until you hear George (lover boy) Sanders sing. 20th Century-Fox.

Shane

This unusual Western, filmed against some of Wyoming's most rugged beauty, carries the indelible mark of a George Stevens production. Van Heflin and Jean Arthur, with their son, Brandon De Wilde, find trying to keep their small homestead from land baron Emile

America's having its face changed, and loving it! Women of every age are getting the beauty thrill of a lifetime with Coty's new "CREAM POWDER" COMPACT!

It took only thirty days for the first million women to discover how "CREAM POWDER" differs from ordinary make-ups that accent lines and pores. How fine and poreless it makes skin look. How long it clings! Now, all America is clamoring for this spill-proof blend of "Air-Spun" Face Powder and sheer cream make-up base. How about you?

One Million Faces Changed in 30 Days!

America's having its face changed, and loving it! Women of every age are getting the beauty thrill of a lifetime with Coty's new "CREAM POWDER" COMPACT!

It took only thirty days for the first million women to discover how "CREAM POWDER" differs from ordinary make-ups that accent lines and pores. How fine and poreless it makes skin look. How long it clings! Now, all America is clamoring for this spill-proof blend of "Air-Spun" Face Powder and sheer cream make-up base. How about you?
DOCTORS’ TESTS
PROVE PIMPLES
CLEARED UP

or definitely improved
in 9 out of 10 cases

New! Amazing Medication
‘STARVES’ PIMPLES
SKIN-COLORED... Hides pimples while it works

At last! A new medication called CLEARASIL is so effective it brings entire new hope to pimple sufferers. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved.

AMAZING STARVING ACTION. CLEARASIL is greaseless and fast-drying in contact with pimples. Starves pimples because it helps remove the oils* that pimples "feed" on. Antiseptic, stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

INSTANT RELIEF from embarrassment because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples. And CLEARASIL is greaseless... stainless... pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

THOUSANDS HAIL CLEARASIL. So many boys, girls, adults found that CLEARASIL really works for them, it is already the largest-selling specific medication for pimples in America.† GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors' tests or money back. 99%. Economy size 98%. Get CLEARASIL at druggists.

NOW ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA (slightly more).*
*Over-activity of certain oil glands is recognized by authorities as a major factor in acne.
†According to regular store survey.

Psoriasis doesn't keep me
from parties . . .
I USE SIROIL

Learn how hundreds of thousands of users have found Siroil tends to remove psoriasis crusts and scales on outer layer of skin. Light application helps control recurring lesions. Siroil doesn't stain clothing or bed linens. Offered on two weeks satisfaction or money refunded basis.

Write for free booklet Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 55-19, Santa Monica, Calif.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

Wounded in a desert battle, Foreign Legionnaire Alan Ladd recovers under the care of Arlene Dahl, princess of a mysterious city in U-I's "Desert Legion."

Meyer, is robbing their lives of pleasure. A stranger, named Shane, rides into their place one day and agrees to take a job as handyman. Shane, played by Alan Ladd, is no ordinary cowpoke. His lightning reach for his six-shooter at the mere sound of a cow turning over a milk crock soon stamps him as a gunfighter. Heflin, wearying of trying to hold the other homesteaders together to fight Meyer, accepts his foe's message to come and talk it over, "reasonable like." A friend lets Shane know that it is a trap since paid gunman Jack Palance will be on hand to kill Heflin. Ladd and Heflin tangle in a fight, which Ladd finally wins and then goes to town to meet the hired killer in Heflin's place. Film reveals some of the longest, noisiest, and most realistic fight scenes recorded. The cast is excellent, with Ladd freeing the valley from its foes and chalkling up three more notches on his gun. He decides once a gunfighter always a gunfighter and rides away, not in the usual sunset, however, but facing a thunder storm. Paramount.

The Blue Gardenia

Anne Baxter, Ann Sothern and Jeff Donnell are telephone operators, each of whom Raymond Burr has unsuccessfully tried to date. When Anne Baxter receives a letter from her boy friend in Korea breaking off their engagement, she foolishly accepts a dinner engagement with Burr. He becomes unmanageable and she hits him with a fireplace poker. She faints, but regains consciousness before the police arrive. In her hurry to leave she forgets her shoes. Columnist Richard Conte uses...
Dorothy Bromley and Audrey Dalton are two of the trio of English girls who make a much-heralded and very gay debut in “The Girls Of Pleasure Island.”

this clue to start an investigation via his newspaper. By the time he uncovers Anne as the murderer, he is also able to prove her unsuspected innocence. Grim, factual drama. Warner Brothers.

**Desert Legion**

With two such handsome co-stars as Alan Ladd and Arlene Dahl, it’s only natural to expect plenty of cheesecake, lots of romance and a fair portion of fisticuffs. Story, which has a fable-like quality, finds Foreign Legionnaire Ladd the only member of his troop surviving a surprise encounter by desert raider Omar Ben Khalif. Ladd is mysteriously saved by a group of peace-loving people from the hidden city of Madara. When he reports their existence to his post commander, Leon Askin, he is laughed at. In an attempt to vindicate himself, Ladd and confidant, Akim Tamiroff, desert the post and leave on a private mission of finding Madara. The city proves rather easy to find, but pretty difficult to leave, particularly after Ladd gets a look at the ruler’s daughter, Arlene Dahl. Lots of sword-changing and machine-gunning in an exotic oriental setting. Universal-International.

**Trouble Along The Way**

John Wayne, Charles Coburn and talented moppet, Sherry Jackson, come up with an entertaining comedy that provides much the same warmth found in “Going My Way.” Priest Charles Coburn, rector of St. Anthony’s College, learns that the institution is to be closed (CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

Ann Robinson and Gene Barry battle a Martian invader in “War Of Worlds.” Jan Sterling and Forrest Tucker plot to get “Pony Express” through safely.
From Out of Space... came hordes of green monsters!

Capturing at will the humans they need for their own sinister purposes!

A General of the Army turned into a Saboteur!

Parents turned into... rabid Killers!

Trusted police become... Arsonists!

Told in a panorama of fantastic, terrifying COLOR

Starring
HELENA CARTER • ARTHUR FRANZ • JIMMY HUNT

with LEIF ERICKSON • HILLARY BROOKE • MORRIS ANKRUM • MAX WAGNER • BILL PIPPS • MILBURN STONE

An Edward L. Alperson Production Released by 20th Century-Fox

Produced and Directed by
WILLIAM CAMERON MENZIES
Screen Play by
RICHARD BLAKE

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
EDWARD L. ALPERSON, JR.
IF JENNIFER JONES doesn't want gossip columns to report she's having “household troubles” as Mrs. David O. Selznick, she might think twice before sharing a table-for-two with handsome, young escorts in Manhattan cocktail lounges.

Two of the nicest young people ever to visit New York are Janet and Tony Curtis. Their Gotham pals, however, wish they would taper off on their overly-publicized “private lives.” If their understanding friends can take just so much, how will the fickle fans react in time?

Artie Shaw gets snubs from certain queens, who spot him at parties around town, because he “exposes” them in his newest book, “Boys And Girls Together.”

THE pre-Academy Awards champagne supper soiree honoring Shirley Booth at Bruno's Pen & Pencil began at midnight and lasted until dawn. A highlight of the late hour doings had Joan Crawford telephoning long distance to offer her eleventh hour greetings and prediction that Shirley's “Sheba” would cop the 25th annual Academy Award for 1952's best top performance by an actress. Former Oscar winners on hand were Kim ("A Streetcar Named Desire") Hunter and Broderick ("All The King's Men") Crawford, who joined Mr. and Mrs. Mark Stevens, Nina Foch (with actor Jimmy Lipton), Lisa Ferraday, Fritzi Scheff, and “Sudden Fear” nominee, Jack Palance, in the fun-making. The hospitalized Bette Davis wired her regrets, as did Jose Ferrer, who with Rosemary Clooney, was detained in Boston because of his stage production of "My Three Angels.”

Terry Moore's eleventh hour remark (before the Academy Awards were announced) that she didn't want to win for her supporting role in "Come Back, Little Sheba" because an Oscar is a jinx, was one of the most ill-advised statements of the season. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)
Wonder how other “supporting” Oscar winners felt about that. Thomas Mitchell, Van Heflin, Teresa Wright, Charles Coburn, Barry Fitzgerald, Ethel Barrymore, Anne Baxter, Edmund Gwenn, Celeste Holm, Claire Trevor, Dean Jagger, George Sanders and Walter Brennan (who has won three) in particular.

During her sabbatical in Gotham, Lena Horne “got with it” to such an extent, at the Bon Soir, she did a solo number from her table with the handclapping “accompaniment” of James Mason, Constance Moore, Marge and Gower Champion, Danny Thomas, Johnnie Ray, Jan Sterling, Paul Douglas and Gypsy Rose Lee. Novelist Mickey Spillane voted it the grooviest rendition of “Tiger Rag” he ever heard. Bob Crosby seconded the nomination.

Van Johnson will sing and dance to a medley of hits from “Pal Joey” and “Too Many Girls” during his London Palladium stint. He appeared in both Broadway tune-shows years ago. He’s been practicing and singing three hours daily. “I want them to like me over there,” says Van.

Marge and Gower Champion can charm even the most difficult “squares.” At the Latin Quarter, a noisy foursome was creating a disturbance during the great nightclub act of Ted Lewis. Waiters and captains couldn’t quiet the quartet of merrymakers, but Marge and Gower did so by merely going over to the table and whispering their joint request for “a little less noise, please.” We hope Ted Lewis won’t have to return the favor when the dancing stars open at Bill Miller’s Riviera, sharing the program with Vic Damone.

Ralph Meeker had a large “7” appropriately painted on his dressing room mirror the night he opened in the Broadway hit, “Picnic,” opposite Janice Rule. Director Joshua Logan, who brought him back from Hollywood, did the art work. It was Logan who put him in Henry Fonda’s “Mister Roberts” and then recommended him to Irene Selznick for the male lead in “Streetcar Named Desire” when Marlon Brando left the play to make the screen version. After “Streetcar,” Ralph hopped a plane to Hollywood where he made “Teresa,” “Four In A Jeep,” “Somebody Loves Me,” “The Naked Spur” and “Jeopardy.” In seven years, with a great assist from Josh Logan, Ralph’s talents have earned him Broadway stardom in “Picnic!”

Gloria De Haven’s hair, always a matter of conjecture, has been blonde, red and dark brown during the past year or so. It confuses her... (CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)
Like Ann Sheridan, you, too, will thrill to the radiant beauty of Crescent Diamond Engagement and Wedding Rings. For Crescent is the larger, lovelier diamond you've always longed for... at a price so easy to afford.

When you choose Crescent, you're sure of true and lasting value. The Crescent Certificate of Guarantee and Registration, signed by your jeweler, is your protection—your assurance of an exquisite diamond. Choose now from many new beautiful styles... and be sure the name Crescent is in the ring and on the blue tag.

ANN SHERIDAN
starring in
Universal-International's
"TAKE ME TO TOWN"
Color by Technicolor

Rings enlarged to show details.

Larger, Lovelier Crescent DIAMOND RINGS
The Mystery Of Maureen

The breathtaking O'Hara is still baffling Hollywood with her behavior, however, you must admit she has good reasons why

By Denny Shane

For ten years beautiful Maureen O'Hara managed to keep her private life mysteriously to herself. Her marriage was never punctuated by printed rumors of any kind. As with a limited number of other beautiful women who seemed to have their lives well in hand—Susan Hayward, Jeanne Crain, etc.—the press gave up on getting any provocative stories about Maureen.

On the movie set she was regarded by co-workers as co-operative, but not particularly communicative. She attended only a very few parties and didn't welcome the exploring eyes of cameras in her home.

Then—suddenly—came a flash announcement that Maureen O'Hara was divorcing! Her marriage to Director Will Price had ended.

How the rumors began to fly! One minute you heard that Maureen had fallen for a famous star, the next that she was being wildly pursued by an enormously wealthy Mexican tycoon.

For the first time in years, tongues were buzzing about a girl who had managed to remain (continued on page 57)
When looks count most it's time for Sea Nymph—the glamour swim suit that's always in place in the sun! Soft-glowing iridescent lastex in exciting contrast-trimmed French Riviera colors. Sizes 32 to 38. Plan a complete Sea Nymph wardrobe at this value-happy price. about $9.

Slightly higher west of the Rockies

Sea Nymph glamour suits come in Juniors, too! Sizes 9 to 15.

at better stores everywhere, or write, Sue Gordon, JORDAN manufacturing corp., 1410 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Sea Nymph of Canada, 425 River St., Montreal
In "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Jane says that her change from glamour girl to comedienne is more pronounced than ever.

Rehearsing with Jack Cole, dance director. Marilyn's nickname of "The Round One" was given to her by friend Jane.

"I DIDN'T SAY THAT!"

Jane Russell denies the beefs she's supposed to have made about Marilyn Monroe and about her husband's giving up football for a career in films

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill
Now in "The Desert Song" with Kathryn Grayson, Gordon got married on only $50 a week; then reality set in with a thud.

Have children while you're young, advises Gordon, who is starring with Doris Day in "By The Light Of The Silvery Moon."
It is amazing that Betty Grable, whose name is synonymous with feminine beauty, and was used as a password during the War, who has had her silhouette on the nose of a bomber, and plastered over more soldiers' bunks than was chewing gum, should remark, "I've never been any place."

She continued, "I've never traveled to Europe, or owned a gown labeled Paris; never even been to Mexico or Hawaii. I'm strictly a see-the-U.S.A. girl with New York, Cedar Rapids and points in between my route."

All of which brings us to the question, does she have a gingham personality or a velvet reputation? Frankly, Betty Grable, the glamour queen, the woman, the mother, has us puzzled. After a long talk with her, we uncovered some startling new evidence.

Here are some pin-up pictures of her we never knew existed . . . Betty washing her daughters' hair . . . or Betty scrubbing a veal roast with soap . . . or twisting her gloves in Boy Scout knots when her horse, Big Noise, comes pounding down the stretch . . . or rushing out to a department store the afternoon of the social "Jockey's Ball" to buy a cocktail dress—an item she's never owned.

Betty, wearing a pencil-slim gray skirt, wide red belt, and white blouse with her monogram slashed down the left side, smiled, "I'll probably shock you, but I've only been to Palm Springs once, and that was during their off-season when I was recuperating from an operation."

We began to slip back to the velvet reputation when she said, "I always have breakfast in bed. My mother started it when I was 12 and used to work singing and dancing. The idea has clung, and I've even convinced Harry he should try it too.

"Of course, the tray isn't fancy. I have the same thing, half a grapefruit and coffee, every day. But when my daughters want to decorate it, they'll go out, pick some weeds, and stick them in a bud vase on the tray."

After my moment of luxury, I go downstairs order the groceries for the day, and then head for the studio. When I'm working I pay close attention to what I wear, but in private life I don't. Harry's the one with taste in clothes.

"I like him to select things for me. The other day, he decided to surprise me with a new coat. Harry looked at the various items the saleswoman showed, but the minute he saw a black and white checked coat, he said, 'Wrap it up!' The saleswoman assured him I wouldn't like it, he assured her I would, and I did.

"Of course, Harry's superstitious about black. He'll tell you the coat is navy and white. Even (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)"

Betty says that compared to the social activities of their daughters, Vicki and Jessica, she and Harry are just duds.

What a cast in "How To Marry A Millionaire," Betty's new picture! She stars with Lauren Bacall and Marilyn Monroe!
does a LOST LOVE ever RETURN?

by Corinne Calvet

"If there is one thing French women know deeply, intimately, it is love."
Perhaps you won't entirely agree with Corrine Calvet's European beliefs on resuming a romance because they're so shamelessly practical.

When anyone asks me, "Can you ever go back with romance?" I say NO—and then again, YES! Sometimes, but I think it does not often happen, you may love, and be parted from the one you love, and meet later to love again—but, and this is important, you'll never love again in the same way!

Everyone changes. Life changes us, each one, according to the things which happen to us and the experiences we endure and the loves we know and lose. No one can remain the same for very long.

Some people grow; others sink into a sort of lethargy and become less interesting than they once were—but everyone changes!

So—when you love, it is of that moment. That particular moment when you and the man you love find in each other the answer to all your dreams and desires.

Good marriages are built because the two people who loved went forward together from the point when each was the answer to the other's dream. Do you know why? Because these two lives went forward together.

The inevitable changes which come from life itself occurred while these two people were together, and thus, each accepted the change as a part of the loved one.

But suppose these lovers were parted for a while? Ah, that is very different!

The changes continue to occur. Suddenly there are two new people, who have suffered, learned, lived apart from each other. Each has gone through gradual changes which might not have distressed the other, if they had not been together and sharing life.

But when these two people have been apart, and then meet again—it is sad, but they are strangers to each other. Yes, even though they wear the same clothes, the same faces, the same names, they are different people inside.

Do you understand, then, why I say, "Yes." and then again, "No. one cannot love an old love?"

If there is one thing that French (continued on page 65)
"You have to work at being lovely, but make it seem like a breeze," says Jane. "Never give the impression of having to fuss."
Never admit, warns
Jane Greer, that your charm
doesn't come easily

A SECRET!

One of the most important things about being glamorous and attractive, thinks Jane Greer, is not to let anyone—especially the man in your life—know that it takes any doing at all. Never let him see you engaged in any drab routine of housekeeping or beauty care. Pretend your charm is as spontaneous as that of a blossom.

"You and I know," she confides, "that it takes time and thought and effort to look sleek and well-groomed, to keep your figure and complexion and hair in order, to run a house smoothly and to give a successful party. But don't let him know it. We have to do these things and do them as well as we can. But just don't make a fuss about it."

Jane admits that she, herself, isn't the least bit domestic. "I was never trained for it or taught anything about it," she says. "And I'm lucky enough to have other people to attend to it for me now while I do another kind of work.

"But most women do have to cook and keep house these days, and I know what I'd do about it. I'd try not to make 'a production' of it. I'd try to get the cooking finished before my husband came home, even though that might take a lot of study of casserole dishes and things that keep hot in the oven. I'd finish the drudgery, rush to put on fresh make-up and a pretty housecoat before he arrived. And I'd never, never admit that I'd 'slaved over a hot stove' to whip up that cake or to cook that roast! I'd pretend that pixie creatures came out of the woodwork and did every bit of it.

"I'd let him think the pixie creatures kept the house tidy, too, and washed all those windows. If a woman keeps on talking about drudgery and household routines, about drab routines, then her husband will begin to associate her with (continued on page 67)
confused

Mr. Skelton

Red's greatest desire is to have a happy home, yet he's a difficult guy to live with

By Louis Reid

Funnyman Red Skelton, who parlayed a doughnut-dunking routine into a fabulous fortune, is discovering that no matter how big the bankroll or ample the acclaim, domestic trouble can make life a little less than idyllic.

Red recently was involved in such a stormy row with his chic, flame-haired wife, Georgia, that he moved bag and baggage out of his swanky Bel Air, Calif., home into the Beverly Hills Hotel.

For making people laugh, Red has become the leading competitor of Fort Knox, Ky., in garnering gold. Indeed, he is probably the most successful prospector today in Hollywood's lush, ever beckoning hills—a true colossus of comedy.

But the disputes at home were far from funny to the champ funster. The sharp recriminations echoed loudly through the film colony. To add to his woes and to Hollywood's concern, was the fact that the quarrels took place as he was about to undergo surgery for diaphragmatic hernia, commonly called an upside-down stomach.

"I'm so much in love that it's (continued on page 66)
"We are not getting a divorce and we never will," declares his wife, Georgia, shown with Red and their two children.

Red's learning that even with a bankroll and acclaim, domestic trouble can make life less than idyllic.

A TV conference at Red's home. These, plus radio work, movies, long hours, don't help his married life.
My bonnet is off to Ed Sullivan and his “Toast Of The Town” series of six-minute “trailers” or “Coming Attraction” film clips of 20th Century-Fox and MGM movies. Ed has been working on the TV-Hollywood blending for four years. The success of his initial programs highlighting scenes from “Destination Gobi,” “Call Me Madam,” “I Love Melvin,” “The President’s Lady” and “Battle Circus” deserves high praise.

Faye Emerson, for the first time in her celebrated career as “Miss TV,” missed the opening of a show. “This Is Show Business” went on without her for the first five minutes. When she burst into the studio, took her place and looked into the cameras, she was a cool, calm and collected “Fayasie” despite her frightening experience of having been caught in the usual New York traffic jam.

Jack Benny, unexcitable and easy to work with, naturally rates sky-high with his fellow-workers in Hollywood. He will always have his pick of the top talent for TV guest shots. Because of this “name it and claim it” magic, he’s able to ask for Ann Blyth, Gracie Allen, Marilyn Monroe, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor or Bill (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd without a single turndown.

Ozzie Nelson and his family of three—Harriet, David and Ricky—got the surprise of their TV lives after a recent telecast of “The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet,” when a group of impeccably dressed matrons approached the Nelsons and presented Ozzie with a brown velvet box tied with bright green and yellow ribbons. At the insistence of Harriet, he untied the package and out popped a bright shiny medal, one that he had won thirty-three years before when he was the nation’s youngest Eagle Scout in his home town, Jersey City, New Jer-

Jane Froman’s Tilly has penchant for make-up; loves having nose powdered. Kirk Douglas, Ed Sullivan and dancers rehearsing for “Toast Of The Town.” The cool-headedness of Faye Emerson, with George Kaufman, saved a TV show.
WIRE

by Maggie McNellis

The emblem, which the then-young Ozzie had lost while his family moved from one town to another, had been uncovered at a charity rummage sale amid assorted buttons and sundry other items. The finder, a long-time fan of Ozzie's, had the medallion polished and packaged as a gift for the impromptu presentation. Nervous at the prospect of facing Ozzie, she had prevailed upon a few of her neighbors to go along with her. With Ozzie and Harriet playing host and hostess, and David and Ricky serving as escorts, the ladies, six in all, trooped off to the nearest restaurant where an elaborate dinner party got under way lasting until midnight.

There's a lot to be said in favor of the quality of the movies now being shown on the (continued on page 73)

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, noted for their crazy antics, want to prove to the world that they're really good actors so they'll go dramatic on television.

Ann Blyth listens intently to a serious Jack Benny. Jack rates sky high with fellow workers which explains why he has no trouble getting guest stars for show.

Denise Darcel kept promise to Walter Winchell, but isn't following through.
He hates to dress for a party, but once there is apt to stay until 5 a.m. "Women don't grip my imagination as actresses, but rather as women," says this Britisher.

The talented Richard Burton you've seen on the screen wears an actor's mask. Let's see what he's like enacting himself

"The whole point of acting is to get away from your own terrible self!" blurs out Richard Burton. "I'd be too embarrassed to play me." And so, if he wears a mask for every part, what sort of man is Burton?

The most colorful character you'd ever hope to meet! He deliberately explodes excitement in the air around him by daring to be his uninhibited self. Few men are fabulous, but he fits smoothly into the rare breed that deserves that tag. He's even had Hollywood's most cynical citizens dizzy with delight. They've happily discovered that as he appears dullness departs.

His broad shoulders and those green eyes that fling emotion make the initial dent. But it's his follow-up that is the double dose of dynamite.

Richard's talk is as exciting as his talent. He's not, however, merely a teller of fascinating tales, although he's been briskly examining cross-sections of this world for 27 crammed years. He concluded early it is a fantastic place full of unending adventures. Living to the hilt, tangling with the unexpected and taming it is this Englishman's cup of tea.

"It's so marvelous to be alive! You're never sure what will happen next!" he exclaims. Then with a grin he tosses a post-script. "Why be afraid to lay hold of whatever it is?"

He is amazed by almost everything, but especially by his own unbelievable rise from utter obscurity. Add to this kindly Burton heart that readily responds to the other fellow, his devastating sense of humor and you have, not a baffling personality, but an irresistible companion.

All this sounds extraordinary if (continued on page 70)
"When you powder your nose, think of your legs," says Vera-Ellen.

"Kleig lights often cast ugly highlights on shiny stockings," says Vera-Ellen, star of M-G-M's THE BIG LEAGUER. "So we make sure our legs look as freshly powdered as our faces." And that's what Bur-Mil Cameo nylons can do for your legs, too!

- "A woman powders her nose to eliminate unflattering shine," says alluring Vera-Ellen. "And, in Hollywood, we know a shiny stocking can be just as unglamorous as a shiny nose."

- That's why, on the screen and off, M-G-M stars, like lovely Vera-Ellen, wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons with exclusive Face Powder Finish to assure their legs of a soft, misty dullness that keeps them Leg-O-Genic at all times.

- Sheerest of them all! Bur-Mil Cameo's new, fabulously sheer 12 denier nylons in full-fashioned or seamless styles.

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CAMEO
STOCKINGS
WITH EXCLUSIVE
FACE POWDER FINISH

Styles from $1.25 to $1.95

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WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF FASHION FABRICS

BUR-MIL. CAMEO, FACE POWDER AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE TRADEMARKS
BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION
FOCUS ON FUN

Suit designs for the lazy one who likes the sun—or for the active one who does go near the water

For your nearest store, write to Marcia Moore.
SCREENLAND,
10 East 40th St., N.Y.C.

A sun tan special—this Tartan suit designed by Cole of California in a cotton print and modeled by Jan Sterling, now in "Split Second." Sizes S—M—L, $12.95.
Gingham suit in colorful hues is fully lined with acetate jersey. Sides may be shortened with drawstrings. By Brilliant, in sizes 32-38. $7.98. Modeled by Jan Sterling.

Sally Forrest wears Form Control suit by Surf Togs. In nylon and acetate Laton taffeta, with built-in "Phantom" girdle, side-boned bra, detachable straps. $15.98.

For happy days when sun and fun come first, here are a few of the priced-right swim suits for sunning and sun suits for swimming in fabrics that lead a double life

Catalina's "Willow Waist" suit of rayon-cotton fabric. In red, white and black or green stripes on white. $14.95. Comes with straps. Lotte Berl is in "Under The Red Sea."

Mitzi Gaynor wears Rose Marie Reid's elasticized cotton suit in a gay print. For sizes 10 to 16, priced at $10.95. Mitzi's next picture is "No Business Like Show Business."
Summer Icing

For happy Summer days and starlit nights—

this figure-flatterer in cotton, touched with its own frosting, modeled by blonde Jan Sterling

Pretty petticoats can be worn under this wide-skirted dress which comes in four colors—grey, navy, mauve and tan. It is made of lovely polished Everglaze chambray which is washable. The velvet belt comes in black when you choose the dress in grey—otherwise, belt matches the fabric color. The V-necked collar, cut low in both front and back, is adorned with Schiffli lace which gives it an air of elegance. This dress may be bought in sizes 9 to 15. It is priced at a reasonable $7.98. Sold at W. T. GRANT Stores. Jan is currently in RKO's "Split Second."
in six months unless he can get it out of debt. He decides to add football to the curriculum in the hope that the gate receipts will pay off the deficit. None of the top men join, however, and the priest's naïve offer except down-and-out John Wayne. He hopes to use the school as a hide-out to keep daughter Sherry away from domestic relations officer Donna Reed, who is acting in behalf of Wayne's ex-wife, Marie Windsor. With little equipment or manpower to work with, Wayne manages to get a powerhouse team that wins its first game, although a little chicanery is involved. The winning streak, however, is halted when the coach's ex-wife recognizes one of the players as a pro and informs Coburn, who immediately cancels the remainder of the season. It is only through a quick action by the pretty court lawyer and the church authorities that the team, the school and Sherry are saved. Clever dialogue, plus top-notch performances help Director Michael Curtiz speed the film along at a fast clip. Warner Bros.

Pony Express

When Buffalo Bill (Charlton Heston) and Wild Bill Hickok (Forrest Tucker) combine forces to get the Pony Express through to California, pardner, you might as well start making your reservations. Despite Indians, ambushes and the skullduggery of Pat Hogan, they accomplish their aims. Valiantly aiding them in their plan are Rhonda Fleming, a loyal Californian anxious to see the West linked with the East, and Jan Sterling, an Army Post-raised girl who sacrifices her life to protect Heston. A wee bit involved at times, producer Nat Holt has embellished the film with top name actors and some striking outdoor footage. Paramount.

Count The Hours

It won't take whodunit fans long to guess that the mystery's clue is in the title of this new Benedict Bogeaus production. Teresa Wright and John Craven are migratory workers whose employer is killed just a few feet from their door. Afraid to admit that her husband has a gun that corresponds to the murder weapon, Teresa tosses it into a lake. Her action scuttles her husband's only defense evidence and gives the district attorney grounds to book him. It isn't until able attorney Macdonald Carey is called into the trial that Craven's chances brighten. Although Carey is able to pinpoint the real murderer almost immediately, he is unable to supply a witness or the murder weapon. Adele Mars, the murderer's wife, provides the only comedy relief in somber, tense drama. RKO.

Split Second

Dick Powell makes his directorial bow with a nerve tingling drama of a killer holding six people captive at Frenchman Flats, scene of an impending atom bomb test. Stephen McNally and wounded Paul Kelly escape from prison and hitch a ride with divorcee Alexis Smith and her attorney, Robert Paige. When the group runs into a road block and the car runs out of gas, McNally commandeers a station wagon driven by reporter Keith Andes and girl friend Jan Sterling. He pilots the entire entourage to the "Flats." As the minutes tick by, the group aided by prospector Arthur Hunnicutt, vainly tries to escape the killer and the forthcoming atom bomb test. Film's topical attraction, up-to-the-minute headline appeal will boost its sure-fire rating. RKO.

Lone Hand

Joel McCrea is busier than a hot pinging pong ball volleying back and forth from farmer to desperado to detective in U-I's latest Technicolor salute to the old West. Joel, a widower, and son, Jimmy Hunt, decide to invest all of their savings in a farm in Timberline, Colo. Although busy getting their farm in shape, Joel's not too engaged to court pretty neighbor, Barbara Hale, whom he eventually marries to provide a home for his son. Supposedly a peace-loving man, Joel's activities puzzle his son and new wife. Every night that there is a robbery, he disappears, and when the year's crops are lost he still has plenty of money. It is only after Barbara has left him that, he realizes his real love for her, and reveals that he is a Pinkerton Detective who has routed out the leader who has been robbing the farmers. Some lively antics by Jimmy and a mongrel dog named Butch, plus beautiful Colorado scenery, add greatly to the family film fare. Universal-International.

The Girls of Pleasure Island

The much heralded three little English girls discovered by Director-author F. Hugh Herbert make their debut in a Technicolor plum especially tailored to their talents. Leo Genn, father of the three girls, enjoys his secluded life on Pleasure Island, as a representative of the British government. His paradise, however, is rudely interrupted when 1,500 Marines land on the island to build an air strip. His daughters, who have married a whole bunch of a Marine (whom he regards as an eligible one), have a field day with "500 Marines a piece," much to their harried father's concern. Dorothy Bromley, a 16-year-old pixie, has a puppy love affair with a "sophisticated" 18-year-old. Joan Elan enjoys herself as a flirt, while Audrey Dalton and Jan Taylor play the serious romance of the film. Movie, which continually builds from its hilarious premise, is further heightened by the appearance of Elsa Lanchester, as the girls' governess, and Gene Barry, an interesting newcomer. Paramount.

Bright Road

The compassion of Negro school teacher Dorothy Dandridge for pupil Philip Hepburn's need for understanding comprises the major story line of this Christopher Award-winning story. Young Philip, who has been a rejected misfit student, is more interested in butterflies and nature, than arithmetic and geography. Yet under the teacher's tutelage he begins to take an active part in school proceedings until his little girl friend is fatally stricken with pneumonia. For him, her death threatens to upset Philip's newly-gained confidence, but when the teacher and the school's principal back him up in an argument with some pupils over a cocoon, he becomes a happy child again. Charmingly told, sincerely enacted, film is directed by Gerald Mayer and features Miss Dandridge in a straight dramatic plot. MGM.

War of Worlds

A real spine-chiller that's every bit as exciting as the Orson Welles interpretation of the H.G. Wells novel. Although Gene Barry, Ann Robinson and Lex Tremayne head the cast as the earth people faced by the invasion of creatures from Mars, the real stars are weird special effects created by Gordon Jennings. Spiderlike Martians invade the earth and crumble all that gets in their way. Belatedly, the world unites to battle the invaders, but the futility of even the atom bomb turns the people to prayer in preparation for their doom. It's at this moment that the Martians are struck down by a lowly germ for which their life in the sterile world of Mars has not prepared them. Movie is a real shocker along the science-fiction lines pioneered by Producer George Pal. Paramount. END
MARILYN MONROE, clad in a diaphanous, decollette evening gown, arises from her couch and advances towards you, planting, smack on your lips, a firm, endearing, and quite positive kiss!

Is this your imagination? Tall, handsome Tyrone Power, or Robert Taylor, or Clark Gable ambles over and puts out his paw, a paw that you can't help shaking with enthusiasm, if you—the member of the movie audience—feel as this writer does about Power, Taylor, Gable. Is this imagination playing tricks again?

Or a feast fit for kings is being cooked up on the screen. There's rare roast beef, Yorkshire pudding and potatoes a crispy golden brown, and they're yours for the sampling. Only the smell is missing... and it won't be long, perhaps, before that happens, too.

All this, of course, is not just imagination.

It's all part of Hollywood's new order of things. The three-dimensional movie designed to make you have your cake and eat it, too! If that sounds like a riddle, dear movie-goer, you are in for a treat. Whatever takes place on the screen of tomorrow will be shared with you, the ticket buyer. From soup to nuts, and with quite a little sex thrown in for good measure.

If the Hollywood sages have it right, and chances are pretty good that they have, it will be nothing unusual for tomorrow's movie-goer to be embraced by filmdom's most dazzling and glamorous stars, for you to be
Richard Burton and Jean Simmons, of the 3-D "The Robe," on the 20th lot with Producer Frank Ross, Director Henry Koster.

Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas watch "Sangaree" wearing polarized glasses.

on hand-shaking terms with the great heroes of the screen, or to be spirited on the magic carpet of the new medium into unknown and unforgettable paradises.

This, dear moviegoer, is the world of the Deepies (3-Ds). A bright, brave new world, if you are still listening to those same Hollywood sages, and one that has provided a much-needed hypo, due to the public support of an antiquated little medium called t-e-l-e-v-i-s-i-o-n.

But, to coin a (continued on page 68)
Graduate to Glamour

GRADUATIONS, weddings, the beginning of Summer—they all happen in June. Each supplies a strong incentive to make the most of what you have in the way of good looks, and to search out possible improvements.

Paramount’s young Audrey Dalton, for one, is convinced that the state of your coiffure is the key to any claim to attractiveness. “What girl can look alluring, even in a perfect setting, without the compliment of a neat and becoming hair-do?” she asks. Whirling through her star-building schedule, Audrey has had to squeeze her own hair care program into minutes between social and studio engagements. Now that she’s finished her first two pictures in Hollywood, she juggles her beauty time so expertly we’re sure you’ll want to know what her system is. First of all, Audrey believes in frequent shampooing. She always shampoos after every swim, for example, using a gentle lotion shampoo to float away salt and sand before they have a chance to do any harm. Each shampoo is followed by a creme rinse that copes with tangles and leaves a protective, but invisible film on the hair. Thorough brushing (and scalp massage when she can manage it) helps Audrey keep her hair in good condition. For the firm, soft curl that is the basis of her own hair style, she counts on a home permanent. Audrey uses one of the self-neutralizing home permanent wave kits like Prom because it lets her do two things at once. With this kit she is free to study scripts or catch up on her beauty sleep while her new wave neutralizes as it dries around the curlers. She follows the directions, even as you and I, and starts her waving procedure with a shampoo followed by a brief towel-drying. With her hair still damp, Audrey applies waving lotion to each strand before rolling it onto a curler. Audrey’s hair is neither color-treated nor difficult to curl so she chooses the Regular Lotion from the three strengths in which Prom is made. Having given each curl a second saturation with lotion (until the entire bottle has been used up) Audrey has time for a facial and manicure during the 30-minute processing period. After this, a water rinse stops the waving action and starts the neutralizing. Her job is done now—she doesn’t have to think about her hair again until it’s completely dry, with the wave ready to set in her favorite way.

When you ask a man what it is he finds most attractive about a woman, he may very well agree with Audrey Dalton and say “beautiful hair.” But another man might vote for sparkling eyes or a cute nose. The truth is that the only thing they all agree on is that it’s the over-all quality of loveliness that really matters. Probably the easiest, most personal way to achieve this aura of charm is through the use of perfume. After all, it’s been helping women win men since the earliest civilizations—time enough to prove its value. That’s why perfume news is always such important news to the feminine sex. To bring you up to date on the sub-
We bring you beauty news from a young star

and a report on props that you will want to know about to

help you take some important steps forward in the
direction of more appealing loveliness

By ELIZABETH LAPHAM

More good news about perfume is

the Evening in Paris Fragrance Festival—an arrangement in which you
get a lot for a little. Specifically, the
Evening in Paris Fragrance Festival
consists of three special packagings
of one of the all-time perfume fav-
orites. Each one brings you two or
more versions of this famous scent at
a considerable saving. The Two's
Company package holds cologne and
cologne stick, a combination that
is priced at $1. instead of the usual $1.50.

Cool, Crisp and Clean is a gaily deco-
rative set that

(continued on page 72)
attracted the attention of songwriter Jimmy McHugh who was looking for chorus girls, but decided Mamie was not meant for the chorus. He became her personal manager and sent her to the Bliss-Hayden drama school for training. While acting there in "Come Back, Little Sheba," in the sexy role played on the screen by Terry Moore, Mamie was spotted by a U-I casting director. The rest is history—exciting history for a girl who once worked as a secretary in an L.A. law firm before persuaded to cash in on her natural talents.

Mamie lives with her parents in a Swedish-style house within ten blocks of the studio. She dates several of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, including Rock Hudson, but insists there is no real romance in her life. Plays the cello expertly, swims a great deal, collects records, tries to cook better than anybody else. She'd be contributing to the delinquency of minors.

END

The Jameses have plenty of friends, but in the ten years they've been married they've had only one large-scale party. That was the night they invited Harry's band over for dinner, and their manager cooked spaghetti. That's why they've found a cook and a nurse for the children, it helped.

"We'd need a larger staff if I had friends in for cocktails and card parties, but I don't. When I'm working, I don't have the time. And truly, I wouldn't enjoy them anyway, I'd much rather be around people who talk about horse breeding and stake winners. Compared to our daughters and all of their social activities, Harry and I are just duds," she philosophized.

The Jameses have everything on a schedule. He pays for everything connected with the home and family, and they are equal partners on their 109-acre ranch in the Valley.

We don't keep the horses there. We board them since the other ranch, the Baby J, is now rented, and the 109 acres are planted in tomatoes.

Don't get the idea that Betty has lost interest in racing. They still have six horses running, and their pride and joy, "Big Noise," has won over $100,000.

"When that horse runs, I get so excited I have practically the heebie jeebies. He was bred and born on the Baby J, and I so want Big Noise to do well. Our trainer told Harry they give a nerve-race vitamin B-12, and maybe I should have some too.

"The next morning on my tray there was a beautifully wrapped gift from Harry. It turned out to be a Lottle of vitamin B-12!"

He ribs me about getting overly excited and I kid him about being overly-neat. If he wears a suit once, it's sent to the cleaners. I'm usually struggling to get a spot removed from a dress, but not Harry. If a suit has a speck, he wants nothing of it.

"He has a walk-in closet—much larger than mine. Harry never has had a valet. He keeps his clothes much better himself."

Growing serious she said, "Truthfully, I understand him. When you stand on your feet before a band from 9:30 p.m. to
4 a.m., you need the lift a fresh suit can give. He works hard but he enjoys it. Tours, one-nighters, etc., do eat into our time together. That's why when he is home I forget about entertaining, housework and card parties.

Betty doesn't learn her scripts at home... has never pointed out her leg print at Grauman's Chinese to her daughters (she's prouder of her perfect teeth than her perfect legs)... sports no photos of herself around the house (except in Harry's room)... has absolutely no sales-resistance when it comes to buying shoes... doesn't aspire to be a dramatic actress... hates nail polish on her fingers, but adores gaudy red lacquer on her toes... and drives a honey-toned Cadillac which she threatens to paint red.

Betty Grable has a little more satiny than gingham in her personality and a dash of tweed in the velvet reputation. Couldn't think of a nicer blending. END

MYSTERY OF MAUREEN
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22)

a top star without engaging in widely publicized romantic capers. For seven of those years she held one of the most fabulous contracts ever known to Hollywood and then proceeded to freelance at even more gigantic fees. But very few of the folks around town got to know this mystery girl well.

They knew her so little that they were forced to supplement her statement of intention to divorce with as unfounded a batch of rumors as ever had been hurled at a glamorous star leaving her husband.

But Maureen O'Hara, who obtained her interlocutory decree last August 4th, did not seek a divorce to marry any other man!

Her religion forbids it, and she is a person deeply faithful to her beliefs. If she is one of those fortunate few whose marriage is annulled by the high court of her church, THEN and only then would she feel free to marry. This is something that neither money nor fame can influence as witnessed by the stalemate of those many celebrated Catholic couples who dwell apart but cannot marry other people. Only the facts are important, and those Maureen reserves for the ears of her church.

I do know that she refrained from taking this step for years. This girl, whose enormous hazel eyes radiate charm and merriment once again, also deliberately cloistered herself and her family, staying away from an active social life, perhaps the better to guard her secret.

"What can we say about you now?" I asked her quietly.

She smiled. "You can tell the truth. I'm knee-deep in the process of re-organizing me... and, to tell the truth, it's quite a job."

She thought a moment for the words to explain. "I'm learning how to live again to add "suspense" to a picnic outing?

☐ Auction the eats  ☐ Rig up a rope swing

Sold to you bristle bean in the yellow striped tee shirt! — one surprise package crammed with goodies for two. Auctioning the virtuets puts bang in a picnic. And pays for Cokes. Keep bidders guessing as to which gal packed which supper box; later, each lad shares the fare with his "mystery belle." There's no mystery in how to keep confident—at calendar time. Simply choose Kotex: wonderfully absorbent—the s-o-f-t napkin that holds its shape. Made to stay soft while you wear it.

If your back perspires too freely—

☐ Put Sis to work  ☐ Hit the talcum borral

What though your face be dreamy, if your back is just a-drip? Don't let the humidity cancel your dance plans. Get Sis to put you on the back—with an antiperspirant: one best for you. And for problem-day protection, find the best-for-you absorbency of Kotex. All 3 (Regular, Junior, Super) have that exclusive safety center.

Should this departing guest write a—

☐ Thank you note  ☐ Bread 'n butter letter

"Dear Joanie—the weekend was de'reen" — But wait; doesn't Joan's Mom rate your appreciation, too? Write her a bread and butter letter. Lines of thanks for all she did to make your visit fun. You know, there are some "lines" you never need fret about: the revealing kind that Kotex presents. (Thanks to those flat, pressed ends?)

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P.S. To stay dainty at "that" time, choose Quest* deodorant powder. Best for napkin use, because Quest has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. Safe. Soothing. Unscented. Positively destroys odors. Buy Quest powder today.
—like a normal person. I found I didn't want a great big lavish home any more," she revealed.

"I want a cozy little place for Bronwyn and me—we've become especially close and I'm even teaching her to play the piano, despite the fact that I'm not very good at it myself," she added with a smile.

"I realize I've been depending on other people too much in every respect—including letting other people have too much of the responsibility of Bronwyn. She and I are learning together to be more like other people.

"Why, I'd gotten to the point where I couldn't even face taking clothes to the cleaner for dread of having to explain what was to be done to them! Every action that involved dealing with outsiders, I managed to avoid.

"I had become so dependent on other people," she exclaimed, "that I'd forgotten how to manage the details of daily living. It wasn't inefficiency on my part," she interjected. "I know that because when I was first married I was hopelessly, disgustingly efficient. I was the kind that overdid it—I even had labels neatly typed and pasted to every linen shelf, and I made lists in duplicate for everything. Like an office manager," she smiled.

"What would you now like most in the world?" I asked her.

She looked surprised, but took only a moment to phrase her answer. "I'd like to have a million dollars," she said. Then she'd sit down in a big rocking chair in a little tiny house... and pester Bronwyn when she grows up and wants to get married!"

"Didn't any pester you?" I asked.

She grinned. "Certainly. My mother."

"How about your career?" I asked.

"Wouldn't you want to go on being a movie star even if you had a million dollars' worth of security?"

"Of course not," she quickly replied. "I wouldn't even need a whole million dollars," she decided. "All we'd need is enough for our nice little home and a small car (she drives a big one now) and I do like good-looking clothes," she admitted.

"Oh... and I usually get over to Ireland about once a year to see the family and travel a bit," she contributed as an afterthought. "But I could do with a trip to Europe every other year instead," she conceded.

It was strange to hear this celebrated film star talk of her career just as any of millions of women who dream of quitting work someday.

"Our expenses have been enormous," she confided. "When I think of the money I've spent for clothes in the last two years, I shudder. I really want to live more sensibly, on a simpler scale—and someday I really would like not to have to work," she repeated earnestly. "Remember, I started in pictures in Europe when I was sixteen, then came right over here and I've been doing that ever since.

"I took Bronwyn to Mexico recently and just came back," she told me. "What a wonderful time we had. There were no servants, no big household of people, just us, and we had a wonderful time!"

As is natural to any beautiful woman, Maureen attracted admirers there. A mutual friend who visited her there told me that Maureen got lots of attention, and handled it nicely. Although she's free to do as she likes about dates, she went out with groups of interesting people and really enjoyed herself immensely.

Having the delicate complexion of a natural redhead, she couldn't laze in the sunshine too long at a time, but she loves to walk. She and her little girl took long, leisurely hikes together almost every day, exploring and sharing the fun of discovery.

"My first goal right now," she volunteered, "is to dispose of the big house we're in. I just can't wait to sell it and move to a smaller place. In fact, I have some people coming to take a look at it tomorrow night, and I have to hurry home and clean up a spot on the living room floor," she giggled, "where my Great Dane, who's not well right now, made a slight mistake.

"You are taking this self-dependence seriously," I laughed.

"I have to," she agreed. "I talked both my brothers into staying with us until I sell the house, and I'm fresh out of help. That's one way to re-learn quickly how to keep house and do things for myself.

"How about your social life?" I asked.

She admitted that she'd received the usual wolf calls as soon as her divorce was announced in the papers. There are about ten well-known Hollywood bachelors who call a screen beauty at the drop of a hint that she's free again.

Maureen politely but firmly has refused all such invitations. She confines her socializing to groups. "I haven't gone out alone with anyone in Hollywood," she stated definitely, "and I've no plans to start doing so.

May I say that Maureen O'Hara, no longer a woman of mystery, is as natural and warmhearted a person as you could hope to meet. She's fun-loving, too—but, above all, she's sound rather than capricious. I doubt greatly that she'll decide anything important about her life with a frivolous disregard of her deep-seated beliefs or without great consideration for the feelings of the family she loves so much. She and her parents and brothers and sisters are exceedingly close to each other.

Only when she can find a way of life that merits the loving respect of her family and fulfills her own ideals will any major changes take place in the life of Maureen O'Hara. She has started the task of rediscovering herself, and it's my guess that she won't be satisfied until she does a thorough job.

WHY I'M GETTING BACK TO NATURE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24]

That, of course, is quite a statement from a top movie star who, in the opinion of those who have had the good fortune to savor the experience, has never looked better than when garbed in some inspired, shimmering creation of Schiaparelli or Hattie Carnegie.

However, a mere man, like this writer for instance, can be puzzled, and anxious for a little more information. He got it!

"What I mean," says Susan, "is that men on the whole like pretty things. Men are much less attuned to the exotic than women, although they are always ready to listen. But look at the typical man—and most women do—he likes to see a pretty woman in pretty clothes."

"What exactly," we asked Susan Hayward, "are pretty clothes?"

"Oh, you know," she exclaimed. "Look around at any evening party, and you'll find more women wearing white lace and organdy than the slinky tight-fitting type. And do you know the reason?"

"No," we said, firmly.

"Men!" said Susan, just as firmly. At this point the battle of wits was over, and this reporter interpolated eloquently, "Give again?"

Susan shrugged. "No matter how you look at it," she said, "looking pretty is an effect men are still mighty fond of in women. Anytime a woman chooses a dress, she has a man in mind—whether he's already her property, or whether the dress is destined as man-hunting equipment."

It was at this moment that she exploded the bombshell, as only Susan Hayward can explode bombshells.

"Take me," she said, (as if any man wouldn't consider the idea). "Take me, I would never dress to please a woman, because that would be against all the laws of nature. But to dress for a man, that is another matter."

Basically, and if you know Susan she can be very basic about everything from kitchen etiquette to bowloir do's and don'ts Miss Hayward believes that today
American women overdress the part in trying to get the part.

If that sounds like a riddle, it really isn't. What Susan means, is that in playing the most important role in life—a woman getting her man—the female of the species overplays her character.

"Men," she told this reporter (and if she seemed to purr the word, it might have been our impression rather than the star's intonation), "like subtlety in today's woman.

"They like subtlety," she went on, "not only in looks, attitude, but in dress. A man is much easier prey to feminine wiles if she, the modern girl, does herself over lightly. And that means in makeup, in witty conversation, and in the covering she wears over what nature gave her. Men, today, don't like profound women, mentally or physically."

If Susan Hayward is the number one avant-garde Hollywood female in the back-to-nature movement of every woman for herself and let the males fall where they may, perhaps she has reason to be that way.

Her creed (and, look, girls— isn't it a good one?) is that if Eve could accomplish what she did on a fig leaf, what's with an elaborate, extensive and costly wardrobe? Fevnessake!

"Men like their women in the raw," but this is another Hollywood star talking, and she would prefer to be nameless. "Today's decorum in gilding the lily is overdone. Filet mignon with sauce Bearnaise is still filet mignon. The little touch of parsley is pretty, indeed, but is it necessary?"

Going back to Susan Hayward, this charming Hollywood star continues, "Today the girl with the leastest gains the mostest. You can believe me when I say I have seen girls in ragged denims, and wild hair blowing in the wind, go in barefooted where Miss Well-Groomed of 1953 would fear to tread. And the results have been fine!"

No, Susan Hayward thinks (and here we are being very, very serious), that the day of the slinky gown, the over-done coiffure, the exclusive tip-to-toe perfume, is over. A girl appeals to a man for herself alone, and the less frimperies the better.

"A man takes better notice of a girl today in a cotton dress with a dime store necklace than if she wore velvets and real pearls. Some men might blame that on income tax problems—and the threat that they might have to foot the bill—but I'd rather say, it's all a return to the primitive, when a man loved a woman for her skin rather than for what she, nowadays, protectively puts over it."

Fact of the matter, Susan Hayward thinks that if a fig leaf was good enough for Eve, why don't the American women—and all other women—throw away the keys to their wardrobes?

Furthermore, what Susan Hayward says is that a collection of clothes does not, in these halcyon days, vanquish the brave male.

Is Susan right or is Susan wrong? Truth of the real matter is that Susan Hayward knows what she is talking

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about. It needs neither the consensus of the designers, nor the Hollywood opinion, to come to the conclusion that sometimes it pays for a top Hollywood movie star to say, “...I am going back to nature.” Despite all stories to the contrary, man loves woman in any guise. And if she looks the wee bit like Susan Hayward—with or without the trimmings of the world’s most famous dressmakers—wouldn’t you be interested? Most men would.

IF I HAD MY HONEYMOON TO LIVE OVER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

during the time. But in certain ways I would not change it a bit, for it was a happy time, and that is the actual purpose of the honeymoon.

To my way of thinking, honeymoon is a dangerous word, and right here I would like to expound on one of my favorite theories. We are all too ready to label things these days, too ready to attach a tag to everything from a new nail polish to a new personality in the news. I think it is unfortunate that custom has labeled the first few weeks of marriage the honeymoon. It is a term that should be flexible, but so rarely is. Honeymoon implies moonlight and roses and a never-never land of pure enchantment. The truth of the matter is, a honeymoon is rarely all of these things, or even part of them. It simply isn’t possible to designate two weeks out of the lives of a married couple as happiness weeks and expect that by some miracle they will fulfill all those expectations.

My own feeling is that a honeymoon is a state of mind, and it doesn’t matter one bit if it comes the first week of marriage or ten years later. In fact, there is much to be said for the delayed honeymoon. When a husband and wife have been married a number of years and have children, they will welcome a short respite from responsibilities and will be apt to treasure that time far more than they might if it came immediately after the marriage ceremony. To paraphrase George Bernard Shaw’s famous remark that youth is wasted on children, I am inclined to feel that the honeymoon is wasted on newlyweds.

Being married is such a tremendous change in itself that a honeymoon becomes almost superfluous. There is no more rewarding or wonderful experience for a human being can have than the opportunity to know and understand another to the point that he is part of it. It is an enriching, thrilling adventure in itself. Before a couple can hope to enjoy a honeymoon, they must make an adjustment to each other, and this is not something that can happen overnight. It takes years of daily living together to reach a state of adjustment wherein two people find complete happiness and companionship with each other.

Then why have a honeymoon at all? There are a number of reasons why a honeymoon may be a good thing. For one, it is traditional. A bride may feel herself cheated in later years if she has not had one, and she may feel a certain amount of resentment. Also, when a honeymoon is successful, it serves as a fine transitional period for the couple to get to know each other better.

If I had my honeymoon to live over, how would I do it? I have definite ideas. It would be brief, for one thing, perhaps only a weekend. It would not entail extensive traveling. I would make sure there would not be the hassle of getting to some distant place and then getting back. I would try to have it in surroundings that were familiar to myself and to my husband. For instance, if I were being married in Los Angeles, I would suggest some nearby place such as Lake Tahoe or Apple Valley, or even a few days at Laguna Beach. Providing, of course, that my husband was in accord with my ideas. I would insist on privacy for a few days. Too much privacy can be a hazard, however. It often makes for a sad state of affairs when a bride and groom suddenly find themselves wholly dependent upon the companionship of the other for twenty-four hours a day. It may be a strain, no matter how much in love they are. I would plan some outside diversions after a few days. Not too many people, mind you, just simple diversions which would interest both of us. There is danger in a honeymoon planned to include too much to do and too many places to go, but there is equal danger in too little to do and too few people to see.

Actually, I would like a honeymoon in our own apartment, spending our first days getting it in apple pie order, sharing the thrill of our first home. Some brides might find this a dull beginning to marriage but it would be right to my taste. I would try very hard to have my honeymoon in a place in which both my husband and I felt at home and at ease. There are so many small adjustments to be made the first weeks of marriage, many of which present special problems for the bride. For instance, there is the matter of putting her hair up in curlers. The average woman is going to feel somewhat self-conscious for the first few times, and to be in familiar surroundings will ease the situation considerably. The same is true of the husband’s many little problems, such as shaving.

Even though Tony and I didn’t have a formal honeymoon, we have had any number of wonderful ones since. As I said, a honeymoon is a state of mind, and that is especially true of the two of us. Every trip we take, big or small, is a honeymoon to us. For instance, not long ago we went up to San Francisco on a benefit tour. It wasn’t work for us; it was a honeymoon, with the wonderful chance to see new places and meet new people. It was stimulating because we had so many new things to share with each other. And our trip to Europe was a honeymoon in every sense, though it came considerably after our actual wedding date. To tell the truth, I don’t think we would have found it such a rich, rewarding experience had we taken it when we were first married. Like all newlyweds, we were very much absorbed in each other, and I am sure that many of the wonders of Europe would have been wasted on us. When we did go, we had reached a state of adjustment to each other and were sure in our love and our companionship, so were able to turn our interests outward, each enriching the other with our varying points of view and enthusiasms.

I am sure you have heard many stories of brides who collapsed on their honeymoons from sheer nervous fatigue. That is another reason I am inclined to favor delayed honeymoons. Before the wedding, frequently a bride is caught up in a whirlwind of activity that proves terribly exhausting, despite the fun. Her wedding is one of the true highlights of a woman’s life. After all the frenzy, a girl really needs some peace and quiet. And then what happens? The couple has planned a long, tiring trip to some distant place. Then there is the emotional strain of two people getting adjusted to each other. Though many honeymoons do turn out well, it is possible they would be even more enjoyable were they taken at a later date when both the bride and groom had recovered from the pre-wedding exhaustion.

It is important that a couple be in accord in their ideas on honeymoons. The husband may be crazy about the great outdoors and nothing strikes him as finer than two weeks beside a mountain stream, roughing it. That’s a fine idea if the bride is a nature-lover, too, but the chances are that she would prefer another locale for her honeymoon. Naturally,
a woman wants to look as glamorous as possible on her honeymoon, and it's quite a feat to do that in the great outdoors. In most instances, the fishing or hunting trip would be a greater success if taken later.

A honeymoon should be a monument in memory, but only one of many. It should not be a time of happiness apart from marriage itself, but a part of it. The joy of a lifetime together should be the ultimate hope for every married couple.

If a couple begins marriage with the mutual belief that they will have many honeymoons together, regardless of time or place, it is likely that they will have them. And whether your own honeymoon takes place this June or years from now, I hope with all my heart that it is a period of great happiness.

DONT WAIT TO MARRY...
(continued from page 32)

confides and confesses more than he normally would minus the stress of emotion, he avoids you. Just seeing you is a reminder of his momentary weakness and a problem that may no longer exist. Even though you keep his sacred trust, to him you're still like someone who's been peeking over his transom and knows things he wishes you didn't know.

"We seldom see two very dear friends for this identical reason. They were the ones who came to us under duress. With all the honesty and respect we know, we listened to them with impartiality and tried our best to help them. Well, they eventually got back together and we saw them on rare occasions after that. They always acted so embarrassed and uncomfortable. Now you know why we don't want to stick our necks out and risk losing friendships again."

Sheila nodded approval as she listened. Then, same-thinking gal that she is, she quickly added:

"This explains why you are so reluctant to give advice, Gordon, but it still doesn't help to solve the situation for young people in love who wonder whether they should marry or wait until they can afford all the things they want. Why not just discuss this problem and while it won't actually be giving advice, it seems like one reading this can make comparisons. If they want to apply it, then it has served a purpose."

Gordon looked at Sheila worshipfully.

"Darling, you are so right," he almost whispered. "There's what I honestly believe about early marriages for young people presumably in love, who wonder whether they should wait until they have a car, a TV set, that little cottage with roses 'round the door. Naturally what I think and feel can only be based on my own experiences during 12 years of marriage—results of living, learning and growing together."

"We were no different when Sheila was 18 and I was going on 20, than young people who write to me today, and ask whether they should marry or wait. Both of us had enjoyed the usual dates when we first met and I would say we were as wise as one was expected to be at our age. Now I didn't particularly want to rush into marriage and Sheila cried a whole weekend trying to make up her mind fast. Suddenly those fraternity pins go into the drawer and all thoughts and plans include one girl instead of several. He wants to settle down but at the same time something inside of him keeps asking if he's doing the right thing. There is no answer—then. I don't believe that feeling of assurance and complete confidence can possibly exist at the beginning in marriage."

"How can anyone know what true love is then? Love is a growing thing and only through trial, tribulation and long experience is a great fullness reached. When it's all so new and exciting, you can't be expected to think sensibly. Looking back on my own marriage, there's just one thing to remember (if possible) regardless of when you take the fatal step. When you're married there have got to be problems. So get married young if you want—and don't worry about it!"

"I was singing with a band and making $50 a week when we started out. In our ecstatic state of course, we thought of nothing but our own new-found happiness. Then reality set in with a thud when I couldn't pay our hotel bill in Louisville, where the band was playing. So right then and there I began to look at marriage in more serious light. When Sheila was asked to audition for a radio show, she wanted to turn it down. I was annoyed and insisted that she try. She got the job, remained a week and quit. If she hadn't, who knows? We might not be together today because to live apart is to grow apart."

"When I was in the service Sheila followed me around and lived in towns where I was stationed. She took odd jobs, as a saleslady, a kindergarten teacher, was one of the first lady disc jockeys. We pooled our resources and saw each other whenever possible. It was a sacrifice in many ways, but if we want to work things out in life, sometimes we have to sacrifice. Especially during the first year of marriage, you may develop diversified interests if you don't share the same experiences at the same time."

"As I said before, when one is married there have to be problems. It takes great patience, in our case nearly six years of patience—and mostly on my part. Sheila was extremely self-conscious, which is a form of shyness. If she came into a room and people whispered, she was sure they were whisper-
ing about her. Of course today she laughs about it and realizes that it actually was an inverted form of ego. I loved night baseball games and Sheila didn't. So it became an issue until she got wise to herself and insisted that I take one night a week off to be with the boys. As a result I didn't want to be with them. I wanted to be with her. Oh yes, she could tell you stories about me too.

"Telling these things seems so inconsequential in retrospect. To young newlyweds, however, they are vitally important. It's my guess that many divorces could be averted if young couples wouldn't act hastily during these adjustment clashes. Today, more than ever before, help and guidance is within the reach of everyone. Psychiatry, of course, is an excellent outlet, but too much of a luxury for many couples just starting out.

"There are marriage counsellors and institutes of marital relations all over the country. Many of them offer their services free and you'd be surprised at the number of couples we know who take advantage of this. To eliminate problems they must be talked out. When they exist and nothing is done about them, divorce won't help. The same problems will just be carried along to the second husband or wife.

"Because we like to see young people happily married, Sheila and I are always concerned when they fail. Invariably the answer is the same—they are bored! So we've come to the conclusion that boredom is the deadliest of marriage monsters. This same boredom can set in for rich and poor alike, in fact—it is even a greater problem to those well-off. With every necessity within their reach, every luxury and pleasure at their command, life no longer presents a challenge to them.

"If a husband or wife is bored, they should put themselves in a corner and say—'what's going on?' Boredom, I believe, in most cases is actually discontent with self—nothing else!

"We've read many books on the subject of early marriages and according to the 'experts,' young people should wait to marry until a certain age—because they're changing. Isn't everyone? They'll keep right on changing too. The big issue is to change together—and grow together. Look at Winston Churchill who some thought was through at 30, and out several times and now at 78 he is better than ever. Change is normal and keeps going on. You are never through—so why wait?

"Now I come to the greatest argument in favor of early marriages—children. Yes, they are a great responsibility but today's world leaves no choice as to the 'right' time to start planning a family. Just think, I'll be 39 when my son is 18! We can play golf together and we'll be companionable because we'll have so much in common. Sheila and our two daughters will be more like sisters, they'll probably wear each other's clothes and certainly will have a bond and enjoy the same things. Yes, we think it is just great to have a family while you're still young.

"By this time I'm sure you catch on that I definitely believe in marrying young and not waiting—even if you have to buy that engagement ring on the installment plan as I did. As long as you are genuinely in love—you'll manage to pay for it"

Jane Russell, on "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" set, awaits cue for scene.

"I DIDN'T SAY THAT!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

...man, wardrobe man, and stand-in that she brought with her. It led many wise- acres to snort, "Hmm, Jane came loaded for bear."

Let's analyze that tidbit for a moment. First of all the Russell figure has always been whistle-bait, and, anyway, how can you improve on perfection? The "crew" she brought with her, not only accompanied her to 20th, but also to Paramount on her loanouts with Bob Hope. Jane long ago got RKO Bossman Howard Hughes to put the group under contract, so wherever she goes they have a job, too. The men are frank about their admiration of her going to bat for them and happily refer to Jane as "The Connection."

'I've really enjoyed making 'Blondes,' since for the first time I get to play me! I'm not some sleeky siren or gangster's foil, I just am what I am. Director Howard Hawks wrote the screenplay with the idea of letting me appear on the screen as I really appear in private life with my friends. I hope this new idea comes off."

"There has been a gradual breaking away from the strictly glamour formula. Those pictures with Bob Hope, I think, began establishing me in audiences' minds as a comedienne. 'Blondes' should complete the change.

"As far as any feuds brewing between Marilyn and me, it's ridiculous. There's nothing to fight about. We are entirely different. Just ask Jack Cole," she grinned as she said this.

"You see, when we first started working on the musical numbers, Jack didn't know me too well. Most of the numbers called for both Marilyn and myself to do identical steps, and sing the very same lyrics. However, as he became familiar with both of our reactions and deliveries, he started improving, until now we can both be doing the same number, yet we both look different. He has Marilyn doing all the ultra feminine gestures . . ." Whereupon Jane draped her hands gracefully under her cheek and fluttered her eyelashes.

"He has me doing more boyish, outdoor type of movements."

We looked a little vague at the description, so Jane illustrated. We could never put on paper what she did. But take our word for it, if the way she dances is boyish or outdoorsy, hand us some barbels and call us Tarzan.

Some of her girl friends at the table let us in on the fact that Jane and Bob Waterfield had just celebrated their 10th wedding anniversary. That number alone helps to squash unmentionable rumors. Seems Jane, who has had those rubber rings in her cross-country travels, is minus the usual band on the third finger left hand.

"Robert finally decided to let me stew for awhile before buying me number four to lose," she explained.

There's one thing that we couldn't help noticing when she mentions Bob and that's the unmistakable feeling of love and respect she has for him. In all the time we've known Jane, we've never heard her belittle her husband's career or talk of his personal affairs.

"I went to every football game I could when Robert was playing, but now that he's given it up, I won't care about going."

Jane admits she isn't the easiest person to get along with. "In the mornings before I'm fully awake and have my coffee, I'm a raging lion. If this nasty feeling lingers after breakfast, Robert always remarks, 'You haven't had enough sleep, go back to bed.'"

"I have to get at least 10 hours sleep or I'm off all day; he knows it and he says so."

Their home is constantly full of friends and fun. As far as stardom being a lonely life, Jane can well answer, "I didn't say that!"

Jane admits she and her cronies have their own special brand of humor. "We believe an insult is the basis for a gag. It's because we've known one another for years, we can lose only one or each other in that we can toss barbs like 'that child of yours is a sniveling idiot' . . . or 'I'd be glad to come over if that horrible husband of yours isn't there' . . . or some other meaningless, tongue-in-cheek rib."


women know deeply, intimately, it is love. It is in our blood, in our training from the time we were little children.

The joy of belonging, of giving, sharing, loving the man who was meant for us. So I know, but I do not know exactly how I know—that when one has loved and lost, if one meets the loved one later, love, if and when it comes again, will not be the same.

Perhaps you will still love the man ... but that is not really the right way to put it. Instead, let us say that you will love him again, but differently. You may be able to love him at this man, with all the changes life has created, and love the new, different man he has become!

But I wonder!

Because I have always felt that European women do not want sexual equality with men, and that they are happier than most American women who insist they are men's equal, I believe most of all in man's faithfulness.

I believe that a man can be the most devoted, most faithful, most loyal being in the world—when he finds the right woman.

And the right woman is the woman who has no fear of the past, the present, or what the future might bring. Probably the reason that John and I are so happy is that there are no shadows in our lives. We have both learned, through past experiences, to hold on to the substances.

Speaking for both of us, we feel that our life when we met, had its real beginning. And nothing, but nothing, that ever went before could spoil its progress, or its future.

Somehow, we come back out of John’s past, jealous as I might be of something that had come before and might become important again, I would look at the intrusion with an open mind.

I say intrusion, because I know that John would welcome it no more than I would. I am pleased and proud that my husband is a handsome, amusing and friendly individual—and that he would never be tempted to disguise his natural characteristics to avoid a ticklish problem.

But if a woman from out of the past did come back and say nostalgically, “John do you remember the fun we had when ...” I would not scream nor die, nor be unduly resentful towards the intruder. Knowing how firmly I stand in John’s life today, and he in mine, I would be like any other well-born woman—considerate, and as understanding as I could be within the limits of good reasoning.

Oh, but no matter how anyone feels, there are still dangers in trying to recapture an old, lost love! Suppose you love the new man—and does he not love the new woman you have become?

And that jealousy I have spoken about, and which can’t be avoided? French women know all about jealousy. It is a part of our essential make-up. We cannot bear not to know, not to share, not to possess, the men we love.

To me, it would be impossible to meet again a man I had loved years ago, and to take up where we had left off, as you say in England. I confess that I say always, but always, wonder, “... who taught him to kiss like this?”

And I would resent every last little detail, however innocent, in his life which had made him the new man, but which I had not shared! I know that is illogical, but there it is.

Some day, when I was very angry, I would accuse him of things I suspected he had done during that time when we had been parted. And, like all women—French or any other nationality—I have an inventive mind!

I would say to him, “Ah, you disapprove of me because once you knew a woman who did not do this or that!”

And, later I would say—when I was very angry—“WELL... WHO WAS SHE?”

Of course, he would tell me that there had been no one. He would swear that he had not really loved anyone but me—but my inventive mind would make up scenes, visions of the times spent with her, and soon I would refuse to believe him.

I would say, “Don’t tell me you didn’t have a sweetheart all that time we weren’t seeing each other! I won’t believe it an attractive man like you!”

Of course there was another girl, WHO WAS SHE?”

And there it would be: a fight!

But perhaps you are one of those practical balanced American women who say, “Of course, he must have known other women! After all—I wasn’t sitting alone, either!”

Still I tell you, you will be unhappy at the things you didn’t share! Perhaps you will not, then, be jealous of an unknown woman. But you will be unhappy at the friends he has made without you, the good times he has had on vacation—without you!

When you meet an old love, and find him fatter—thinner—bald or even wearing glasses—all these things you can accept as part of the new and different person he has become. Perhaps this person is still one you can love, but can you take with it that irritating habit of clearing his throat which you remember so well from the first romance?

No, on the whole, it is better to let the old love become a good friendship, rather than try to love anew.

Love should always be fresh and rapturous—learning things every minute about the person one loves. How depressing and dreab to learn new things—only to find, too, some old things one didn’t like are still a part of one’s life?

We all say that love doesn’t last, that romance is fleeting and made up of candlelight, and moonbeams and Stardust.

But let me tell you one thing: Friendship and companionship and liking each other are the things which
THE CONFUSED MR. SKELTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

pitiful,” Red said of his wife, whom he wed in 1945. “But she doesn’t want to be loved. All I ask of life is a chance to see and talk to the kids. And I don’t want a wife behind a locked door.”

He said Georgia “always keeps her bedroom locked as well as the door of the nursery where the children sleep.”

“If I’m lucky I get to see the kids about 10 minutes a day,” he stated from his hotel rampart. “The nurse is always giving them a bath or bedding them down for a nap when I want to romp with them.”

Georgia replied that the reason she locked her bedroom against her husband was “so he wouldn’t wake up the kids.” The children are Valentine, five and a half, and Richard, four and a half.

“He had the unhappy habit of going through my room to get to the adjacent babies’ room,” she said. “He’d come in at four o’clock in the morning—he often worked very late—and want to play with them. I finally told him I’d have to lock the door. I can’t allow the children to get up at that hour.”

Georgia said that as far as she was concerned, Red had not moved out.

“His clothes are here, four or five of his typewriters are here and his gag files are here. We are not getting a divorce and we never will,” she announced with firmness. “I don’t believe in divorce, and I won’t have our babies suffering from a broken home.”

She said she had “devoted eight years of my life to Red,” and that if she were “going to quit,” she would “have quit a long time ago.”

“He should be happy and he deserves to be happy,” Georgia explained, “because he has made so many people happy.” She added, “But he’s a difficult guy to live with. He’s got too much pressure on him.”

By “pressure” she, obviously, was referring to the hard work and the long, irregular hours of preparing and rehearsing weekly radio and television programs, conferring with MGM studio officials about films, writing gags, going over multitudinous details of his busy career with his business manager, Bob Roos.

The Skeltons live in a big colonial house with high ceilings—appropriately high for one of his 6 feet 2 stature. Nearby is a special cottage containing a workroom, kitchen and bath. There he prepares his show routines and discusses programs with his staff.

Since the Spring of 1951 his career has been one of many commitments. It was then that Red really came into super-tragic when one loves and loses one’s love—but the world is full of love.

One has only to wait, and to look, and to hope with a happy heart—and some day a new and more shining love will appear.

Red Skelton puts whammy on Buddy Baer during “Dream Girl” pause.
Nevada in July, 1949, for Edna and a divorce decree on the grounds of mental cruelty.

Skelton now had become attentive to honey-haired Muriel Morris, screen actress and a "back home" girl from Evansville, Ind. They applied for a marriage license in Los Angeles. He told reporters they would be wed in "a couple of days."

Suddenly, Muriel called off the wedding, explaining it was "a case of changing my mind—there's someone else in my life."

Immediately Skelton began to see a lot of Lynn Merrick and other actresses. He and Lynn had met on a U.S. bond-selling tour, and together they had sold $15,000,000 worth of bonds. It was rated a hot record, and it may or may not have ignited the romantic bonfire between them.

Nothing came of it, however. He tried, it was said, to convince Edna Stillwell that she should remarry him. That, too, was no go.

It was then that Georgia Davis, actress and photographer's model of Kalsell, Mont., came into his life. They had met on the MGM lot where she had been playing small parts. He fell madly in love with her, and she with him. They became engaged, and this time the engagement was not broken.

Richard "Red" Skelton and Georgia Davis were married on March 8, 1949, in the Beverly Vista Community Church, Beverly Hills. She was 23 years old, and glamorous. He was 31, and with a two-weeks' furlough from the Army.

The occasion was unusual—ren in Hollywood, for Red's first wife along when the couple took out their marriage license. But . . . Edna Stillwell Skelton was still his business manager and principal skit-and-gag writer.

Skelton, because of his formidable place in show business, is not one to remain rooted for long. He has to be up and going somewhere. Perhaps, as not long ago, taking a large party—Georgia was along—on a flight to Europe.

The trip included a four weeks' engagement at London's Palladium Theatre at $40,000 a week, and an audience with the Pope who congratulated him on his "great fight against Communism on the radio." The party also visited Paris and Stockholm.

Most of the expenses of the new overseas junket were paid from Red's bulging bank account, and he got a hit with his British audiences. But it was for some 50 fellow passengers aboard a crippled BOAC airliner, as it struggled across the Alps to a safe emergency landing at Lyons, that he put on "the performance of his life." For 34 tense minutes Red chomved in the aisle to divert the passengers with the plane dined onward with two of its four engines out of commission.

But Red Skelton is a willing performer anywhere, anytime.

"I'm such a ham," he says, "I'll stay on an hour if I can get one guy to listen to me."

However, there is one woman who won't listen to him—when he becomes "difficult." Georgia Davis Skelton just will not permit Red to upset her household routine.

Hollywood is betting Red conforms to that routine. It knows he's intensely in love with Georgia.
as much as he does, then the whole thing is a failure.”

Then there is the super-important business of being lovely. You have to work at it, to be sure—but you must make it seem like a breeze and never give the impression of fussing over your looks. Keep it a secret!

Jane says, “I study the ads in the women’s magazine and read all the columns of beauty advice and then I experiment. They can sell me anything if they make me think I will look nicer and especially if it will make me look different.

“Now and then I get good and tired of looking at myself in the mirror. Doesn’t every woman? I like change. Not in my surroundings—I never move furniture around, I don’t have an urge to keep redecorating my house. I like a house to have a ‘lived-in look.’ But I certainly don’t want a ‘lived-in look’ for my clothes or my personality—or my face! I want a fresh new spark as often as I can achieve it.

“If you simply must put your hair in pin curls, wrap it in a pretty scarf. If you’re the type who thinks she has to wear pin curls at breakfast—for goodness’ sake, don’t get up for breakfast! Almost any man would rather fix his own morning meal than share it with a witch!”

For the bachelor girl with a job of her own, who chooses to entertain a man at dinner occasionally, Jane has some different—and sly—advice. “It’s all right to let him see you in a coy, ruffled apron, presiding over a couple of pots and pans,” she thinks. “Only make it a real doll of an apron, and have your face, and hair as well, groomed as you would at a night club. Even have attractive pots and pans—maybe copper ones. If he eats in restaurants a lot, it will probably be a novelty—and maybe it will make him think you are more delectable than in Kankakee. Anyhow, it’s a domestic touch and may give him ideas—if that’s what you want.

“But don’t let him think there is any drudgery attached to this business of fixing a meal, either. Even if you’ve planned it for days and been polishing silver since last Tuesday and have spent good money at the local delicatessen, let him think the whole thing was a completely effortless lark. He’ll go back to a lonely apartment to dream of coming home to a lovely vision in ruffled organdie who can whip up nectar and ambrosia with no effort whatever.

“After all, it’s just a matter of showmanship and women have been using that for centuries.”

Maybe the whole thing, she thinks, boils down to the necessity of being a little bit mysterious, after all. You mustn’t let the man-in-your-life see the wheels go ‘round, the wheels that keep the charm aglow.

“If you work in an office, don’t have a ‘beauty drawer’ and sit at your desk pawing through your equipment, doing things to your face where everyone can see you,” she shudders. “If you don’t have a beauty drawer, have a little beauty kit and take it to the powder room during your coffee break, and use your skin fresheners, hand lotions and lipstick there. Try to have extra stockings and maybe even a fresh blouse so that you can be the girl who looks handbox fresh when everyone else is starting to wilt.

“But don’t make a visible fuss about it!”

Every type of woman, Jane maintains, has her special kinds of drudgeries. An actress has problems of fittings and tests, and make-up and posing for photographs that often seem pretty grueling to her.

The housewife has a lot of tasks that are monotonous, grubby and unlovely. The business girl has to try to maintain her glamour and mystery with pretty sketchy equipment, while keeping her mind on what may be a mundane job.

“But we can all do it if we use our heads,” she thinks. “We can have charm . . . not just physical charm, but the charm of easy poise and ready laughter . . . if we’ll plan a little, then relax and never let anyone catch us working at it. “Just don’t fuss over it!”

THE DEEPIES TAKE OVER!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)

Director DeToth prepares eerie scene for Phyllis Kirk in 3-D “House Of Wax.”

"a" or a carousel whirs merrily and giddily “CinemaScope’ you, the movie-goer in the front or back rows of your neighborhood theatre, are there!

The last barrier between make-believe on the screen, and you, the far-off sidelines viewer, may go. The players will be able to touch you, as you may easily be able (you think) to touch them! Your entertainment will be in your lap, and you will be in the lap of the players.

All privacy between player and audience has vanished. And in the time to come, it will be hard to concentrate on eating popcorn, candy, and even smoking a cigarette. It can so happen that a player may interrupt anything you’re doing, and spoil all your extra-curricular cinema-going fun!

No matter how you look at it, tomorrow’s movie-going public will be part of the show itself. And it will have to behave accordingly. It is doubtful that a boy will have the courage to put his arm around his girl’s shoulder in the farthest back seats, because any player may reach out and separate them—if not physically, at least from the point of illusion.

Are the deepies here to stay?

Hollywood, which has been frantically casting about for an answer to television, says yes—but the excitement and novelty are something that even the most enthusiastic can’t disregard. Hitherto, the
movies have been a nice place to relax. Now privacy is likely to be taken away from the dimly lit dim room — and you and your girl—or you with your critical opinions—are no longer alone, but part of the show; a guest at the party. The conflict, at first, may be a little hard to take.

All of this of course, is one person's opinion. The real truth of the matter is that all studies think enough of the various types of the new medium to adopt them in a hurry, and make as many pictures in that fashion as fast as they can. Here is a partial list of some of the things the moviemaker can expect in 1953.

In the medium of deep-illusion (that's viewing the movie without polarized glasses) will be 20th Century-Fox's long awaited "The Robe," Cinerama's filming of the Broadway hit musical, "Paint Your Wagon," Sol Lesser's "Three-D Follies," and Victor Saville's production of Captain Best's "The Silver Chalice."

All the above movies will be filmed in both depth-illusion and stereoscopic mediums, which means you will be able to see them, according to the facilities of your neighborhood theatre, with or without glasses. However, the wearing of the cardboard-framed polarized lenses by the viewer presents an interesting and still unsolved problem.

Most women hate them, and most men find them hard to adapt on the bridge of the nose or around the ears. Sometimes, manipulation of the glasses requires a feat of juggling, and they always slip off during the most exciting moment. Woman, always a perverse individual, either loses her hat, or her glasses. A man sometimes finds it hard to smoke. But this is not so bad as it seems. If the medium succeeds, you will be able to buy good permanent glasses for $1 to $5, and carry them with you whenever you go to see this special type of film.

On the other hand, people who wear glasses ordinarily find it hard to adapt the synthetic eye-piece against their own lenses. The spectacles and their manipulation of the camera can be as disturbing as prolonged coughing fits or children wrestling with bags of popcorn or cellulose-wrapped candy.

Still, the three-D movies are here and whether they will stay or not depends on the perfection of the various processes and the means of viewing them. In the purely stereoscopic medium, where glasses are to be worn, you will be seeing, in 1953, the following:

"The Compass," one of the most ambitious and probably one of the most effective presentations in the new medium.

Next will come Warner Brothers' "House Of Wax," Universal-International's "It Came From Outer Space," Allied Artists' "The Maze" (enhanced by Dali drawings), and Columbia's "Fort T"—to mention but a few.

The system that all Hollywood, however, is looking forward to is Cinerama. Under exclusive lease to 20th Century-Fox, it is being shared with other studios, notably, MGM. The story goes that Cinerama leaves off, and that all other types are inferior, if not mediocre, in comparison. Only time, and the forthcoming release of MGM's "Arena," produced in that medium, will tell.

Nevertheless, no idle threat is the industry's decision to convert a large part of its output to Cinerama, Cinerama, Natural Vision, Stereoscopic, Paravision, Bolex-Stereo, and countless other versions of the three-D's.

The big question then is: what of the Hollywood star? Will he or she be affected? Will the top-ranking stars undergo the same labor pang of rebirth as happened before, when some of the most popular and best-established stars died a miserable death, and newcomers flew up the new ladder to fame and fortune?

A whole new technique of production, if you listen to the experts, will have to be devised if the new medium is to be at all successful. For instance, on the huge curved screens made necessary by both Cinerama and CinemaScope, and other patents, the close-up is practically an impossibility.

The torrid love scene, the protracted kiss that lasts an age, the enduring, delicate and intimate words of a man wooing a woman—all that will be lost in the romantic movie of tomorrow.

Not only will the stars be restricted in their actions and movements—and even in their conversations—but the cameras will almost be at a standstill. In Cinerama or CinemaScope, the camera, presently, can't move sideways, or up and down. The camera, being the eye of the audience, has to stay put!

If the blunt and almost ugly truth be told, the advent of the three-D means the exploitation of panoramic space and impression, far more than intimate settings and the stars which decorate them. As a star of tomorrow, the flame-and-lava erupting volcano of Paricutin may easily replace the fiery tones of a Lanza, or the red-hot allure of a Marilyn Monroe.

But no matter how you look at it, the three-D's spell adventure—strange excursions into the unknown, playing with real fire, hit-and-run experiences with flying spears and guns exploding in the face, escape from floods and cities reduced to rubble around your head—all of it while you wait. No question, if you like that sort of thing, that the thrill is there.

The stars who may fare best in the new medium—just as in television—may well be those whose basic training was in the legitimate theatre and who are thus used to playing always to the audience, rather than expecting the camera to pick them up whichever way they turn.

Sad truth of the matter is that the three-D's—if mishandled, over-exploited, and produced for sensation rather than entertainment—may only spell monotonous. It is no secret that the 95,000,000 Americans who go to the movies enjoy their intimacy. If that goes, the thrill of movie-going may be endangered.

END
you've seen him only as the sensitive, brooding character that won him such acclaim in "My Cousin Rachel," his first American film. I assumed in person he'd be very much like that bewildered, moonstruck lover who couldn't understand Olivia de Havilland. How wrong I was! His role was simply a sample of his versatile acting ability! Richard is never less than brilliant. He understands women well, has far too much masculine energy to suffer their domination.

In "The Desert Rat" Richard is entirely different than in "My Cousin Rachel." He's raced away from romance to be equally effective as a harsh, fanatical infantry officer. Actually, he has no sympathy for such cold hardness. In person he warms you with his charm and wit.

On completing the magnificent Cine- maScope film "The Robe," Richard is letting the deluge of movie offers wait. Undoubtedly, he'll be back next year. Now, though he's worth $175,000 per picture, he's agreed to work for the last half of 1953 on the stage of the famous Old Vic Theatre in London. There he tackles "Hamlet" for the first time, and follows with three more Shakespearean roles. He'll make approximately $200 a week instead of his staggering Hollywood salary. Money, obviously, isn't everything to him.

Yet he admits frankly that he was born very poor, one of thirteen children of a miner in an isolated mining village in Wales. "For a thousand years there wasn't a road to our village—it's named Ponthydyfen, and pronounced Pontardevon and then in 1944, during the War, the Americans built one."

Motherless at the age of two, Richard well remembers his eldest sister, Cecilia, with an undying devotion, for he grew up under her loving encouragement. His six older brothers all worked as laborers down in the mines until they could gradually progress to better jobs. They hoped Richard could be more fortunate. He spoke only Welsh until aged eight.

To climb from the submerged working class and try for a brighter future depended on his first mastering the English language.

You've not heard him sing yet, but that's what originally stirred ambition in Richard. Richard won several prizes in Welsh annual singing festivals. Today he's a fine baritone, aching to sing in a musical. Richard recalls 600 Welsh songs easily, and can render them, too, if you insist!

He qualified for the high school in the nearest town, sixteen miles away. Richard was closest on his rounds. He understood friendship of Philip Burton, the school's dramatic teacher. It was Burton who inspired him to try acting. "He taught me to speak English without my Welsh accent. I mimicked his speech."

Richard next captured a coveted year's scholarship at Oxford. But he couldn't accept it till he was seventeen, leaving a year to go. The only work seemed to be in the mines. But by scanning the local newspaper ads he came across an unusual job to be had. Emlyn Williams, the Welsh star and playwright who'd zoomed in London, had advertised for an actor of 22 who could speak Welsh. Spurred on by his favorite teacher and his sister Cecilia, Richard boldly went to London, read for the role, and made his professional debut there at 16! The play ran for seven months at St. Martin's Theatre in the West End, then toured key cities across the nation. "I never would have been suitable if it hadn't been for Philip Burton, who's been a second father to me. That's why Richard, born Richard Jenkins, changed his last name in appreciation for the faith that never failed.

At 17 he went to Oxford. The scholarship only paid for his tuition, and Philip Burton again helped by paying for his clothes, room and basic costs of living. He majored in English and Italian, but concentrated on acting with The Ouds, the Oxford dramatic society, appearing importantly in five of their dramas.

"The last one for that year was presented in the majestic cathedral, a marvelous old building full of ancient archways. I gave the most upsetting, painful performance of my life there. To punctuate a frenzied climaxing speech, I pushed at a wall as I cried, 'Ha!' A half a ton of masonry crumbled down on me and I had to finish the scene absolutely blinded. That impetuosity turned a high drama into the rankest comedy. I can still hear the howls of laughter haunting me."

At the end of his year he was of army age, so he enlisted in the Royal Air Force and was shipped to Canada to train as a navigator. "I had a hectic time in service. I became a sergeant, but was reduced to a private again because of a little difference." Before being discharged he was a sergeant once more, and he also saw New York before taking off his uniform.

"A pal of mine, David Evans, hitchhiked from Winnipeg with me when we got a leave. We were almost to Buffalo when we were picked up by Spencer Jones, who happened to be of Welsh descent. He hospitably put us up at his home for the night, and the next day Mrs. Jones insisted on advancing her shopping trip to New York City so they could take us there.

"While London is my favorite city, and I'm fascinated by Hollywood, New York is the place for me. I passed the stiff entrance exams in thirty-five years. At Port Talbot, living in his sister Cecilia's home, he won the invaluable friendship of Philip Burton, the school's dramatic teacher. It was Burton who inspired him to try acting. "He taught me to speak English without my Welsh accent. I mimicked his speech."

as bad as if they'd been cheap, so I gave up." He quips that, fashionwise, he's Britain's Brando or the poor man's Olivier! He likes Sybil to be dressed prettily, however, and her unaffected good taste is stunning.

That same Duphie fondly gave them their wedding breakfast after attending their 8:45 a.m. ceremony. It was scheduled early because he had a rehearsal and Sybil had a matinee.

It was while at Stratford-on-Avon that Richard signed his long-term contract with Alexander Korda, who has loaned him to 20th-Century-Fox for three movies in a row. Another odd circumstance is that he's the first star to act for a completely unknown sum when everybody's clamoring for him. What he'll eventually net for "The Robe" is yet to be settled. Korda will pay him a bonus since so much profit has been made on lending Richard. Meanwhile, Richard has been living on a comparatively small allowance from 20th. Since he is a British citizen his taxes in London are far more enormous than whatever he'll net.

To keep $15,000 a year there he must earn approximately $210,000, which gives you a rough idea of how he ends up in spite of his worth to producers.

"When you have been on the edge of poverty for years you are grateful for some material security, but it isn't the only goal for me. Living as much as I can each day that I wake is!" So he's thrifty, but never will be greedy. He began married life by buying a tiny four-flat building in the Hampstead section of London. He and Sybil have only been able to be there three months altogether, but they lease the other three flats and know their bit of earth is paid for.

In Hollywood they first stayed with the James Masons, then with the Stewart Grangers. "The Grangers kitchen intrigued me," Richard reveals. "All those electrical gadgets are dumbfounding. I threw potato peeling into their garbage disposal for two hours straight. I couldn't believe it!" When they first called upon the Bogarts, who have an elaborate new residence, Richard considered the marble terrace so vast he instinctively jumped on a rug and slid wildly across it. They settled for a small cottage the Masons used for a while as a schoolhouse for their daughter. Sybil does all the housekeeping, including the cooking.

He hates to dress up for a party, but once there he can remain until 5 a.m. and is the most entertaining guest present. He shocked James Mason, who has a strictly tailored wardrobe, by contentedly buying a suit in Hollywood the other day for $22, but concedes it looked sad by its first nightfall. His favorite actor? "Wallace Beery! I'd go any distance to catch an old film of his." Virginia Mayo is the actress he loves to watch. "To be strictly truthful, women don't generally grip my imagination as actresses. I prefer thinking of them as women!"

Never judge him by one of his roles alone. Each one is a mask. But now you know what the man, who puts on so deft a characterization when acting, is like when he isn't acting.
has a handy Evening in Paris Cologne stick, a travel size bottle of matching toilet water, and a new Evening in Paris Deodorant Stick—bonanza value for a traveler at $1. The third, Double Take, has the finishing touches for much after-bath luxury. Double Take supplies a flacon of Evening in Paris Toilet Water and equally fragrant Talcum. This time the saving to you is a full $1 ($2 value for $1).

Not to be outdone by anyone, Prince Matchabelli has turned out both a completely new perfume and a new Perfume Collection. You don't need to be confused by this embarrassment of riches though, for the only way you can get your hands on the new perfume is by saving a large portion of the five dollar bill the perfumes in the collection would normally cost, and investing just $1.95 (plus tax) for the Perfume Collection package. Your reward will be four one-half dram crown-shaped bottles filled with three of Matchabelli’s most popular perfumes and, you guessed it, one of the debutante, Wind Song. The pink package that holds the four perfumes is not only attractive but it’s designed in such a way that when you open it each perfume comes into view above a description that tells you what you need to know about it. Beloved, Crown Jewel, and Stradivari are such well-established spell-binders that you probably won’t need to read the informative key to their charms. Wind Song is a different story—it’s characterized as “a crisp, dry, floral fragrance—not too sweet.” After several try-ons, we agree that it’s all of those things plus something more—it’s enchantingly feminine.

DANTON WALKER’S HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

Will Rogers Jr., quits film-making and returns to his first love, politics, after a whirl through Manhattan following his second and final Warner Brothers movie chore.

Dick Haymes, who planned in from Hollywood just to make an appearance at a big charity benefit at Madison Square Garden, won an ovation from the audience for his song contributions. The actor-singer went backstage after he was thanked for his share of the entertainment. He said “I’m the one who was honored” and left immediately for the airport to return to Hollywood.

Irving Berlin, in a huddle with Ethel “Call Me Madam” Merman at El Morocco, told her of signing a three-year, three-way deal with 20th Century-Fox as producer-author-composer. The Great Merm, who will star in “No Business Like Show Business,” at 20th, has given up her fabulous Broadway career as the Number One Musical Comedy Queen to concentrate on Hollywood. Don’t be surprised if she teams up with Ginger Rogers for the long-awaited “Toppy And Eva” project.
nation's twenty-two million TV sets. It hasn't always been easy to want to get home early enough for films heretofore available. There have been as many dull motion pictures slapped off on an unsuspecting TV public during the last five years as there are now features worthy of TV fans inviting friends over to the house to see them.

It's been fun watching Laurel and Hardy caper through their hilarious "Bohemian Girl" and just as entertaining to see Barry Fitzgerald and the late Walter Huston add suspense to the mystery film, "And Then There Were None." In truth, I'm not so sure I enjoyed these particular offerings as much when they were first released in movie theatres as I do now.

However, I shudder every time Joan Crawford's "Rain" is listed for viewing and I'm positive most of you readers do the same. What was accepted as an encore by film fans twenty years ago is now still making the rounds and heading most of the UNpopularity polls. Joan, an extremely talented star today, was in the growing-up-as-an-actress stage when "Rain" was made twenty years ago. She doesn't like having it shown to TV audiences any more than viewers seem to care about having it scheduled. There's nothing anyone can do about it I imagine, although it is my fondest wish this movie "mishap" would get lost on our video channels, once and for all.

Weirdest rumor in video circles has it that Garry Moore is secretly practicing Yoga and will spring it as a surprise to his fans on a forthcoming telecast.

Denise Darcel promised Walter Winchell she would shed eighteen pounds in record time and did just that. Last reports have it, however, the French actress-singer is gaining back the excessive weight she fought so hard to lose. Her highly-anticipated TV schedule may help her get back into the pink of condition. That, plus the friendly teasing of Walter, should do it.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis plan turning straight dramatic actors in a future TV program which should amuse their fans. These talented guys want to prove to themselves, and their friends, they can do almost anything, even "Hamlet," if necessary.

Screen star Ann Sheridan may forsake Hollywood entirely and devote her time and talents to TV, as suggested to her by the late Steve Hananag, her long-time beau and, in Ann's own words, "the best friend I ever had" Ann will soon be seen in a 30-minute telefilm on the popular Ford Theatre.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor aren't too happy at the prospect of an English movie, "Mrs. Fitzherbert," being sold to American TV channels. The film tells the 130-year-old story of King George IV and "Princess Fitz" and bears too close a parallel to the famous "Wom-an I Love" saga. For a Coronation year, in particular, I agree it's in bad taste...
of "Luna Rosa," the sprinkler system went off dousing him and his audience thoroughly. Damone, however, though drenched, returned to finish his song while waiters furiously mopped the floors. As Vic recalled the incident, he added, "those waiters mopped in rhythm. They were wonderful!"

You may not agree with me, but this is my list of the Ten Men in TV Who Possess The Most Sex Appeal! Perry Como, Robert Cummings, Joe DiMaggio, Charles Farrell, John Hart, Adolphe Menjou, Garry Moore, Bert Parks, Jerome Thor, Jack Webb. Any questions girls?

Barbara Nichols, who as Agathon never quite made the grade as a substitute for Dagmar, has been publicized as "The Girl We'd Most Like To Hound" on behalf of the National Hound Foundation. Suitably (?) attired in a bathing costume, she was photographed with Morgan, the bassett hound, and the picture found its way into newspapers. I have been told the buxom Miss Nichols will now be asked to accept the honor (?) of being promoted as "Miss TV Tubes For 1953" by an enterprising manufacturer. It has been suggested that Agathon pose for pictures wearing a bra and bikini in front of a 27-inch TV set.

I enjoy football, baseball and hockey on TV, always have and expect I always will. But the Roller Derby leaves me cold. I find this type of sport as dull as the drone of the skates.

Whatever became of Milton Berle's plan to write a sequel to his "Out Of My Trunk." Supposedly entitled, "Back In The Trunk," the second book of anecdotes is long overdue. Does "Uncle Milton" plan completing it during his summer "vacation?"

I think Michel of Paris has done more to improve the hair styles of video Venuses than any other hairdresser extant. His celebrated New York salon caters to most of the top professional TV actresses who seek out his shear-talents for a much needed lift in personality and appearance. Michel goes to work on these famous heads and they reel away inspired and at the same time are awe-inspiring with the magic he has woven about their crowning glories.

The critical pannings given Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., on behalf of his TV commercials are unwarranted. He's merely ahead of his time. Wait and see.

The statistics are in and all viewers of TV are being informed of the proper distance they should sit from their screens. Specialists in this field, optometrically speaking, insist a 10-inch screen should be watched from eight feet away, a 16-inch from 14 feet and a 20 foot spacing is just about right for those with 24-inch screens. I'm not in complete agreement with these figures. I speak only as one fortunate in having 20/20 vision. I, by the way, have two TV sets, a 14-inch at the foot of our bed and a 17-inch in the library.

With the clearest possible reception, without too much light or a wavering image, I find mild, indirect light doesn't cause me any undue eyestrain. Like most viewers, I do not concentrate on the screen for too long and never use dark glasses. With TV now the great national pastime, rules to protect your eyes are not to be scorned. I always like to sit as far back as possible at the movies, but sit quite close watching TV programs.

Hear Maggi broadcast her radio version of "Maggie's Private Wire" at 12:15 P.M. E.S.T. Monday through Friday over WABC, New York.

**RECORD ROUNDUP**

By BILL SILBERT

"Silbert At Six" is heard over WMGM, Monday through Saturday, 6:00 to 7:00 P.M. E.S.T. "Bill Silbert Show" is heard over WABD, Monday through Friday, 11:30 to Midnight E.S.T.

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“Linen-Look” Butcher Rayons that wash!

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SAVE $2

LOOKS LIKE REAL LINEN...same rich weave...same quality feel!

- Sleek dart fit for figure flattery
- Hand Washable, no expensive cleaning bills

A

SHOULDER-SHOW MEDALLION of precious, lacy embroidery. Hand wash separately. Colors: Navy (as shown), Pink, or Aqua.

3J-1292 Misses’ Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 .......................... 3.98
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B

BUTTONS A-PLENTY down front and on pocket-pretending flap. Zipper placket. Hand wash separately. Colors: Pink (as shown), Navy, or Aqua.

3J-1294 Misses’ and Women’s Sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44 3.98
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FEEL
SWIM
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Swim Suits
by SURF TOGS

With the patented*
built-in “Phan-tum” girdle

A revolutionary new kind of swim suit! Hidden magic persuades your figure to behave beautifully — does the trick so surely, yet so gently you’ll hardly know you’re wearing a thing! Nylon & Acetate in technicolor tones of Aqua, Coral, Alice Blue, Lime, Violet, Black. Sizes 32 to 40. At your favorite store, or send us your prepaid order to be filled by a good store near you.

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Colors that bring out your Beauty!
Texture that blends with your Skin!

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6 Gloriously "Alive" Shades—
that cling . . . that flatter . . . that bewitch!

Now a miracle of beauty can happen . . . on your own skin! The moment you smooth on Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder, you know—here is powder with texture so fine, color so radiantly, naturally alluring, that a new kind of loveliness is yours! You’ll be delighted by the way Cashmere Bouquet clings and clings . . . without a trace of flaking, streak, or shine. And you’ll be thrilled by the subtle, romantic scent of the “fragrance men love”!

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TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME

The way you demanded them... in a picture that was made for them— the way they were made for each other!

Their real love spills over on the screen!

TONY CURTIS & JANET LEIGH

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

HOUDINI

Color by TECHNICOLOR

with TORIN THATCHER • Produced by GEORGE PAL

Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL • Screenplay by PHILIP YORDAN

Based on a book by Harold Kellock • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
You can go swimming wearing Tampax®. Even when the bathing suit’s wet and clinging, internally-worn Tampax is the kind of monthly sanitary protection that doesn’t reveal its presence. Doctor-invented Tampax is made of compressed, long-fibered cotton in throwaway applicators. It’s so easy to insert that the user’s hands need never even touch it. And it’s just as easy to dispose of—a boon when you’re away from home.

You can sit on the beach wearing Tampax. What if you don’t want to go in? There’s nothing to betray it’s one of “those days”—no belts, no pins, no odor. In fact Tampax is so comfortable the wearer doesn’t even feel it once it’s in place. Worn by millions of women, Tampax is really a “must” to help you get every ounce of enjoyment out of Summer.

Buy Tampax this month. At any drug or notion counter. In your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, or Junior. Month’s supply goes in purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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

M-G-M presents

**Young Bess**

*color by Technicolor*

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

**Jean Simmons**  **Granger**  **Deborah Kerr**  **Charles Laughton**

**Kay Walsh**  **Rolfe**  **Byron**  **Kellaway**  **Carroll**

Screen Play by **Jan Lustig** and **Arthur Wimperis**  
Based on the Novel by **Margaret Irwin**

Directed by **George Sidney**  •  Produced by **Sidney Franklin**  •  An M-G-M Picture
The Aristocrat of Foot Covers...

All NYLON Knit
New Green Box
45c

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Peds are the tailored foot covering, shaped to fit your foot and to stay in place. They’re sanitary and keep feet and shoe linings clean.

Elastic edge keeps Peds snug. Exclusive heel protector prevents slipping.

The most excited, pleased, and proud glamour girl of this century is Joan Crawford, who returned to her home base, MGM—and very triumphantly so—for the first time in ten years, to do a singin’-dancin’ picture called, “The Torch Song.” The people who worked there when Joan was the star of the lot had welcome banners all over the place and wore big broad grins when she drove through the front gates to start her dance rehearsals with her director, Charles Walters, who will also be her dancing partner in the film. Joan celebrated the good news at the Beachcombers with Earl Blackwell (who heads Celebrity Service and is an extremely close friend of hers) and yours truly. Earl was, in a sense, responsible for Joan and Chuck (his latest directorial triumph is “Lili”) getting together on this project on account of because he introduced them to each other.

After making large and fancy plans to attend the Cannes Festival, Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas cancelled, then cancelled, until everything got so confused nobody knew where anybody was going. But all the bets—or nearly all—were that these two would be going in different directions. While on the other foot, Lana Turner, who drowned her disenchantment with Lamas by becoming an item with Arlene’s ex, Lee Barker, went merrily off to Europe for a lengthy stay—her first stop being in Spain where she met her chum Ava Gardner for a couple weeks of girl-talk.

You don’t hear nothin’ around these parts except praise for the extraordinary talents of Don O’Connor—just like it was something new that the kid has developed. Why, shux, we belonged to a cult way back before the “Francis” pictures that did nothing but talk about how good this boy was. Universal-International

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)
BURT LANCASTER
as the toughest Marine that ever sank a saloon in the China Seas—or left a trail of broken knuckles and heart-broken dames from San Diego to Singapore!

VIRGINIA MAYO
as the dreamiest dreamboat that ever steamed in to Pago Pago—or shim-sham-shimmied her way from one Leatherneckin' to another!

WITH CHUCK CONNORS • SCREEN PLAY BY EDWIN BLUM • PRODUCED BY SAM BISCOFF • DIRECTED BY ARTHUR LUBIN
flung a party for Don and Janet Leigh on the “Wakin’ My Baby Back Home” set that was a real ball. Janet, tired as she was from dancing on a broken bone in her foot, played hostess. The shindig was Shelley Winters’ first appearance since the Gassman bambino was born. Shell looks very, very slim and happy. Janet’s boy, Tony, was around helping the little woman greet the visitors. All the U-I glamour boys, in fact, were on view—Rock Hudson, Hugh O’Brian, Jeff Chandler, Richard Long, and on and on. Little Lori Nelson and a whole bunch of girl cuties were in on the clambake too.

Some fun.

There’s another one of those marriages in the crack-up stage—Don and Gwen, that is. From all the people on the sidelines come the rumors and chitchat about Don being miserable without Gwen and vice versa. Seems a little odd that right at the peak of his career he has to have marriage troubles—but the guy works about twenty-four hours a day and she kinda hankers for a career.

Everybody that is anybody flocked to Mocambo when Mary McCarthy hauled off with her hilarious and extremely clever new night club act. Never heard such raves or as much palm-beating. The Broadway musical comedy star—that’s Mary—has some knockout gowns by Don Loper. Following her Mo stint, she whipped through the Martin & Lewis TV show and took off for a date at the plush gambling heaven, Las Vegas’ Flamingo.

Well, you just can’t tell the sheep from the goats anymore in this town that talks, eats, and sleeps 67 different varieties of 3-D. There isn’t a studio, a promoter, or a rag man who hasn’t come up with a new form of it, together with their own names and assorted versions of sound.

We, having viewed with some excitement the Cinerama medium in New York, had a front row seat at the first showing of the 20th Century-Fox process, CinemaScope. Boy, wait until you see that doll, Monroe, contoured on a curved screen! Not just one hunk of picture did they run of her—but two. A dance number from “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,” which featured Miss M., had the gents in the audience slightly wingly. Then came on some shots from “How To Marry A Millionaire,” with Monroe, Grable, and Bacall. Leave me state that aside from the sensation created by the dimensional Marilyn, Betty Grable emerges as a ravin’ beauty, with a cute comedy sense that is completely different from her old self. Bacall comes across in no small way either. Then 20th showed us some shots from “The Robe” and this just about finished us all off. This is going to be one of the most intensely dramatic films in motion picture history and everybody who was lucky enough to see CinemaScope is panting to gander the finished product on all three movies.

The new platter that Rosemary Clooney and Marlene Dietrich made called, “Dot’s Nice, Don-na Fight,” was written by Ross Bagdassarian (who helped whip up Rosie’s first big hit, “Come On–a My House”) and Casey Adams while they were making “Destination Gobi” at 20th. From the horse’s mouth (Mitch Miller, who backed these two glemmer dames when they recorded it) comes news that if this new and very funny disc doesn’t sell a million copies, the horse will eat all that are left over. Casey wrote the platter under his own, and possibly better known name, Max Showalter. Soon after, when he was starring in “Vicky” with Jeean Crain, another tune popped into his head. He up and played it for Leon-ard Goldstein and that there producer bought the song which he’ll use as the theme tune of the picture.

First wedding anniversary of Betty Hutton and Charles O’Curran happened
Jane Powell is playing a night club date in Toronto while the town talks.

Scott Brady is currently appearing at parties around town with Bella Darvi.

practically the same time Dorothy Lamour and Bill Howard celebrated their 10th one. Mrs. H. was all puffed up at the time—not from pride over this happy marriage but with, of all things, the mumps. She, too, has herself a new night club act. Everybody’s gettin’ into the act.

It finally had to happen—the Mickey Spillane tough detective novels are about to be available on handy-sized film. Couple of the town’s newer glammer gals, Carole Mathews and Joan Diener, who are also good friends, were both up for the part of the wicked blonde femme psychiatrist of “I, The Jury,” but both had to pass it up for other roles. Either one would have been peachy. Peggie Castle, who used to get all the princess parts in U-I’s harem pictures, copped the role. Got a fella named Biff Elliot in the part of Mike Hammer, the rough, tough detective.

Real sad, the breakup of the Gene Nel-
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won’t rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The only leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

A Product of Bristol-Myers
DOCTORS' TESTS PROVE PIMPLES CLEARED UP
or definitely improved in 9 out of 10 cases

New! Amazing Medication

‘STARVES’ PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED—Hides pimples while it works

At last! A new medication called CLEARASIL is so effective it brings entirely new hope to pimple sufferers. In skin specialist's tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved.

AMAZING STARVING ACTION. CLEARASIL is greaseless and fast-drying in contact with pimples. Starves pimples because it helps remove the oils* that pimples "feed" on. Antiseptic stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

INSTANT RELIEF from embarrassment because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples. And CLEARASIL is greaseless...stainless...pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

THOUSANDS HAIL CLEARASIL. So many boys, girls adults found that CLEARASIL really works for them, it is already the largest-selling specific medication for pimples in America.

GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors’ tests or money back. 59%. Economy size 98c. Get CLEARASIL at druggists.

NOW ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA (slightly more). *Over-activity of certain oil glands is recognized by authorities as a major factor in acne. (According to actual store surveys.)

what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

son marriage, and a surprise to their friends because this one looked as if it were here to stay. Hope they get back together, as they should. Another that's comme ci, comme ca is the Guy Madison-Gail Russell indecision. Sometimes they're happy, sometimes they're sad, to coin an old line from an old song. The Lynn Bari suit against her former husband, Sid Luft
—now married to Judy Garland, as if you didn't know, stirred up a storm. The outcome of the Bari bid for a trust fund (which would come out of Judy's bank account) caused many divorced and remarried Hollywoodians a number of sleepless nights. Think how many girls could put the bite on how many wealthy second wives of their ex-husbands! One that got trapped in this deal was Virginia Mayo, who had to pay up 25 gees of Mike O'Shea's back alimony to his first wife out of her own pocket.

Van Johnson joined the army o'. Hollywood stars to hit the night club road. Broke in at Las Vegas, he did, in a fancy brown tuxedo with red tie and those crazy red socks. Reason for most of the big stars getting out and around the country—well, what are we gabbing about earlier—the conversion to 3-D, which all but stopped production until the studios could get reorganized. Like the fellow once said—you don't have to be crazy in this business but it helps.

Bet John Wayne will ponder a while before the next marriage. What a time the Duke's had trying to get a property settlement out of Chata. The gal just won't make up her mind. Even her attorney finally gave up and told her to hire another one.

Can't say the tempestuous Zsa Zsa Gabor hasn't been the faithful little woman to George Sanders. She postponed her night club debut and later a picture, to fly to Rome twice, where George is making a film for Ingrid Bergman's Roberto Rossellini. According to some reports, Mr. R. is very deliberate about the way he makes a picture, which is pretty exasperating to Mr. S., who has other fish to fry. Zsa Zsa and Pamela Mason (Mrs. James) are very buddy-buddy—even laugh at each other's jokes.

Jane Russell, who doesn't always approve of the sexy pictures of herself that appear on the billboards, usually makes a tour of the town with the top down on her convertible, inspecting thi. “art” and stewing about same. Not that it does her any good—the billboards are evidently here to stay.

Marlon Brando's got a cure for this ailment. He just plain won't pose for any pictures—walked out on a party because he spied the photos aiming his way and finally allowed a national magazine to interview him, way off in the hills somewhere. Ah, well, eccentricity pays—at least for him—at least sometimes.

The only fun Nora Haymes seems to be getting out of life these days is to go out with Nicky Hilton. She's pft with Dick Haymes and has all kinds of income tax trouble, left over from her marriage to Errol Flynn. Things are tough all over.

When Anne Baxter went off more or less merrily on her first European trip, John Hodiak was still going around to the restaurants all by himself. Nellie Anne's absence will help him forget about her. Can you imagine a guy who lives practically next door to Marilyn Monroe being lonesome?

Maybe Rita Hayworth's romance with Manuel Rojas will be more or less clarified when she and the other members of the troupe return from the Honolulu location of "Miss Sadie Thompson." Lots of emphatic denials that she and her leading man in "Sadie," Aldo Ray, were thataway.

END

Janet Leigh squawks as Jeff Chandler tweaks Buddy Hackett at a U-I party.

Nan Grey says happy 40th birthday to hubby Frankie Laine in the nicest way.
Ann Blyth and Dr. James McNulty will soon move into their honeymoon house.

Wanda Hendrix gets a hot dog from her escort, Mark Scott, at the ball park.

One of Vera-Ellen's frequent dates at Ciro's is talent scout Henry Willson.
GET
a Glorious
Gaby TAN
instead of a burn!

Now everyone—even blondes with tender skins—can get that deep golden Gaby tan men love! Just smooth on Gaby—and you're on your way to glamour! No smeary grease. No drying alcohol. Nothing like it! Get the genuine Gaby—for the tan without the burn!

Barbara Stanwyck and Clifton Webb in the 20th Century-Fox film, “Titanic,” authentic story of the tragedy that befell the ocean liner on maiden voyage.

Your guide to
current films

by Rola and Bonnie Churchill

Titanic

"Titanic" provides an emotional impact that will wallop you right out of your seats. It tells the story of those who made the luxury liner’s fatal maiden voyage. Skipper Brian Aherne’s passenger list includes Barbara Stanwyck and her two youngsters, whom she is taking back to the States to escape from their father’s (Clifton Webb) snobbish upbringing. Also aboard are college student Bob Wagner, who has a shipboard romance with Audrey Dalton; Thelma Ritter, a wealthy Oklahoman; and Richard Basehart, an unfrocked priest. How each conducts himself in the ship’s last fatal moments and how Webb’s blue book ideas don’t keep him from becoming a hero, is the major story line. Although there are a few humorous moments, movie’s main hold is its authenticity and historic appeal. Its jolting climax, with the bizarre disintegration of the ship, provides plenty of dramatic moments and lots of Oscar calibre troupers. 20th Century-Fox.

Young Bess

The tempestuous love story of Britain’s "Young Bess" (Jean Simmons) and Thomas Seymour (Stewart Granger) keeps this lavish production from being just another heavy-handed historic account. Before the romance has run its tragic course, the authority of the court, the lawmakers and even King Henry (Charles Laughton) has been challenged.

(Continued on page 14)
In "By the Light of the Silvery Moon," Gordon MacRae and Doris Day continue the small town Americana pattern they established in "On Moonlight Bay."

Dynamic Carmen Miranda is a perfect foil for the antics of Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin during riotous song and dance number in Hal Wallis' "Scared Stiff."

Now you can put Chlorophyll to work where it does the most good! Just a touch of Gaby's cool green stick destroys perspiration odor instantly! Gaby protects longer because Gaby contains both Chlorophyll and Hexachlorophene. Get this double protection!

Charles Laughton, as the pompous, much-married Henry VIII, makes merry with Dawn Addams, his queen of the moment, in MGM's Technicolor film, "Young Bess."
New Hope For Pimple Sufferers

Pimples are the result of temporary excess sebaceous secretions of oil that the skin can not throw off. Greaseless Wunder-skin is medically-formulated to help free pores of these excess oils... dry up pimples. Wunder-skin contains antiseptic Derivate® to discourage the bacteria that can cause and spread unsightly pimples.

END EMBARRASSMENT—Wunder-skin is flesh-tinted to conceal pimples, blemishes, blackheads...Bleeds amazingly well with skin tones. Quick-drying, stainless! Leave it on day and night for round the clock medication.

Reader's Digest reported recently on Wunder-skin type medication used successfully in clinical tests. Wunder-skin contains ingredients long prescribed by skin specialists. Your druggist now sells it without prescription.

GUARANTEED to help your skin condition or money back. Large tube $9.95, Economy size 98¢. At all drug counters.

SPECIAL OFFER: Send name, address and 10¢ in stamps or coin for trial size. Purepac Corp., P. O. Box 247B, Lenox Hill Sta., New York 21.

Greaseless • Flesh-Tinted • Antiseptic

Wunder-skin

ANOTHER FINE PUREPAC PRODUCT

*Purepac's brand of 2, 4- methylene bis(4, 6-dichloro phenol)

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LARGE SIZE of your favorite MOVIE STAR

Direct from Hollywood

With photo, we include FREE CATALOG, designed with newest stars, lists 100% of names, tells how to get their addresses and home pictures. Send name of your favorite and your second choice together with only 10¢ to cover cost of photo. Hollywood SCREEN EXCHANGE Box 1250-Dec., M7 Hollywood 28 Calif., U.S.A.

MAKE MONEY

ADDRESSING

Typists or longhand! National Mail Order concern wants you! Work evenings at home.

Oriental Miniatures... Fullerton 8, California

Save with

U.S. DEFENSE BONDS

American newspaperman Clark Gable and Russian dancer Gene Tierney fall in love, marry and then run into trouble behind the Iron Curtain in “Never Let Me Go.”

Your guide to current films

CONTINUED

As a child, Bess is buffeted from stepmother to stepmother while the king continues to execute his various wives. When his last wife (Deborah Kerr) sends for the young princess, she refuses to go until the queen dispatches Granger to charm her into living at the palace. Bess immediately falls in love with the dashing naval hero, but he is secretly in love with the queen. Upon the death of the king, Granger and Deborah are wed and invite young Bess to live with them. Eventually, Granger realizes his love for Bess, but their romance becomes a pawn in a political uprising that causes his death and the enthronement of Bess as queen. Lavishly assembled, MGM's color epic finds the girls ably holding their own, with Granger and Laughton fighting it out for male acting honors. MGM.

Sea Devils

Yvonne DeCarlo and Rock Hudson continue to battle each other during most of the action in this English adventure film. Yvonne, an espionage agent working with Britain against Napoleon, entices smuggler Rock to act as her guide back to her native France, after he injures her fellow agent, Maxwell Reed. When Rock learns that she is a spy, he will have no part of it and returns her to the chief of customs for the British Isles. Yvonne manages to escape her captors and learns of the plans for the French fleet, but is unable to pass this information on until Rock and several of his countrymen belatedly aid her. Film, which was shot in England, is a rather moody, heavy drama. RKO Release.

All I Desire

When down-and-out actress Barbara Stanwyck returns to her husband (Richard Carlson) after deserting her family ten years previously, she does so with misgivings. She has been invited to return by her daughter (Lori Nelson) to attend her graduation. None of the other members of the family know that Barbara is coming. It's all very embarrassing but eventually adjustments are made and everything's going fine—until Lyle Bettger appears on the scene. It was because of an affair with Lyle and the fear that
New Long-Lasting Lipstick
Won't Smear Off—
Stays On All Day Long!

It's Sweeping the Country! Amazing No-Smear Lipstick
Won't Eat Off—Won't Bite Off—Won't Kiss Off!

YOU’LL LOVE IT! And he’ll love you more if you wear Hazel Bishop’s
amazing no-smear lipstick! To use this is the lipstick that won’t come
off on cups, napkins, cigarettes—or

on his collar!

Put it on in the morning or evening
and forget about it! Hazel Bishop Lipstick stays on and on—until you

yourself easily cream or wash it off!

Yes, it outlasts other lipsticks 4 to 5
times, yet costs much more!

No other lipstick is so creamy, so
long-lasting! Get Hazel Bishop Lip-
stick at your favorite cosmetic coun-
ter today! 8 wonderful shades.

Hazel Bishop
No-Smear Lipstick
Today—America’s Largest-Selling Lipstick!

Take Me To Town

Dance hall queen Ann Sheridan can
shoot crap or shoot a bear with
equal dexterity, but when an FBI agent
starts to check on her, she decides this is
one thing it would be better to miss. She
hides out in a cabin already inhabited—
much to her surprise—by three mother-
less little boys. Ann is caring for the chil-
dren, but then their father (Sterling
Hayden) returns unexpectedly from the
lumber mills. Hayden informs Ann that
she can’t stay at the house, but suddenly
changes his mind when he sees her res-
cue one of the youngsters from a bear.

The part-time lumberman-parson offers
the dance hall queen a job as housekeep-
er, which she accepts, and then starts
putting a lot more than the house in or-
der. The film is laid in the 1870’s, but giv-
en a jazzed up treatment.—U.L.

(Continued on Page 16)
Ann Sheridan's lusty singing is the big attraction at the Palace of Chance Music Hall in a lumber town in Universal-International's "Take Me To Town."

Scared Stiff

UNLEASH Martin and Lewis on a haunted island and even the spooks will surrender. Dean, a hot-shot singer in a night club, makes the mistake of romancing a gangster's girl friend, Dorothy Malone. When waiter Jerry Lewis learns that his pal is about to be ventilated with a .45, he smuggles him out of the country and aboard a luxury liner. The boys hide in Elizabeth Scott's state room. She persuades them to visit her mystery island where it's every zombie for himself. Hereafter, much of the action gets out of hand, but if you like your entertainment flip, frenzied and frantic, then this Hal Wallis production is for you. Paramount.

Column South

CAPTAIN ROBERT STERLING assumes command of a U. S. Army Post in the Territory of New Mexico and immediately forms a dislike for his second in command, Lt. Audie Murphy. He disapproves of Murphy's friendly treatment of the soldiers, the Indians and particularly Capt. Sterling's sister, Joan Evans. When the commanding general of the territory (Ray Collins) arrives for an inspection, he informs Sterling that the Civil War is inevitable and the two Southerners plot to let the Indians overrun the fort and then rescue it later for their cause. Murphy accidentally uncovers their plan in time to thwart the deserters and save his men. Beautiful scenery, plus some unusual battle footage, add greatly to the Western's potentialities. Universal-International.

Ambush At Tomahawk Gap

JUST released from prison, John Hodiak, John Derek, David Brian and Ray Teal have but one goal—to get to the ghost town of Tomahawk Gap and dig up the gold they have hidden there. Constantly
Energetic Jan Sterling, with husband Paul Douglas, is never still a moment, even gesticulates while talking during dinner.

Bob Hope and his wife, Dolores, enjoying a late snack at the Stork Club during Gotham sojourn.

June Allyson chatting with Van Johnson, who's now embarked on career as night club entertainer.

Anne Baxter went unrecognized in the foyer of "21" because of her unflattering blonde hair—a great mistake in "I Confess" and a greater disappointment in the flesh. Makes her look hard and cheap, something she isn't... Deep and dark are the roots Anne, get those tresses back to natural...

Dan Duryea actually smiled during the post-midnight crush at the Stork Club. The usually dour-faced actor proved to be pleasant and surprisingly charming when relaxed, and forgot to frown. A dimpled, laughing Dan Duryea looks years younger than his usual screen self...

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)
“Tiresome” is the way many of New York’s leading hostesses describe the tete-a-tete two-ing of Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas when they are guests at large parties. How two talented people can sit in a crowded room ignoring the assembled guests (most times those who have arrived solely to honor the Dahl-Lamas twosome) is something the party-givers would like explained. “Latin Lover” Lamas, heretofore noted for his Continental charm and elegant manners, seems to have slipped since he went from Lana Turner to Arlene Dahl. A reverse switch if there ever was one . . .

L U C K I L Y, Bob Wagner is still comparatively young. His constant habit of grinning became fairly exhausting during his recent toot around town. “Be pleasant and agreeable at all times (and never forget to appear handsome while doing so),” seems to be a piece of bad advice handed out to him. He’s here to stay with a fine movie career ahead of him. That simpering smile will have to go, however, in New York, at least . . .

Of all the celebrities feted in town in recent weeks, it was Earl Blackwell, President of Celebrity Service, who enjoyed the fatted calf most. “Mr. Celebrity,” as he is known internationally, was the honored guest at a lavish bon voyage party given for him by Lisa Kirk during her Persian Room engagement before he left for the Cannes Film Festival with Olivia De Havilland via Air France.

Shirley Booth, Roger Dann, Gertrude Niesen, Ralph Meeker, Sean O’Shea, Ed and Janet Madden (he’s the NBC-TV, v.p.) Tom and Ceil Chapman Rogers (he’s the MGM exec), Mike Connolly, Barbara Bebe Lyon (actress daughter of Bebe Daniels and Ben (CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)
BLONDES . . . Restore the golden color of youth—or add henna or auburn color.

REDHEADS . . . Lighten your hair to red-gold—or enrich its natural henna or auburn color.

GLORIOUS COLOR-HIGHLIGHTS sparkle your hair when you use Nestle Colorinse. Removes dulling soap film—adds glamorous color-highlights—makes hair softer, silkier, easier to comb and set. Use Colorinse after every shampoo—or whenever hair looks dull and drab. In 10 beautiful shades that rinse in—shampoo out!

6 rinses 25¢; 14 rinses 50¢.

Nestle COLORINSE

RICHER COLOR TINTS glamorize your hair when you use Nestle Colortint. Enriched with Processed Lanolin, nature’s wonder ingredient, to enhance your natural hair color or add exciting new color. Blends-in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair. Lasts through as many as 3 shampoos. More than a rinse but not a permanent dye! 10 glamorous shades.

6 capsules 29¢; 12 capsules 50¢.

Nestle COLORTINT

LIGHTER, BRIGHTER COLOR . . . as much or as little as you choose in One application—with Nestle Lite. Enriched with Processed Lanolin to leave hair wonderfully soft, silky, natural-looking. Lightens blonde hair, brightens brown hair, accentuates red tones in brunette hair, adds glamorous golden streaks, disguises gray hair. Quick and easy to use—contains no ammonia. $1.50. Retouch size 79¢.

Nestle LITE
HAIR LIGHTENER

BROWNETTES . . . Lighten hair to a golden brown—or add henna, auburn or rich brown color.

BRUNETTES . . . Lighten hair—add gold or red or deepen its blue-black color.

GRAY . . . Add silver color, blue highlights or steel-gray tones.
I first met Rita two years ago when she came back from Europe after her separation from Aly Khan. All I knew about her was what I'd read in the papers. When I walked up to her suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel, I expected anything but what I found—a quiet, warm-hearted person, as unaffected as my neighbor next door.

We went to the coffee shop below for a hamburger. I expected anything but what I found—a quiet, warm-hearted person, as unaffected as my neighbor next door. She knows what she wants, and once she gives you instructions, leaves you on your own (continued on page 63).
"I've been amazed, during my two years as her personal secretary, at the strange contrasts that make up Rita Hayworth"

It's fun in the sun for Tex and Jinx and the boys because

"TARTAN lets you tan...never burn!"

You'll agree when you try America's favorite suntan lotion!

For years millions of sun worshippers—like NBC's popular TV and radio family—have relied on TARTAN as insurance against painful sunburn.

TARTAN helps you get a smooth, golden tan without blistering. It screens out most of the sun's burning rays...admits most of the tanning rays!

Easy to apply, non-greasy.

Play safe in the sun...use TARTAN

by Margaret Parker

First suntan lotion awarded Seal of Acceptance of the American Medical Association Committee on Cosmetics

Jinx's and boys' suits by Cole of California. Tex's trunks by McGregor. All in Bates Disciplined Fabric. Beach towel by Martex.

For sale in Canada

*When used as directed

a product of MCKESSON & ROBBINS, Incorporated
by Peter Sherwood

HELPING HAND FOR MARILYN

Would any other girl have fared as well with so terrific a buildup?

A favored ringside table, on the edge of the closely-packed, postage stamp-sized dance floor of Hollywood’s plush and popular Mocambo night club, two well-known producers were earnestly watching Marilyn Monroe. She was swaying—and not too smoothly, either—in the arms of one Joe DiMaggio.

“I still don’t get it,” said one. “Give any blonde dame that’s got a good figure, the will to go places, and an average intelligent mind, plus provocative publicity, and you’ve got a potential star. The treatment can’t fail.”

The other producer shook his head dubiously. “The Cinderella stuff, you mean? But it doesn’t always work. It needs more than a frenzied publicity campaign, a hopped-up wardrobe, the so-called ‘pull’ to make a star. And I know what I’m talking about. This Marilyn Monroe has it on the ball. She knows how to project!”

Conflicting as it may sound, Hollywood knows that both of the above remarks contain genuine elements of truth. Possibly no star in the last decade of the movies, has received the streamlined, sink-or-swim going over that Marilyn Monroe has gotten at the hands of her sponsors, her believers—and even her detractors.

A top Hollywood movie star today is only as interesting as her entourage makes her out to be—and that goes for both friends and enemies. It’s a strange thing, but Marilyn’s critics have contributed as much to her success, as have her fervent, close-by supporters.

Controversy may not build a character, but—in the (continued on page 51)
With Fredric March in an emotional scene in “Man On A Tightrope,” her current film. “If there’s anything a man fights it’s an attempt to dominate him.”

Getting set for a scene. “A girl can make a breakup impossible if she’ll remember a few simple things.”
Even when you know what brings together two such different people as Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer, you still might ask, "If they do marry, can it possibly last?"

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

ROSEMARY'S FANTASTIC ROMANCE

"The idea of Jose Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney falling in love and being altar bound, is as far-fetched as trying to place a rose and a cactus plant in the same flower vase. They are that opposite—in everything that makes them breathe, live and perform. However, love, like Nature, sees strange miracles happen."

That puts into words the consensus—from the noisy purlieus of Broadway's Tin Pan Alley to the jittery 3-D labyrinths of the movie world of Hollywood—at the startling news that the Number One Girl of the Ballad World and the First Actor of the American Stage have discovered one another.

Fantastic is the word tied to this romance by one of their closest friends. "What started as a devil-may-care, take-it-or-leave-it acquaintanceship, ripened into a torrid I-can't-live-without-you romance that has astonished equally the principals concerned."

"I can't understand what he sees in me," says Rosemary. "I'm a lucky guy," says Jose.

Coast to coast, show business is watching this fervent romance with more than (continued on page 57)

Now 25, there's no doubt that Rosemary would like to get married.
By MAY MANN BAER

"A second try, a third try, a fourth try—I'm running out of numbers," Sterling Hayden smiled whimsically. "Pick a number from one to ten. My story is full of ups and downs, starts and stops, but no ending.

"For a year now," he said, "they've been trying to put my life story together for a movie. I tell them that for every story, there's got to be a beginning and an ending. And who has an ending at thirty-six?"

I'd met Sterling Hayden when I first came to Hollywood, my eyes filled with stardust. Like a few million other femmes, I saw this husky, outdoor-loving, tall, broad-shouldered, blond-headed then twenty-three-year-old—and wisely decided then and there—

I'd like to be just good friends with the guy. Confidentially, "He's madly in love with Madeleine Carroll," the studio press agent had told me.

This current second try of his at a screen career is convincingly obvious that, at long last, Sterling Hayden is taking his life seriously. I had seen him in "Hellgate" (not a woman's picture), but this eloquent performance was of Academy Award calibre. Then "Flat Top," in which he played the hard disciplinary naval officer, which Allied Artists had sent us to view aboard the big plane carrier in San Diego harbor where it had been filmed. On the train home, I found myself seated next to Sterling, and I both commented and asked, "This time (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)"

“I had been involved with the Commies, but was absolved.”

With estranged wife Betty and two of their four kids. "I'm not running away. It's too complicated to discuss."
"A man should never assume he hasn't a chance with a girl unless he's told so directly by her," says Lana.
what I’d like to teach men...

Lana Turner gives
a helpful lesson in male
behavior you might
pass on to boys badly
in need of knowing
what brings real joy to
the feminine heart

By REBA and BONNIE
CHURCHILL

The ABC’s you were taught in grammar school have nothing
whatever to do with the particular ones Lana Turner
has in mind. ABC’s can also stand for All-time Bachelor Complaints
—those horrible little habits that make women wince.

The beauteous Lana had casually mentioned the topic during
a chat with us. We decided it was our duty to pursue the topic and
convey her ABC’s so the men of the nation could take fair warning.

Lana’s spacious Holmby Hills home was buzzing with
excitement. It seems we really picked the time. She was leaving
in a matter of hours—flying to Paris to star in MGM’s “The
Flame And The Flesh.” Not only was there last-minute
packing to see to, there were dozens of instructions for the staff,
Lana’s mother moving in to watch over young Cheryl, and
answering one phone call after another wishing the star bon voyage.

When we quoted Lana’s remark, “What I’d like to teach men,”
we were afraid, at such a time, she’d much prefer to label
the interview, “what I’d like to teach reporters,” and her number
one point would be to give us a hole in the head. But, we
should have known her better. She simply closed off all activity.

Settling comfortably in a wing chair in her den, she took
the phone off the receiver, curled up with her feet under her, and
school was in session.

“You might think this a bit unusual to list first, but I feel it is
important. The date who, every other breath, says,’I’ve got news for you’ . . . ’Let me say this’ . . .” (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)

There wasn’t much Lana had to teach Lex Barker. That’s why she fell in love with him.

Jan Sterling, Lana at party. “Men who
repeat pet phrases, drive girls crazy.”

With Ricardo Montalban, her dancing co-star in “Latin Lovers.”
"My idea of marriage is a genuine, lasting love that benefits a whole family."

Marriage Musts For Bob
Only a down-to-earth girl, who doesn't chase after him, stands a chance with Bob Wagner

By BEN MADDOX

No matter what you hear, Bob Wagner hasn't yet started his search for a wife. And for very good reasons. Romantically, he's no playboy. His marriage musts for himself are astonishingly sensible.

Bob talks and plans in an adult manner. He has no desire to be a slick operator with every girl he meets, doesn't hand out a glib line nor want one in return. When he dates, he's all for relaxing and sharing an uncomplicated good time. "This doesn't mean insincere promises on either side," he says. "It doesn't mean pairing off to the exclusion of everyone else." If you don't relish the company of friends, you'll be too self-centered for him.

"I don't go for pseudo-sophistication. A girl who's bored ought to stay home until she decides what she's interested in, because her weary air will never attract me. I think a girl can go way overboard on trappings. A fellow isn't as impressed by the latest styles as some women fancy. I don't like false beauty, and heavy make-up doesn't appeal to me. Too much jewelry annoys me. A gold pin, one nice thing like that, is distinctive. I think it's a mistake for a girl to try to alter her own personality. It's better to be what you really are from the beginning, than to have it turn out a disappointment later on."

He has no special feminine looks in mind. Appearance alone won't halt him. It's the whole personality that he notices. Recently he has been dating Lori Nelson fairly often. But he's still taking out Kathleen Crowley, Charlotte Austin, Susan Zanuck, Melinda Markey (daughter of Joan Bennett), and Barbara Darrow. A date doesn't have to be in the movies. He asks out girls who aren't. But he's firm in his belief that a smart girl does no chasing after a fellow. She'll get nowhere with such tactics.

"I'm going to marry a girl who isn't that aggressive," he vows. "What man wants a domineering wife? I'm not the night club type. A girl who has to be at a ringside table would be the wrong wife for me. Social snobbishness never has aved me. I couldn't be interested in a girl who must be seen in a certain set. It's who and what you are, not your society column standing, that matters in the marriage I want. I would much rather drop in informally at the home of some friends than get involved in any big social deal."

"I want to be ready for the sort of marriage I'd like to have someday," Bob says, his intelligence standing out promptly. "Being prepared is one of the important steps in love, or in anything else you want to do your best in, it seems to me. I'm optimistic. I suspect there'll always be opportunities, wherever we are. It's just up to us to recognize them. What I worry about a lot, though, is whether I'm actually getting ready to take thorough advantage of a great break. I don't want to leap blindly into something significant. I hate to fail. Moving too fast, without watching out for what you're up against, is a sure way to fumble badly. My hunch is that if I figure out what I'm trying to do, what the situation requires, and then prepare to deliver what's expected of me when I finally get a chance, the odds for clicking will be better."

"My idea of marriage is a genuine, lasting love that benefits a whole family. My folks have had this. I think it's because they were ready, as human beings, to take on all the problems that happen after... (CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)
ALTHOUGH, AS WITH ANY OTHER GIRL, PIPER LAURIE’S BIGGEST PROBLEM IS FINDING THE RIGHT MAN TO

"Piper Laurie and Rock Hudson dance cheek-to-cheek at the Mocambo. Wedding bells soon?"

"Piper Laurie is engaged to Producer Leonard Goldstein."

"Eastern socialite and Piper Laurie hold hands at '21: This is serious."

If all that was written about Piper’s intentions during the past three years were true, she’d be the most fickle girl in Hollywood. Periodically, columnists have her engaged, secretly married and separated.

Every time she dates a fellow more than once, the rumor mill starts to grind. If she’s seen with anyone but her “acclaimed” choice of the month, more gossip. Chances are the cycle won’t stop till Piper gets married—if then!

Piper’s problem is serious—but basically no different from the same type of problem encountered by thousands of bachelor girls all over the United States. Whether the gossip starts in a syndicated column or by a nosey neighbor, on the studio set or across the backyard fence of a mid-western town, the causes are usually similar—the effects always the same!

This sort of tattle—in word or print—can hurt in more ways than one. During the time Piper was supposedly “engaged” to Leonard Goldstein, congratulatory telegrams and presents from her relatives soon started to arrive. The much embarrassed Piper then had to sit down and write apologetic explanations and, of course, return the presents.

Also, when word spread around, men outside the industry who weren’t familiar with Hollywood’s interpretations of romances, refrained from calling her for a date. As a result, she spent most of her evenings at home when
Dates often expect the same amorous yielding they see Piper perform on the screen with leading men such as Tony Curtis.

Piper has matured, is now well poised under any conditions, whether it be on the set or in her dealing with eager wolves.

With Rock Hudson at Stork Club. Gossip columnists reported them engaged when Piper and Rock dated more than once.

Piper's biggest break career-wise was in being chosen for the box-office hit, "The Mississippi Gambler," with Ty Power.

MARRY, SHE ALSO HAS OTHER PROBLEMS TO WORRY ABOUT THAT OFTEN SEEM BEYOND SOLUTION

She would have liked to go dancing, or to a movie or party.

Dating is a problem in itself, even for the beautiful Piper—for there are not many eligible bachelors among the movie crowd—eligible as far as Piper is concerned, for her standards are high. Others, outside the industry, are often too bashful to ask for a date, or afraid that a movie star of Piper's standing wouldn't even consider an evening with anyone less than a hotel heir, a Texas oil millionaire, or a European nobleman.

Piper had one such experience during her recent personal appearance tour to the Eastern Seaboard states.

In one of the New England cities, a luncheon was arranged for her to meet representatives of the local press, as well as college publications.

Among the reporters was a tall, handsome, quiet young man, who was a senior at a nearby university, and editor of the school's "Weekly." Timidly, he hinted for a date with Piper for that night, but didn't dare to come right out and ask.

Piper indicated her willingness to accept, but that wasn't enough—not till she told him that she was interested in the local sights, and had no one, absolutely no one, to take her around. Then he popped the question.

More often, however, the problem is to keep from making the "wrong" date. Wolves, Piper has learned, are neither restricted to Hollywood, nor to age groups, profession, family background, weight, height or color of hair.

She had her first such experience when she was eleven, on her first date. After that she didn't want another for three years!

The boy who took her to the (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56).
You can't keep out of SCANDAL

"There'll be more disturbing stories about me in the future," says Glenn Ford, "and you can be sure I'll neither confirm nor deny them"

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

Don't believe everything you hear, Peer," cautioned Glenn Ford. "In Hollywood you simply can't keep out of scandal."

He was referring to my inquiry about the recent headlines which heralded that he and Ellie had once again called it quits, that their marriage this time was hopelessly on the rocks, that he had stormed out of their Beverly Hills home never to return.

"But what about you and all those beautiful girls in London and Paris while you were abroad?"

Glenn only smiled. He wouldn't confirm and wouldn't deny it.

"And in Vienna," I continued, "I saw pictures of you and three beautiful Viennese frauleins at the Opera."

Glenn looked at me quizzically.

"Tell me, Peer, how long have you known Ellie and me?"

"Oh—about six years."

"Do you think we're unhappy? About to separate?"

Before answering I looked around the room.

Glenn, obviously, was his usual friendly, contented, cheerful self. Ellie, as always on Thursdays—the couple's day off—dressed like a hausfrau but looking very attractive, was busy cleaning, cooking and had been chatting about the house, school, church and neighbors. And Pete, sitting on the floor in the corner, was weaving pot holders he hoped to give his mother as a birthday present.

This was not the picture of a family about to break up.

"Ridiculous," I admitted.

"That's your answer. But unfortunately, in Hollywood you can't keep out of scandal ..."

Glenn refilled his pipe. "In other cities," he went on, "a wife quarrels with her husband and no one cares—except the husband! A fellow gets drunk—and that's his business. And, unless a person gets divorced at least five times, no one ever seems to hear about it.

"But here—if an extra gets into trouble, or a guy spends one night at a Hollywood hotel, on his way from Honolulu to Kansas City, and commits an indiscretion, or a doctor who lives in Glendale, fifteen miles away, gets into professional difficulties, Hollywood gets the entire blame. What's more, the better known you are, the more likely you'll appear on page one headlines. Out here everything from a parking ticket to a black eye is a nationwide scandal!"

Glenn wasn't bitter about it. A veteran of nine years in the industry, he'd gotten used to it like a mail carrier does to (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

▲ "Sometimes I'm really astounded by what I'm supposed to have done," says Glenn.

Diana Lynn, Glenn in "Plunder Of The Sun." Stars are rumor targets.

Glenn is forever being accused of falling in love with leading ladies.
I think that men who have loved before are better partners in romance, on the screen or off...

I'd rather kiss a married man

By JOANNE DRU

I have made many movies, and have kissed many men. It was, it seemed, my good fortune to kiss a man that thousands of girls everywhere would give their best lipstick to embrace. His name is Montgomery Clift. On the screen the kiss looked effective, but... but... I hate to say this, girls—you haven't missed anything.

Frankly, I prefer the kisses of men who have been married.

It's not just because I have been married twice, or because I am an actress who must kiss and be kissed repeatedly before the camera's eye, that I have such strong notions on the subject. Like all women I'm not infallible, but—and do give me credit—I think that sexperience, if I might coin a word, is something not only to watch out for, but to be grateful for.

But to go back to Monty Clift, let's give him the benefit of the doubt. It's quite possible that he doesn't kiss on the screen as he does off. He may be one of those expert actors who can put life into a role—and forget the soul. It's also possible that when he does find a girl to love off the screen, he will make her very happy.

I shall always remember a foreign star, a top exotic actress, who once lamented to me, “But what are these young American leading men? They kiss you as if they are pushing their way through a crowd. There is no finesse, no consideration for the feelings. They have no words to make the actions believable, or acceptable. They are like bulls in a china shop,
"I know that many girls want to be first in a man's life and affections. But with the actress it's another story."

these handsome young film lovers of the Americas."

She meant, of course, the United States. I am quite sure that if she had ever made a picture south of the border, she would have changed her mind—in a hurry. Love, even on the screen, is not always where you find it—but how you take it.

Most screen lovers, I have found, are hard to take. It has never been my privilege to be made love to on the screen by Gregory Peck. My feeling is that he, with all his private and professional experience, would be an exciting lover—on and off the screen. A woman in love, and wanting love, whether she is acting a screen role or living a real-life part, wants poise. There's so little poise to the adolescent lover.

I once made a screen test with a heart-throb of the New York theatre. He was all (CONTINUED ON PAGE 65)

The Irelands at Mocambo. "Men don't learn the art of kissing until middle age," says she, speaking of actors.
Sometimes She Could Murder Me!

If Mrs. Rory Calhoun weren't so in love with her tall, dark and very handsome husband—she'd probably strangle him! Mind you, this homicidal urge doesn't consume her every day in the year. Not even on odd Sundays, either. It just creeps up on occasions, very special occasions like the time, recently, when her charm chap invited the Ricardo Montalbans for dinner.

Now, lovely Lita adores Ricardo and his Georgianna and having been holed up for weeks with a cold, she was starving for social activity. All this Rory included in his mental musings as he drove along to the studio.

It was the last day of shooting on "Powder River," so he could sleep late in the morning. Months had slipped by since the Montalbans and Calhouns had seen each other, and it was worth a try. Perhaps they all might have dinner together this very night! Rory pulled up in front of a drug store, went inside to a phone booth and called them.

The Montalbans happened to be free, they were delighted to accept the dinner invitation, and pleased as punch with his ingenuity, Rory made his happy way to the studio.

"There was just one tiny little thing I forgot!" He's a (continued on page 68)
DOES MOTHER ALWAYS KNOW BEST?

By VINCENT ROGERS

"SOMETIMES I wonder if Mother always knows best. When I look at today's younger generation, I am greatly encouraged by what I see. Today's moral standards are just as high as they were in my day—and the worst that can be said of the youth of our time is that, perhaps, it is growing up too fast."

These are the words of actress Peggy Wood, whose own personality reflects the blend of comedy, subtle humor, deep sentiment and reality in the title role she so eloquently plays in CBS-TV's "Mama" series.

"I don't know if Mother always knows best," she goes on, "because everything has changed so much in the past fifty years that the parent is often as bewildered as the child. Fifty years ago there was a slow-paced pattern of life that hadn't changed much in a long while, and it was quite possible for Mother always to know better.

"Of course, I think there is a great difference between the young people of my day and now, because there was more family life then," says Miss Wood. "There weren't so many outside diversions such as the movies, TV, cars, to take the family away from the home. Consequently, Mother held a firmer—and perhaps more guiding hand."

This actress is of the opinion, despite the role she plays in TV, that the mother who thinks she is infinitely wise and always right, gains little ground. Mother probably knows best from her own experience because she's older and is aware of similarity to cases she's either experienced or heard about. She has a collection of facts to go on.

"I think Mother often knows best by knowing when to keep her mouth shut and let her child learn by experience. The child expects a certain amount of protection, but it doesn't want to be smothered. The older generation should not dictate, but cooperate with the younger generation," says Miss Wood.

She agrees with the opinions of leading educators and child psychologists when she claims that there's (CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)
The lively family surrounding Peggy Wood on CBS-TV includes Judson Laire, Rosemary Rice, Dick Van Patten, Robin Morgan.
Listening in on what's going on behind the scenes in television — all the latest video news and views

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

By MAGGI McNELLIS

Meeting at the opening of "The Stars Are Singing," Maggi and Rosemary Clooney agree on the misfortune of owning mink.

Rita Hayworth's appearance at the N.Y. telecast premiere of "Salome" caused a stampede and a horror for Faye Emerson.

"To bob or not to bob," that was the burning question of the day that noped out all others, after singer Eddie Fisher completed camera rehearsals for his NBC-TV fifteen-minute series. Undecided as to whether or not to follow Vic Damone's example of plastic surgery, friends of Eddie Fisher think he should, but, personally I don't think he should.

Rosalind Russell's "Never Wave At A WAC" Coast-to-Coast plug on "Toast Of The Town" helped the film do great business at box-offices all over the country. Her "in person" Broadway musical hit, "Wonderful Town," by the way, is a complete sell-out for many months to come. Roz will return to "Toast Of The Town" next October.

Rosemary Clooney agrees that mink, in any shade, never televises as well as it looks in the movies. On TV, the precious pelt takes on a shabby mink-dyed-muskrat appearance. The Clooney lass insists that inexpensive rabbit fur shows up a lot better than costly ermine. Could it be that Imogene Coca's sleazy-looking fur-pieces in her "Show Of Shows" comedy sketches are genuine sable . . . ??
TV joined John Ringling North's Circus opening night with Marlene Dietrich as Ringmaster, Gloria Stokowski, chairman.

Faye Emerson narrowly missed serious injury at the N. Y. "Salome" telecast premiere festivities when the platform she was standing on, buckled beneath her because of the crushing crowds who tried to get close to "Salome" star Rita Hayworth. A terrifying experience.

Asked what the Egyptian swallow bird was called, Dagmar fractured Jimmy Durante with her reply. "It's an Esophagus," she answered.

Barry Nelson, stage and screen actor, who plays the male lead opposite Joan Caulfield in the CBS-TV "My Favorite Husband" series, was once "unofficially" engaged to Janet Leigh (Mrs. Tony Curtis) while starring in the Broadway play, "Light Up The Sky," several years ago. During their courtship he sent Janet an autographed copy of the Isabel Scott Rorick novel, "Mr. And Mrs. Cugat." The "My Favorite Husband" video series is based on two of the Rorick books—"Outside Eden" and "Mr. And Mrs. Cugat."

Five of the most recent Hollywood films to be released to TV-viewers are "Rocketship X-M," "Man Bait," "Stolen Face," "Lost Continent" and (continued on page 69)
Tops in Tops

Fran Warren in Some Quick Changes from Leading Variety Stores

The limited budget functions at its best when separates are combined in planned pattern for each occasion. Careful selection, not the amount of dollars spent, adds up to the total look that rates the double-take. Start your wardrobe plans with a well-fitted pair of shorts, a skirt tailored to perfection, slacks and pedal pushers that do the most for your derriere—then concentrate on the tops—those blouse changes calculated to create new costumes in variations of color, texture, fabric and styling which flatter you. Fran Warren, vocalist, models some of the best buys we’ve found under $2.

An important "little" blouse. In cotton. 98¢ at KRESS.
Chevron-embossed Everglaze cotton in a boned-and-ruffled bodice. For small, medium, large sizes. Just $1 at most KRESGE Stores.

Elasticized tube top of cotton and terry is reversible. 89c at McCORY'S. Cardigan at McELLAN'S. $1.98.

Terry cloth halter from H. L. GREEN Stores comes in all white or white with maize or aqua trim. $1.

The T-shirt that goes everywhere—this one in red or navy stripes with white. In small, medium, large sizes. $1.98 at McELLAN'S.
Georgia Landau, NBC-TV player, models Sea Nymph's faille Lastex suit (about $11), Pacific's "Seahorse Stripe" towel (about $3).

Dorothy Hart, NBC-TV and movie star, in Catalina’s “Success Story” suit of faille Lastex. About $20.

BE A PICTURE AT THE BEACH IN A NEW SHIRRED SUIT, FRAMED BY THE SUN AND SURF

"Livin' Doll" is the name of this Catalina suit worn by Dorothy. In Fuller cotton, $10.95. It comes in pink, blue or navy stripes.

Sea-Scapes

By MARCIA MOORE

A problem figure is no longer a problem—shirring is the answer. These new suits do tricks to accommodate length or to accent curves in a pretty way.

The design is the answer—in candy cottons, durable nylon or acetate Lastex. Even wool is an accepted swim suit fabric.

For information as to where to buy the suits shown here, write to Marcia Moore, Screenland Magazine, 10 E. 40th St., N.Y.C.
HELPING HAND FOR MARILYN

(Continued from Page 24)

case of Marilyn—controversy has done much to mould a well established figure in the public eye.

Is Marilyn a film flash-in-the-pan exhibit, a girl whose pin-up allure will fade with the passing of fickle-and finicky- of the fans change?

Or has Marilyn, with or without the platinum build-up that has been given her, carved a permanent niche for herself in the Hollywood order of immortals?

The helping hand that Marilyn Monroe has received in making her a star has been a generous and lavish one. From production head Darryl F. Zanuck to the lowest seamstress in wardrobe, the enthusiasm at 20th Century-Fox has been vigorous and constructive. Here was a shining newcomer with all the possibilities of one of the biggest box-office bets since Jean Harlow. What to do about it?

From the front office, the word went out. “The sky’s the limit. Give her the best clothes. The best training in everything from elocution to dancing. Build up a new coterie of friends for her—people of intelligence, people of sophistication, people who know their way around, artistically and socially. Let the girl learn a little about all the things she never had.”

The idea paid off. In the tip-to-toe grooming that was given Marilyn Monroe on the home lot, the best experts went to work to produce a scintillating, polished and refined product, and it seems that they succeeded. But, and this but is an interesting one, the experts, from make-up to wardrobe, are all of one opinion. “Marilyn is a cinch to work with,” they will tell you. “This wasn’t an ordinary bit of clay, but a good model to mould. It wasn’t hard to give the right coiffure to a head of hair that already existed; the right kind of clothes that only her body could wear; the make-up that an already good skin could only enhance.”

Enthusiasm? Yes, the workers on Marilyn’s home lot have nothing but enthusiasm for the girl. So far, she’s been a real credit for all the hard work that’s gone into providing the best kind of frame for the picture. Marilyn has shown herself to be grateful, the public excited and interested, the studio itself oozing with pride.

Currently one of the things that worries not only Marilyn’s friends, but her studio itself, is her state of health. She is greatly addicted to colds, very bad ones. But lately, she has learned to take care of herself, and contrary to what many people believe, she doesn’t burn the midnight oil.

Night clubs, actually, are anathema to her, and on the rare occasions when Joe DiMaggio shoots into town and stays at the Knickerbocker Hotel, she indulges in a little more play than usual.

“The best thing that Joe can give Marilyn is a taste of the kind of family life she has never had,” reveals one of her closest friends. “In the meantime, she spends most of her evenings—like Marilyn Brando—in bettering herself. Marilyn has become an earnest and steady reader, and because her medical advisors have ordered more rest, more sleep—the picking up of a book has come more naturally to her.”

Here is what Marilyn has to say about that. “Because I have had so very little education, I know my limitations. While I want to be neither a quiz kid nor a pseudo-intellectual, I would like to know what makes things tick.”

Highlight of Marilyn’s “helping hand” was the studio’s wisdom in putting her in “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.” Says Mr. Zanuck, “If anyone has ever had any doubt as to her future here is the answer. Just as a top star can never turn a bad story into a box-office success, so will ‘Blondes’ prove that the best talents in story-telling and star-appearances are still a combination that can’t be beaten.”

Consequently, the Cinderella treatment, which has produced many dividends in Marilyn’s first years before the cameras, is going to continue. But with some changes.

In Marilyn’s case, it is known, the accent will no longer be on sex. The girl, it seems, has talent, too—and long before the gilt-edged veneer wears thin, Marilyn’s producers have decided to emphasize the young lady’s talents rather than her physical attributes.

It was a bit of a blow, you see, to even those who believed most in her, when veteran of the Hollywood movie scene Joan Crawford suddenly blew her top—and just because of Marilyn.

The incident occurred at an awards dinner, when Marilyn put on a hip-swinging display that brought down the house. “It was like a burlesque show,” exclaimed Joan. “The audience yelled and shouted. But those of us in the industry just shuddered.”

Later, Miss Crawford said in connection with the newcomer. “Sex is important in everyone’s life, but no one likes to see it flaunted. And that goes from the grown-ups to the kids. Apparently, Miss Monroe is making the mistake of believing her own publicity. What she should really know is that the public, although liking provocative feminine personalities, invariably insists that, underneath it all, the actresses still be ladies.”

Marilyn, or not, Miss Crawford’s bitter condemnation of Miss Monroe’s power to appeal set the front office thinking. Had they gone perhaps too far with their sex build-up of Miss Monroe, or had the young actress overlayed the weapons they had spent so much time and money in magnifying?

The proof of the pudding lies in what is now happening to Miss Monroe.

Joan Crawford’s blow-up notwithstanding, Marilyn Monroe is being given the biggest build-up yet. She is being put into pictures with Jane Russell and Betty Grable. And the word has gone out: make them big pictures, make them interesting, and make them real—and don’t stint on Marilyn.

Would they do all this if the young woman had nothing on the ball? It is extremely doubtful. Hollywood, faced with intensive and growing competition in all fields of entertainment, can’t afford to take chances. In Marilyn Monroe, the studios believe they have a property the full values of which have yet to be exploited. You ain’t, if you listen to the studios, seen nuthin’ yet.

The reason? Marilyn Monroe doesn’t need all the help, the glamorizing, the encouragement that has come her way. A natural showwoman, Marilyn unquestionably has the ability to project. And you can spell that in capitals. No matter what anyone may say about her, Marilyn Monroe’s got IT. And IT has always paid off at the box-office.

Marilyn going over her lines with a voice coach during the filming of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." No one now takes a career more seriously.
"Something rare and good can even come out of illness," says Ann Sothern, who has experienced a complete metamorphosis.
of Ann!

For Ann Sothern, the world is a bright and shining place today, and there are golden skies. But it wasn't always so. Ann has emerged from a storm, a dark storm that lasted three long, disheartening years while she clung to life within the ominous confines of the sick room. Two major operations, plus a serious siege of infectious hepatitis (a liver virus that turns its victim to a nice pretty daffodil shade) took their toll. Fortunately for Ann, out of her harrowing experience came a philosophical viewpoint too, expressed in one of her favorite songs.

“When you walk through a storm, keep your chin up high
And don't be afraid of the dark,
At the end of the storm is a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of the lark.”

The first time Ann heard these lyrics from “You'll Never Walk Alone,” she was in New York where the Theatre Guild’s memorable “Carousel” was playing at the Majestic Theatre. The enchantment of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit tune made a lasting impression on Ann, but little did she realize then how prophetic the words were to become.

“Any progressive person who overcomes adversity,” says Ann, “is bound to be a better person. By this I mean there has been uninterrupted time to take mental inventory. Lying there helpless, your entire life unfolds until a complete metamorphosis revolutionizes your way of thinking. Suddenly you become so aware that your thoughts are your own, that you do have a choice, and by thinking constructively the compensations are endless.”

The serenity surrounding Ann when she speaks is a bit baffling, to say the least! By the widest stretch of the imagination, it’s difficult to realize how close she came to oblivion. To look at her and listen to her objective, enthusiastic outlook on life is to know that hers is a tenacious, inspired spirit. For example, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)

After three long years of illness, when medical science had done all it could for Ann Sothern, came a day when her fate lay solely in her own hands.

By JERRY ASHER
That young enchantress, Terry Moore, shows you some basic ways to add to the effectiveness of your own brand of magic

By ELIZABETH LAPHAM
ASK A real beauty like 20th Century-Fox’s Terry Moore how she manages always to look as “pretty as a picture” and she may not be able to give you an answer. The truth is, she may not even realize that it’s because she never takes her good looks for granted—never stops her campaign to look even lovelier. It would be a wonderful thing if we could all adopt the habit. As it is, we tend to prevaricate, and put off doing anything about the way we look until we’re forced into action by the sight of ourselves in our own mirrors. This means, of course, that unlike Terry, we have no consistency. Our level of attractiveness ranges all the way from exciting heights to the most depressing depths. There’s a great deal that you can do to improve this situation—better get going right now so you can start reaping the rewards of your new-found sorcery this Summer. The beauticians have done the work—all that you have to do is take advantage of it.

TAKE permanent waves as an example. When beauticians first conceived them, they were such complicated affairs that they could only be given in a beauty salon. Next came home permanents. Originally, all home permanents were very nearly alike. But look at home permanents now! And particularly, look at what they have just done to Lilt. As though it weren’t enough of an achievement to improve the waving lotion, supply vastly superior end papers and put the simplified directions in booklet form, Proctor and Gamble have perfected an instant neutralizer. This instant neutralizing saves you an important amount of time when you’re giving yourself that pre-vacation permanent. In case you’re wondering just how it could save you so much time when there are home permanents that cut the neutralizer entirely, we’d better explain. Neutralizing has to take place, you know, or your wave couldn’t be “permanent.” When you don’t use a chemical, the air has to do the job. But with air alone it takes hours and hours to complete the neutralizing. The new Proctor and Gamble neutralizer and method involves only enough time to make sure that your hair has been wet with the solution. The moment the formula touches your hair the wave is “fixed.” Another advantage is that this new neutralizer has a built-in wave conditioner. In other words, the instant neutralizer is made up of two parts: a packet of wave conditioner and a packet of neutralizer. Dissolved together they complete the new formula and assure you both a faster wave and a wave that leaves your hair in better condition. You can get this new Lilt, with all these important improvements (including a plastic turban) for a paltry $1.50, plus tax.

ANOTHER facet of hair beauty that needs thoughtful attention is the matter of color. This is particularly true in Summer when a glaring sun relentlessly spotlights streaks or unsuccessful encounters with a permanent dye. In either case the problem can be solved quite simply by giving your hair a rinse with one or two capsules of Noreen Super Color Rinse. Since there is a range of 14 different natural-looking shades from which to choose, it’s no trick at all to find one capable of “doing things” for any head of hair. Streaks are easily blended in with a rinse (CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)
PARAMOUNT THEATRE in Los Angeles attended the same class at John Burrows Junior High School. Several times he'd asked her for a date before the shy Piper had accepted.

He started out like a perfect little gentleman. Brought her a corsage. Helped Piper into her coat. Opened the door. And at the movies, supplied a liberal amount of popcorn and candy.

But once inside the darkened theatre, he quickly grew horns. He started by putting his arm around Piper. She was too timid to complain. He grew a little bolder and tried to draw her closer. Somehow she managed to wiggle out of his embrace. But when he leaned over to kiss her, she wanted to go home. "I'm too young," she insisted. "Honest, I am ..."

At twelve, an amorous romeo may be "cute." At twenty-five, he can be annoying, embarrassing and repulsive—as Piper found out again only a short time ago.

Following a big Hollywood premiere, Piper attended an official party. Her date, a doctor, was called away on an emergency. She was stranded without transportation home.

An enterprising young guest, whom Piper had known only casually before, quickly took advantage of the situation by offering to drive her home. She accepted. On the way back, she had to wrestle harder than Gorgeous George on television.

To Piper, however, there is a difference between a date who'll see how far he can go with every girl, and a fellow who may take too much for granted, but is still a gentleman. This happened to Piper not long ago when her date, after unsuccessfully trying to kiss her, apologized, red as a beet. She knew he was embarrassed and felt kind of sorry for him. She didn't hear from him again till after her next picture was released. Then she received a pleasant, but formal, note of congratulations. Quite by accident they met at Wil Wright's Ice Cream Parlor the day after, and their friendship sprang up anew—with no more cat-and-mouse games. They've been good friends ever since.

Piper is indifferent to the financial background of her prospective suitors. But she does feel more at ease with someone connected with the film business. Naturally, she can relax more easily discussing motion pictures than the social aspects of TVA, nuclear fission, or the productivity of Rhode Island Red chickens.

Before meeting someone, Piper prefers to familiarize herself with the background of her prospective date or dinner partner. When she doesn't, she is liable to get into an embarrassing position, like at the dinner party a couple of months ago.

Next to her sat a tall, grey-haired, distinguished looking man who talked rather vaguely of the industry with which he was connected. Innocently, Piper asked what sort of work he did. He turned out to be the president of one of the biggest steel corporations in the United States.

Piper still worries whether or not people like her. It's an aftermath of her school days, when she was considered one of the homeliest girls on campus.

Today it is hard to believe that she was once described as a "square box with a carrot red top."

Those were the days of freckles and pigtails, when no one would ask her to dance, when she learned that a wallflower wasn't something decorative, when jibes could be more vicious than a mad dog.

Then, as well as today, clothes presented a very special problem, and often a heartache.

She'll never forget the week preceding her first Junior High School Prom when she was the only girl in her class who didn't have a long dress.

Most of her wardrobe consisted of hand-me-downs from her older sister. A new dress, particularly a formal, was out of the question for financial reasons.

The day before the dance, Piper went shopping with one of her girl friends who purchased a lovely new gown at the May Company. While waiting for her, Piper noticed a chartreuse dress—a $25 dream.

The salesgirl offered a solution. "If you don't have the money with you, we'll send it COD."

Piper didn't dare. In those days, $25 bought half a month's supply of groceries!

Nevertheless, that night she described the dress to her mother—because Piper knew that without an evening dress she couldn't even attend the Prom.

Her mother's philosophical reply, "If you're supposed to be at the dance, you'll be there ..." didn't help her daughter.

That night, Piper cried for hours and filled pages and pages of woeful sorrow into her diary.

The next morning Piper's mother found a $5 formal—not as pretty as the one Piper had seen, but adequate.

Today, Piper can buy $25 or $30 dresses, but the clothes problem is as much on her mind as it was ten years ago.

Although Piper has just come of age, and now has access to the money the court made her save during the past three years, she is unwilling to go overboard in her expenditures. Instead, she lives on a very strict budget.

Piper gets most of her clothes from a local department store, and consequently more than once has attended parties where she was dressed like one, and sometimes two other girls.

To a Hollywood actress, a mink coat is as important as a pair of overalls to a mechanic. (Aside from that, Piper is feminine enough to crave one anyway.) If she wants to stay within her budget, however, she can afford it no more than her mother could afford to give her a $25 dress ten years ago.

Clothes, dates, avoiding gossip—these are but a part of Piper's most important problem: namely, finding the right man to marry. She doesn't want to make a mistake. Hollywood's divorce rate, although lower than that of the nation as a whole, is more publicized, more pronounced, and more scaring to someone like Piper to whom marriage is an institution and not a pastime. At least, if she doesn't find the right man, she has a well established career. Should that fail, she can always find a job as a typist, for early in life Piper decided to be able to depend upon herself—no matter what might happen.

So you see, basically, Piper's problems differ little from those of bachelor girls in all the big and little towns across the nation.
unusual interest, wondering not only what makes it tick, but what the future will bring. When success story meets success story, and a merger of both is planned, a lot of things can happen. Especially when the fields of endeavor and achievement are as widely separated as those of Mr. Ferrer and Miss Cloney.

Each in his own sphere has achieved the zenith, with plenty more to come. They can well be proud of the niche they have carved for themselves in their respective spheres. But what of the final mixture—can the rich and alien ingredients made up of strictly individual personal characteristics be whipped into a palatable and lasting recipe for happiness?

That is the pungent question that show business—from Broadway to Vine Street, Hollywood—is asking. The answers could be very interesting. Currently, it is said that Jose Ferrer only awaits his divorce decree from actress-dancer Phyllis Hill to become final before he pops the big question.

As for Rosemary, she says, “I love Jose, but I don’t want anyone to be hurt.”

Perennial authority on such matters, Hollywood columnist Louella O. Parsons reveals, “When he is finally in a position to ask her, I’m sure that Rosemary will say yes.”

Be that as it may, the question that most everyone is asking is, how well are they suited to one another? And if they do get married, will it last? Or will the marriage be a repetition of the Ava Gardner-Frank Sinatra rigamarole where their divergence of interests creates one spat, one misunderstanding, one clash after another?

Let’s take a good, inside look at both personalities, and let the comparisons fall where they will. Jose is 41, Rosemary 25. Can the 16 years difference in ages make a trouble spot? While they may not feel it now, how will it be ten years from now? The answer to that one is that many successful show business marriages have prospered despite a wide discrepancy of ages.

Career-wise, Jose Ferrer is a perfectionist, determined to excel in everything. Rosemary Cloney has a calmer approach to her career—and against Jose’s fluent knowledge of music—admits she can’t read a note. “I can tell whether the tune goes up or down, but I can’t tell how far!”

Jose Ferrer will work for months at a role he intends playing, at the rate of some 16 hours a day—rehearsing, researching, perfecting, fashioning not only his voice but his body for the role. When he played in “Charley’s Aunt,” one of the most arduous of stage parts, he went into training as if he were about to meet Rocky Marciano.

Innocent of all musical training, Rosemary will tackle a song without even trying to read the notes beforehand—she gets the hang of the tune more by intuition than anything else. When some-

one suggests that she should warm up before a recording (something that all great and established artists do), she sighs, “What have I got to warm up?”

Question: When they get married, will Jose attempt to instill in Rosemary some of the seriousness with which he tackles anything he attempts? The grueling hard work, the long hours of study, the tortuous rehearsals to make the final, small touch as near perfect as it can be. Will he, in other words, attempt to change Rosemary’s simple and fresh delivery for a more polished, dramatic product that might spoil all its charm?

Or will Rosemary open Jose’s eyes to the fact that it’s a short and beautiful world, and that too much work and no play is not good for any man? Not that Rosemary plays at her work, but she takes her career in her stride—effortlessly, easily, dusting away the problems as she would a speck of cigarette ash on a Cell Chapman gown.

Jose lives like a tautly wound-up motor. Rosemary runs through life with an innocent breeziness, the like of which has not been seen in show business in a long while, Even those who have got to the top, and are likely to stay there. Will these opposite methods continue in the final welding of the two talents? Will the motor run slower, and will the breeziness become a whisper rather than a purr of easy ebullience?

A master of good diction, doing rich justice to everyone from Shakespeare to Maxwell Anderson, Jose Ferrer will have to listen to many of Rosemary’s records. “What will he think,” asks a well-known New York voice teacher, “about Rosemary’s delivery of song? She has a malocclusion of the jaw, which gives her voice an occasional lisp. If you listen carefully, words like ‘kiss’ and ‘caress’ come out as ‘kish’ and ‘carrash.’” This might be part of her charm.

Chances are that Jose Ferrer will listen very carefully. But love plays many tricks, overlooks many faults. It is doubtful, fine actor and great director that he is, that Jose Ferrer will attempt to correct the faults that have, so far, not hampered the career of the possible future Mrs. Ferrer one bit.

As for Rosemary telling Jose how to act, Broadway or Hollywood has no fears about that. No one can tell Mr. Ferrer how to act. He has got that down to a fine art. While Jose can teach Rosemary a lot of things, it is doubtful that Rosemary can give Jose anything but love. And that, of course, may be enough.

As regards Broadway and appearing on the stage proper, Rosemary has been a failure and Jose has no use for failures. Her failure has been that she doesn’t have a “stage” voice, but is a microphone hugger, and her hair for acting is merely passable. What she lacks in both departments, she makes up in personality, as anyone will quickly admit who sees her in Paramount’s “The Stars Are Singing.”

Broadway sighs at what may happen if Mr. Ferrer attempts to mould, after his own ideas of an acceptable pattern, a new Rosemary Cloney. Broadway remembers all too well the fine acting partnership of Jose Ferrer and Uta Hagen, and how the marriage finally broke up after a few blissful years, when Jose had to have things go his way—career-wise.

There is no question in anyone’s mind that Rosemary would like to get married, and as soon as possible. After all, she is already 25, which is just five years from 30. But whether Jose Ferrer is the right man for her leaves a lot of people furiously conjecturing. When two people fall in love and get married, background counts for a lot.

Born in Santurce, Puerto Rico, January 8, 1912, Jose Vicente Ferrer y Cintron was brought to the United States at the age of 6, and no child could look forward to a better education. Son of a brilliant attorney with vast holdings,
he started at a Swiss boarding school and ended at Princeton.

Maysville, Kentucky, saw Rosemary Clooney come into the world on May 23, 1928. One of three children, she was old enough to be heartbroken at the separation of her parents. She found that full schooling would have to be sacrificed for a possible career as an entertainer. The daughter of a house painter, her early years were spent in a singing act with sister Betty, playing dance halls, Italian socials, college proms, and barn dances in tobacco warehouses until 2 a.m.

As a Princeton man, Jose Ferrer towers above Rosemary Clooney, if not in stature, at least intellectually. He is five feet 11 inches, but doesn’t look it because, “I always stand crooked, never straight. I have short legs, and a big head,” Rosemary, at 5 feet 4 inches, is considered long legged, and willow-like. The illusion is interesting, but there is no question that they look good together.

But—and the but is a big one—what the turbine motors of an ocean liner are in energy to the outboard motor of a small fishing boat, so is Jose Ferrer to Rosemary Clooney. The list of things with which he occupies himself is staggering. He dances, fences, paints, sings, plays tennis, cooks, does caricatures, and speaks five languages.

At 104 pounds, flashing blue eyes, and sporting a fair complexion, against Jose’s 170 pounds, swarthy skin, and athletic build, Rosemary is not an outdoors girl. She takes an occasional plunge into a swimming pool, but a tennis ball listlessly, and diets carefully. However, she collects phonograph records as a hobby.

Their mutual love of music will bring them close once. An exponent of hot jazz, Jose limits himself to Haydn, Mozart, and Bach. He sings rather less well than George Sanders, which is to say, he shouldn’t sing at all. But in various shows, on Broadway and elsewhere, his talents in that direction have passed muster.

While in the past he played piano duets with Osa Hagen, his first wife, Broadway—especially Tin Pan Alley—sees him teaming up, privately, and it is to be hoped, not professionally, with Rosemary Clooney. All of which goes to prove, that while their professional endeavors may never clash, their private achievements may well be a helluva lot of fun.

That they have much in common is an accepted fact. Rosemary likes to eat, and Jose is a perfectionist even at that. She can dispose of a 7-course Italian dinner with gusto, and Jose loves to cook. He is a master at turning out the tops in spaghetti dinners, but because he wants to be a perfectionist at that, too, he also makes the bread.

Few women, and Rosemary Clooney should count her blessings, can love a man and tell her closest, most intimate friends, “What’s more, my man can cook too!”

For most people, and all doubting minds notwithstanding, the alliance of Jose Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney is an enviable one. Whatever else is in store for them, there’s lots of fun ahead. It may easily work out—this fantastic romance of show business—and most everyone hopes that it will.

the boy was always guilty of not dressing correctly for the occasion.

Incidentally, we recall one week when Lana attended a charity ball, a cocktail party, and hosted an afternoon of tennis. For the ball she was dressed to the teeth, careful thought had planned her bouffant gown and jeweled accessories. . . . at the cocktail party she was in a navy afternoon dress, not over-done, but in simple and conservative style. . . . and at the tennis party white shorts and a natty little house were her appropriate costume. Like most women, Lana prefers that men follow simplicity in jewelry. There is something about a man with a flashy diamond ring or cuff links that is far less attractive than one free of jewelry or wearing a conservative gold ring or tie clasp.

“One bit of advice I would like to stress is—a man should never take a defeatist attitude. The shy type, and believe me he is much more in the majority than the wolf that is so publicized, often ruins his own chances by his pre-conceived ideas. He wants to date a girl, but he automatically thinks, ‘What’s the use? She’d turn me down anyway.’"

“Now really, what kind of approach is that? A man should never assume he hasn’t a chance with a girl unless he’s told so directly by her.

“Another point, even closer to my heart, why do men often assume that just because a woman has a job she is an overworked ‘careerist?’ Many girls have to work to earn a living, others use a career as a stop-gap until they settle down and marry. It is really a shame that every woman who works has to be labeled ‘careerist.’ That word may apply to some few females who actually do prefer business to home life, but they are in such a minority it’s wrong to hang the title haphazardly on others.

“I love my work, but can honestly say nothing can replace the love of family and home. Often, people have the idea actresses are so wrapped up in their careers they never think of anything else. I believe me, I would love to have someone else earn my bread and butter for me. Other actresses feel the same way.”

We could just hear someone criticize, "If this is true then why does Lana make so many pictures—why not leave more time for home?" No doubt, she has had a particularly crowded movie schedule, and for a very good reason. She did one film after another during the past few months so she could save up her vacation for this European trip.

Lana’s young daughter, Cheryl, will stay here in school until June, then Lanacather will fly to the young-sister to Paris, where the trio will start off on a vacation. It will be a wonderful European holiday for Cheryl, one that may be the highlight of her life, so far.

"Every woman would probably breathe a grateful sigh of relief," continued Lana, "but in my case it would realize that a girl doesn’t want to marry every man she goes out with."

"There has been so much publicity on how to get a man, that males automatically seem to visualize every woman is out to lasso him, unwilling victim that he

WHAT I’D LIKE TO TEACH MEN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

The party is a ball . . . etc., understand what I mean? Personally, I’ve never liked pet expressions. I think it perfectly fine for a man to brighten the conversation, but not incessantly with such worn-out idioms.

“Haven’t you been on a date and heard the boy use similar expressions to such a degree you say to yourself, ‘If he says that one more time, I’ll go crazy!’"

We agreed overworking pet phrases was terribly annoying.

“After awhile,” Lana pointed out, “the girl doesn’t listen to his conversation, she’s too busy waiting for him to say, ‘I’ve got news for you.’ I like a man to talk in an easy, normal way and not try to be cute and wear a date out with the same phrases, over and over.

“Of course,” she continued, tracing her finger over the fabric design on the chair, “if men practice just plain good manners, most of the little things women find objectionable would be solved. Good manners have never gone out of style, and a slight brush-up on some of the basic ones would improve many a male’s standing.

“I was dining out with a group of friends the other night and noticed a girl

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may be, into marriage. This is so untrue.
"Also I'd like to caution males against another thing, the average man, if he does become interested in a girl, immediately becomes quite possessive. Yet, if she is possessive of him he screams out loud. He feels he's trapped and doesn't like it at all. Well, this possessiveness works both ways. Some men want a woman to do everything in the world to please them, while they do nothing in return. Yet now these men resent it when the girls demand the same rights for themselves.

"Now there is a fault, I must admit, of which women are equally as guilty as men. It's the annoying habit of forcing friendship. What is it with people like this? They hardly know you, and by pretending to be such close friends, they are making it a positive fact that they never will be. A person was brought to a party at my house and casually introduced to my friends. None of my friends, except the one who brought him, had ever met him before. Yet, it later came back to me from several sources that he had been name-dropping all over town telling about his dear, dear friends and what they said at dear Lana's party. At first, the whole thing was amusing. Then I couldn't help but feel irritated. Needless to say, he'll never be invited again to my house.

"Males should never heap compliments on a girl the minute they meet," Lana cautioned, "The 'you're so beautiful . . . you're the kind of girl I've been looking for all my life . . . we're so emotionally alike,' etc., etc., sort of approach is ridiculous. Any intelligent girl sees through it and knows it's an obvious line. For how in the world could anyone possibly know such things on so brief an acquaintance? After all, if you have just met how is it possible to know if you are emotionally alike or not? If such compliments roll on with ease, you can be sure he undoubtedly says the same sweet nothing to every girl he meets. This Goon Boy should be promptly listed as a person to avoid completely, but completely.

"Now," Lana smiled, "we girls like to be complimented by a man, but one sincere, simple sentence, honestly meant, is worth a bushel of the others.

"It is a mistake for a girl to change herself too much to please a man. Eventually, if she makes herself over, he'll suddenly exclaim, 'Where is the girl who first attracted me?'

"By changing, nine times out of ten, she loses the very thing that first attracted him."

Lana, who made her first picture at MGM in 1937 at the age of 14, has changed remarkably little. From her second film to this day, she has worn her hair in the platinum shade that has become a trademark. She still loves to dance. Prefers to wear the same light pink shade of lipstick and favors blue and white in both screen and private wardrobes.

"There's one last thing I'd like to teach men: Tell them if they, themselves, would keep all the rules they want their young ladies to keep, it would be a happier world!"

**END**
WHY I RAN FROM FAME

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

you’re really serious. You’re giving your career—a what men call—some guts. You’re a regular Rock of Gibraltar, but understanding, unwavering and with a heart. Before, you’ve always run away from Hollywood. Now—are you here to stay?”

“I hope so,” he replied.

After seeing him in “The Star,” with Bette Davis, then in Ross Hunter’s “Take Me To Town” and now in “So Big,” with Jane Wyman, at Warners, I put in a call for Mr. Hayden. He promptly replied and the next day there he was, sitting right in my living room.

His most outstanding assets are his complete honesty, his complete lack of guile or pretense and his way of looking straight into your eyes when he speaks.

“I am what I am and I make no excuses,” reflects in his manner which is on the analytical side. Coupled with a delightful sense of humor, he is a fascinating and intelligent conversationalist.

“A lot of water has gone under the bridge,” he admitted, “since the first time I talked to you. Then I was madly infatuated with Madeleine Carroll, had no idea what a motion picture career meant, knew I wasn’t equipped to be a good actor, and cared less. I’d served no apprenticeship in this profession, didn’t know my trade. I was rushed into a lead in my first picture, had only a slight idea what it was all about. All that mattered to me then was to make some money to buy a new schooner. And, of course, I was a goose-beaver the first time I saw Madeleine. I was in love and my one thought was to persuade her to marry me. There was a certain Frenchman she liked and I kept trying to talk her out of him. If I was any good in love scenes, it was because they were real. With her in my arms, I could forget cameras, technique and what have you.

When she wouldn’t marry me, Hollywood wasn’t for me. So I left. And no matter what the studio said about throwing away my career, it didn’t matter.

“That was in ’41—after my first year in Hollywood. I had the feeling that Madeleine would never marry an actor. I was out of my element in the glamorous business of being a movie hero. I went to sea to run away from it all. Actually, I was later to discover, I was always running away. Away from myself.

“I was skippering a trading schooner in the Caribbean. Again I was working at something I knew, but my mind was still on Madeleine. When I came into New York port—and heard that Madeleine was there—well, we were married. My infatuation for her and our marriage, I hoped, would be the anchor I needed to fasten me down to life, as everyone else lived it. But my illusion was not practical. My trips to sea, and her work, meant a couple of weeks, a month at the most together. There were four in New York, two in Washington, D.C., and again we met in Belgium. By then, our love had long passed that fever pitch and we both knew it. We had had a lot of pleasure together, but it was over. I weathered out the residence in Reno, and she cross-filed for the divorce. During those six weeks, I learned to ski. I had to do something. I was consumed with a driving nervous energy, and yet, I couldn’t channel it in a constructive way to make me content with my life. Always, I was moving, moving on to something new, seeking something intangible that I myself didn’t understand nor recognize.

“When the War broke, I wanted to get into it, get at the bottom of it. As a civilian, without military restrictions and regulations, I sailed to England with a convoy. Then, I went to Glasgow to train with a Polish Commando outfit and arrived the night of Pearl Harbor. I was trained as a guerilla and later I trained them. I broke my leg in a jump, finally wound up in the Marines. Then I was stuck. My roving days were over. All of my life, I had jumped around and still wanted to jump around. On that thought, I had a lot of company, except the Marines had different ideas. It was the best thing that could ever have happened to me. I had to stick. I couldn’t run away.”

Sterling was commissioned a lieutenant. Everywhere he went, he was also known as Sterling Hayden, Hollywood movie star.

“I disliked the handle of actor preceding me everywhere I went. I had my name legally changed to John Hamilton, which is still my legal name.”

The Hayden war record is as adventurous and dramatic as any Hollywood thriller. Assigned to top secret O.S.S., he captained a boat running the German blockade of the Dalmatian Coast, parachuted into beleaguered Yugoslavia, worked getting supplies to Tito’s anti-Fascist forces and accomplished regular cloak and dagger assignments into Cairo, the Big Three Conference and to the Shangri-La vastness of outer Mongolia. The highest decorations for an incredible war record were his. Today, Sterling dismisses it with, “Who’s a hero? It’s hard to say what’s a terrific war record. Take a door and grenades coming in the window and anyone goes out the door. Does that make a hero?”

After the War, Sterling returned to Hollywood. Paramount was so proud, they not only upped his salary, but gave him a bonus of a new schooner. “I had everything I had ever wanted, a boat of my own, but there was still that old restlessness always fighting some unknown extremities within myself. The War had mixed me all up. I didn’t know what I wanted. I had always run off to sea. When a man’s a thousand miles or so out to sea, he is as far away as one can get. From there, there’s no place further to go.”

“I had left school when I was fifteen. My father died when I was nine and my mother and I lived in a dozen cities in the northeastern states. My stepfather and I didn’t get along, and my whole childhood was unstable, confused and insecure, a feeling which grew up with me. There was old Captain Al McIntyre who taught me the tricks of sailing when I lived in Boothbay Harbor on the Maine seacoast. My life’s ambition was to have my own boat to skipper. When I had realized that, I was ready to try something else. So I tried Hollywood. When

“I took a course in psychoanalysis to discover why I had been so filled with inhibitions; why I had always run from any success,” says Sterling Hayden.
it was going well, I ran away. Today, I realize that it was all emotional immaturity. I was still a kid, and had not grown up to face life realistically.

"Betty De Noon was a Pasadena society girl and her willingness to live on a boat and share my life seemed the answer to my continuing search for a life like other people knew. But sitting on a boat that never went anywhere, every day, is neither fish nor fowl. There's no purpose, no objective. I quit Paramount again and, for a year, I sat and thought myself out. I had become an escapist, always ready to get away, get out of touch with the world. I had resigned my contract. What was my design for living? My purpose in life?

"During the War, I had been greatly shaken by the things I had seen. They called this humanity? I became interested when I was approached to help in creating a better world, working for a better world. The world should be concerned about doing more for other people. I had long wanted to channel my energies to worthwhile things, but I had never had a plan nor a way of going about it. That's where the Commissaries came in.

"Hollywood has a high percentage of emotionally unstable people. Acting makes them feel special if they are a success. For some, even that form of recognition isn't special enough. For people—such as Betta De Noon—society and filled with a real inner loneliness, people who have not been able to ingratiate themselves and have homes, happy marriages and children, people who are filled with insecurity and who want to be needed, to feel important, the dinner parties where they are invited to speak their piece, to spout off about war affairs and making a better world, are an excellent foil to trap them. In due time, the intelligent ones wake up to what all of this propaganda means, and denounce it for what it stands for.

"So the trouble that way from pictures, had been involved with the Commissaries, had absolved myself and now I am back in pictures. Now, I began to try to make my life count. If pictures offered me an opportunity, I now wanted to make good. I had the basic intelligence to learn. I studied acting seriously. I took a course of treatments in psychoanalysis to discover why I had been so filled with inhibitions, why I had always run away from Hollywood, from pictures, from any success that I might attain. I found I was filled with inhibitions that tied me up in knots. I had never been able to let myself go—to give. I discovered there are no mysteries if you analyze them and their applications to yourself. It is a case of sweat, work and self-appliances.

"Regarding his marriage and pending divorce from Betty, and their four small children—he frowned, 'I'm not running away. It is just too complicated to discuss. This was not just an infatuation, but a real marriage with four little lives involved. To me, it is far too serious and personal ever to talk about publicly.' That he adores his children—Christian, four; Dana; Gretchen, two and Matthew, four months—was easy to see. He sees them regularly.

"This council state of single blessedness is no go, he remarked. His family lives in their Beverly Hills home. Sterling has acquired an apartment in the Hollywood hills.

"I dislike it intensely, this living alone." With a shrug of his shoulder he concluded, "I am looking forward to putting together a small stock company to make pictures—perhaps for TV—for a marine angle. Not that I'm nostalgic for a boat. I've outgrown that. But simply the fact that I know the sea—and it is something I can do with some amount of knowledge and authority. I have no idea of sitting on a boat at Newport and seeing the smog go by.

"As he left, I invited him to a party the following Sunday. He shook his head with a smile and I found myself like one of those Hollywood hostesses—coaxing.

"First things come first. They must," he replied, which revealed that the Hayden roles he plays on the screen, which have shot him to the top—are the real Hayden.
excited by change, and having to stretch my imagination takes care of my curiosity. I've found that show people can be as wonderful as I thought. They have so much heart and humor with their colorfulness.

"I'm not deceived by star billing," Bob says. "It's a thrill! But how many real STARS are there? Someday I want to be among the few who are up in that rare group. You are positive they will furnish first-rate entertainment because they always have. Aside from ability and technique and the cooperation they give and the fine luck they get, it also takes time. I'm not going to wait until I'm that old to marry," he adds with a grin. "But I want to build towards such a reputation. I'm glad I must somehow be better in each role or else. Nudging an audience with more than it bargained for seems a logical ladder to climb."

A date can see that Bob isn't out merely to capture enough immediate cash to thumb his nose at the demands of a career. Nor does he presume that developing a trademark personality is all he has to do. A date gathers he's anxious to act—on the screen, not off it.

It is a pleasure to find there is nothing silly in Bob's attitude. He gives you a jolt because it is soon evident that he is as bright as he is handsome. Perhaps you think he'd be content to get by on his appearance and winning personality. That guess couldn't be more wrong. He isn't the type of fellow to be satisfied with coating, and he's smart enough to realize that the easiest way is not for him. He is one of today's fastest rising favorites because he makes his big decisions with a steadfastness of purpose, and then isn't half-hearted in his efforts.

At twenty-three he has already accomplished a rare feat. He has earned the respect of Hollywood's solid citizens. They know he receives star billing for the third time in "Titanic" because he's proved a draw at box-offices. That he is not overshadowed when cast with highly polished performers like Barbara Stanwyck and Clifton Webb impresses the most discerning casting executives, too. Altogether, his future as an all-around leader among the new stars is shrewdly predicted by the insiders.

When you meet Bob you can't help responding to the unaffected friendliness in his wide, warm smile. There is nothing standoffish about him. He's never too busy to toss a merry greeting to a passing pal, and he is complimented when he's affectionately kidded in return. His instinct to be with people, rather than to be alone, obviously can carry over into the love he'll be able to feel as a husband.

You have no trouble noting his swift enthusiasm for any strain of hot jazz. Bob likes to sing and dance, since he's bursting with vigor. He'll stay up late discussing everything friends can crowd into fascinating talk, which makes him most welcome at a party. He has a passion for learning, so he listens eagerly instead of being a show-off. The sun attracts him as well, and if you swim, water ski, ride, play golf or tennis, or hunt or fish you'll see his outdoor side.

But with all his contagious aliveness it is plain he can tell the difference between enjoying spontaneous fun and self-indulgence. He's all for the former, and is having none of the latter, thanks to his good judgment. Bob's basic earnestness is evident in all his moves. He is very serious about making one's own particular dreams come true. Anybody who selects sterling goals and goes after them is all right in Bob's book.

I credit his complete seriousness about worthwhile ambitions to his background. His father is a self-made success, and yet never has been the least forgetful of his family in the process. Bob and his dad are devoted friends. His mother has lived up to the high ideals she believes in without losing the understanding and light touch that make her charming. Bob's deep regard for strong character and kindness isn't all he's been blessed with, however. He's inherited an exceedingly realistic viewpoint. That's why his thinking about what he eventually hopes to experience in marriage is as mature as is his clear concept of his present career challenges.

He grew up in Detroit and Los Angeles, but being a city lad didn't doom him, when he was offered his first starring part if he could be convincing in a Western. He practiced driving a six-horse stagecoach until he could careen it thunderingly in one of his cowboy stunts. I think it noteworthy that he resisted any temptation to be cute. The script declared he was earnest and he seldom even smiled.

Bob didn't stop on his path into the movies to go to college, either. Yet he plays a Purdue University tennis champion in "Titanic," though he'd stopped right off the campus.

The variety he relishes continues in his next picture. "Twelve Mile Reef" centers around Bob in the role of a Greek American sponge diver. It's been filmed entirely on location in Florida, with the divers Bob's patterned after watching critically on the sidelines. He not only mastered the art of wearing a diving suit nonchalantly while walking the bottom of the ocean, but he let the studio dye his hair coal black so he'd look as though he had Greek ancestry.

"Filming it in CinemaScope has been such a marvelous adventure," he explains. "The wide screen with the 3-D effect will pull you right into the action! It's fantastic to be in on the birth of the new movies. I think an actor should know every angle of the business. At least, that's my excuse for being as awed as I am with everything important for a film production. You know, close-ups are no longer necessary! Sets have to be built in a new way to fit the new manner of photographing. But the same cameras can be used by adding a small device. There'll be no distortion
in the theatres with the new screens that'll be two-and-a-half times the old size. You can sit in the front row or on the sides and be in the story with the players! The sound comes from the exact spot it should, too, another startling such.

When Bob was a freshman in high school he was mentally old enough to chum with the seniors and this tendency persists. He's still intrigued by the experience and ease of older people. That is why a date of Bob's is liable to accompany him to Dan Dailey's, or to the home of Dick and Mary Sale.

On his last birthday Bob expected to drive a hundred miles for dinner with his parents in their new house near San Diego. Then Lita Baron Calhoun phoned. She and Rory wanted him to drop by that night. Bob trotted his folks that he could still be counted on, but they insisted he stay in town since the Calhouns had asked him over. When he strolled in there the lights all suddenly blazed and happy birthday cries rang out from all his other pals who wanted to celebrate with him. Among those who comprised to be present were Dan Dailey, the Sales, Clifton Webb, the Dale Rober-

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Pace, the Jeffrey Hunters, the Andy Russells, and Debbie Reynolds. It is a fact that Bob and Debbie are no longer dating, but they're remaining mighty good friends.

"I don't believe I'll be ready, emotionally, for marriage until I'm about thirty," Bob estimates. "I want to see much more of the world, and know myself as I actually am. Then I can be fair to the girl who'll say yes. I'm nowhere near ready to settle down now. My notions about the girl for me probably will change half-a-dozen times in the next few years, and I think this ought to occur before I marry, not afterwards. I imagine a California farmhouse type of home out in the San Fernando Valley, where we could keep horses, might be an ideal house. But that's way off in vague space yet!"

Meanwhile, he's living in his first bachelor apartment in Westwood. Its fireplace is the center of his hospitality. The place is large enough for his parents to visit him for four or five days when they want to come into the city. He won't have it photographed because he feels publicity wouldn't be considerate of their privacy.

When wedding bells do ring for Robert Wagner and the bride he chooses, don't you predict mutual happiness ahead?

I WORK FOR RITA!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

own. Whether it is a letter that has to be answered or a party to be arranged, she won't stall or cringe, unless she has a very good reason. There's never any haggling, indecision, uncertainty.

During the two years I've been working for—I should say with—Rita, I've been amazed by the strange contrasts that make up Rita: Glamour and simplicity, newness and long-time belonging, complete privacy. Depressive moods and a down-to-earth sense of humor. A fiery personality and an ability to control her temper, no matter what happens.

Rita has been in public life a long time and prominently. Yet I've never met anyone who yearns so much for privacy.

When Rita is working, her social life is almost non-existent. But even between pictures, she prefers to stay home and play with Rebecca, who's eight now, and Yasmine, who'll soon be three, read, or listen to her vast record collection.

She doesn't like to go to parties or other official functions, for once she steps out of her house, every move, every word of conversation is promptly reported and repeated.

When she goes to a restaurant, Rita picks out the least conspicuous table, will never call noisily for the waiter or demand any special attention. Moreover, she picks quiet, out of the way places, not only because she likes privacy, but also because she prefers plain American food to fancy foreign dishes.

I believe that during the time I've known Rita, more has been written about her than about any other actress in Hollywood. If she (or I) had kept track of all the columns and articles, we could easily fill the den of the new house. Yet Rita neither reads a gossip item, nor keeps a scrapbook. She secludes herself completely from any news that may hurt her—or the girls.

Until a short time ago, Rita lived in a rented fourteen room, furnished house in Beverly Hills. When she bought her new home, she had to furnish it from scratch—starting with the essentials, such as cooking utensils, stove, refrigerator, etc.

Anyone who has looked at the glamour pictures of Rita in the magazines would be in for a surprise to see her searching for bargains in the daily paper, on sales, or in little bazaars in far off places.

Rita can be quite bargain minded. More than one morning I've rushed into her room, a newspaper ad in my hand. "I just saw the most marvelous furniture sale advertised . . . ." "On the back page of the second section," Rita would cut in. "Not bad . . . ."

We had both thumbed through the paper and found the identical item. But more often than not, "bargains" turn into booby traps—with spindly-legged, outdated furniture, or else used as a means of luring you into the place for "Bigger and better buys." Rita knows a bargain when she sees it. She also knows when a bargain isn't a bargain.

Likewise, Rita has a weakness for auctions. When she doesn't work, we often go to the Beverly Hills shops to look for home furnishings.

She's good at bidding, so good that once when we stopped at a quaint little bazaar in Spain, Rita bought a pottery jar for a third of the asking price.

When she is in a picture, as she is now in "Miss Sadie Thompson" at Columbia, I get up at five to be at her house by six, and at the studio by seven.

I join her for breakfast before we leave her house. Rita's appetite—when working—has never ceased to amaze me. Unlike many women in careers, Rita eats breakfast when she is working. The reason is that she finds she must have a vast supply of energy to get through her working day which begins somewhere around 6 a.m. and ends, more often than not, 12 to 14 hours later. Breakfast, hot and hearty, and a substantial lunch are necessary, particularly when she is dancing several hours during the day. Dinner for this working woman is frequently served to her on a tray after she goes up to her room to bed.

"Rita's been in public life a long time, yet I've never met anyone who yearns so much for privacy. When working, her social life is almost non-existent."
When she's not in a picture—and not burning up so much energy—she usually settles for two small meals—brunch and early dinner.

Once she arrives at the studio, Rita turns into another person. Her casual air is gone; she is concentrated, conscientious and intense on the job.

I've watched her getting ready—in hairdressing, in makeup, in the wardrobe department. I've noted her tenseness as she goes over her lines, works out the last details of a dance number and then, as the camera begins turning, she is completely relaxed.

Rita is very popular at the studio because she takes direction without arguing, is sincere, and doesn't throw her weight around. She is conscientious about her work to the point of getting into trouble with the law.

Early one morning, during the filming of "Salome" and just before she bought her new Ford, we were driving to Columbia Studios in the old sedan, vintage of 1939, belonging to Rita's handyman. In danger of being late, and not wanting to hold up production, Rita broke the speed limit on Sunset Boulevard till the sound of a police siren forced us to a halt.

A tall, brusque-looking officer with that dreadful little book in his hand jumped out of his car, walked over to us, and put his foot on our running-board. "Do you know how fast you were going, lady?" he barked.

Rita, uncomfortable, said, "No, I'm sorry. You see, I'm late for an early call." She sounded resigned to her fate. "I guess I deserve a ticket . . ."

Surprised, the cop looked up—and recognized her. "You're Rita Hayworth!" He continued to stand, the little book in his hand.

"Well," Rita said, after the silence became acute, "come on, the ticket, please. You finish your work so I can go start mine."

Muttering that he hated to do it, he wrote the ticket. Then Rita, because she's like that, took the slip of paper and said, "Ever been on a studio lot?" He hadn't. That morning he was the guest of Miss Hayworth at the open air coffee stand at Columbia. I'm sure he never tasted the two doughnuts he ate.

Rita's knack for getting along with people is part of her success. At work, she insists on the same crew for each picture. They, in turn, work twice as hard to make Rita come off best. At home, the nurse, cook and housekeeper wouldn't change jobs for twice the money—I think.

Although she is one of Hollywood's top stars, Rita isn't afraid to work with her hands—whether sweeping a floor at home, unpacking baggage because I got sick on a train, or (unsuccessfully) trying to change a tire when the situation calls for it.

Many people envy Rita. Others feel sorry for her.

I do neither. Because today she is a beautiful woman with two lovely, healthy children, has a thriving career and the admiration of many thousands of fans. What more could she ask?

barking dogs.

Glenn's recent "marital difficulties" are typical of the magnified importance given an ordinary every-day household tiff.

It started at a garden party at Glenn and Ellie's house. Among the ten or twelve people invited was a writer, whom Glenn had mistakenly considered a friend.

During the course of the afternoon, the conversation turned to television. Before long, Glenn and Ellie were arguing whether their son Peter was or was not seeing too much of it—the same kind of dispute that is a daily occurrence in seven out of eight homes where both kids and television are found. By the time the guests departed, Glenn and Ellie had forgotten their differences. The writer "friend" had not.

He called up one of the leading columnists who, anxious for a scoop, printed the story of the "battle and separation" the next day. From there it built up horribly till Hollywood was whispering, "isn't it too bad about Glenn and Ellie. This time they'll never get together again."

Later, the columnist found out the truth and wrote Glenn a letter of apology. But the news had actually spread and been embellished all over the United States. Reports soon had Ellie about to sue for divorce—Glenn was involved with co-stars, night club entertainers, society girls in almost every capital in Europe—he was said to have moved to at least twelve different addresses at the same time!

This sort of piercing publicity isn't new to Glenn. Almost from the very beginning of his career, his name had been news. Before he met Ellie, he was romantically linked with just about every actress from Marie Dressler to Maragret O'Brien. Even the day after he got married, one columnist wrote an open warning to Ellie about having married a serviceman.

Ever after, periodically rumors about their impending separation appeared in print. One Eastern columnist has stated for the past three years, always in her August 26 column, that the Fords would separate. "If there is no other news, she probably digs out last year's files and uses the same stuff over again," Glenn commented. "And as long as I am in pictures, no doubt she'll keep on using Ellie and me for quips!"

The better known you are, Glenn found out, the more apt you are to get involved in scandals. "It's part of the acting business, just as it is in politics, I guess. Sometimes I'm really fascinated by what I'm supposed to have done . . ."

Glenn confessed that, if instead of the fictitious, sensational stories that are being published about him, the truth would some day come out, he might be much worse off. "Do you know that the average man who lives a perfectly normal life becomes involved in enough crimes during his lifetime to be put in the penitentiary for at least three years?"

Of course, the crimes he referred to are traffic violations, making out income-tax returns too liberally, burning trash after ten a.m., walking your dog without a leash and the like.

How does a rumor usually start? In most cases—like the television quarrel about Peter—there is some incident that can be turned and twisted into news. For instance, the rumors about Glenn and Rita Hayworth.

One evening, when they were out at the Columbia Ranch, shooting "Affair In Trinidad," the director anticipated working late and decided to break for dinner before continuing to work on a scene.

Gary Cooper and Glenn Ford at Chapultepec Theatre in Mexico City for premiere. Friends for years, both know the sting of unfounded rumors.
Co-stars Glenn and Rita drove to a nearby dimly-lit Italian restaurant for a bite to eat. Quickly rumors started. They were meeting secretly in hideaway roadhouses! Since neither Rita nor Glenn bothered to deny them, within two days they were magnified to scandalous proportions.

On Glenn's trips abroad, which gave more than one opportunity for wagging tongues.

Because Ellie felt it was her obligation to stay home and look after Peter, Glenn made the last three trips to Europe without her. On these journeys there are, of course, numerous opportunities to have seen beautiful women—particularly when you are a handsome movie star and everyone wants to "show you off" or "fix you up." The Captain's table on board ship is a perfect setting.

On each crossing, customarily on the last night, a big party is given for all passengers. Usually, the "celebrities" are invited to the Captain's table. Single men, and men traveling by themselves, are teamed with unattached ladies, which, in Glenn's case, resulted in some sensational stories by the time word at last came back to Hollywood.

Once, in London, Glenn attended a party which lasted till two a.m. When he left, the hostess asked if he'd mind taking home one of the unescorted young ladies. Always a gentleman, Glenn accepted. The resulting headline the following day about "Glenn's New Romance" embarrassed the young woman a great deal more than Glenn, who had grown used to this type of insinuation.

What about the incident at the Vienna Opera House? Glenn and Moe Sakin had gone to see "Boccaccio." Next to them sat three extremely attractive Austrian girls. A candid picture snapped by an enterprising photographer was used all over the world. "I didn't know I could be that popular," Glenn laughed when he saw himself with three girls. "Just wait til Ellie gets hold of this!"

Ellie did—long before it appeared in the press. And from a most reliable source: husband Glenn Ford himself!

In his daily letters or phone calls, Glenn always describes every detail of the day. Luckily, Ellie isn't disturbed by the constant break-up rumors about Glenn and herself. In show business since childhood, she too, has learned about gossip the hard way. Now she doesn't even bother to read it anymore.

On the other hand, when Glenn started in his career, he didn't take rumors and scandals lightly. The first time he was accused of something he hadn't done, he stormed into the office of the columnist who'd started the rumor, and demanded a retraction—which he finally got.

As his reputation grew and Glenn got more and more into the limelight, rumors became almost a daily occurrence. Not only did he waste much time telephoning and seeing reporters, but he also learned that, in many instances, a denial proved the strongest confirmation.

His second approach—to confirm everything, no matter how ridiculous—didn't fare much better.

Once when called to confirm a quarrel with Ellie he said, kiddingly, "Sure, it's true. I chased her with a meat cleaver. The blood's all over the house. Want to come out and see the mess?"

"What time?" "11!"

That system discontinued, Glenn resorted to the only tactics he knew he could best keep up. No comment at all! "Did you see Ellie and Glenn? He'll smile at you. "What about that blonde in Paris?" A shrug of the shoulders. That's all.

Rumors don't upset Glenn anymore. To stop them, he will not change his way of life and become a hermit. His family and friends are friends—know what he's like, and that's what matters most.

"There'll be many more disturbing stories about me in the future," Glenn said as I left. "And you can be sure that I'll neither confirm nor deny them. You see, I'm not complaining. In Hollywood that's your life. You live you simply can't keep out of scandal, because you're forever being maliciously misconstrued."

I'D RATHER KISS A MARRIED MAN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

hands and gasps. "Look," I said, "you're supposed to be making love to me. If you don't love me, please at least pretend that you do." He couldn't get that.

Passion on the screen is a strange animal. It can cavort, snarl, and paw—but how many times is it real? One of the most effective love scenes I have ever participated in on the screen was with a man who played heavy. He made the young hero look sick. When he glanced at you over candlelight, your heart danced. I didn't know him too well, but in between scenes I found that he had been married three times.

"Oooh," I said, "such experience." "Not as an actor," he grinned. "I've been playing husbands all my real life, and now here I am—a man at large—and wondering where the next romance is coming from."

He was an actor whose name was unfamiliar to me, and it seemed that he had not made many movies. But he brought to the screen romantic moments that would shame the young, inexperienced screen lover of today. Moved by the memory of each other's love, they kissed, and in the audience there wasn't a man who didn't envy him, and a woman who didn't wish she were in my place!

Yes, I like men, who play lovers on the screen, to have loved before—not passingly, fleetingly, or as their will or
desires took them, but permanently. I think that men who have loved before—even if they have lost in the end—are better partners in romance, on the screen or off, than their fumbling adolescent brothers.

In my work, I have always felt that way. Perhaps because there is so much romance attached to my work, it is easier for me to accept the fact that if a man has known and kissed other women, he is not only more adept at lovemaking, but is more at ease.

I know that many girls want to be first in a man’s life and affections. To such a girl, the thought that the tenderness and certainty with which a man caresses her comes from experiences with another girl is a torture. That’s in real life, but with the actress it’s another story.

While I have liked all my leading men, it is obvious I cannot be in love—that is, deeply in love—with all of them. Yet, I must pretend to be in love with them, so that the performance we give on the screen will seem true and real to the audience.

Once, while making a movie for Universal-International, I had the strangest experience. In its fashion, it was quite moving. One of the players came to my dressing room in tears. At first, she didn’t want to explain what was bothering her. Then, like the veteran at the game that I was, I got it out of her.

“It’s John,” she explained. (He was the male lead and this was one movie in which I was the hero.) “I know he’s married and I can’t seem to separate his film self from his married self. Every time I go into a clinch with him, I worry about what his wife may think!”

I grinned. “What are you, Mary—” I asked, “a woman, or an actress?”

She managed to grin back. “I thought I was a woman,” she said, “and I do want to be an actress. But I find it hard to play a love scene with him as an actor. I feel—” and then she really let the tears go, “—well, I feel awful.”

“He excites you?” I said.

She nodded. “I think he’s wonderful,” she confessed.

It was the old story, of course. Here was an experienced actor playing opposite an inexperienced girl—and the wide contrast registered! Clark Gable would have created the same sensations in the girl, but as for any of the unmarried eligibles, who play Hollywood stars like models at a dress show, the competition would have been negligible. The impact would be more decorative than lasting!

Yes, I like the married, experienced man as an acting foil. That way I feel I can give of my acting best—with all the emotions that can lend credibility to my role.

Doesn’t it make sense that the man who has been married can arouse the most familiar, and often the most satisfactory of emotions? On the other hand, if he is not married, he still might be experienced enough to have been truly in love at least once. But the latter, unfortunately, I found is rare.

Let’s face it, the man who is married or who has been deeply in love before is more used to pleasing women. Is there anything more sad, romantically, than the Big Moment when the moon is just right—and your boy “goofed” the first kiss?

Of all the sorts of jealousy, I think the worst is being jealous of the girl—or man—in the past. If you stop to think about it, almost everyone has a past, and it’s because of that past that they’ve become the people you love.

When I made “All The King’s Men” for Columbia and saw John Ireland for the first time, I thought, “Here is a man whose arms I would like to feel around me.”

Although still a young man—in his early forties—he had all the earmarks of an experienced, older man, once married, the father of two splendid children. He kissed me. Not once, not twice, but many more times than the script called for (I swear). And what happened?

I married him.

I didn’t have to open my eyes to find out that I wasn’t the first girl John had kissed seriously. Even with the cameras going full blast, and under the hot lights of the sound stage, and with the director bawling instructions, John’s kiss was not a movie’s kiss. It was something I felt all over—and still do!

Every romance between two people is a special relationship that could never exist between any other two people. When you’re tempted to be jealous of the girl before you, just remember that she could never experience the relationship you have. She might just as easily be jealous of you! And with more reason!

We all know that boys grow up more slowly than girls, so it isn’t surprising that they need experience in order to kiss properly. I have found that the older the actor, the more finesse in the kiss—married or unmarried. In fact, men don’t really learn the art of kissing until middle age.

Of course, my ideas on kissing are most useful to me when I am making a movie. Then I like best to have a leading man who can make the script real. When it comes to my private life—well, I don’t know. You see, then the only person I kiss is my husband.

Joanne Dru and Dale Robertson in type of love scene she enjoys doing.

DOES MOTHER ALWAYS KNOW BEST?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)
wishing to know only important people. She believes that importance is measured only by money and success in career. Mama tries to convince her that Papa is a success, despite not being wealthy.

It starts when Katrin says proudly of the boy who's taking her to the Senior Prom. “Oh, Mama, he isn’t a boy! He’s captain of the basketball team and advertising manager of the yearbook, and the Seniors are going to elect him president.”

“Is that why you’ve been seeing so much of him lately?” asks Nels.

“Well, exclaims Katrin, “you don’t think I’d throw my life away on anybody who wasn’t going to be somebody, do you?”

Karin is even more shocked when Papa loses out on a small building contract, and tells Mama that her father will never amount to anything. But when Jerry Winters, the boy who was taking her to the Prom, does lose the election for president, she sees everything in a new light, and whole situation resolves itself satisfactorily.

Thus, Katrin learns through her own experience that Mama is right. She does know best, after all.

Travelling a long and lustrous road in show business, Peggy Wood has appeared, and mostly been starred, in sixty shows. Her father, newspaperman Eugene Wood, had his eye on the “Mamie” for his only daughter when she was just four years old. Later, she studied voice under the celebrated Emma Calvé, the greatest Carmencita the opera world has ever known.

But a career in opera was not to be. Peggy was 13 when she joined the chorus of “Naughty Marietta,” at the handsome salary (for those days) of $20 a week. Six years later, Broadway saw her in the memorable “Maytime,” and her career in light opera rather than in grand opera was assured.

Peggy Wood reached the peak of her career in two Noel Coward hits, “Bitter Sweet” and “Blithe Spirit,” and Hollywood claimed her for leading roles with Joan Bennett, Ginger Rogers, and Barbara Stanwyck. Her lastscreen appearance was with Betty Hutton in “Dream Girl.”

Today, Peggy Wood is no longer surprised that she is so completely identified with her successful TV role of Mama. Hardly a day passes when she leaves her Manhattan house, or her Staten Island country home, that she isn’t hailed on the street by some passing youngsters.

A fan may shout to her, “Where’s Dagmar?” Another, “Hi, Mamal But sometimes it worries her a little that people believe she is truly the character she plays for the TV screens, and in private life is a simple Norwegian mother who can solve the problems of one and all. Strangers are constantly amazed, even shocked, that she shows not a trace of her TV accent!

People are constantly writing in to Mama to come to the rescue, because “Mama knows best.” One of the most touching letters she received was from a woman who lived with her large family in one room near the railroad tracks.

“She had enormous problems,” says the real-life Peggy Wood, “and she wrote that she wished I could just come up and see her, and she was sure I’d be able to straighten everything out.”

Another very touching letter came from the mother of a little boy in a New York hospital with a rare blood disease. “She didn’t ask for my time, or money, or any favors whatsoever. All she wanted was, ‘Please send my little boy your prayers.'”

With all their hearts, the entire cast of “Mama” did just that. The bulk of the voluminious mail Peggy Wood receives comes mostly from grateful parents. They say they can get a little more cooperation from their children by explaining, “You don’t think that Dagmar or Nels would do that?”

That the show is accepted more than a little seriously is evident by the following incident. After one week’s episode that dealt with the teen-age practice of borrowing things back and forth, letters poured in asking if she wouldn’t have the material on the program micrographed and distributed to parents’ groups around the country. It was.

What is most lacking in the younger generation, Peggy Wood feels, is a general acceptance and understanding of the act of courtesy. “I’d advise young people today to show more courtesy, because through courtesy and consideration for others, you learn to get along with other people. I don’t think youth should bow to mere age, but be courteous to all ages, and in so doing become a better citizen.

“Courtesv in today’s young crowds depends entirely on how they were brought up,” she goes on. “If they have never been exposed to courtesy and consideration for others in their own home, naturally they won’t have it outside.”

Peggy Wood would like to see the new generation take a little more care of its deportment. And, she adds, Mother’s duty to “know best” a good part of the time is most needed when the child is young. Despite the rule of self-expression, a small child isn’t entirely ready to make all its own decisions. There are many times when it needs and wants someone older and wiser to give it reassurance in making decisions.

“A child has to feel that what mother does is right and good. Nothing is so frightening to a child as finding out Mother isn’t right or good.”

The star of CBS-TV’s “Mama” feels, however, that there is more need for Mama’s guidance now than ever before. She thinks the children of today are so much more insecure, with two wars behind them and understanding what ahead. All of which makes them uneasy, wayward, and often rebellious. Were they to feel that there was even one place that was safe and steady and filled with love, they would get on better with what they have to face outside. As it is, there is nothing in their backgrounds but insecurity.

“Still, there are other compensations,” reveals TV’s understanding mother of

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SOMETIMES SHE COULD MURDER ME!

(Continued from page 43)

bit abashed when he admits it, but those heavy-lashed blue-green eyes for which he was nicknamed "Smoky," still gleam with amusement.

"I forgot to call up Lita and tell her we were having guests for dinner!"

The Calhouns were just coming out the front door on the way to a drive-in and an early movie, when the Montalbans drove up.

"What a wonderful surprise!" exclaimed Lita, "But why didn't you call us first to make sure we'd be home. One more minute and you would have missed us!"

Ricardo and Georgianna fixed a beady eye on Rory. When Lita looked up and saw the expression on his face, she knew the inevitable had happened. Being a fiery Mexican, she started screaming.

"It was a riot!" recalls Rory and then he breaks himself up just thinking about it. "You see, I really was upset because I wouldn't intentionally offend anyone. When I forget things Lita gets furious. But she's so tiny and cute, the madder she gets the funnier she looks. Then when I start to laugh, she wants to keel me!"

Of course, they took the Montalbans out for dinner. Both Rory and Lita receive an allowance of $25 a week from their business manager, but most of it had been spent already. So they had to borrow from the $40 weekly budget allotted them from household expenses. It was a gay, charming evening for everyone—even if Lita didn't speak to Rory for hours after!

"Just to think is a strain on me," kids Rory, "so you can imagine what it's like when I have something important to remember! You know, as a kid I used to dream a lot. I wasn't aware of it until I got a good smack on the seat of my pants. Then, young villain that I was, I began using day-dreaming as a handy excuse and it finally became a habit. I guess it sort of caught up with me, because at times it turns me into a real character."

One of those times was the day he was supposed to pick up visiting friends he'd met while making "Way Of A Gaucho" in the Argentine.

"The plan was for me to pick them up at the Beverly Hills Hotel at noon," rues Rory. "Then I was to return them to the house, pick up Lita and proceed on to lunch. Suddenly, I looked at my watch and discovered it was five minutes after twelve. So I dashed over to the hotel, but on the way I had a brainstorm. I remembered it was Lita's birthday!"

"I had to buy a present for my wife, I told my friends. So it seemed better to eat our lunch right there, then I'd do my shopping and come back for them later. Yes, we thoroughly enjoyed our lunch, then I went on about my business. Finally, in an exclusive shop I found just the watch I was sure Lita would love. Delighted with my purchase, I drove right home with it—completely forgetting about my friends waiting back at the hotel!"

"The house was quiet when I came in, so I thought Lita had gone out. As I was in the kitchen having a cup of coffee the door flew open. There stood you know who, and with sparks flying out of her eyes, she cmddecisely for NCU to take her to lunch! Then she blew her top! Finally, as she slammed the door she reminded me a man had been waiting for me for hours, insisting he had an appointment. I was stunned for a second. Then of course I remembered it was someone wanting to borrow $100 to pay his rent. When Lita heard this—she blew her top all over again!"

Rory managed to get her birthday gift into Lita's hands without getting conked on the head with it. She didn't speak to him for the rest of the day, but when she came down to dinner put her arms around him tenderly and looking up at him with all the adoration she genuinely feels, softly said:

"Thank you, daddy, very much."

"Thank you for what?" he asked in a surprised voice. Exercising monumental self-control, Lita counted to ten in Spanish. Then she counted to twenty—in English. Throwing up her hands in a gesture of hopeless despair and resignation—she kissed her husband all over again!

Make no mistake and receive the wrong impression. The Calhouns are mad about each other. He adores her fiery temper and inimitable mad-cap personality. There isn't one fraction of his six feet three inches that she would change, even if it were within her power. Exercising her feminine prerogative, however, she still screams her pretty head off every time his daydream catches up with her. Being a mere male with a perverse sense of humor, Lita's fury tickles the tar out of Rory and he secretly delights in需要her!

Last November 15th, the initial day of duck hunting season, Rory and Guy Madison decided to drive up to Lake Henshaw and bag the limit. Now Rory has been going off on hunting trips for years and his wife rarely accompanies him. This time, she suddenly decided she wanted to go along.

"That lake was really like something out of a horror picture. The wind blew fog in our faces leaving them soaking wet. The boat was shaky and Lita's teeth chattered until they sounded like castanets. Explaining there were boats all around us in the fog, I cautioned the little woman to remain very quiet.

"Suddenly there was a fluttering sound overhead. The air was filled with the eerie, raspy cry of the wild duck. You could actually feel the tension for miles around and that was the moment my bride chose to stand up in the boat shrieking—"Here they come!—Here they come!" Well, I thought all the buckshot was going to be emptied on us. 'Droven that woman!' shouted every hunter on the lake. Poor Lita! Guy and I ribbed her unmercifully all the way home."

With just and due credit to Lita, she knows when she's licked—but it doesn't necessarily follow that she has to maintain this way. A few weeks later the Calhouns drove up to San Francisco where a group of Hollywood stars were scheduled to make a personal appearance. Rory was to be master of ceremonies.

As past history proves, it seems that something happens whenever he has to make introductions. For some unexplainable reason, at times like this Rory even forgets the names of his best friends—which is exactly what happened!

Standing out on the stage in his white tie and tails, Rory had every woman in
the theatre almost hating her husband. "And now," he announced in his finest fashion, "I want you to meet one of the finest fellows I have ever known. We've been friends for years—he's a great actor—a very popular man about town—everyone loves him and you will too when you meet—!"

Rory's mind had gone completely blank! He stood there wishing the floor would open up and swallow him. It was seconds, it seemed like years and out from the wings marched the innocent victim, who looked at Rory, bowed sheepishly to the audience and said: "My name is—Cesar Romero!"

One last and final story about the ebullient Calhouns, who live and love together and get a kick out of every single second. Because Rory's day-dreaming is constantly sneaking up on him, it's a feather in his famous cap when he can get something on Lita. He had the opportunity last August, the month he was born. At the breakfast table when Lita didn't mention his birthday, it gave him ideas.

"When I got home from the studio that night," laughs Rory, "I decided to look real hurt. I built it up through dinner, acting cool and aloof. Lita finally couldn't stand the suspense and demanded to know what was wrong. I told her nonchalantly that it was really nothing—after all a husband's birthday wasn't very important. So why should she remember it? Lita couldn't have looked more sympathetic.

"You are so right Daddy," she dead-paced. "I don't blame you a bit. I know if you didn't remember my birthday I would be very hurt, too. However, you have made one little mistake. I didn't forget your birthday—YOU did! It isn't today—it's a week from today! Which would you rather have, darling? A nice new calendar—or a daily date book?"

END

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

"Stronghold." They star Lloyd Bridges, George Brent, Paul Henreid, Elizabeth Scott, Cesar Romero, Veronica Lake and Zachary Scott and are of 1951-1952 vintage.

"Adventure," the new and exciting television series which dramatizes the vast resources of the American Museum of Natural History, tells soon how feminine audiences coast-to-coast drooling over such great treasures as the fabulous Star of India sapphire which weighs 543 carats; a "piece" of topaz crystal weighing a quarter-ton and a 100-carat ruby which any woman in her right mind would consider "a girl's best friend."

"Mr. Saturday Night," Jackie Gleason, that is, whose "Reggie Van Gleason III" characterization has found great favor with his vast "Jackie Gleason Show" audience, credits much of the success of that particular comedy gem to the support given him by his TV "mother." She's the stage and screen actress, Zsa Zsa Gabor, who as the dowager Miss Cunningham, who as the dowager Miss Gleason, contributes her comedy talents to the proceedings. Jackie Gleason says "she's merely the best there is." As for Miss Cunningham, her evaluation of the Gleason talents is simply an in-a-word description "he's the MOST."

William Bendix, who lived anything but "The Life Of Riley" before he became a Hollywood star wanted to be a baseball player, but took a job as a grocery store clerk instead in his pre-acting days. On a recent telecast of his popular show, he was forced to eat a can of sardines when, with a group of fishing friends, their rod and reel expedition netted them nothing from the briny deep. The tinned sardines he consumed during the program were the same brand he once had to sell the most of in order to be made manager of the grocery store. He was promoted, of course, and he's remained a loyal customer to the same sardines.

Susan Douglas, who plays Jimmy Lipton's serial wife on "The Guiding Light," is still trying to convince biographers that she wasn't born in Vienna, but instead, is a native of Prague, Czechoslovakia. Her true given name, Zuzka Zenta, was a famous one when she appeared as an actress with the Czech National Theatre. In private life she is Mrs. Jan Rubes, wife of a concert singer, or, as she puts it, "I'm Zuzu Rubes, at home. On TV I'm Susan Douglas, but please, I'm a Czech!"

Dancers, Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander (Mr. and Mrs. off-TV), anxious to raise a family of their own, may sponsor a foster child until such time as they can settle down in one place and build the kind of home and home-life they aspire to. They were refused the privilege of adopting a youngster from a famous Chicago orphanage on the grounds that they spent too much time away from a permanent residence, hence the foster child negotiations.

Hildy Parks, who plays Vanessa Dale's roommate on "Love Of Life," made her Broadway stage debut opposite James Mason in "Bathsheba," Peggy McCay (Vanessa Dale) on the same show, speaks French fluently and during their "Love Of Life" rehearsal breaks, Peggy and Hildy translate their working scripts into French. Keeps them relaxed, explains Peggy.

"Wonder why there isn't a national TV show devoted to hillbilly singers. Very
Gene Autry and Champion check their shootin' irons with CBS guard Tom Armstrong before going on tour of TV City in Hollywood with Joan Caulfield.

much a part of our American entertainment scene, they seem to have been neglected by most program directors. Too, there must be enough video fans interested in jazz concerts. Can't viewers protest this oversight and start a petition to their local TV stations and get the ball rolling?

Gene Autry is a shrewd businessman when on the lookout for antiquated stagecoaches (he's paid as much as $5,000 for a 1732 Concord model found in an old barn in Hopkinton, Mass.) to round out his collection at Melody Ranch home in California. Rather than rent one of these old hayburners from a movie studio for use in his Flying A Picture films for TV, he reconditions those he collects, and in the long run saves thousands of dollars annually on rentals. Wonder if Gene, in turn, rents those he's collected? So far he has ten.

Gertrude Berg is being considered for bi-monthly appearances on next season's Milton Berle show. Ann ("Private Secretary") Sothern, can't type, but is proficient at shorthand. Jack Benny has his blood pressure checked before and after each telecast, by doctor's orders. Gale Gordon, the Mr. Conklin on "Our Miss Brooks," a talented painter, will execute a series of oils of leading TV stars for a one-man show in Los Angeles early in December. Mercedes McCambridge, one-time Academy Award winner, will return to Hollywood for film work, telefilms, that is, only. She doesn't want to give up her New York way of life and steady video employment. The Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis gag list of "writers" for their show, which always includes the names of "Bernie Schwartz" and "Ira Grossell" (they're actually Tony Curtis and Jeff Chandler, in that order) may have to be dropped on a future show. Tony and Jeff are working on a comedy sketch which will be submitted to Martin & Lewis. They'll receive, in addition to salary, proper camera credits as Tony Curtis and Jeff Chandler. Jane Powell is very unhappy about the TV-showing of an early film she made with Constance Moore and Ralph Bellamy. Called "Delightfully Dangerous" it isn't Janie at her glamorous best. Eddie Cantor is planning a coast-to-coast personal appearance tour so he can meet his TV fans. Wife Ida, and the rest of the Cantor clan are trying to discourage him, with the aid of medics who advise him against it. Dinah Shore is busy denying the stork rumors while the Johnnie Johnstons (Shirley Carmel) are hoping their first visit from the long-legged bird will be a double-bundle, twins.

Jerome Thor and his actress-wife and "Foreign Intrigue" co-star, Sydna Scott, learned to speak fluent French the hard way. They ensconced themselves in a small apartment in Paris and lived in the French capital like Parisians, never once speaking their own native tongue. They preferred forcing themselves to speak French at all times. It wasn't easy but it was great fun and in time they mastered the language. The happily-married Thors are now thinking of learning Arabic. If they repeat their Parisian methods, won't it have to be in a tent-fortwo on the sands of the Sahara and is that really going to be worth it, Sahib?

There have been so many rumors about why Marie Wilson, the "My Friend Irma" star is never photographed without wearing gloves, that we decided to investigate. Tossing aside such ridiculous reports as those which claim "she lost her fingernails when very young," "her hands are covered with birthmarks," and "she's horribly scarred," this reporter asked a direct question and got a direct answer. Marie Wilson favors those mittens, lacy, silk, cotton and other fabrics, because she likes them. Further, they serve a dual purpose, they've become a Marie Wilson "trademark." Like Marlene Dietrich's legs, Claudette Colbert's bangs, Joan Crawford's mouth, Billie Burke's lacy jaboys, Hedda Hopper's hats and Adolphe Menjou's moustache. Pretty simple explanation, don't you think?

There's a little-known story about Neil Hamilton, host-eece on ABC-TV's "Hollywood Screen Test" that should be told. Neil, who has more than four hundred movies to his credit, almost spent his life as a cripple.

As an infant in Lynn, Massachusetts, he escaped serious injury when his mother, carrying him in her arms, fell from the platform of a moving trolley car. Neil was uninjured, but she suffered a spine injury, was confined to a hospital for many weeks and had to walk stooped over upon her release. The Hamilton family filed a civil lawsuit against the transportation company and won a small amount of money.

Before Mrs. Hamilton collected the damages awarded her, young Neil, playing in a lumber yard with other youngsters, fell off a five-foot-high plank pile and shattered an elbow bone. Doctors wanted to amputate, but his mother refused to permit this. His arm in a steel cast (they didn't have plaster casts in those days) he accompanied his mother to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre in Canada, and spent several days there in prayer and meditation.

On the third afternoon, Mrs. Hamilton ascended the stairs to the altar, prayed and returned to her pew cured. She marched to her seat as straight as a ramrod, dissolved in tears. Neil's arm, suddenly without pain, was removed from the steel brace and he escorted his mother from the shrine with a fully healed elbow. Neither one required medical attention after that miraculous occasion. END

SORCERY FOR SUMMER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

shade to match your original hair color—an unbecoming permanent dye job can be corrected by using Noreen either in your natural hair shade or a darker tone. Noreen Silver White Rinse, however, is the one to use to naturalize both the look and feel of over-bleached hair. None of these Noreen Super Color Rinses are permanent dyes, remember, even though they won't "come off" on things. You apply them freshly after a shampoo and remove them, any time, with another shampoo. Boxes of Noreen capsules come in 3½ and 60c sizes.

Tracking down some new more flattering make-up this season is as pleasant as strolling through a garden of flowers in full bloom. Beautiful pink tones pre-
THE AMAZING STORY OF ANN!

(continued from page 53)

following her operation, the slightest sound was so intensified to her sensitive ears, it was comparable to a clap of thunder.

“The nurses in my hospital room couldn’t even wear starched uniforms,” Ann recalls. “The rustling sounded like a roar to me. For the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with thyroidectomy, it is the removal of a hard substance that deposits itself on the thyroid gland, and as a result the entire nervous system is thrown off balance. Dr. William E. Branch performed this delicate operation, and although the incision half-circled my throat, not even a tiny scar remains.”

Ironically, the unexpected major operation that closely followed, disclosed the liver virus that was undermining its self in its final and fatal stage. Ann contracted it from contaminated vaccine that time she took her shots and attended the Command Performance in England. For a full year following, she was aware that her usual good health was being challenged, but even the doctors couldn’t diagnose it—then.

“If I followed the dictates of my own heart,” Ann reveals, “I would close the door on any memory of my illness, forever. You see, even after passing a crisis and recovering, there is still danger—the toughest thing for me was to learn to drive my car in today’s traffic.”

“I realize, however, it’s very selfish just to think of myself. Perhaps someone can benefit by reading of my experience. Hundreds have written anxiously, inquiring letters because of their own misfortunes and bad health. And of course the kind encouragement that came from strangers during my long convalescence, just touched me beyond description.”

Although the strides made by medicine played a great part in saving Ann’s life, there came a day when the fate of her future rested in her own hands. The doctors had reached an impasse. Their patient was well, that is as well as anyone could be, considering the long haul.

Being unavailable for so long, Ann and MGM had come to a mutual parting of the ways. Now more than ever she had responsibilities to face, including the care and education of her growing daughter, Tish. In other words, Ann felt the need for extra strength and like so many of us in time of trouble, she asked for guidance.

“Nothing is ever lost,” Ann believes, “Something rare and good can even come out of serious illness. I never had time before to read all the traditional great books, which included reading the Bible again. Instead of losing faith, mine was enhanced and I found months waiting. While I have always believed in the power of prayer, my belief was strengthened more by the help of friends, co-workers, studio associates who sent word they were holding wonderful thoughts for me.

“I’ve always been the type who wants to know everything. All the doctors discovered I had infectious hepatitis I asked endless questions. When I take medicine I want to know its function. I guess I’m just naturally interested—and curious. Eventually my nurses, Margaret Lee and Ruth Vargo, began calling me Florence Nightingale! Then the doctors kidded me about their symptoms and wanted me to prescribe for them! My very dear friends, Mal and Ray Milland, say that I know about pills that haven’t been discovered yet! I hope I never have to look another one in the face!”

During her illness Ann was forced to refuse roles at 20th Century-Fox, and time we’re not thinking of it in terms of your crowning glory at all. What we’re concerned with is the use as a hair-lightener for arms and legs. Because it has absolutely no harsh ammonia, it’s a particularly safe and effective way of making any unwanted fuzz invisible. It’s easy to use too—stirs into a pleasant froth that lightens the hair very quickly. In the bare-wristed, bare-legged months it’s almost a “must.” A regular sized bottle sells for $1.50—a smaller one for 60c.

Lest anyone forget that the omission of a deodorant from your battery of beauty-props at this sultry time of year can go a long way toward nullifying the most potent of feminine charms, we remind you of Fresh. It’s not brand new—it’s been around long enough to gather an impressively devoted following. Why? It won’t stain clothes—won’t dry out in the jar. It’s kind to your skin, and gives you the long-lasting protection you’re looking for. Need we say more?

end
"Such knowledge and this kind of awareness come with maturity. There were a couple of times, when I was younger, when, like all girls, I thought I was indispensable to a man. While I was in my teens I was more than a little taken with a handsome young man, but thought it best then to play it coy—the mystery routine. I told him I was busy a couple of times when he called for a date. I talked all about the one I knew when I did go out with him. Well, I have read the wrong advice-to-the-lovelorn department, because it wasn’t long before he was just too busy to see me. My little game backfired.

"Then there was the time I thought I had to run things—more or less. I had decided at this stage in my life that I should be the positive kind of woman—the modern counterpart of Carrie Nation. I was sure this would prove I had a mind of my own. You see, somewhere I’d read that no man likes a clinging vine so I went to the extreme. And I promptly lost out on this romance.

"All girls have had such experiences. They only prove that no matter how desirable we think we are to men we can miss the boat if we don’t stop thinking that the men will pine away if we give them up. Don’t you believe it! We’ll be a lot better off if we make ourselves so invaluable that they won’t want to be without us. This is assuming, of course, that we really want them to begin with.

"I don’t see how any man can want a girl unless she is, above all, honest with him. Not that there aren’t occasions for certain feminine wiles, but the mere business of playing a game to get and keep a fellow is never going to be a lasting state of affairs.

"Being too mysterious and hard-to-get is one way of playing a false kind of game. When a man is thinking of a lasting romance—and, goodness knows, it’s hard enough to get him thinking along this line—he doesn’t want to feel he’s a whirling dervish. He wants to know where he stands and if he’s kept guessing too much he won’t remain interested for long. There are far too many girls who want to find real romance so men have a wide field from which to choose.

"I knew a girl who had been chasing a fellow, but he just wouldn’t bite. So she asked me if I thought it would be a good idea if she actually stopped seeing him for a while. ‘Maybe he’ll wonder why I’ve changed and will start chasing me,’ she said. I told her she was wrong in the first place to chase him so obviously. And then I reminded her that if she did stop seeing him she’d at least find out whether he was interested in her enough to want to see her again. She didn’t want to know about her fans—she were really interested in her—she should drop any pretense and start concentrating on being herself and making herself so interesting she’d never again have to resort to games. If he didn’t want to see her again, however, at least she’d know where she stood, and could try to forget him.

"On this matter of game-playing, I’ve heard girls say that sex appeal is the most important quality of all if a man is to be won and kept. Those with this philosophy go in for the cleavage, the sultry make-up, the worldly sophistication—and then wonder why men get the wrong ideas. In short, they dress and act like they were a modern Mata Hari, but expect to be treated like an Elsie Dinsmore. Maybe all this emphasis on sex appeal is intriguing for a time, but what happens when the facade wears thin? There are plenty of girls who can use sex appeal, but when a man is thinking of marriage he wants something else—and something more solid and lasting.

"Men aren’t averse to sex appeal, but they don’t like it thrown at them too obviously. For example, when it comes to the matter of dress, girls are smarter to appear well-groomed than to go around looking as though they were either poured into their gowns or were about to fall out of them. Alluring bedeckment may be interesting for a short time to a man, but I don’t think he’s going to like the ogling other men will be doing.

"I believe that girls who make career out of dressing in a come-hither way are going to great lengths to seek attention—and to create jealousy in their men. Under normal conditions, however, the male of the species enjoys it when a girl is jealous of him. It makes him feel important. But no young one will hold a fellow long if she is forever using jealousy to keep him interested. After all, love to endure has to be built on faith and trust and not on superficial deceit.

"Gloria took time out to turn on the heat for some heavy romantics with Glenn Ford for Columbia’s ‘The Big Heat,’ and then returned to our discussion of Can He Do Without You?

"If a girl is to make herself invaluable to a man she should, at least in my opinion, give him sufficient freedom—and that means freedom from such romance-killers as jealousy and possessiveness.”

"‘I agree with possessiveness in any form, but it’s best for the girl to get this fact in mind.’

"‘I think, generally speaking, a girl has to give more than a man does. She has to be willing to make sacrifices. This isn’t as bad as it sounds. The more willing she is the less the fellow should want her to make any concessions. That is, of course, if he’s the right kind of person. If he’s content just to let her give in all the time while he only takes she might as well learn that soon. Again it’s the matter of knowing the man and deciding how important he is to you.

"‘Any girl, however, can make herself invaluable to a man by respecting the male ego—and that’s what all this comes down to. Tradition has said that man is the dominant one, the head-of-the-house routine, so the minute that ego is trampled on he can lose interest very suddenly. If there’s anything a man fights it’s an attempt to dominate him.

"‘Whenever I meet a girl who is invaluable to her man she is invariably a good conversationalist and has a great sense of humor. She also knows how to flatter her man—honestly—by being interested in what he has to say. She is a prize in any man’s realm.

"In addition, she is never given to spasmodic nagging or criticizing. I’ve known girls who excuse their critical attitudes by saying, ‘I’m only trying to help him be the man he should be.’ Well, they will not be considered indispensable to any male. All right—so he needs to change. It’s better to let such alterations of character come about in a way whereby he thinks he made the changes all by himself. A girl can prod him—dелиcately and subtly—but she mustn’t act as though she’s the last word.”

"Gloria’s career has been rather liberally dotted with the various types of women who lose roles or who have been the heavy in several pictures and has, as a result, been thought of, career-wise, as the kind of girl no man wants to hold on to for long. She has been the femme fatale, the cheating female in “The Bad And The Beautiful” and lost everything. She was the jealous, possessive girl in “The Greatest Show On Earth,” and in “The Big Heat” she’s again up to her mercenary tricks—and winds up getting killed. In “The Glass Wall,” however, she won the man because she was sympathetic, understanding, and a real help to her guy.

"Any girl can get and keep a man by putting his interests first in her mind and heart,” Gloria went on. “By being sympathetic to his problem, by helping him with his work—if he wants help—by understanding his moods. A man demands much more strength from a girl than he will admit. And she must be ready to give him that strength.

"A girl can make a break-up impossible if she will remember a few simple things: there must be enough real love on her side; she then has a chance; the man wants his ego flattened and, within reason, flatter it; she should bolster him up when he needs it and be a real helpmate to him; she ought to guide him with subtlety and honesty; she should make him feel her world revolves around him; she should never play games with love.

"If you know your man and want him enough, you can make yourself indispensable—and if he really finds you indispensable—you will never have to face the situation where the man you thought was your world has decided that somebody else is better for him. There won’t be any looking for greener pastures if the grass in your back yard is well cared-for.”

END
Lyon) were among the celebrities who enjoyed the festivities at a handsomely decorated banquet laden with favors, prizes and an unlimited quantity of imported champagne. A post-midnight continuation of the progressive party took place in Lisa Kirk's Plaza Hotel suite and the fun went on until dawn.

The following night at midnight, eve of Earl's Air France flight to Paris, Bruno's Pen & Pencil was the scene of an entirely different type of bon voyage party for him, albeit, equally enjoyable. Close family friends, including Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas, pitched in to help nurse this soiree a gala one. Highlight of the evening was the surprise Hollywood-to-Brussels telephone call by Joan Crawford who wanted to wish Earl bon voyage.

Ralph Meeker is having backstage headaches at his stage play, 'Picnic'—a minor misunderstanding with his leading lady, Janice Rule, having created the impression that Meeker was taking his newest success very big. Seems to be the price any former movie player faces after he's left Hollywood and lands in a sensational stage click . . .

Another backstage hassle involving two ex-Hollywood players, now in a smash success on the Broadway stage, concerns Vanessa Brown and Tom Ewell in "The Seven Year Itch." Three attempts have been made to straighten out the temperamental outbursts without avail. Miss Brown and Mr. Ewell, a superb onstage acting team, have refused to acknowledge each other off-stage. Ewell's solo star billing, given him several months after the play had its premiere, is one cause for the friction—and a never-ending stream of complaints . . .

A group of Hollywood stars who flew to nearby Westchester for a house party spent half the night agreeing that if Doris Day doesn't give up wearing those Johnny onepiece, jumper dresses, ribbon bows in her hair, and that annoying snap-crackle chewing gum routine she affects, the tide will turn against her (socially speaking) in Hollywood. On screen she can get away with these youthful affectations, but off-screen it's downright silly. Seems a shame, she's really a talented star . . .

If Jan Sterling isn't the most talkative screen star to ever hit town, she certainly is the most energetic when it comes to a gabfest. Never still for a moment, she's constantly on the move, even at dinner. The bounces uphill, runs off down her with a comedy of errors while through her hair and peeks into her hand a mirror a dozen times an hour. She gesticulates while talking as though no one will understand or see her and after all

is said and done, by her, she can't understand why anyone criticizes her affectations. We'll tell you, Jan. It annoys others close by and is a fairly gruelling experience for anyone not prepared for overly dramatic emphasis while you describe and explain a point. As one of the sexiest looking gals in the movies, why not try the old Marlene Dietrich technique of remaining poised and calm. You'll "say" more than words can express just by being reserved and quiet . . .

Lana Turner refused to confirm or deny rumors she was investing money in Lex Barker's independent film company productions. The first of three pictures to be made in Europe, "The Black Pearl," has already been financed by a group of anonymous Beverly Hills backers. En route to Paris, she gave no comment at Idlewild Airport when questioned. Several of her intimates insist however, "there's some of Lana's loot in Lex's boot" . . .

Singer Lisa Kirk and actress Phyllis Kirk (no relation) met for the first time at the Hotel Plaza Persian Room during Lisa's singing engagement. They discovered their favorite movie actor is also a Kirk—Kirk Douglas . . .

The audience reaction at a recent sneak showing of the reissue of "Mr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Ingrid Bergman) was so enthusiastic, the patrons and staff of ushers at the Greenwich Village Theatre applauded for five minutes after the

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Peggy Lee’s glittering opening at La Vie En Rose had the tiny boîte overcrowded with Hollywood friends who forced her to encore “Lover” three times during her premiere performance. Stars in her eyes included, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Mary Pickford, Milton Berle, Joan Bennett, Nina Foch, June Havoc, Shirley Booth, Wendell Corey and Dagmar.

Alexis Smith stopped traffic on Madison Avenue during the rush hour when she hailed a cab with her charm bracelet whistle. Three vehicles piled up on the corner of 57th Street. No one hurt, but fenders were dented. The driver of the first car thought the lusty whistle-blowing was that of a policeman. Alexis journeyed to her hotel by bus...

Ethel Merman made one of her rare subway trips when a violent thunder-storm made getting a taxi impossible. Crossed Manhattan from her Central Park West penthouse apartment building to Grand Central terminal on the east side, while sitting beneath an advertisement for “Call Me Madam.” La Mermaid had the giggles all the way across town...

Rosalind Russell, who really thinks New York is a “Wonderful Town,” will never again wave at a wack during an auction sale. An over-anxious, and none-too-bright auctioneer misinterpreted a gesture of hers and she found herself the “lucky” buyer of a full gross of 14-karat gold-filled watch cases. Another patron at the same auction, sensing the mistake made by the auctioneer, rescued the glamorous stage and screen star of her loot by adding a single dollar bill to the price “knocked down” to her and took possession of the watch parts...

Lex Barker’s “Tarzan And The Devil,” is the 29th film in the popular series and the fifth starring Lex as Tarzan. En route to Paris, Lex told Gotham friends it’s his next-to-last portrayal of the famous jungle character...

Producer Samuel Goldwyn told a group of New York film critics he hopes to film “Guys And Dolls” in 3-D with the original Broadway cast—Vivian Blaine, Sam Levene and Bob Alda...

Esther Williams, due in town for a shopping spree before the birth of her third baby early in the Fall, will discuss plans for a musical with John Murray Anderson. Esther’s next film, “Athena,” to be filmed in January, in Hollywood, may be her last MGM musical until 1955...

Burt Bacharach, young composer-pianist, who is Vic Damone’s arranger and accompanist, double-dates with his “boss” Damone at various off-beat Lover Fifth Avenue cafes. Burt’s steady is beautiful Paula Stewart, the Versailles singing starlet, while Vic has been making time with a breath-taking beauty he introduces as “Miss Zilch From Upper Sandusky.” The latter is a dead-riper for his on-again, off-again former girl friend, Joan Benny...

Biggest conversation piece in town is a photograph of the design for the 90-foot mural which French sculptor Nicky Tregor is making of Shelley Winters’ Vittorio Gassman. “Gass” will pose in the nude for the art which will be erected in a cemetery on the outskirts of Paris. It will create more of a furor than the recent Linda Christian gift of art to Ty Power...

Rosalind Russell may suspend performances of her fabulous Broadway musical hit, “Wonderful Town,” late this Summer in order to make “You Can’t Judge A Lady,” an Independent Artists’ film to be produced by her husband, Fred Brisson. Under the terms of her contract with producers of “Wonderful Town,” she’s permitted to make one film during the first year.

If moviegoers are ever going to have the chance of seeing Carol Channing (she starred on Broadway in “Gentlemen Prefer Blonds” in the role Marilyn Monroe filmed) it may be in a movie version of “Once In A Lifetime,” one-time Broadway comedy hit. At Sardi’s, the talented Channing doll admitted she’d “like to” get on the nation’s silver screens...

Silliest piece of exploitation for a movie concerns the tour of important key cities throughout the nation now being made by ten-year-old Tommy Rettig, in connection with the Kramer Company’s Technicolor film, “The,500 Fingers Of Dr. T.” The young actor, who supposedly supplements his movie earnings by carrying a daily newspaper delivery route in Los Angeles, is being hailed by fellow Lewis carriers in every city he visits.

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**TOPS IN MOVIE MUSIC**

Ethel Merman’s “Call Me Madam” album, from film of same name, for Decca... Doris Day’s “The Light Of The Silvery Moon” album, from film of same name, for Columbia... Richard Hayman’s “Ruby” from film of same name, and “Love Mood” for Mercury... “Chi-Li, Chi-Li, Chi-Li,” from “Dream Wife,” and “Now That I’m In Love” by Barbara Ruick for MGM... “My Flaming Heart,” from “Small Town Girl,” and “Ruby,” from film of same name, by Lew Douglas for MGM... Rosalind Russell’s “Wonderful Town” album for Decca... Henri Rene’s “Song From Moulin Rouge,” from “Moulin Rouge,” and “Street Of Shadows” for Victor... Peggy Lee’s “Who’s Gonna Pay The Check” and “Sorry Baby, You Let My Love Get Cold” for Decca... Vaughn Monroe’s “Ruby,” from film of same name, and “Less Than Tomorrow” for Victor... Dean Martin’s “There’s My Lover” and “Little Did We Know” for Capitol... “Anna,” from film of same name, and “I Loved You” by Silvana Mangano for MGM... Hugo Winterhalter’s “Peter Pan” album for Victor... “Ruby,” from film of same name, and “The Song From Moulin Rouge,” from “Moulin Rouge,” by Victor Young for Decca...

**OTHER TOPPERS**

**JONI JAMES** “Is It Any Wonder” and “Almost Always” for MGM... Sauter-Finegan’s “Yankee Doodledown” and “Now That I’m In Love” for Victor... Eddie Fisher’s “I’m Walking Behind You” and “Just Another Polka” for Victor... Dolores Gray’s “Big Mamou” and “Say You’re Mine Again” for Decca... Harry James’ “One Night Stand” and “A Fine Romance” for Columbia... Jo Stafford’s “My Darkest, My Darling, Just Another Polka” for Columbia... Nat King Cole’s “Pretend” and “Don’t Let Eyes Shop For Heart” for Capitol... “I’m Sitting On Top Of The World” and “Sleep” by Les Paul and Mary Ford for Capitol... “Dancin’ With Someone” and “Breakin’ In The Blues” by Tereza Brewer for Coral... “Red Carpet” and “April In Portugal” by Florian Zabach for Decca... Red Buttons’ “Strange Things Are Happening” and “Ho-Ho Song” for Columbia... Perry Como’s “Say You’re Mine Again” and “My One And Only Heart” for Victor... Guy Lombardo’s “Seven Lonely Days” and “Downhearted” for Decca...

**GRAB BAG**

“Say Si Sr” and “I’m With You” by the Mills Brothers for Decca... Eartha Kitt’s “Two Lovers” and “Uska Dara” for Victor... “Lulu Had A Baby” and “The Boys In The Backroom” by Spike Jones for Victor... “Little Red Monkey” and “The Magic Music Box” by Harry Grove Trio for London... Jerry Colonna’s “Down By The Old Millstream” and “Sweet Adeline” for Decca... “Mr. Piano Player” and “Cuban Carnival” by Irving Fields Trio for King... De Marco Sisters’ “Boullabaisse” and “Pretty Baby” for MGM...

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is coming into
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William Wyler's
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Tampax along!

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**On the Cover, Rita Hayworth, Starring in Columbia's "Miss Sadie Thompson"**

**NED L. PINES—Publisher**

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GET ABOARD

The Band Wagon

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Songs!
"That's Entertainment"
"Dancing In The Dark"
"I Love Louisa"
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"By Myself"

and MORE songs!
"Louisiana Hayride"
"I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plan"
"Shine On Your Shoes"
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M-G-M's most romantic, most lyrical musical ever...
with the best of the Dietz-Schwartz songs!
Exciting entertainment in the tradition of
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STARRING
Fred Astaire • Cyd Charisse

Oscar Levant • Nanette Fabray • Jack Buchanan

James Mitchell • Betty Comden and Adolph Green

Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz

Vincente Minnelli • Arthur Freed • An M-G-M Picture
there's a new glamour boy in pictures that all the women are wild about. He isn't very tall or very handsome but he's got plenty appeal—name's Brandon de Wilde and if you haven't seen him in "Shane" or "Member Of The Wedding," you'd better case this one. The 12-year-old youngster and Jean Arthur met while they were making "Shane" and they're inseparable when in the same town. Paramount was looking for Miss Arthur, who's as hard to find as a TV show without a commercial, for a particular showing of "Shane" in New York. No luck. Just before show time, in walks young Brandy with his girl friend—Miss A. They'd been taking in the sights—like the Bronx Zoo, the Statue of Liberty, Central Park and other such touristy places. There's talk that this kid may star in a new TV series, "Peck's Bad Boy."

When Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin left for Europe and a vacation, Jer carted several of his 10 sets of golf clubs. Dean, who usually has a better score than Jerry, owns one set of clubs.

Donald O'Connor, on vacation for the first time in quite a spell, went off on a fishing trip but interrupted it to play a police benefit. On his way back to Hollywood, what should he get but a ticket for speeding!

It's kinda strange to think of Jeanne Crain anywhere but at 20th Century Fox. She started there ten years ago when she was fifteen, grew up on the lot, married, had a flock of kids, and became a really first-rate actress. Her first picture away from home will be "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," Anita Loos' answer to her other famous novel—play—musical comedy picture, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and it will be made in Europe. Jeanne's red hair will go dark, of course, for this.

Another cutie who flew out of the nest is June Allyson, who departed from MGM after years and years as the girl who always came through for her studio. June seemed to feel she hadn't been given as many of the breaks recently and, anyway, her Dick Powell has a big deal at RKO to produce, direct, write, act or anything else he wants to do, like sing, and June will be an important part of this setup.

No bets are being made on whether the Arlene Dahl—Fernando Lamas idyll will be permanent or not. But Arlene did take the Latin boy home to Minneapolis to meet the family and they are co-starring in a picture to be made in Mexico called "Chubasco."

Shelley Winters, who always seems to be able to startle people almost any time, did. Showed up at Harry Belafonte's opening at Mocambo with her old boy friend, Farley Granger. She made it quite clear, though, that Farl was merely her escort for the evening and she didn't want no trouble from no one about it. Her romantic Italian returned from his long trip to Italy and everything seemed to be quite quiet around the Gasman menage. Farl, meanwhile, announced he'd take up residence in New York and just come back here for pictures.

(continued on page 8)
Harriet Nelson, whose favorite sport is ice skating, attends “Ice Capades” with her husband, Ozzie. Their popular sons had other plans for the evening.

Mitzi Gaynor, who’s been on a social whirl ever since she broke engagement to Richard Coyle, was escorted to “Ice Capades” by John Lindsay, Diana Lynn’s ex.

Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson were a bright and sparkling new twosome at ice show. Tab, himself, used to be a professional skater; gave it up for screen.

Hildy Parks, Maria Riva, Marlene Dietrich’s daughter, and Mary Sinclair cut Sixth Anniversary cake at Kraft “Come As You Were” TV Ball in Gotham.
For gayer, brighter, more colorful looking hair, be sure to use LOVALON after each shampoo. Lovalon removes dull film, blends in off color or graying streaks and softens the appearance of dyed hair. Not a permanent dye, not a bleach — Lovalon is a rinse made in 12 hair shades. Select the shade for your coloring.

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No matter what the skeptics insist, Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas are inseparable. Often his sense of humor and frankness are misunderstood.

what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

made a sensational appearance at Mo-ncambo, Hollywood got very conscious of our gal again and so here she is back. Oddly enough, of all the gals who were kid stars at that time—Mary is the only one in pictures now. However, it looks as if Jane Withers will hit the come-back trail. Maybe just in TV, but she's anxious to get going again, particularly since her marriage to Texas oilman Bill Moss is shaky. I can report that Jane looks ter- rific. Mary and Jane have kept up their friendship, which started when they were in pictures at 20th, all through the years.

When Van Johnson made his sensa-
tional night club debut in Las Vegas he started a new fad there—all the male citizens started copying his bright red socks. And his home studio, MGM, changed their minds about making Van take a cut in salary—they're just glad to have him back.

Another red bird—Jane Wyman, whiled away the off hours on the set of "So Big" by knitting her Freddie Karger a wild, bright red sweater. Claims she can find him more easily on the golf links.

"Elephant Walk" must be the bad-luck picture of all time. First Vivien Leigh

Pier Angeli, while Kirk Douglas cavorts in Europe, enjoys a restful vacation at Hotel Nacional in Havana. She'd been on a good-will tour of Latin America.
The first photo of Ruth Roman's six-months-old infant son, Richard Hall.

had a nervous breakdown and had to be replaced by Elizabeth Taylor. Then Liz caught a steel splinter in her eye and had to go to the hospital when it got infected. Speaking of Vivien—reports are that she won't be able to work for about a year.

Bob Hope got orders from his doctor to shed 20 pounds. This is no fun for anybody but especially not for Ski-nose, who adores ice cream. Thing that made the boy finally decide to give it up and substitute yoghurt and fruit was the doc's remark that Hope was beginning to look like Crosby around the middle. Anyway that's the crack our boy made.

Young guy named Robert Francis, son (CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

New Mum with M-3
kills odor bacteria
...stops odor all day long

PROOF!
New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.

Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed!
Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria... doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The only leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

A Product of Bristol-Myers
of a Pasadena postman, walked right out of the Army and into the Navy, so to speak. Just on an off chance, he called Stanley Kramer and reminded him that he’d studied dramatics at Columbia Studios before he was drafted. Mr. K. invited him over, took one look at him and tossed him the plum role of the young Willie Keith in “Caine Mutiny.” And then we have people who struggle for years for a break, you know.

When Joan Crawford winds up “Torch Song” (and I hear direct from Director Chuck Walters that she’s the sensation of all time, singing and dancing in Technicolor), she’ll dash off another picture, for “Pony Express.” Her co-star, Charlton Heston, gave her a shove, and she made contact with a large splinter, which went right through her buckskin pants and punctured what’s underneath.

At this point, all seems serene in the Bob Mitchum household. He and Dorothy went off on a vacation trip—to Delaware to visit her family and then maybe a Mexican holiday.

Never heard of this happening, but maybe it did in the real plush days of the theatre—Roz Russell was given a large and swanky dressing room that cost thousands on account of her great suc-

Jane Greer and husband, Ed Lasker, at formal premiere of Cinerama on Coast.

Hayworth. This boy has a lot of charm and so we may have another Princess around by the time you read this.

A Mexican comedian named, of all things, Pedro Gonzales-Gonzales has been keeping U-1’s “Wings Of The Hawk” set jumping with his antics. One of the things he has to do is take a big slug of tequila. Unused to the Hollywood practice of substituting water for clear type spirits, G-G took the big slug, registered something between surprise and horror, and sent a shower of the stuff right at the 3-D camera. He apologized afterward, allowing that he thought someone was trying to poison him.

And then—Sex Comes To 3-D—in the same picture, which is a Western, girl star Julia Adams, in the flimsiest of nightgowns, comes crawling straight at you and practically into your lap. Wonder how long it will be before the novelty of objects coming toward you—exclusive of pretty girls in pretty nightgowns, say, will wear off.

One more item of who’s wearing what in “Wings”—Van Heflin has inherited quite an assortment of clothes for the movie. He’s got a hat that Jimmy Stewart wore in another Western, one of Joel

Lex Barker and his sweetheart, Lana Turner, strolling through the streets of Capri, Italian vacation spot. They had just completed a quick tour of Europe.

“Lisbon,” and then turn her terrific energy toward producing and directing a picture that she’s brought. Called “Man- sion On The Lake,” it’ll star some other gal, not yet picked.

MGM finally got out of the Mario Lanza snarl. It’s taken a year to come to an agreement. They dropped their 5-million suit against him, get to use the recordings he made and will spot in an actor who doesn’t sing and use Lanza’s voice. Now I reckon everybody’s happy, except possibly Lanza.

The hazards of making Westerns—little Jan Sterling was sitting down real gingly as the result of a ride in a stagecoach ccess in “Wonderful Town,” the musical version of “My Sister Eileen.” Usually these dolls get crowded into seamy little holes backstage where they can’t even swing a cat.

Sure some hassle among the Andrews Sisters—seems like the husband of one of them is more or less the center of the conflict. Anyway, until their problems are solved they’re not appearing together which is a durn shame.

Wonder what’ll happen with the Gene Tierney-Aly Khan romance. She’s got a rock (diamond type) that weighs her down and she was his house guest at the Ireland castle which Aly bought for Rita

Anne Jeffreys and hubby Bob Sterling who are a new night club sensation.
by his fellow prisoners. Holden for¬
sakes his hustling for a heroic attempt
to nail the real spy. In view of today's
headlines, it seems impossible that so
much fun could be packed into the script.
Otto Preminger, Don Taylor and Harvey
Lembeck of the New York cast furnish
excellent support for Holden, who turns

Let's Do It Again

The fun's contagious in this free wheeling
comedic of a divorced couple who
are still secretly in love. When sophisti¬
cate Jane Wyman learns that hubby
Ray Milland is taking business trips to
Chicago so that he can make the night
spots with Valerie Bettis and study mod¬
ern music, she decides to retaliate. She
returns home one morning with a mythi
cal yarn of spending an evening stranded
with a local wolf-about-town. Her action
starts an explosion that eventually ends
with a divorce, final in 60 days. During
the two months deadline, Jane becomes
engaged to millionaire Aldo Ray and
Milland takes up with socialite Karin
Booth. Jane decides to put Milland's
affection for his fiancée to a test by pos¬
ing as her hotcha sister. The affair ends
in a broken engagement for Karin and
a reconciliation for Jane. Movie, which
goes all-out for fun shenanigans, finds
Jane, Milland and the others plunging
in wholeheartedly in the slapstick antics,
as well as the music by Ned Washing
ton and Lester Lee. Columbia.

Jamaica Run

Here's a slam-bang adventure yarn with
all the necessary ingredients. Ray
Milland, captain-owner of a trading
schooner, is in love with Arlene Dahl,
mistress of a sugar cane plantation. Ar¬
lene, however, refuses to marry Milland,
feeling responsibility for her drink-lov¬
ing mother (Carroll McComas) and her
ne'er-do-well brother (Wendell Corey).
It is only through her efforts that the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

Now!
Stop perspiration
and odor with the
safe-and-sure
deo d or ant

ETIQUET instantly ends perspiration odor—checks
perspiration moisture . . . safety and surely! Gives the
day-long protection glamorous women depend on . . .
does not harm clothing!

FLUFFY-LIGHT and soothing, Etiquet is a superior
deodorant in a luxury vanishing cream base. No drip,
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EXCLUSIVE FORMULA — Etiquet contains a special
formula to curb the bacteria that cause perspiration
odor. It's antiseptic—safe for normal skin.

MORE ECONOMICAL — Etiquet won't dry out,
stays creamy to the last bit. In jars and tubes
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NOW! ETIQUET STICK DEODORANT!
Now, a few quick dabs with handy new ETIQUET STICK DEODORANT
give you day-long protection against underarm odor! So convenient...
so fast...and, above all, so effective, thanks to the exclusive
ETIQUET formula. It's the easiest-to-use deodorant ever!
Your guide to current films
CONTINUED

Plantation has been saved and that she has been able to resist the tempting offers of Patric Knowles to turn it into a resort. Knowles, refusing to give up, finds a loophole in Arlene’s ownership of the estate when he discovers two other prospective heirs. From then on it becomes a battle of temperament and treachery. The film is a Pine-Thomas special, directed by Lewis Foster, and enhanced with Technicolor. Paramount.

The Juggler

The new republic of Israel forms the unusual background for Stanley Kramer’s documentary of displaced persons. The film traces the rehabilitation of juggler Kirk Douglas. An international German celebrity, Douglas thinks of himself as a German not a Jew, and therefore immune to the concentration camps. When his wife and children are killed in a gas chamber, he blames himself for their death. He becomes neurotic, afraid of being confined, constantly on the run. Temporarily placed in a camp in Israel while awaiting assignment to a work village, he becomes panicky and overpowers a guard to escape. Believing he has killed him, he begins a frantic flight across Israel. In his travels he meets Milly Vitale, who offers him love, and Joey Walsh, a young fan, who rekindles his enthusiasm for juggling. It is through their efforts that he agrees to return with pursuing police and undertake psychiatric treatments. Douglas’ keen perception of the part, plus the rousing folk dances add greatly to film’s standards. Columbia.

Dangerous When Wet

When the farmer’s daughter, Esther Williams, meets traveling medicine man, Jack Carson, she doesn’t tumble for his line—but he sure does for hers. The result is that Esther and her health-ecentric family (William Demarest, Charlotte Greenwood, Barbara Whiting and Donna Corcoran) are entered by Jack’s vitamin firm in the English Channel race. While training, Esther meets playboy Fernando Lamas, who manages to topple both her training schedule and romantic barrier. When Esther learns that her entire family has been disqualified from the race and that she is the only entry, she forsakes Fernando for a rigorous practice session. Although she makes a fair showing in the race, it isn’t until Fernando jumps into the water and swims with her that she is urged on to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69
From a London golf course to Montmartre and the banks of the Seine, keeping up with Bing Crosby can be a breathless whirl, yet it's one way to learn all about him.

European Weekend with Bing

By ANGIE GURLITT

Following Bing Crosby on a weekend in Europe is like trying to pin down a comet. Just when you think you have the celestial body neatly cornered and you pause to catch your breath, it breaks out and is off again, with you in hot pursuit. Naturally, you don't give up, but you do find yourself thinking that there must be easier ways of keeping tabs on fabulous Der Bingle.

All this came about when I decided to make a quick trip to England from Austria, where I am president of the Austrian Club Crosby, to catch Bing in a golf match, and then move over to Paris to spend the remainder of the weekend watching him work on his latest movie, "Little Boy Lost."

It was the day before he was scheduled to leave for France, and Bing was the leading attraction at a golf match for the National Playing Fields Association, on the Temple Golf Course, so with my young sister for company, I made my way out to the course in the pouring rain. There was a mob on hand, and I assume that Bob Hope's presence there too might have had something to do with the size of the crowd, but quite obviously our attention was focused on Bing.

A moment after the first tee-off by an English player, Bing appeared. He wore a maroon shirt, canary yellow cardigan, chocolate brown trousers, brown shoes and a wide checked cap! Quite a mixture, and certainly not anything a conservative Englishman would ever be (continued on page 71)
They Don't Make 'Em Any Bigger or Better!

JANE RUSSELL * MARILYN MONROE

in

HOWARD HAWKS'

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

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

TECHNICOLOR

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

CHARLES COBURN

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GEORGE WINSLOW * MARCEL DALIO
TAYLOR HOLMES * NORMA VARDEN
HOWARD WENDELL * STEVEN GERAY

PRODUCED BY SOL C. SIEGEL * HOWARD HAWKS * CHARLES LEDERER
DIRECTED BY HOWARD HAWKS
SCREEN PLAY BY CHARLES LEDERER

Music and Lyrics by JULIE STYNE and LEO ROBIN - Presented on the Stage by HERMAN LEVIN and OLIVER SMITH

BASED ON THE MUSICAL COMEDY BY JOSEPH FIELDS and ANITA LOOS
The special demonstration of CinemaScope at the Roxy Theatre proved several points very emphatically during the course of “How To Marry A Millionaire” and “The Robe.” In the former, Betty Grable copped top honors as the most polished performer; Lauren Bacall, the least talented. Marilyn Monroe, the biggest surprise. The Mmmmm-mmm girl is here to stay, particularly in the new wide-screen process. But “Baby” Bacall never looked worse on film. The latest technique is apparently not for her. Not yet, at least. Vic Mature, in “The Robe,” will surprise his many fans and he’ll build up a new following of Mature admirers. Richard Burton surpasses his “My Cousin Rachel” and “Desert Rats” acting stints...

For her Cotillion Room singing engagement, Denise Darcel wore a black beaded gown with narrow shoulder straps. As she finished her opening night performance, both straps gave way—beautiful timing! Among those in the audience who gawked and gasped were Dorothy Lamour, Louis B. Mayer, Gloria De Haven, Richard Carlson, Jack Palance, Ezio Pinza, Shirley Booth, Rosalind Russell and Bert Lahr...

At the Latin Quarter, Dagmar had opening night jitters and trouble with her gown... (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)
Ethel Merman lunching at Stork Club with her children, Robert and Ethel Levitt. Beaded eyelashes are Ethel's trademark, but she can't wear artificial ones unless they're nylon.

Phyllis Kirk and Nanette Fabray walked away with top honors at the season's biggest cocktail soiree given for out-of-town newspaper editors and publishers at the swank Plaza Hotel. Adding youth, beauty and talent to a room crammed to overflowing with top-ranking stage and screen celebrities, it was the stars of "House Of Wax" and "The Bandwagon" who scored the biggest hit with visiting members of the Fourth Estate.

Yvonne DeCarlo spurned an elaborate luncheon party a friend wanted to toss for her at the Colony Restaurant, in favor of escorting a group of underprivileged children to the Central Park Zoo where she played hostess, supplied the youngsters with popcorn, candy, balloons and never-ending rides on the carousel. As she later explained it, "I had as much fun, if not more than they did and, furthermore, I can go to the Colony any day, but the Park Zoo is a real treat for me!"

Dorothy Lamour believes in looking like a movie queen at all times, for which we salute her. But the full movie makeup she wears spoils the illusion. At 12 o'clock noon it's somewhat disturbing to see the "jungle princess" strolling along Fifth Avenue on "The Road To 21" with beaded eyelashes and a deep, dark Max Factor suntan.

Robert Taylor, en route to Europe, boarded the Ile de France looking old and haggard. He admitted to nervous exhaustion.

Linda Darnell avoided autograph seekers in the lobby of the Hotel Plaza by using the room service elevator instead of the passenger lifts, only to find herself stuck in the elevator for thirty minutes. When the emergency crew came to release the car, she stalked through the lobby and found herself surrounded.
"Sex isn't love and love isn't sex unless some other very important emotions are involved," says Jean Peters, who happens to have an ample supply of that mysterious thing called sex herself. "There are still emotions like companionship, understanding, and an enduring love, which after all, make a lasting and happy marriage.

"Perhaps we in the entertainment business have been largely responsible for gilding the lily until you can't see its beauty for the gilt," Jean says. "But real living and the 'pretend' of drama are two separate things and we women at least should recognize that.

"Not that I don't think sex has an important place. I couldn't very well sell it short because I finally campaigned myself into a real killer-diller in 'Pick Up On South Street.' I had a tough time getting the role. The powers-that-be wanted a blonde with obvious assets for the job. So I started wearing patent leather pumps, tight skirts, and interesting blouses. Then I began running into Sam Fuller, the director, quite accidentally. He finally got my message and decided a brunette with equivalent assets would do. Actually, it wasn't the sexiness of the role that intrigued me, it was really the change of pace."

This wasn't the first time Jean had campaigned for a part. When she wanted to... (CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)
How Enduring Is Young Love?

IF MARRIAGE IN HOLLYWOOD BY-PASSES THE SLOW TEST
AND AIMS FOR A QUICK DIVORCE, COULD IT BE THAT OUR STARS ARE SIMPLY IMMATURE?

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

"M ost of the new and young marriages of Hollywood are legalized adultery! Too often, the younger stars seem unable to take money, glamour, excitement in their proper perspective ... and the eventual and inevitable result is chaos."

Harsh as those words may sound, this is the opinion of columnist Virginia Chumley, whose nation-wide word on about anything and everything from modes to marriages is taken by the American public with no little seriousness.

"Nine out of ten of the young stars seem to believe," she goes on, "that because life is different in Hollywood, marriage is also different. The theory seems to be that, 'Oh, well, why not try it, anyway? If we don't get along, we can always get a divorce.'"

From such a habit of mind comes the grim accusation: legalized adultery! And it isn't the first time that the marriage manners and customs of the movie industry have come in for some pretty strenuous dressing-down ... from the press, civic organizations, religious bodies.

Not so long ago, an English newspaper tersely remarked, at the latest conclusion of a union of a seemingly happy film pair, "Out there it would seem that marriage by-passes the slow test and aims for divorce as the quick goal."

Thus, with the eyes of the world on Hollywood, it's no small surprise that there should be a close analysis, plus much criticism of the marital ways and means of the movie colony—with the pivot of attention on romance in the adolescent manner.

How enduring is young love?

T here are two answers, whether it concerns Hollywood or any other town in the United States. Marriage in the motion picture industry isn't any different from marriage anywhere else, if it's to be a successful marriage. Everywhere there's the need for the basic essentials in choosing a mate.

The most relevant question seems to be: can the unions of people like Jane Powell and Geary Steffen, Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding, June Allyson and Dick Powell, Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, Ann Blyth and Dr. James McNulty stand the gaff of that turbulent hulaballoo of, "Is it on ... or is it off ... ?"

Can the incessant wonderment of the fans, the constant probing by both psychologists and the press (who pry unrelentingly into their lives like a puppy worrying a bone) can all of this make or mar today's modern romances of the young stars?

(Continued on page 54)
Another combination of youth and experience is the Kirk Douglas-Pier Angeli idyll which may yet work. Sometimes parents of a young star are to blame for a false start. Perhaps Ava Gardner's family could have prevented the ill-fated Artie Shaw marriage.

The much-married Mr. Shaw was one of Lana Turner's mistakes which might have been prevented by her mother.

Terry Moore is quick to admit that too short acquaintance was responsible for the Glenn Davis marital fiasco. And in the case of Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney pretty much the same was true. In happier times they posed with little Mona, Melissa Fairbanks.

Young love held promise a few years back when the Donald O'Connors observed baby's first Christmas. However, fame has shattered it.

Like the O'Connors, the Dale Robertsons have found that a man's success makes him roads into personal lives that were happy when love was young and he unknown.

Jane Russell's happy life with Bob Waterfield, her childhood love, is filmdom's best argument in favor of youthful marriages. Newlyweds Ann Blyth and Dr. James McNulty are mature adults who will be well able to withstand any rumor.

Maybe girls in Hollywood would do better with more mature men. Leonard Goldstein, 28 years older than Piper Laurie, is a favored escort.

Another combination of youth and experience is the Kirk Douglas-Pier Angeli idyll which may yet work.
My reasons for not marrying

Rock Hudson wishes he had chances to meet other than actresses—the loving-hands-at-home type

By JERRY ASHER

Big, brawny and very impressionable Rock Hudson was too startled to say a word. He just sat there staring—staring at the stack of fan mail before him.

Minutes passed. Furtive fingers finally extracted a letter from the bottom of the heap. Gingerly, Rock read it again, as if his eyes had deceived him and this time the contents would serve to soothe his ruffled feelings. Alas, reality set in like a bolt out of the well-known blue!

"If you get married I'll never go to see another one of your pictures," the words fairly leaped out at him. "What's your big rush anyway? You're just getting started, so why tie yourself down with a wife. It's much more romantic to watch a single guy making love on the screen and all my girl friends feel the same..."
way. If you marry Vera-Ellen—we'll never forgive you, and you'll lose some fans."

Now the official announcement of his engagement to Vera-Ellen, a few weeks previous, had nothing to do with it. Had it been Garbo, Piper Laurie or Marjorie Main, his fans would have screamed their unhappy heads off just the same. They wanted their hot Rock to be heart whole and free to follow his fancy. Because he was a fairly new and naive boy in Hollywood, those letters caused their intended reaction.

"I must be honest and admit they gave both Vera and me a great deal to think about," Rock reassures, "but they weren't the reason we decided against marrying. During the time we were engaged, we discovered many things about ourselves (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)
THE TRAGIC CURSE ON MARTIN AND LEWIS

DEAN AND JERRY HAVE NOT ESCAPED THE INEVITABLE HEX ON COMEDIANS

By ELIZABETH MacDONALD

It's a success story of course, the story of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. They've got everything most of us think we want, the fame and luxuries and adulation a laughter-hungry world has heaped upon them. They're right up there on top, the funnymen born with the gift of coaxing laughter to take the edge off other people's worries and responsibilities and troubles. And yet it's not a success story at all if you happen to be the sort of persons, like Dean and Jerry themselves, who count good fortune in such non-negotiable securities as peace of heart and soul and mind. Then their story is a tragedy. For with all their luck, and they've had plenty of it, they haven't escaped the terrible jinx that invariably claims the comedian for its victim.

Show people know about that jinx. Ask anyone of them and they'll tell you that it's the clowns who lead tragedians' lives with the laughter they give others turning to dust in their own hearts. To them, who have seen the jinx in operation time and time again, Pagliacci isn't just a character in an opera. He's the comic who is tops on the stage or in movies or radio and television. He's all the funnymen whose antics have ever jolted you out of the jitters. He's Red Skelton, who has had more troubles in a few years than most of us are called on to face in a lifetime, what with his illnesses, operations and marriage problems, and Lou Costello and Jimmy Durante. And if you want to go back that far, he's W. C. Fields and Charlie Chaplin, whose troubles are no less real because they're mainly self-inflicted. To bring you right back to the present, he's Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, too. They're going to howl at the very (CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)

Trouble and unhappiness privately stalk Dean and Jerry.

Patti and Jerry Lewis. She has been of immeasurable help to him during his unhappy times.

Dean and Jean Martin have been on verge of separation.

Thinking up laughs for routines causes Jerry's insomnia.

Nothing bothers Dean. He's always relaxed and rested.

\[\text{\textgreater} \text{Trouble and unhappiness privately stalk Dean and Jerry.}\]
A husband, whether or not he realizes it, never discovers all there is to know about a clever wife. Upon occasion, she may startle her man, leave him thunderstruck, or merely curious; again she may be like Cyd Charisse, so subtle that he's only dimly aware of a spicy fragrance when there have been changes made.

Until she amazed Hollywood with that sultry number in "Singin' In The Rain," most people thought of Cyd Charisse as a lady—noble, gifted and lovely. A graduate of the Ballet Russe, she was, they supposed, at her best as a ballerina; always ornamental, she could do a sad scene, yes even a dramatic scene. Now, suddenly, she had proved she could be dangerous.

"There's spice in Cyd Charisse," word flew about. She was given another wild, exotic dance in "Sombreto," and demanded by Fred Astaire for "The Band Wagon." Reports from these films brought her "Brigadoon," her next with Gene Kelly, and "Kismet." The screen expects her to be piquant, daring. People whisper: "Cyd Charisse, what now, I wonder?"

"I haven't really changed," confided Cyd, earnestly. "It just happened I had the opportunity to do a striking number. It was good for me; it's good for any girl to snap up her career, and nothing adds spice to a picture like a brilliant dance.

"In private life, a bit of spice is also good, but you must take into account the kind of man you have married. Some men like to be startled, some like to be left guessing, still others like to think life goes along smoothly by magic—they are better pleased not to find out how it's done.

"Tony Martin is the easy-going type. To him, everything is all right the way it is. I have to effect changes so gently he's not aware of them."

When Tony and Cyd were first married, they had a house boy who had looked after Tony in his bachelor days. Tony thought he was comfortable, for nothing much needs to be done for a bachelor except pick up after him, make his breakfast, and provide an occasional dinner. Marcellus' dinners were either curry or shrimp. Since Tony ate out almost every night, he thought these meals were delicious, and so they were, as a change.

But Cyd's idea of marriage, however, meant more dinners at home. As a daily diet, shrimp and curries palled. Cyd doesn't cook. She was also working. So she waved her magic wand on a spicy breeze. No one, least-wise Tony, is sure at this date just how it happened that a New Orleans friend insisted on taking Marcellus back to Louisiana (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)
The youthful and uninhibited team of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis have certainly had their share of publicity photos.

Tony and Janet feel that if they love life, their careers and one another—why shouldn't the world know about it.

Photographers are always welcome wherever Janet or Tony are, even when vacationing. Film folks say this is wrong.

TONY AND JANET CONTINUE TO BE UNMINDFUL OF THEIR ADVERSE PUBLICITY

THE CRITICS BE DAMNED!

By PETER SHERWOOD
EXHIBITIONISTS OR NOT, JANET
AND TONY ARE HAVING A WHALE OF A TIME

Question of the hour in Hollywood is: have Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis oversold themselves? Many a young actor and actress have crawled up a notch or two on the ladder to movie fame and fortune by a rash of homey publicity, but . . .

"You can't open a magazine or a newspaper today," wails a veteran movie star, "and not be confronted by a new, intimate phase of the happy, home-loving, uninhibited, in-the-raw existence of the Curtises. They've been photographed everywhere but in the bathtub—and the end is not in sight!"

On the other hand, here is the opinion of Betty L... who happens to be the charming, well-educated 15-year-old daughter of a friend of ours. "I'm a movie fan, and I enjoy knowing everything I can about the private lives of the people I admire on the screen or stage.

"Probably I know more about Janet and Tony than any other stars on the screen today," she goes on, "and I love it. I have 'seen' them photographed around the clock, living in every room of their home, working in the kitchen, playing outdoors. I think that sort of thing is very exciting."

Still another opinion is that of a top Hollywood agent who has handled some of the biggest stars in the business, and also some of the newcomers. "The Curtises suffer from an exhibitionist complex.

The true stars of the screen, television—and in fact any field of entertainment—avoid, as much as possible, the limelight, the constant public acclaim, the tried and trite formulas of cheap publicity," he goes on. "But Janet and Tony don't seem happy unless a camera lens is prying—night and day—into the most private moments of their lives."

To all these accusations—from foe or friend—the Curtises answer, "The Critics Be Damned!" They're having a whale of a time being themselves—and having fun, too! And, they have made it plain, that as long as the press and the photographers are there to portray the progress of the saga of America's most publicized movie team, they are ready, anxious and willing to please!

The simple fact is that quite a bit of their publicity has come perilously close to the limits of taste—let alone good taste—and even that does not deter them. They have been photographed lying across a double bed making eyes at one another, they have been photographed in showers, bathrooms and doctors' offices. But they have yet to be photographed in Bikini bathing suits in each other's arms—underwater! (CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)
I WAS A CONVENT GIRL...

By Peer J. Oppenheimer

Tenaciously, eight-year-old Leslie Caron held on to the side of the eight wheel truck which lumbered through a busy, cobble-stone street of Paris. Her feet, wearing a pair of shiny new roller skates, sometimes barely touched the ground, but her eyes were gleaming with excitement. Suddenly the truck made a sharp left turn into a narrow alley. Leslie lost her grip and sailed straight into a sidewalk vegetable stand, spilling fruit and vegetables all over the street.

Fifteen minutes later, clothes torn and smeared liberally with the juices and saps of tomatoes, bananas, squash, and a few other "legumes," Leslie meekly confronted her mother. "I am very sorry, mamman, I... I..."

Mamman was "very sorry" too. More than that! "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, we cannot go on like this. We'll have to make a lady out of you somehow..."

Two weeks later, Leslie reported to the convent school in La Rue Des Dames. The truck incident was the final link in a chain of happenings that made Mme. Caron decide that an (continued on page 60)

Her early teachings instilled in Leslie what the prime functions of a woman really are.
TYPICAL AMERICAN HE-MAN JOHN WAYNE HAS YET TO FALL IN LOVE WITH AN AVERAGE AMERICAN GIRL

Try to picture strapping he-man John Wayne strumming a sentimental guitar in a soft serenade beneath a senorita's window!

It just isn't possible.

Nor can one envision him tossing roses and impassioned words up to a dark-eyed charmer on a moonlit balcony, or practicing the arts of hand-kissing and eye-rolling in the legendary below-the-Rio Grande manner.

He definitely doesn't suggest that kind of lover.

He just doesn't seem the kind of suitor that south-of-the-border belles would give two twirls of a fan for.

Certainly not this actor who has been so clearly identified in the public mind as a strong man eternally pitted in a great struggle against the sea, against the dangerous frontier, against the enemy in wartime.

Yet, there's the impressive, incomprehensible fact. John Wayne is Hollywood's all-time champion in his appeal to Latin-American women.

The 6 feet, 4 inch ex-football hero, as American as his native Waterloo, Ia., now the screen's No. 1 box office star with an income of $500,000 a year, is filmdom's chief romantic exemplar of the Good Neighbor Policy.

For a Main Street fellow who was once called Duke Morrison it comes under the head of the incredible.

In his hemispheric goodwill over a score of years, the big 46-year-old symbol of the big outdoors has escorted two Latin-American girls to the altar.

And he is now courting a third, notwithstanding the failures of his two marriages.

All are striking brunette beauties. There is no record that Gentleman John has ever preferred a blonde—a northern, so to speak, blonde.

Wayne's first wife was Josephine Alicia Saenz, daughter of Dr. Jose S. Saenz, former consul for the Dominican Republic in Los Angeles. She divorced him after 11 years of marriage, and was given custody of their four children.

His second wife is Esperanza Baur, Mexican screen star. Her divorce suit is pending. The couple have thus far failed to agree on a settlement.

"I tried every way to make a go of our marriage," he said recently. "I've gone as far as I can in this matter. I'm still hoping we will reach a settlement before the trial so there will be as little scandal as possible for everyone's sake.

"We tried to get together and settle before filing the divorce papers, but we didn't make it."

Wayne said he had offered Chata—his nickname for Esperanza (a Spanish word (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)
His second wife was Esperanza Baur, Mexican film star, another Latin. John with his four kids, Michael, Melinda, Patrick and Toni while on vacation. With airline hostesses. But average American girls just don't send John.

Pilar Pallete, Peruvian beauty, may be the third Mrs. John Wayne. Why do the south-of-the-border girls so intrigue John?
"We are as young as we feel, as young as we want to be and could be if that birthday didn’t come along each year to remind us otherwise," says Doris Day

BIRTHDAYS?

I’M AGIN ‘EM!

By RUTH CUMMINGS ROWLAND

DORIS DAY, known in Hollywood for her sparkling smile, even temper and pleasant disposition is nevertheless very adamant on one thing. She doesn’t like birthdays and is honest enough to say so in no uncertain terms.

Since Doris looks like most females would like to look ... slender and blonde with that enviable "scrubbed look," which is so attractive to the opposite sex, and is so fastidiously groomed in simple blouses and skirts and besides, looks far more seductive in a high-necked evening gown than most girls look in a plunging neckline ... one wonders why she is so "agin birthdays." After all, she is still young enough to tell her age without flinching about it and, no matter how old she happens to be at this moment, she looks a good five years younger ... and without even trying.

"I think birthdays are wonderful for children ... the presents they get ... and the fun they have. To them a birthday means a party. And what child doesn’t love a birthday party?"

ONE MIGHT argue the point with Doris that there are lots of adults, too, who love a party, especially a birthday party. Since, let’s face it, a great many bad tempered little minks have been born and bred to make a lovely present for somebody’s birthday ... and no woman ever feels too old to get one! But to a girl like Doris, who in spite of her sensational success remains essentially simple in her tastes and philosophy of life, material things are unimportant. She does not underestimate the luxuries money can buy ... and she loves pretty clothes as well as the next girl. In
fact, she has reached the point of view that is unattainable to Doris. But her frank point of view is attainable to us.

"I believe," she said, "one should not put up birthday is a definite barrier of a girl who is 22 and is not 23 and suppose I should year after that I'll be 24!" So a happy one, it's sad, because old she's getting... and the...

"Suppose," continued D. no yard stick by which lived. You'd feel young, you should be stuck with only makes you aware of you should be and how life instance, a woman has suddenly thinks about her is, that she's sure she's band is too old to stay up, and, even if she believes rectly, that her friends look young—even though years of marriage that a side of 40 and she can't rually happy she would be if we could all skip our birthday.

"You mean just give the "Of course," she laugh, and enjoying every b away? After you reach 1 you're stuck with your bi...

"I wish we could all do... give our birth bring such joy! Wouldn't courage and the whimsy birthdays! I'm going to... I'm going to forget how old to accomplish all the thing there is nothing which rem or forty or fifty... and the venture because I'm too old don't ache, they should achi is what we reveal in our fact that we are as young as we be and could be, if that old each year to remind us that not as young as we feel, nor...

Her philosophy is profound of one's years shocked ourselves that we are too of foreign language, perhaps, or "Sonata" on the piano; too old rhythms, or go bowling or swim things. We are trapped by alwa
I don't lose them, but if I do, I'll like those who adore Marilyn Monroe.
"I'm no Marilyn Monroe," said Deborah Kerr. "But I wish I were."

Miss Kerr, her customarily red-gold hair bleached to a topaz blonde for her super-sexy role of Karen Holmes, the captain's wife who carries on a love affair with the sergeant (Burt Lancaster) in "From Here To Eternity," tucked her shorts-clad legs under her on the davenport of her Columbia Studio dressing room and sat tailor-fashion, grinning impishly.

"This is my first undress role," she elaborated, in a quiet, precise British accent which she was being coached to lose for the part. "And I wish I were Marilyn Monroe because I'd love to be able to get off the wonderful repartee that's always credited to her, on the subject of sex.

"When I was first announced for this part, people I've known for years picked up their morning papers, read the item, gasped and stared at each other, then exclaimed, 'WELL! What Do You Know? SHE'S ALIVE!'" Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons and some of my other old friends came to me and said, 'Thank goodness you got it. You're young and you're fun and you're not too bad to look at, and you've played duchess roles for long enough. Now you can show them that there is blood in your veins.'

"But all I could think of was the remark my mother made after I received an Academy Award nomination for the role of a drunken old woman in 'Edward, My Son.' "I'm sure, dear, it's very good acting," Mother remarked, 'but I don't like to see you like that.' And I'm sure if Mother were alive today, that's the sort of thing she would say about this part, too.

"But I need it, to give me a complete new outlook on my future."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

THE DUCHESS DISROBES!

DEBORAH KERR, ALWAYS CONSIDERED COLD AND ALOOF, SHOWS 'EM WHAT SHE'S REALLY MADE OF.
One Widmark rule for marital bliss is that the wife take care of children. Ann, 7, isn’t turned over to a nurse.

Dick and his wife, Jean (with Jan Sterling), have learned that annoying habits must be faced with great tolerance.

10 ways to make happiness last...

Dick has evolved a set of rules in 10 idyllic years of building a successful marriage

By RICHARD WIDMARK

This is no marriage counselor giving out with the wisdom. This is only one guy’s opinion. As such, my ideas about how to make a marriage last are based only on what has worked for me in ten years of a happy married life.

It’s been said before, so I won’t be accused of being original, that the first part of marriage is the toughest. Once the flush of romance begins to settle into a more realistic state, suddenly all kinds of little personal habits become rather trying. It’s only the dreamer who expects those traits to change completely. Like my wife Jean’s little habit of leaving her nightgown piled on the bathroom floor. So I make an issue about it—and for a while it disappears. But before long it’s back—as charming as ever.

Then there’s my idiosyncrasy, among others, of hating to get up in the morning. I can remember when we were first married how Jean tried to look attractive at breakfast just to please me. She had several nice brunch coats, so she tells me, but I never noticed them because when I did get up I always had to rush right out without even a cup of coffee. She used to fix me a nice breakfast too, but she soon got accustomed to the idea that the (continued on page 67)
The Lesson To Learn From

When Jane Froman sings the words of her theme song, “I Believe,” on CBS-TV’s “U.S.A. Canteen,” you know it’s Jane’s heart singing. Remember the opening words: “I believe for every drop of rain that falls, a flower grows; I believe that in the darkest night a candle glows...” They do something to you, don’t they, those words? And no heart has a better right than Jane’s to sing them.

For Jane, this year seemed, at its beginning, a promise that her long travail was ended. Ten years after the Clipper crash, after the twenty-five operations and the anguish of body and mind caused by them, she was well again. Except for a brace on one leg which in no way handicaps her, even for dancing (as you who have watched her on television know) the so-nearly fatal accident might never have been. Pain, so much pain, appears to have left the lustrous dark hair more lustrous, the blue eyes bluer and brighter, the rich soprano voice richer, and more emotionally stirring, than ever before.

We were talking, Jane and I, in the beautiful, high-ceilinged library of the house—that-Jane-bought, the tall, old brownstone on East 93rd Street in New York which Jane and her husband, Captain John Burn call—and have made—a home. As I looked at her, seated on an old Victorian sofa, wearing scarlet slacks and royal-blue jacket, vivid as a painting, I thought that now, at last, Jane can turn away, can dance away if it pleases her fancy, from the dark memory of all those painful yesterdays.

She can. And she does.

She said: “Looking forward instead of looking back on airplane accidents and how I got through twenty-five operations (I got so bored with it!) is why I love this year so much. Now it’s today that matters, and tomorrow. Now it’s vital. Now it’s new! Now, no one else is playing Jane Froman. Jane Froman is playing Jane Froman, and loving it! Oh, it’s fun to get working again! A new show twice every week. Two sponsors who think you’re all right! Wonderful to get involved in a current activity; to tackle problems, for there are always problems, not current problems, not going back. It’s fun to have arguments, rhubarbs, about scripts, about the career...”

It’s fun, it’s wonderful fun, and it’s something deeper than fun, for John and me to have our own home. Fun to look for, and find the things, the old things we love and want for it... the six perfect Queen Anne dining-room chairs I discovered only last week; the Queen Anne secretary, our greatest treasure; this little and very old Victorian sofa; the red damask draperies... Fun to look forward to what we may find, as we cruise around New England in the car, next week, the week after next... Fun, too, planning for our Summer vacation and great fun looking forward to September and TV again!

“Forward,” Jane said, and laughed, “so forward-looking had I become, and wanted to become, that my eyes seemed focused and permanently fixed on tomorrow and the day after to-
COME SOME GOOD  By GLADYS HALL

Jane...

morrow and the day after that.

"Until the trial—until my case against Pan-American Airways, which had been in the courts for ten years before the lawyers could get it before a jury, came to trial. Then, in that courtroom I was obliged, against my will, to look back again. For me, it was pretty grim. I'd got over the shock of the crash. I'd got over, and past, the ordeal of the operations. But during the trial my doctors, of necessity, took the stand. The reports of my nurses (covering ten years) were read into the testimony. Every X-ray I'd had made was exhibited for all eyes, including my own, to see. As the evidence of what I'd undergone and survived was  

(continued on page 64)
Listening in on the Latest Video News—What's Going On Behind the Scenes in Television

By MAGGI McNELLIS

Whether or not it's true that all funnymen aspire to play "Hamlet," they certainly seem to want to go "straight" once in a while. And Jackie Gleason's just done it for the first time, and to great acclaim, with his appearance in "The Laugh Maker" on Studio One. CBS-TV's "Mr. Saturday Night" portrayed a comic who skyrocketed to fame in television, a role which must have seemed familiar to Jackie. I think Gleason proves that all fine comedians have a tinge of sorrow in their tomfoolery. The tragedies in his own early life have given him an insight into characterization that is reflected in the comedy gems which prove so delightful to his admirers. When Jackie was three, his fourteen-year-old brother died. When he was eight his father mysteriously disappeared, never to be found or heard from again. At the age of sixteen his mother died, and several years later he had to eke out a living by working as a Barker in a carnival, daredevil driver in an auto circus and exhibition diver in a water follies. Fifteen years ago his night club salary was $75.00 a week. His was the rugged path to show-business stardom. Since his recent success on Studio One, intimates of "Mr. Saturday Night" predict he'll try more straight dramatic roles in the future, and find himself in a class with Charles Laughton, Spencer Tracy and Fredric March.

If Garry Moore takes to talking about Thomas Garrison Morfit on his telecast and insists this "old pal" of his was a real great guy, he advised the comedian is talking about himself. He adopted the new moniker in Chicago a dozen years ago when a Pittsburgh woman won $100.00 in a name contest sponsored by Garry.

Celeste Holm's contract with NBC-TV will give her an opportunity to display the full range of her abilities as dramatic actress, singer and comedienne. The former "Oklahoma!" star, who won an Academy Oscar for her performance in "Gentlemen's Agreement," is one of the few actresses ever to be nominated three straight years for an Academy Award. After winning her golden statuette for her first dramatic picture, "Gentlemen's Agree-
ment,” in 1948, she was nominated again in 1949 for “Come To The Stable” and in 1950 for “All About Eve.” Scenes from all three films will be used during the “Celeste Holm Show” in addition to musical comedy numbers she made famous in “Oklahoma!” and “Bloomer Girl” on the Broadway stage.

Although the financial terms of Bob Hope’s General Foods TV program scheduled for 1953-1954 have not been disclosed (he will be assigned 10 shows), intimates claim “he’ll earn dollar-for-dollar with Milton Berle on one of TV’s biggest contracts.” Incidentally, Bob told Herb Shriner he could speak French, not fluently, but just enough to have his face slapped.

She won’t know it until she reads it here, but Mindy Carson, the “Club Embassy” star, is due for a birthday surprise that should well bowl her over. It’s no secret that Mindy was born in New York City on July 16, 1927. The 26-year-old song stylist will have to lug home a twenty-six pound box of Rosemarie de Paris candies this year, gift of the confectionary company she once worked for. (At the tender age of 18, Mindy was assistant sales manager in the wholesale department of the firm. She left the concern several years later to begin her singing career.) The Carson candy gift package will undoubtedly be shared by the entire “Club Embassy” staff, including NBC ushers whom Mindy champions in singing auditions with her bosses. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)

Clifton Fadiman and Sam Levenson know it's all an act with George S. Kaufman. Maggi and little Meg Newhouse, all dolled up in mother-daughter costumes. Eddie Jackson and Jimmy Durante, get ready for new season on All-Star Revue.
All kinds of supplies for kitchens, from new graters to gleaming pots and pans, are sold at GRANT Stores.

Colorful cottons, corduroys, taffetas and velveteens for those who like to sew are available at GREEN'S.

SCREENLAND VARIETY VALUES

SAVINGS
IN THE
DIME
STORE

By Marcia Moore

If you like to browse, you can have a lot of fun and save more than pennies in your neighborhood Variety Store.

MIDGE WARE is shown here spending a profitable afternoon shopping. She found it is no exaggeration to say that you can buy everything "from soup to nuts" in Variety Stores. Note the talking parrot sold at GRANT'S Store in New York City. There are outstanding buys in jewelry, hosiery, yard goods and as for kitchen necessities—all the latest gadgets and well-known brands can be found in these stores. And more than one budget-wise mother has discovered the cute clothes for the little ones and the wide selection of toys and games to amuse the whole family. Attractive and talented Midge, this month's shopper, has been appearing in the Broadway play, "The Fifth Season."
For the amateur artist, complete painting kits with outline drawing to be colored. About $1 at KRESS.

Tropical fish, pet supplies, canaries, parakeets and a real talking parrot are sold in large GRANT Stores.

Wanted for good grooming, polished nails. Midge makes a selection of Cutex colors at H. L. GREEN.

Glassware for every table, every drink. In simulated crystal, colorful patterns. At S. H. KRESS Stores.
Pretty ABC's

By Marcia Moore

IS BEING SEXY ENOUGH?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

play "Anne Of The Indies," she prowled around the lot in blue jeans and all but hurdled fire hydrants and small cars in a subtle attempt to prove herself. However, in all honesty," Jean quipped, "I think I got that part because, to show the agility necessary for the role, I threatened to throw George Jessel in the air and whirl him over my head.

Fortunately for Jean, her roles have been so varied, she can almost always be herself without adverse criticism. "I love a flashy, sexy role—when it's in character," says Jean. "But to be built purely as a Sex Queen can be dynamic to a career. One star I know is a fine actress, but the public won't accept her in anything except a tight sweater and an invitation on her lips. This can be tragic for a career that has much more to offer. It's also murder on a private life. The public expects sensation stars always to be looking heavily towards some tall, dark, and handsome male in the popular night spots. Actually, a lot of the girls just really aren't the type—except on film—but they can't be caught in a pair of blue jeans washing their own cars."

As Jean sees it, too much emphasis on sex can hurt an actress. She finds herself taking too much time to be sexy and not enough for acting. Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck and Bette Davis are perennially popular because they act first and use sex only when needed. And that's the way Jean would like to be.

A sharp gal knows when to retreat from sex appeal. "In Niagara," Jean recalls, "I took one look at the script, inspected Marilyn Monroe's wardrobe—buttoned up my blouse to the chin, and concentrated on my acting." On the other hand, in her new picture, "Vicki," Jean has a chance to be very feminine and wear lovely clothes. It's a wonderful switch from "Pick Up." There is sex appeal in both roles, yet in entirely different ways.

Jean doesn't believe in pretense—and to her a false use of sex is pretense. "Actually, many men are afraid of women," she says, "so in self-defense they fall into a pattern of first things first. That is—greeting gals by pitching a pass. I think most men would like to be natural and not make like an eagle because that's how it look complete with an off-the-waist sweater could give even Mortimer Snerd the feeling that the girl isn't wanting to sit before the fire and read! Yet, this same gal will be hurt and furious when that Romeo takes his cue from her and pitches a pass."

In Hollywood, Jean is considered something of an oddity because she refuses to be something she's not. "I guess like attracts like because the men I date accept and seem to enjoy the same type things," she says. "I prefer baseball to night clubs, a quiet dinner at home to opening nights, and naturalness above everything. I'm prejudiced, of course, but I feel most men are a little relieved to find their date open and honest and with a healthy respect for genuineness in a girl."

"Every healthy American girl has sex appeal—because she's a female. Not every one may stop traffic on Fifth Avenue, but each has it. Used properly, it's a wonderful asset. Used improperly, it's cheap.

"Putting sex in its proper place will avoid mistaking sex for overwhelming love. Love must surely stem from a deep and lasting desire to love, not just to receive love. To love means a lot more than sex. It means consideration, kindness, happiness in giving, and respect for the other person.

"Too many girls seem to confuse feminine charm and femininity with sex. Charm will hide a multitude of physical deficiencies. Charm will endure even though the deficiencies continue forever to be the body beautiful."

In my business, charm is the quality that will allow an actress gracefully to cross the bar from ingenuity to character acting and take her ever-lovin' fan club with her. For charm doesn't fade with the years—it increases. It's the small print clause in a contract like money in the bank.

Femininity, Jean thinks, is also very important. She and her mother have been on their own since Jean was ten, when her father died. "In a completely feminine household, you learn to do all things for yourself," Jean admitted. "It has made me too independent and aggressive. That's a bad combination and I'm trying to do something about it.

"My career has also had much to do with my being a positive individual. As an actress you have to be determined and drive yourself. It's difficult to turn those impulses off when you clock out at the studio. Because of my background and my career, I consciously make an effort to accentuate the feminine. I think a lot of career girls unconsciously take the other tack. Overcome with their success in competing with males in business, they lose their once pretty little heads when they compete for the most important business of all—love. Too often they give their date the uncomfortable feeling he's out with one of the stars."

Of course, it's the accepted thing to regard actresses as aggressive, but before you think they're different and hard to handle, count to ten. An actress is told what and how to do all day long. Told about the most feminine things. She may hate her hair in an up-do—ye old hair creator at ye old studio says "Up!" She may detest princess style clothes, but ye old dress designer decided princess for the entire picture. She may hate red hair, but she wears it three months for Technicolor. The only things she has for her own are personality and acting—and sometimes these are changed for a part.

Jean Peters is one of the most practical-minded actresses in Hollywood.

So you can understand the temptation to be a dictator on the home front—or a sudden furious revolt at the color of the hair.

"I remember a perfectly beautiful hat that LeMaire designed for me for a picture," Jean chuckled. "I loved that crazy thing. Everyone loved it—except one important person. So during 'Vicki' I dragged it in again and everybody thought it divine, but it was turned down once so it couldn't be used. Things like that become an obsession. I'm going to buy that hat. It's the kind of hat that will please my kind of man."

What is Jean's kind of man? He's one who thinks well-dressed women should leave something to the imagination. He wants what most men want. A woman he can be proud of and who will be proud of him—at all times and loudly. A woman who will look to him for major decisions and yet get her own way with subtle dignity and leave him his. He wants a woman who is gay and loves fun without being a prune or uncomfortable to live with. Jean's ideal man is one who expects a woman to behave unpredictably at times—but always in good taste. He wants a woman with his interest first in her heart—even to the ability to look concerned when he sneezes. And most of all, he wants a woman with that elusive fem-nine glow called sex appeal that allows him to feel flattered when he looks at her.

"My kind of man," Jean concluded, "expects all those things because he'd know that sex appeal isn't everything. And we find what we're really looking for. I want my man to baby me, not as a movie star, but as a woman. He'd love me in spite of my faults. He'd want me with all of my idiosyncrasies. He'd love and cherish me when I am most difficult. He'd respect my rights as an individual up to a point and then he'd clobber me with his male prerogative. And if there were children, he'd expect me never to put the children before him in importance and to build his beloved male ego till death do us part.

"No, sex appeal can never be enough; you can't win with it alone. But mix appeal with genuine love and affection and understanding, and you have a lasting formula for happiness."
It's as easy as falling off a log to look cool and collected if you don't have anything to do but sit under a tree and relax. The trouble is, most of us can't spend the Summer in that idyllic state of suspended animation. That's why we asked Paramount's young (19, to be exact) Pat Crowley to help us help you work out some new short-cuts to hot weather glamour. Pat, you see, is a new recruit to the ranks of Hollywood bachelor girls. This means that in addition to her work at the studio she has the domestic routine involved in caring for her own apartment. It's a full schedule that allows such irregular snatches of free time for any outdoor sports and sunning that

Pat keeps cool indoors, relies on Gaby Sun Tan Lotion for protection outdoors.

Pat Crowley soon to be seen in "Forever Female," Paramount film.
When you adore . . . or a built-in air-conditioner to save your Summer glamour, take heart, there are other ways to defy that soaring thermometer and help you to raise your beauty-rating at the same time

SYSTMS

By ELIZABETH LAPHAM

Pat considers her suntan lotion the most basic prop in her whole campaign for cool beauty. By never letting herself get a sunburn she avoids that greatest heater-upper of all. Being a "copy cat" in this case is one of the smartest things that you can do—pleasant too, when you can get all the protection you need from a greaseless preparation like Gaby Suntan Lotion. The Gaby formula lets you build up a wonderful tan, of course; it just won’t let you burn. Armed, like Pat, with your own supply of this glamour-insurance for sun-swept hours outdoors, the remaining problem is how to keep cool indoors. Pat has a system. “The first thing that I do when I get up in the morning is to close all the Venetian blinds,” explained Pat. “No sun gets in that way,” she went on, “so the apartment can’t heat up too much during the day. Then, instead of taking my shower before I get dressed, I just pop into a cool cotton shirt and a pair of shorts and get busy with the dusting.”

THIS COMFORTABLE minimum of clothing is, quite literally, all that Pat wears while she’s doing her chores. She likes to go barefoot and does. Whether she’s aware of it or not, this is a common-sense procedure for both health and beauty. The clothes you wear in hot weather have a great deal to do with the amount of fatigue you feel—and going barefoot is also one of the best ways of helping yourself to a lovelier pair of feet!

When the apartment has been completely groomed, Pat gets busy on grooming herself. This is the moment that she chooses for her tub or shower. Never letting the water run any hotter than a kindly lukewarm temperature, she gets full cleansing potentialities from her bathing but avoids inducing excessive perspiration. When you follow her system, you might give yourself an extra bonus of cooling by rinsing in water that runs progressively cooler. Remember too, to dry yourself gently—don’t work yourself into a lather all over again. Complete the drying process by sprinkling (CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)
THERE isn't a more genial disc jockey than Don Bell, who was a newspaperman, then band leader before entering radio 12 years ago. Now, Don is married and the father of six children. Making people happy is his hobby. He has run many contests on his programs, but his most successful was a Smile Contest on WJW in Cleveland in which he chased every sourpuss clear out of town. Here's Don's list of the best recordings of the month for moviegoers:

**Tops In Movie Musics**


**Grab Bag**


**How Enduring Is Young Love?**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24]

The real answer is that only the young stars themselves can make their marriages succeed or fail. More often than not, however, they get off to a false start, and are not always to blame.

Far too frequently, parents of the young star either do not have the control over their child, or the mature mentality, to prevent an unwise, hasty marriage. What about Liz Taylor's family allowing her to marry Nicky Hilton, who was so wrong for her? Nor is it any secret that Ava Gardner's family and Lana Turner's mother could have done something towards preventing their many experiences of early, ill-fated weddings.

There are, if you listen to the experts, several sorts of young marriages in Hollywood.

"For instance," reveals a renowned Hollywood psychologist, "there is the marriage of youth which was an accomplished fact before one or the other partner became successful. There have been many cases in which the one who was not the success couldn't take it—couldn't take the independence and the money which replaced cozy togetherness and affection. Or where one partner couldn't cope with the increased social status."

Dale Robertson and his wife and the Donald O'Conners are but two examples of the sense this eminent psychologist makes. The women in these cases rebelled against the inroads that their husbands' careers made in their own personal, domestic lives. And to this writer, in New York, Dale admitted, "I don't know what my career is likely to do to our marriage. What's more, I don't know how to avoid what it's going to do. It's a hard thing—when you've got to decide between being only an actor or only a husband."

Donald O'Connor was even more to the point. "Jealousy is a sickness," he says. "Getting married doesn't cure it. If anything, it makes it worse."

Probably that is one of the best reasons why so many Hollywood marriages fail. When there is an unevenness in earning power, popularity, in accomplishments, there is bound to be jealousy, envy, a gnawing fear that half of the union is failing, the other half succeeding.

One young actor who prefers not to be identified told this writer recently over lunch at Danny's Hideaway, "I know I'm neglecting B . . . but what can I do? We want kids, we want a happy married life, and most of all we want security. There may have to be a little famine before the deluge—when it comes to my age, 24-hour a day devotion to my wife, and the recognition of my duties as a husband. But, hell, a guy's got to work, too!"

Bitter bugaboo to the bliss of many happy, early marriages of the stars, the
principals agree, is “insufficient acquaintance.” Among many others, both Terry Moore and Mona Freeman are quick to admit that their marriages didn’t have a chance because neither girl really had enough time to get to know the man she married.

On the other side of the ledger is the harmonious, well-coordinated marriage of Jane Russell, who somehow has worked out a happy life with the boy she loved in high school, and who despite all her glamour, is quite content with him. You never even hear a rumor that she is getting a divorce.

There is little Joan Evans, whose parents exercised enough authority over her to make her take time to consider before she married at the age of 18. Her understanding and popular parents are two talented writers, Dale Eunson and Katharine Albert. And the former told this writer: “Of course, we won’t stand in the way of what Joan thinks is her real happiness. But a younger of 18 is like a high-powered car, and it’s useless on the road anywhere—especially marriage—if there aren’t any brakes.” Joan’s parents put their feet down just long enough to insure a safe journey for their adored younger.

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis are another couple that can bear a little analysis. While—as with almost all Hollywood’s married couples—there are underdog hints that things could be better with them, it seems that Cupid is still master of the situation. Why? Because they have stated repeatedly that they put themselves through a sort of testing period for nearly a year before they finally decided to go ahead with marriage.

“Knowing each other well, first, was the best insurance we could take out for the future,” they will tell you. And so far, it looks as if the idea worked out.

And Jane Powell had certainly known Geary Steffen quite a while. But the latest news is that, in this case, the marriage isn’t working out too well. One of their closest friends says, “Geary is overzealous. He is so devoted to Jane that the protection often becomes a burden. She is on a concert tour and he drops out of the blue, takes one look at her face and says, ‘Oh, honey, you’re overworking. You’re pale and thin. You’ve got to rest.’”

Then, so the story goes, without further consideration of Jane Powell and her important commitments, he goes off into another room, grabs the phone and makes many changes in his wife’s program. Press interviews are cancelled, dates are re-routed, and new reservations are made—for a plane going back to Hollywood, and more rest for Jane.

“It isn’t always easy for Jane,” says this friend, “to get Geary to undo some of the things he does without her consent. As an artist, she knows that you can’t just go back on your word, even if your health is in the balance. Jane is the kind of girl who will go until she drops—and Geary can’t see that, won’t stand for it. Hence the disagreements that}

Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, together in "Houdini," have withstood rumors. everybody who knows both of them hopes won’t lead to anything too serious."

Paradoxically, there seems to be quite a vogue for romances between young love on the one hand, and experience on the other. There’s Oona O’Neill, who married Charlie Chaplin, and who has grown from a teenager to a mature and handsome woman . . . a wife who is willing to share her husband’s exile from her native land.

There is Pier Angeli, who chooses Kirk Douglas, and Rosemary Clooney, who is in love with Jose Ferrer. Piper Laurie is taking time out to think over a husband, but hopes he will be Producer Leonard Goldstein—a man 28 years her senior. This writer has known Leonard (and his twin brother Bob) for over a quarter of a century, and there couldn’t be a nicer guy!

If there’s a moral, perhaps it’s that many girls in Hollywood will do better with older men. A good number of “young love” marriages fail because the young star must become mature and responsible in a hurry, and because the partner cannot mature and develop at the same pace.

This was definitely the basic flaw in Mona Freeman’s marriage and she, too, if you believe everything you hear, is turning to an older man in Bing Crosby.

No matter which way you slice it, Hollywood is rough on love—real love. Day in and day out, it’s full of lying gossip, tales of reported tiffs and public scenes—anything for the sake of news, and everything normal magnified out of all reason and given the most fantastic publicity. Rare is the marriage that can survive the battering Hollywood gives some of its families. Few people, if you listen to the incessant and cruel grapevine, are so saintly that there is never a moment when something can’t be misinterpreted.

Yet, curiously enough, many of the young stars go overboard in trying to keep up with what is expected of them—you to regret it afterwards, when it is too late. Few are as sensible as Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh who state flatly that they do not make such huge salaries as people think, and therefore don’t intend to live up to every cent.

Close and warm family ties may not insure a perfect marriage, but they can be an inducement. Youngsters like Debbie Reynolds, Debra Paget, and Pier Angeli have much to be thankful for that they are so close to home, and able to get advice from the source that counts most.

“When the young stars have a normal life with their relatives,” says a well-known marriage counsellor, “obey the normal rules of the family, and once home from the studio regain the sense of normal living, the future looks bright and encouraging. Instead of being fast-paced the progress to the altar is steady and sure.

“To these girls, marriage can come on the same basis as to girls everywhere—with a wise period of courting and getting to know each other. They’ll have time, and the opportunity, to listen to experienced older people willing and anxious to point out the problems of a star married to a non-professional, or the perils of two acting careers in one family!”

Nowadays, every marriage in Hollywood seems to start out with a rash of newspaper and magazine articles proclaiming, “Our love is different. It will last!!!” After which, the pattern repeats itself.

But is Hollywood life so different from life anywhere else? What are the statistics on divorce for the various age groups? Are there more divorces when the couples are married very young? Are there fewer divorces when only one is young and the other is ten years or more older?

These are questions the movie industry has always asked itself, with little enthusiasm for what the answers might be. Chances are, young love doesn’t easily endure anywhere in life.

It doesn’t endure, unless it is based on a greater maturity than one usually finds in these marriages. Or unless, through wise and judicious timing, love has fastened on the person who—young or not—possesses the necessary basic qualities of character and temperament to complement the other.

When love flies in the window, sense and judgment—of which the younger generation hasn’t developed much, anyway—flies out the door! When Hollywood learns to keep that door closed, young love among the up-and-coming stars will have a better chance to endure and flourish.

END
and each other too. It was terribly important not to make a mistake.

“Our careers weren’t too firmly established. At least, I know mine wasn’t. There were automatic signals of insecurity surrounding us. So we finally realized in which I was quoted in several directions and we both had personal responsibilities to meet. The possibility that an early marriage might impede the progress of our careers certainly did present itself. Last but not least, building us up as they were, our individual studios hoped we’d remain single.

“Being a beginner in pictures, I lacked the self-confidence I feel today. So, summing it all up, I would say that I wasn’t ready for marriage. Allowing those fan letters to prey on my mind was just one more indication. Vera and I have retained the best of friends, which proves our decision to call off our engagement was based on mutual understanding, agreement and a sincere consideration for each other.

Nearly five years have passed. During the interim Rock Hudson’s come of age and today, replacing emotional block and reticence, he has a natural flow of charm. His is now a relaxed, easier acceptance of life, which is the heritage of the experienced. Reminiscents of Gary Cooper during the embryonic stage of his colorful career, Rock’s rough edges are smoothing off. Careerwise there’s a promise of fulfillment that can only carry him to the summits of success.

One situation, however (one strategic situation for the local lassies!), remains unchanged. Rock Hudson is still a bachelor, albeit, so eligible it baffles the experts that he’s managed this modern miracle. Of course, it’s so simple to Rock, he just quietly grins and allows speculation to run its may. Beside to the point, he proves he has the situation well in hand by coming up with all the answers. The right answers.

“Good advice never hurt anyone. So, I’ve listened to my studio, my agents, my friends, my fans, older and more experienced stars I’ve worked with, even a former school teacher who still has my interests at heart. At first, it was pretty confusing, as you may well believe, because their points of view were so diversified.

“They can’t all be right—or wrong. I finally told myself. So I had to make up my own mind. For example, some of my well-intentioned fans still believe that marriage will ‘ruin’ any career. Yet people like Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis are surviving well. I’m sure Ann Blyth, now that she’s married, will continue to be popular at the box-office. Then there’s the opposite point of view and those that have it are equally adamant.

“A story appeared in a national magazine in which Janet Leigh was quoted as saying I thought marriage was bad for an actor’s career. What I actually said was, marriage to the wrong girl was bad for a career. By ‘wrong’ girl, I meant one who couldn’t or wouldn’t understand that actors are different from the average fellows. Not better—different. The very nature of their work creates problems in marriage that don’t normally exist. There are endless exceptions.

“Who did I think I was, letters asked. Who was I to act so hard to get. What was so special about me. If they chose to misunderstand, I just couldn’t take them seriously. I might have a few years ago, but not today. I still say I’d hate to marry a girl who was unsympathetic to an actor’s problems. It would reflect on my work, I know. So I’m instinctively cautious.”

While Rock sticks to his stout stand, he admits his resistance weakens on occasion. Such a one occurred recently when U-I gave him that extended vacation. “The Golden Blade” and “Back To God’s Country” were completed. Rock was about to take off in his car for far-away places. Wrapping newspaper around his riding boots as he packed, a picture attracted his attention. Smoothing the wrinkled page out before him, as he gazed at Maureen O’Sullivan Farrow and her seven children—he all but flipped!

“Maybe it’s because I am an only child,” Rock reflects, “but I want lots of kids and want them while I’m still young enough to grow along with them. When I saw those seven wonderful Farrow children, I felt like cancelling my vacation plans and calling up a marriage-service bureau!”

Yes, that’s the way Rock felt when he saw that picture. That isn’t the way he felt a few hours later! By that time he was behind the wheel of his big car and thrilled with the thought that the world was his big fat oyster! You see, while he is a sentimental softy, there’s another side to his nature which Rock recognizes and respects. It’s his strong, practical side, serving as a barometer and asserting itself at a time most needed.

When he drives and especially when he takes long trips, Rock realizes, he catches up with himself. This is when he does his ‘serious’ thinking. As Hollywood disappeared behind him, his soliloquy went something like this:

“Now look ol’ boy, about this marriage business. The truth and you know it—there isn’t any one particular girl right now who you’d like to marry. Yes, you delight in dating beautiful dolls, but you refuse to get married for selfish reasons. You know as you get older you’re becoming more of a homebody. Oh yes, you’ve been going to a lot of parties recently, but you weren’t kidding yourself. You didn’t enjoy them too much. When you drove home alone that’s when you wished there were someone sitting beside you, to sort of hash over the evening.

Another thing, up until recently when there was some small crisis you could talk it over with your family. Of course, you still can as far as they are concerned, but you’re a big boy now. You’d like to

Rock Hudson rests on location in France for adventurous “Sea Devils.”
"While you take three showers daily, you're not too neat around the house. All right, so you're lazy! How many times have you told yourself—why put the toothpaste cap back on? You only have to take it off again. You're a clothes-dropper, remember? Suppose you married a girl who wasn't a picker-upper? You get so impatient, too. Why you'd rather go without an outside pocket handkerchief than fold it properly. You couldn't get away with that, friend."

"Remember that certain actress you met recently? Really thought you were falling for her, didn't you? Then she showed up reeking of Jungle Gardenia perfume and the stuff nearly asphyxiated you. You thought, she'd probably be the kind of wife who spends hours in front of her mirror, while you get dressed in nothing flat. The waiting would drive you nuts! How about that other gal, the one you liked a lot—until she took the initiative and pursued you. When the little woman (you should pardon the expression) tried to wear the pants, you lose interest. You hate the aggressive type.

"So, let's face it. Here's what the situation is today. You really want someone to come home to, but you're afraid of making a mistake. You'll never marry with the idea that you can always get a divorce if it doesn't work out. You wish you had time and opportunity to meet other than actresses, not that you object to marrying a career woman. But it would be kind of cozy if she just happened to be the loving-hands-at-home type. As for marriage slowing down your career, could be. But that's a chance you'll have to take. When the right opportunity lifts its beautiful head, you'll manage somehow. This you believe with all your heart."

"Yes, the future will tell. If Rock weren't as indecisive about marriage as he is at this particular period, he would be an exception, indeed! In the meantime, here's a switch. Rock will never be able to say he ain't been asked!

Recently, Rock received two fan letters. The first from a grandmother in Brooklyn who wanted him for a grandson so badly, she offered to bop her granddaughter and make her marry him! The second was from a fourteen-year-old girl in Tennessee, who wrote: "No one knows I'm writing this letter, so please keep it a secret. My parents just got a divorce and I want you to be my new father. Will you please ask my mother to marry you? I am enclosing a picture of her in a—Bikini bathing suit!"

No, neither enclosed two dollars for the license!

THE TRAGIC CURSE ON MARTIN AND LEWIS

(continued from page 29)

idea of it, I know. I can hear Jerry screaming now, "What is Pagniacci?" And Dean coming right up with an answer. "How do I know? That's one Italian dish my mom never cooked."

But don't let them fool you, even though they did have Hollywood fooled for a much longer time than that hep town is usually taken in by anyone. For at first, none of the people who knew them, even their closest friends, looked beyond their crazy antics that were as joyously unrestrained away from the camera and microphones as they were in the hurly-burly of their performances. To all of us, Dean Martin was the free and easy relaxed guy and Jerry Lewis the same fabulous wit onstage that he was on.

They were different, we thought then, from all the other comedians we had known. They were not like Bob Hope and Eddie Cantor and Fred Allen worrying themselves and their writers sick as they worked for hours on the wording or timing of a gag that would have to be followed by a still better one if they hoped to keep their Hooper or box-office rating. They weren't like Lou Costello, dragging with him any place a camera or a microphone didn't demand all his onstage hilarity, the nagging worry of his many illnesses and the terrible memory of his small son drowned in the swimming pool that had once been the proud symbol of his success. They weren't the way we remembered W. C. Fields, always with a glass in his hand and a bottle to fill it, bitter and caustic and always ready with words that looked so funny when they were printed, as his epigrams always were, but that only managed to sound frightening when that burr in his voice made you recognize them for the insults he meant them to be. No, Jerry and Dean weren't like them at all. They were so happy and gay it made you feel wonderful just to be with them.

Even when it began to be noised around Hollywood that Jerry had insisted on a "time out for nervous breakdown" clause in the new Martin and Lewis television and radio contract, a lot of people thought it was a publicity gimmick, and others laughed taking it as just another of his gags. But Jerry wasn't kidding. It's there in black and white and it calls for seven weeks out of every year of that fabulous eight million dollar deal. But nervous breakdowns, you say, for a guy like Jerry who hasn't a trouble in the world? Don't be silly! He has already had six nervous breakdowns in his family and doctors and friends are once again begging him to take it easy before he reaches another breaking point.

There are his accidents, too. Other people can cross against the lights at Sunset and Vine and nothing happens but a screaming of brakes and a blaring of horns. But Jerry just has to get on a scooter, for fun, and he lands in the hospital. That wasn't the first accident either. There was the time his ankles tangled in a rope at the end of a comedy routine and the other when he missed a handstand in the act and ended up with a slight concussion, just to mention a couple of them.

He kids about them, sure. But Jerry is a worrier at heart and you can be sure he isn't laughing inside. He worries about Dean, too, for he loves that guy right next to his family. And the only time he is ever caught with his gags down is when Dean is in trouble.

And trouble has come to be Dean's middle name, as he'll tell you himself, laughing of course. But is he really? Laughing, I mean. There was that time he was involved in such a maze of lawsuits that it almost looked as if his finances would never be straightened out again. Then came real trouble when his second marriage broke up. But now he and his wife are reconciled and awaiting a second visit from the stork.

He loves that pretty Jeanie of his and he's crazy about his kids, so much so that

Frank Fontaine, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in zany scene in "Scared Stiff." These bits last but seconds on screen, but take hours to work out and perfect.
he insisted his four children by his first marriage live only three blocks away from him with their mother so that he can see them as often as possible. Of course, outwardly he still seems to be the casual guy he’d like to be, the one he used to be and is no longer. But steal a glance at his eyes sometime when he’s kidding around. Look at his mouth and you’ll see the tenseness he tries to hide even from himself. And he wasn’t joking that time he told an old friend from Ohio he wished he had never left Steubenville. But he can’t go back now or find that easy-going character he used to.

So, they’re paying the price now, Jerry and Dean, paying it in more ways than one. For it’s a hard business this laugh producing industry. Some of it is physical, especially for the comedians who handle all the details of their careers as Jerry does for Martin and Lewis. Jerry even goes further than that. Plagued by insomnia, he must keep the overwhelming respect for the healing properties of sleep. But instead of resenting Dean’s gift for being able to doze off whenever the need for it overcomes him, he sees to it that his partner be allowed to relax undisturbed.

So it’s always Jerry who shows up for early rehearsals, even crooning Dean’s songs for him. When they’re on tour he insists that all telephone calls to their hotel or theatre be routed through his room so that Dean won’t be awakened if he happens to be asleep. “What the difference,” he’ll tell you with one of those grimaces that somehow aren’t as funny when you know something of the stress that lies behind the clowning. “I’m always awake anyhow, so why disturb Dean? He needs his rest.”

But the physical strain is the least of it. It’s the inward turmoil that really is the crusher. Of course, there were worries before when singly, and then later as a team, Jerry and Dean were trying to break into show business. But mixed with those worries was the excitement of trying to reach the goal they had set for themselves.

Jerry and Dean know now that no triumph is as exhilarating as the struggle to achieve it. They’ve learned too that looking up is far less terrifying than staring down from the dizzy heights they scaled in such a short time. Nor is it a cause for pride. For now they can climb no further, when there is no place further to go but down, they have discovered that being tops means living with the constant fear of failure.

They’ve known poverty, both of them, and it’s strange how most comedians have come up from homes shadowed by debts and their need for money. Even more amazing is the fact that so many of them are sons of fathers who were in some phase of show business themselves but never were able to climb further than the first rungs of the theatrical ladder.

Red Skelton’s father was a circus clown and Mickey Rooney’s dad was a burlesque comic. Young Donald O’Connor, who lost his father before he was a year old and who is losing his wife through divorce just as he has come into real success, came from a circus family which switched to vaudeville and its up-one-week-down-the-next bookings. Chaplin’s parents made a very precarious living in the dingy third-rate music halls that dotted Soho slums in London where he was brought up. And Jerry Lewis’ parents followed the heart-breaking trail of the five-a-day vaudeville houses.

Jimmy Durante and W. C. Fields might as well have been stage kids themselves the way they got in the game so early. Jimmy played in all the honky tonks from the seamy end of New York’s East Side to triumph. It didn’t surprise him then that there would be the coming when he would gladly have given up everything he had, which was plenty, to be back there unknown and unnoticed if by going back he could find the light heart he lost when long tragic illnesses resulted in the death, not only of his wife but of his best friend and partner, Lou Clayton. Bill Fields has had his share of being run away from home he never mentioned again to travel as a kid of ten in freight cars and live in packing cases down near the city slums where hobos naturally gravitated and all the time learning the debt sleight-of-hand which was to bring him fame and riches, by practicing on street corners for the pennies that made it possible for him to eat.

And Dean Martin was that same sort of a restless boy, too, being everything from a croupier in a gambling joint to a prize-fighter before he settled for the crooning that brought him success only after he teamed up with Jerry.

The sameness of their beginnings is startling, so startling that I wonder if the hex of unhappiness that has touched all of them might not be somehow involved in those early precarious days. Is it that sense of insecurity they must have known and that children privileged to lead normal childhood escape, that has stayed with them in spite of the high places they have reached, making it impossible ever to find the inward peace that alone makes for lasting happiness?

Was that the reason W. C. Fields died a lonely and embittered man? Why he hated children, not just for laughs as many thought, but so vehemently there was a reason? And why did the answer lie in that precarious childhood and did he hate all children because so many of them had the happiness and security denied to him?

But of all the comedians I have ever known Fields alone was bitter. The others have gone on turning their hearts inside out for the laughter they were always free to give even when going through was the hardest, when they lost their loved ones by death or were faced with upsetting problems. They carried on uncomplainingly though plagued with illness or the tautly stretched nerves that I doubt Jerry has complained of even yet.

For the clown feels he never can be serious even with his friends. He must play his fool’s part offstage as well as on and the luxury of tears is not for him. Maybe there is something in that old saying after all that “whom the gods love they destroy.” For who could even the gods love more than the makers of laughter?

END

HOW TO SPICE UP YOUR MARriage
[CONTinued FROM PAGE 31]

saying, was the day Cyd had to do three layouts of the Martins at home, plus a commercial tie-up and a special smutty shot for a magazine. She had just finished this last shot, and Pete was bustling about the Martin kitchen, where the first of the twenty guests arrived. Cyd warmly greeted her guest, encouraged Pete among his simmering pans, then slipped off to change her dress. Rejoining the party with Cyd was as good as going and unruffled as though she had luxuriated for an hour in a perfumed bath.

At Martin parties, elaborate entertainment is unnecessary. “Musical people fight for the center of the stage,” Cyd pointed out. “They’ll sing or play or tell stories from the minute they say ‘Hello’ until they’re too tired. So helpful for a hostess, I know I need never plan bridge or canasta tables, or try to think of some new game.”

To any other wife, the supreme problem in the Martin household would certainly be house guests. Tony was stationed in India during the War; he has traveled and still travels much of the time, and wherever he goes he meets people. Since Tony loves everybody, he is always heartily crying: “When you’re in Holly-
wood, you must come and stay with us!"

"And they always come," related Cyd, with her rare smile. "Last night when I got home from work, the cook asked: 'Did you know you have a house guest?' 'No, who is it this time?' I replied. We were busy packing for our Hawaiian trip, but I wasn't surprised. I'm used to it. I see whoever it is, give him a key to the house so he can come and go as he pleases, lend him a car and tell him to ask for anything he wants. Usually I'm working, so guests understand that they are on their own and like it that way.

"Naturally, I find out if my guest has a special diet but unless a guest is ill, he eats what is on the table; we always have good meals and a nice variety.

"Tony was in New York on a singing engagement when his great friends, the Maharajah and Maharianne of Jaipur, arrived in Hollywood. Of course they came directly to our house, where they stayed, although their entourage put up at a hotel. I was working in 'Sombrero,' so I was not home, but they knew a good many people in town. The Maharajah had some business to attend to, so the Maharianne decided to take tennis lessons at a nearby club, and they both seemed thoroughly to enjoy the freedom of a hostessless home. By great good luck, Tony flew in for the cocktail party I gave for the royal couple. I meant to be there, but at the last moment I found I had to work, so my secretary asked the guests, ordered the food, saw to details and took care of emergencies, and Tony got home in time to play host."

Cyd makes it sound so easy! Tony took the smooth-running party for granted, never wondering how it came about that a houseful of important guests could enjoy it with no harried hostess hovering in the background. It is a mistake, Cyd insists, to draw any man's attention to what goes on behind the scenes.

Spice in dress is a point on which both Tony and Cyd agree. "Tony loves smart clothes. For daytime I like easy clothes, suits or things that open down the front so I can get into or out of them quickly. For evening, the more extreme the better," commented Cyd.

She chooses her own wardrobe. Only once did Tony accompany her, when shortly after they were married he took her to Bergdorf-Goodman in New York. "When the models saw Tony, they must have passed the word along," surmised Cyd, "for all the girls began to parade, even the little stock girls who aren't supposed to wear the gowns. Tony knew something was going on and it embarrassed him; he was so rattled that whenever a model stopped before him and made her slow turn, elaborately exhibiting whatever she was wearing, he would say: 'I'll take it!' I did very well that day, but it was the last time Tony helped me shop."

Since, as a top entertainer, night clubs are Tony's business, he doesn't welcome the idea of dressing up to go out socially on a free evening. Cyd, understanding this, never pushes him. She adores the ballet, however, and when a famous troupe came to town, she suggested attending a performance. Tony's reply was

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upbringing in a convent school would be the best, the only solution for her tomboyish daughter.

While other girls her age had played house, hopscotch, or jumped rope, Leslie chased cars, swung from trees or went on the warpath—in the French version of an American Sioux—terrorizing the neighborhood in her own little ways.

In America, this sort of tomboyishness may be considered "cute" and within limits, condoned by the public at large. Not in France, however, where proper behavior for young ladies is prescribed by strict etiquette—and this doesn't include war games and the like.

From the time she was eight until she was graduated, Leslie attended a variety of convents and parochial schools—first L’Ecole in La Rue des Dames, till she turned ten. During the German invasion of France, her parents sent her to the St. Jean de Lug convent, near the famous resort town of Biarritz, on the Bay of Biscay. Then back to Paris and the Convent de L’Assumption and finally the parochial school in the Rue de Lubeck, near L’Evilfe.

Different in names and location only, the life in these convents and parochial schools was very much the same. It was based on strict discipline, insistence on good manners and rigid concentration on learning.

Punishment even for minor misdemeanors was swift. Offenses such as forgetting to curtsey to a Sister, not getting up quickly enough when the teacher came into the room, or, as happened more than once to Leslie, letting vanity get the upper hand, quickly placed one in the "punishment seat" in front of the class, or eliminated the offender from the two daily recreational exercises.

Leslie's own love for pretty clothes somewhat contradicted her tomboyishness. Particularly her weakness for silly little hats, which she herself made. This, more than anything else, got young Miss Caron into the most uncomfortable situations.

At the Convent de L’Assumption, for instance, students wore a prescribed uniform—a navy blue sailor girl dress with pleated skirt, and a matching beret. Imagine the Sister's shock when among forty-five girls in her class, forty-four wore sailor hats, while the forty-fifth—Leslie, who else?—came to school in a dashing little red and white checkered bonnet. As a result, she was banned from the ten-minute morning recreational games for a week—to show that neither vanity nor disobedience would be tolerated in the convent.

As could be expected, at first Leslie built up a certain amount of resentment against her new environment. It wasn't easy to get used to the discipline, the uniformity, the long working hours—every day from eight to twelve in the morning, from two to five in the afternoon, with plenty of homework to keep oneself busy during the evenings.

Yet, what Leslie objected to during her youth, she learned to appreciate when she'd grown up. Her training paid ample dividends. It helped her to get adjusted to the many problems she faced in later years, to get along with people, even further her career.

However, her transition from the sheltered convent life to the exciting existence of a ballet dancer was so abrupt that it didn't come about without a severe shock—which almost ended her career before it really started, and nearly sent her back to the protective walls of the convent.

Artists, generally, live more carefree lives than any other group of people. But even among artists, ballet dancers stand out as a group all their own, whose easy-goingness is traditional. Due to their work, they are constantly either all the way up, or all the way down emotionally. A bad performance, and half the cast will be in tears. A good critique, and their happiness knows no bounds.

Leslie Caron clowning with her husband, George Hormel Jr., at recent premiere. She attracted much praise and prestige, won honors at the Cannes Film Festival.
Leslie joined the ballet shortly before they went on a tour of the provinces. Training was hard and intense, and by the time they gave their first performance in Lyons, the ballet master, the choreographer and the members of the ballet would hardly say hello to each other anymore. Little misunderstandings turned into major disagreements, and emotional outbursts were as common as tourjettes and pirouettes.

Leslie, absorbed in her new work, her surroundings, the people she met and the places she visited, was first startled and then depressed by the tensions and supposed conflicts she saw mounting around her. Then came opening night—a glorious success—and, to celebrate, a completely gay and happy party afterward. Gone were all signs of discord.

She soon came to realize that frayed tempers were to be expected in the hard-working days of rehearsals, among people whose careers put them in a world all their own. But, her first experiences with the tensions bound to be a part of the creative development of a ballet, all but sent her running. And had she gone, neither the citizens of France nor American audiences would have heard of Leslie Caron.

It was lucky for Leslie that she was taken under the wing of the ballerina Nathalie Phillipart, daughter of the Mayor of Bordeaux. Nathalie became mother, sister, adviser and confidante. Under her watchful eyes, the transition from convent to ballet became more gradual, more cushioned, more acceptable to Leslie.

Today, thinking back on her training in the convent and parochial schools, Leslie can at last appreciate the many benefits of her early upbringing. In little things, in big things, her thinking and actions are influenced by the teachings of the Sisters who didn't train her to be a good ballet dancer, but who instilled in Leslie the knowledge that the prime function of a woman is to become a good mother and a perfect lady.

Modesty, which annoyed the young Leslie of the Convent de L'Assumption, today puts her in good standing in Hollywood. She has already earned a reputation for being one of the most lady-like young actresses in the movie capital.

Whereas a few years ago she thought it smart to go to school in a flashy little bonnet when the rest of her class wore sailor hats, today she wouldn't think of being seen outside her house without gloves. Sometimes this gets her into rather peculiar situations...

A few weeks ago, while completing a painting she'd started at the Palos Verdes Art School, she suddenly craved a chocolate ice cream soda and headed for Schwab's Drug Store, a few minutes drive from Leslie's Laurel Canyon home.

Ten minutes later, the soda jerk at Schwab's—who thought he'd seen everything Hollywood had to offer—did a double take when he saw the petite French actress walk over to the fountain, dressed in an old blouse, pedal pushers, play shoes—and a pair of white gloves!

There are other traits deeply embedded in Leslie's conscience. The long, intense study hours at the convent make anything her studio demands from the young actress look likechild's play. While many other stars may regard their working schedule as rigid—early hours, constant rehearsals, wardrobe changes and interviews—to Leslie, movie work such as she is currently doing in "Two Girls From Bordeaux," is like a perpetual vacation which leaves her ample time to go after all her beloved avocations—from painting to bathing her dogs.

In her relations with studio officials, reporters and the public, Leslie's natural politeness, a direct result of the courtly of former days, is a definite asset.

Another advantage of her convent-day schooling is the practical things she's learned: cooking, sewing, embroidery, keeping house.

Geordie Hormel, Leslie's husband, says that she's never bought a dress which compares with the clothes she herself designed and sewed. Her embroideries have won praise at many Hollywood parties, and her knowledge of materials has already saved the young couple a pretty penny.

What Leslie learned in the convent is today of utmost importance to her, to Geordie, to the family they hope to have. It gave her an aim in life, a pillar to lean on in trying times. It taught her that material things are only temporary, it trained her to concentrate on values which are far longer lasting, and much more gratifying.

Looking back at her early life today, Leslie Caron no longer minds the curtseys, the front seats in classes, the uniforms and strict conformance to rules. She is glad she was a convent girl, for the experience gave her a happy, gratifying attitude toward life.

THE CRITICS BE DAMNED! (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

Verily, the youthful and uninhibited team of Leigh and Curtis has certainly given their movie public its money's worth. But another question poses itself. Having gotten the fans interested, agog, tongue-hanging-out for the next chance to see them in a film—has it perhaps been a disappointment to find that, after all, they are just another pair of young aspiring actors struggling to reach the top?

In Hollywood, the thought of most people is whether the film and personal union of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis will ever be able to live down the avalanche of publicity they have been accorded—by their very eagerness to be a party to the fantastic campaign.

There is no secret that, in print and picture, Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis have garnered more space than Eisenhower.

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One irate magazine editor made this tabulation when a sheaf of new material reached his desk (Leigh and Curtis catching fish off the island of Catalina) and asked acridly, "Say, doesn't anyone live in California except these two? Whatever happened to the rest of the movie colony? An earthquake or something?"

In the present Hollywood crisis—with contracts being cancelled, options overlooked, players and technical staff alike being laid off the payroll wholesale—it will be interesting to see what will happen to the Leigh-Curtis partnership.

In the opinion of many, and despite this rash of homey publicity, neither Janet Leigh nor Tony Curtis have hit top box-office with the moviegoing public. There is even fever—at Janet's home studio—that all this publicity may have boom-eranged, toppled by rumors that her next option may be dropped. As for Tony Curtis, there is no question but that for the loyal, hypod support of his wife, his own career would not have progressed as smoothly as it has up to the present.

One of Hollywood's press photographers, who has had a hand in staging many of the intimate layouts of the Curtises at home, has this to say: "Behind all these photographic shots, these publicity blurbs, lies sincerity. Janet and Tony are madly, deeply in love, and wholeheartedly one for the other, a mutual admiration society. Their feeling is that, if they love life, their careers, and one another—why shouldn't the world know about it—with all the trimmings?"

But no matter how you look at it, it is the trimmings that seem to be getting their critics down. All this stuff of looking at one another goo-goo eyed over a frying pan, Tony battling with the fastening on her petticoat, Janet brushing her teeth in the bathroom mirror while her husband devotedly holds a glass of water, a towel and the tube of toothpaste.

How far can it go? Too far, warn the critics.

Only time will tell.

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**JOHN'S INCURABLE COMPLEX**

(continued from page 36)

meaning "the nose that is runny"—every "reasonable" chance of a property settlement, and she had turned them all down.

Meanwhile, the actor is much in the company of Pilar Palette, Peruvian actress.

"Hollywood is asking: "Will Pilar be No. 3?"

At last reports the Lima beauty is now definitely the girl in John Wayne's life.

Pilar recently divorced Richard Welden, an executive with a South American airline in Peru. Since winning her decree, she has visited various Hollywood night clubs in Wayne's company.

What is the absorbing fascination Latin-American women have for Wayne is a question that justifiably is puzzling U.S.A. girls.

"What," ask the latter, have the beautiful-Rio-Grande girls got that bowls them over so consistently?"

North-of-the-border women believe they have just as much charm, warmth, and dark good looks as their sisters to the South.

Wayne, one of the more discreet and diplomatic actors, has vouchsafed no answer. Perhaps he finds in the Latin-Americans an irresistible blend of raven black hair, eyes like midnight pools, vibrant radiance, keen intelligence and sympathetic understanding.

Certainly, the objects of his affections cannot be termed obvious types of equatorial sires. None of the actor's senoritas has been of the sinuously sultry mold. Indeed, none of them has ever displayed any of the outward fripperies of sexiness.

The film star was married to Josephine Saenz in June, 1933. He was 26 years old, and well established on his fabulous screen career. Josephine was 22.

Scene of the ceremony was the Hollywood home of film star Loretta Young, and Miss Young served as Josephine's matron of honor.

With her quick smile, her animation, and her charming sense of enjoyment, Josephine adapted herself easily to Hollywood life. For the first few years they were contented.

But despite their pleasant domesticity, blessed by four children, Josephine wanted her husband to give more attention to the film town's social activities. Wayne, however, preferred to spend a large part of his time with his male companions.

All the time he continued to profess that women were a mystery to him—their ideas about life, their clothes, their customs.

In May, 1943, after nearly ten years of marriage, John Wayne and his beautiful and popular Josephine separated. A year and a half later they were divorced, the actor not contesting the action.

They had been considered an ideal couple and one of the happiest families in the film colony. Apparently, in their case, as in many others, money and worldwide fame brought only heartaches.

Josephine charged that John's numerous activities kept him away from home at odd hours, and she told the court of discovering a woman's cloak, not her own, in his automobile after the actor's return from a popular resort.

She was given custody of the children—Michael, Toni, Patrick and Melinda, ranging in age from nine to three years. But Wayne was allowed to see the children whenever he liked and to take them when he liked.

They accompanied him, indeed, to Ireland in 1951, when he co-starred with Maureen O'Hara in "The Quiet Man." He even invited his good friend, Director John Ford, to give them small parts as Irish youngsters.

The resemblance between Josephine and Wayne's second wife, Esperanza Baur, was not confined to their Latin-American origin.

John and Esperanza were married on January 17, 1946, in the United Presbyterian Church in Long Beach, California. He was then 38, and she 24. It was the second time she had become a Mrs. Morrison. Esperanza was divorced in 1941 from Eugene Morrison, a Mexico City student.

She was well-known in the South-of-the-border film world, having co-starred in Mexico with the popular Arturo De Cordova in "The Count Of Monte Cristo."

It was in the Mexican capital that Wayne met Esperanza. It was love at first sight for both of them. After their marriage she discovered, like Josephine, that the actor's studio commitments kept him busy.

He was making four or five pictures a year for three different studios—RKO, Warner Bros., and Republic—and he also had business dealings with numerous individuals of the motion picture world.

"My husband," Esperanza said, "is one of the few persons who is always interested in his business. He talks of it constantly. When he reads, it's scripts. Our dinner guests always talk business. And he spends all his time working, discussing or planning pictures."

Yet Wayne called Esperanza "under-
standing." He once declared that she knew "how miserable I was when I wasn't working," and she never complained when he spent most of his time at his studio.

"After all, I was making more pictures than any other actor," he said. He added that his wife "doesn't like to get dressed up any more than I do."

On January 17, 1952, the sixth anniversary of their marriage, Wayne announced "with regrets" that he and Esperanza had separated.

There was a brief reconciliation, but on May 7, 1952, she left him for good.

A stormy court battle followed.

Last September both filed divorce actions. It was a spirited race as to who would get to the court first with the papers. Esperanza won, her attorney reaching the Santa Monica court 40 minutes ahead of Wayne's lawyer who arrived at the Los Angeles court.

She charged the actor with physical and mental cruelty. Wayne, in turn, accused her of general cruelty.

Esperanza asked for a receiver in order to tie up her husband's complicated business enterprises. She listed more than 100 corporations and individuals with whom he had business associations, and asserted that he earned at least $500,000 a year through these sources.

Among the individuals named were Red Skelton, Joan Crawford, Fred MacMurray, John Ford, and Bo Roos, Wayne's business manager.

Esperanza also stated Wayne possessed $1,000,000 in property, and she demanded a "fair division" of this. She declared they lived on a scale of $13,000 a month, or more than $150,000 a year.

The actor was resolved "not to give in" to his wife's demands.

Since the bust-up of their marriage, John Wayne has reportedly been seeing his first wife socially. Hollywood friends were hoping it meant reconciliation.

However, their marriage with Josephine is out of the question, according to Wayne.

"Too much has happened," he said.

Wayne was only six years old when his family moved to California from Iowa. As he grew older he became known to his pals as Duke Morrison. It sounded much better than Marion Morrison which his parents had named him.

A high school football star, Duke won a scholarship to the University of Southern California. It proved a lucky break for him. It led directly to the movies.

It was Ford who plucked the powerful 215-pound youth from the USC team to be a studio property man. He was just another muscle man, however. He had more ambition than most. His opportunity came one day when he volunteered as a stunt man for an ocean picture.

His exploit of simulating a sailor emerging from the water as if escaping from a torpedo tube of a submarine impressed Ford. He was given other small acting jobs.

Ford recommended Duke to Director Raoul Walsh, and after a few dramatic lessons he was assigned to a pretentious Western, "The Big Trail."

But Walsh had one demurrer. He told young Morrison he could not have a name that "sounds like a girl's," referring to Marion. So the director changed the name to John Wayne.

The ex-football star was on his way.

Then one day his great friend and benefactor, Ford, sent for Wayne. He wanted him for the lead in a big Western called "Stagecoach." It was the chance of a lifetime.

The production and the performance paid off. It set Wayne firmly on the High Road.

In his first year in the movies he made eight pictures, and he learned early that his most valuable screen asset was his resourcefulness in word or deed. He was ready to get rough on a second's notice if occasion arose. He also talked, as Hingham way might say, "low and strong and true."

Meanwhile, he built up a huge following with men and women and children.

John Wayne reached the film peaks in 1950 when he was named the top money-maker among all screen stars. In the last three years he has surpassed Bing Crosby and Martin and Lewis in box-office popularity.

One rule he has rigidly clung to. He will drop everything at any time to work for John Ford. Wayne was busy with other plans when Ford wanted him for the leading male role in "The Quiet Man." He abandoned his projects and hurried to Ford.

When Ford won the Academy Award of 1952 for his direction of "The Quiet Man," the happiest man in Hollywood was Wayne.

In his screen career Wayne has made 150 pictures, the majority of them box-office clicks.

He admits he could never have been the type of actor he is had he not lived most of his boyhood on a ranch near the Mojave Desert where he learned to ride and swim and take care of livestock.

He has never lost his love for outdoor life. He enjoys most taking his 17-year-old son, Michael, on hunting and fishing trips.

"I enjoy working," he said. "I like to ride, and I guess I've worn every uniform known to this country in one picture or another."

But though he insists that Josephine and Esperanza are "understanding" women, he still maintains the social life is not for him.

He hates parties, and he agrees he used to give his first wife—and Esperanza, too—a hard time when he pal'ed around in old clothes, talking over big film plans with his male friends.

However, he learned that his success in "Two Jima," "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon," "Flying Leathernecks," "Operation Pacific," "Trouble Along The Way," and other pictures, plus the many bids from the studios and the big money did not spell happiness.

Not even John Ford could patch up Wayne's marital troubles.

Hollywood, ever looking for signs, believes that his recent picture, "The Sun Shines Bright," was a symbol of promise.

It is inclined to think John Wayne may yet find the romantic happiness that thus far has eluded him in his marriages. END
BIRTHDAYS? I'M AGIN 'EM! 
(Continued from Page 39)

...thinking about how we're growing older.

"If we could only forget these years that we've lived," continued Doris, "and only remember there are so many things still to be accomplished, we would remain young in our hearts. Our enthusiasm for living would keep us happy and healthy. Why worry about youth? Why worry about the future? Live today, and do the best you can in every way you can!"

Doris, exuberant and vitally alive, is the best exponent of the ideas she so strongly believes in.

"I never have to be reminded that today is my husband's birthday, and that I must dash madly into the stores and get him a tie or a sweater or a shirt so he'll know that I know it's his birthday. This is just silly. Why must I wait for some special day to buy a present for Marty? I don't believe me. As far as I'm concerned any time I see something that I think Marty would like, I go in and buy it. I'm always bringing home a present for him! And he's so grateful buying a present which I love of course . . . because his taste is flawless, for one thing . . . for another it's nice to know that he has me on his mind. You should see all the things he buys . . . a compact to carry in my new evening bag . . . a blue cashmere sweater he thinks matches a certain color blue in my eyes . . . a jewelled belt which has intrigued him . . . a tiny handkerchief . . . and no matter what the actual value of the gift, it's exciting to receive these things because I know how busy Marty is and appreciate he has taken the time to get them. But I wouldn't feel that way if he came home loaded with presents because it was his birthday and then forgot about it promptly until another year rolled around! I tell you, birthdays are an outmoded custom. They've got to go!"

"Perhaps we females over 18 could get together and petition Congress to pass a law . . . NO MORE BIRTHDAYS!"

"And then no woman would have to lie and say she didn't need psychiatrists to banish their frustrations. They could be free and happy as birds. They'd never be hemmed in by 'years.' They'd have no fear of getting old!"

"Fear is such a destructive thing. No one can be happy who has 'fear' in his heart. Fear is the greatest handicap to a rich full life. I know that everyone cannot be courageous, that he can't go out and slay the dragon, but I wish people would only have a little more faith in themselves and in their friends and in their God. If they tried to make Today important and didn't throw themselves in a panic of fear and a hundred foolish worries about what were never a solution to any problem. Now let's talk about your birthday!"

"You've talked me out of ever having birthdays again," I answered. "As of today, Doris, I'm giving my birthday to the little boy who lives next door to me! I never want to have it again! I'll tell him that when he gets to be 18, he must give the birthday I gave to him to some other little boy. He may not know what I'm talking about—but I will — And next week, I'm taking my first skilling lesson! I'd always thought I was too old to begin that sport!"

"There is so much around us," Doris declared, "to bring us contentment if only we didn't put a price on everything . . . a monetary price!"

One has but to look in her Springtime kind of face to know definitely that her values will never change in spite of her enormous success which has not only brought her fame, but fortune, as well. She is aware that "the price of everything and the value of nothing" is an empty kind of philosophy, but the kind too often practiced.

"There is nothing so wonderful," she said, "as the honest enthusiasm and affection of a child. My son, Terry, for instance, who loves everyone and everything, came home the other day from his Boy Scout meeting with stars in his eyes. Do you know what happened to me, today?" she asked. "I saw an Eagle Scout . . . a real Eagle Scout!" This was the most exciting event to Terry because he knew that to be an Eagle Scout one must have accomplished great deeds of heroism! He'll never forget it!"

Incidentally, freckle-faced blond Terry is a carbon copy of his famous mother and is quite a good pianist. Doris beamed proudly discussing her young son. "You know, it's funny. Terry looks anything but a pianist. The laugh about it all is that he really plays very, very well. He is already planning to be my accompanist and does play for me sometimes. "Si- lent Night" and other songs. You should see him sitting up there at the piano serious and proud as you please, his little boy's hands hitting all the right keys and making music."

"If we just had the sense to enjoy everything that comes along . . . to get as excited about seeing an Eagle Scout as Terry and as thrilled about playing the piano as he does—if we had the sense to be as wise and unaffected as children," I said.

"Every day is an event for Terry," Doris wove a thread through baseball, going on a hike with his friends. You should see him when we have company. He loves it, because he just naturally loves people so much. He wants to help serve and does, too. He keeps asking my guests, 'Don't you want a drink of water or wouldn't you like some more cake?' He wants everybody to be completely happy and has all that wonderful charm of a head waiter. Wouldn't surprise me one bit if that's what he turned out to be!"

she laughingly said with a light of mischief in her very blue eyes.

Getting ready to return to the set to record one of her songs for "Calamity Jane," she said, "If we just didn't worry about every little thing and didn't complicate our lives with foolish barriers. Live to the fullest today. Tomorrow is another day . . . and believe me, if we do live to the fullest today, we find we are much too busy to worry. There is no such thing as Age. The whole world lies ahead of us. We have the power to accomplish what we want to, no matter how great or how modest our ambition might be." Then she suddenly started to laugh. "Oh, my goodness . . . I'm sounding much too profound . . . and we started to talk so amusingly about not having birthdays!"

THE LESSON TO LEARN FROM JANE 
(Continued from Page 45)

...paraded before me I found myself thinking for the first time: How did I ever get through it? Why am I here?"

"The verdict went against me. Having sued for $2,500,000 I was awarded $8,300 plus some extra dollars to cover ‘loss of wardrobe.’ (Loss of wardrobe— to Jane, who, each of the twenty-five times she came out of an anesthetic gazed toward her leg, asking ‘Is it still there?’)"

"At the trial, waiting for the jury to come in, I remember thinking that all I ever wanted to do in all my life was to sing a good song.

"For a couple of days after the verdict, I was crushed, absolutely crushed. But I have had so much happen to me I've learned that for every bad thing, you can find something good.

"I mean, for instance, that out of the Clipper crash and the ten years in hospitals that followed it, I came to know that you can lose legs and arms and take it, if your spirit is right.

"From my husband's crash and close shave with death in Cuba last year I learned how very little you matter to yourself, compared with the safety of one you love.

"And so, out of a bad verdict has come something good because a great white light has been thrown on a law that is bad, not only for me, but for every passenger who gets on an airplane for international travel either unaware (as I was) of the terms of the insurance, or unable to do anything about them.

"But although there was morally wrong, it was within the limits of the Warsaw Convention as interpreted by the trial judge unless reversed by a higher court," Jane explained. "The limits of the Warsaw Convention expressed in dollars and cents equal about $8300 as of today. Whether he's justified on the back of every ticket. However, in my particular case, I didn't see my ticket for the reason that we were an entertainment unit, a USO unit, and all entertainers' tickets were purchased at that time and held by the manager of USO Camp Sagan.

"Furthermore, the terms of the Warsaw Convention were made when the airplane..."
business was new and quite small. In 1928 the United States signed the Convention. Now then, time goes on. The airplane business gets older and bigger and more people believe the insurance is not increased. It is an obsolete law, definitely out of step and out of date, but still legal. The only way to win your case according to law is to prove 'wilful misconduct' on the part of the pilot. And here's the trick: try to prove the word 'wilful.' Try it on your own behalf. The judge who tried our case interpreted the word 'wilful' to mean that the pilot intended to crash—which is, of course, unthinkable.

"So, the verdict went against me. The verdict which allowed me the 'legal' $8,300 and some other dollars as compensation—which I did not accept because we are going to appeal the case. We are going to fight it for just as long as we can. It will require courage to go through it all again. It is going to cost me thousands of dollars, but you know, I'm stubborn. I'm just as stubborn,' Jane laughed. "Besides, to appeal is the right thing to do. I would love to get back my doctors' bills which, including the expense of my hospital and hospital care, totalled $350,000. But this is the least of my reasons for appealing. I can eat, I have a beautiful home, I can work and my doctor bills are paid, every last cent of 'em! But there are many injured people who are not this fortunate, this blessed. Inflation has made the amount of this recovery even more unjust. If, in appealing, we can get a bill through—ifi, at the least, we can call attention to the situation so that when people go out to the doctors, they look at their tickets, take out extra insurance on their own, my bad turn will have done a good turn.

"As a matter of fact Senator Brecker has introduced already a bill which will make the passage of laws of this sort more difficult. If this Brecker bill had been in force, the Warsaw bill could never have gone through.

"In some measure, in good measure, it has already. Ever since the verdict mail has been pouring in. Letters from people all over the United States, who write 'We didn't know. Now we do. We are sorry that our gain comes from your loss.' The night of the verdict I couldn't sleep, so I turned on the radio and got Barry Gray just in time to hear him say, 'I want you to know that when you get on a plane for overseas your life is worth just $8,300.' I get into cabs and the cabbies hail me, 'Hey, aren't you Jane Frone?' Love you on TV. Say, wasn't that a dirty deed you got!'"
THE DUCHESS DISROBES!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

For anyone who has read James Jones' controversial best-seller about Army life in Honolulu just prior to Pearl Harbor, the character of Karen Holmes will con-
note SEX in capital letters. Betrayed by her faithless husband (played in the film by Philip Ober), Karen turns to the ser-
gant (Burt Lancaster), whom she finds irresistible attractive. Entering into a clandestine romance with him, she falls
desperately in love.

Virtually every top feminine name in Hollywood had either been considered for the part or had openly asked for it, or both. But no one seemed to quite fill the bill. Nobody at Columbia had even con-
sidered Deborah Kerr until her agent, Bert Allenberg, came up with the idea.

"It's the sort of thing you ought to play to show them that you've got some ver-
satility," he told her.

"But I can't imagine them even thinking of me," she told him.

Nevertheless he insisted on taking her to Columbia for an interview.

"They practically kicked me out of the office," she laughed. "But it planted the idea. Two days later they offered me the part. I immediately got the shakes at the idea of doing it, but Bert carried all before him.

"You're a bunch of so-and-so's if you don't let her play it," he had told them or-
iginally. Now he had to re-sell the idea to me. You know perfectly well you can do it," he said. "And if I hear you as much as mention again that you're afraid of it, I'll throw you right out of my office."

The blue-eyed, usually demure Miss Kerr thinks of herself as "a kind of meek creature" who had been typed in "duchess" roles, as her friends Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons described it, until she just expected to put on layers and lay-
ers of period costumes each time she was given a new role to play in a picture.

"To Mother, I was always "The Prisoner Of Zenda,"" she explained. "And I suppose I got used to other people thinking of me in the same way. So event-
tually I was typed as a 'lady' in the worst sense, despite the fact that in England I'd played virgins, tarts, nuns, drunks, Shak-
esperean parts, comedy parts, old wom-
an character parts, and even took on a heavy Swedish accent for a role in The Avengers."

"But I accepted many a part which I didn't particularly care for, because I don't like to get into arguments and be difficult. Mother was a very gentle person who had-
ed excess in anything, in the typically British conservative manner, and my bro-
th and I were brought up in the same tradition. Mother adored Leslie Howard. To her, he was everything gentle and gen-

tlemanny. I'm sure she would have loved to have had me appearing opposite him. But there was nothing prissy or prudish about her. When, at 17, I went off to Lon-
don to play my first stage role, her friends demanded 'My dear, are you mad?'

"We shan't have to worry about Deb-

arah,' said Mother. 'She has her head screwed on the right way,'

"I like to think she would still say that, despite the reaction I'm sure she'd have to seeing me as Karen Holmes."

Having actually signed for the part, De-

orah broke the news to husband Tony Bartley, anticipating that he might have some qualms about seeing his wife deline-
ate a lady of somewhat questionable mor-
als.

"Great, good, marvelous," said Tony, in the offhand British manner, and assured her that it was the best thing that had ever happened to her, career-wise.

"You won't mind my showing my legs and, er, sticking my chest out?" she per-
sisted.

"They always looked quite all right to me," he replied, in the gallant manner.

So Deborah re-read the book, "waded through the four-letter words," and won-
dered how script writer Dan Taradash would ever get his adaptation past the
Johnston Office.

"As soon as I could get a copy of the script, I stayed up all night with it," she declared. "And the agonizing days I'd spent worrying about the part just melted away. Because I began to realize that Ka-
ren Holmes is not the biggest tart of all time. She's a tragic figure, but her sex is real, and womanly, and understandable. And I hope I can make it come across that way on the screen.

"Of course, I have a lot of fans, partic-

ularly in England, who may be greatly shocked when they see me in 'From Here To Eternity.' They write me letters that say, in effect, 'We love you because we've never seen you with a drink in your hand or a cigarette between your lips.' Well, I hope I don't lose them as fans, but if I do, perhaps I'll pick up some of the kind who adore Marilyn Monroe.

"As soon as I started work at Columbia, the nurse who takes care of our two youngsters began reading the book, and I could see her looking at me quite askance when I came home the first night. I could also practically see what she was thinking. I'd always thought I was being em-
ployed by a night club. But NOW!"

"Well, I guess a single day's work at
Columbia simply ruined my standing.

"But I don't regret it one ounce. My ambition is to force a charming gentle-
man who wrote an article about me for a
London magazine, titled 'Beautiful But Dull,' to eat his words."

When Deborah was playing opposite Cary Grant in Adam's Rib, his cus-
tomary salutation to her was "Good morning, you hideous thing," or "Hello, Ugly." Knowing that the grin on his face belied the words, his co-star soon loved to hear the expressions, but nevertheless wished that Cary could have been on the set the first time she appeared in a tight blouse and shorts for 'Eternity.' The wolf whistles of the crew thrilled her to the bone.

"It made me feel as if I'd arrived," she confessed.

"You see, my fans have admired me, I think, because I'm an actress—not be-
cause of my legs or (she slapped herself on the chest) my, er, well, chest. Well, it's very gratifying to think that I can qualify in those departments, too, but I'd like to reassure them that I don't in-
tend henceforth to go around taking off my clothes just to display myself. Though I suppose to be a really monumental suc-
cess in Hollywood, perhaps I should."

She smiled wickedly for a moment, then as quickly frowned. "No, no. Cross out that last line. I don't mean it."

"Parts never stick to me. I don't go around playing them weeks and months after the picture's over, as some actresses do. At MGM they told me I looked like Olivia de Havilland in 'Julius Caesar.' I certainly don't look like her in this pic-
ure. Anyway, friends I haven't seen for five or ten years assure me that I haven't changed a particle when I happen to run into them again, so I guess whatever roles

Charles Laughton and Deborah Kerr in the colorful "Queen Bess." That's Stewart Granger in rear. "From Here To Eternity" is radical change for her.
have haven't affected me too much.

"I want to be versatile. It's fun to be versatile. But I'm a peaceful soul who doesn't like to fight to be versatile. Somehow, I had to get away from old associations to play Karen Holmes. I couldn't have done it in my own studio, though they've been marvelous to me there. If you don't have a very aggressive ego—and I don't—you get to feel that other people are right in believing that there are certain things you can't do. So your talent becomes lost, or drowned.

"I needed the self-confidence this role is giving me. My friends have encouraged me so much, now that I have it. I'm sure I'll never be afraid again to go out after what I want. I've never been one to fuss about the little things like the furniture in my dressing room, or whether I have the right to drive my own car onto the lot, or petty things that some actresses raise the roof about. I'm glad I saved my guns for something big. Now, when I need to, I'll use them."

Miss Kerr took the last bite of a lettuce sandwich, drank the last of a thermos bottle full of milk, closed her lunch box, stretched her bare arms, smoothed the front of her sheer blouse, brushed the crumbs off her shorts, set her red loafers firmly on the floor and took a few decisive steps up and down the room.

"I realized from the beginning," she remarked, "that I'd have to sell myself, Deborah Kerr, over and above any ability to act this part. It isn't the part about which the whole story of 'From Here To Eternity' revolves, but it is sort of the extra ounce on the scales. So I've got to give it a lot of personal vitality—oomph—whatever you want to call it. Fortunately, you can be sexy without being dirty."

"My five-year-old daughter, Melanie, who's my greatest fan, and who had been used to seeing me in the fabulous sort of costumes I wore acting Catherine Parr, Henry VIII's last wife, in 'Young Bess,' noticed I was coming home with bare legs, and makeup on them clear up to my thighs, and wanted to know why. I explained to her that I was playing a lady who lived in Hawaii, where people wear fewer clothes, and where they love to lie on the beach in bathing suits and get tanned.

"That satisfied her completely, and now it seems perfectly normal to her if I come home in a bathing suit, and a rather brief bathing suit at that.

"It's beginning to seem perfectly normal to me, too."

10 WAYS TO MAKE HAPPINESS LAST

(continued from page 43)

eggs would always be cold and that I'd never eat them so she gave up. Consideration? Not exactly.

It's the enormity of little things you don't think about that can cause trouble. It's about such things that a husband and wife have to learn tolerance, to give as well as take. Certainly they need adjusting but you can't adjust them with a sledge hammer.

All of which leads to the first point on the subject: Don't try to change one another. I've heard men and women say, 'When we get married, I'll see that Joe or Sue changes.' That's the dynamite. This is one good way not to keep a marriage happy. It's better to learn to accept the faults and if changes are absolutely necessary, they can be brought about subtly. I think women, especially, have a lot of fixed things in their minds about what they want to do when they get married. Most of them are too dreamy and romantic, so it's something of a struggle to get them to adjust to reality.

Probably what all this comes down to is that when you think of marriage you think of love, but you also have to like someone very much if it's to click. What better way to learn to like another than by being tolerant?

One big problem in many marriages is in-laws, which brings up point number two.

As a whole, Jean and I have been lucky in this respect, although I had a rough time with her father. You see, he was a banker, and he thought a good husband was one who worked in a bank, or was in business. Being an actor I was outside the pale for a long time. It wasn't until he saw that actors made money too that he began to accept me.

In-law problems seem to occur only when either partner in a marriage is tied emotionally or otherwise to a parent and still aces to that parent's wishes. This is a lack of maturity and calls for a definite stand. Ordinarily, it's the man who is still mama's boy. Having left home early I wasn't tied to my mother. I respected her but I wasn't the possessed son. When a man and woman marry, their lives from then on are for each other. Parents must realize that and accept it. If they don't, then the time is to make the issue clear to them. This is one marital problem that can't be escaped by running away from it.

From in-laws to the "other woman" is quite a jump, but this predatory female can be a problem. From the man's viewpoint, which is naturally the egotistical one, if his wife and the man his, there should be no reason for his looking around for another woman to comfort him. But there are wives who have a habit of complaining, "Oh, he's always out playing golf!" or "He never pays any attention to me." All of this is said to their friends so they can get sympathy. Or they make deprecating remarks about their husbands in front of friends, knowing how much they can thereby defeat men. So who can blame a guy then for seeking understanding and greener pastures? If a home is made attractive and interesting, he's not going to want to wander.

You can make all the jokes you want to about the "misunderstood" husband...
but behind every such man there is a wife who is too self-centered to take a good look at her man—and thereby keep him home.

I hasten to add that I've never had any desire to go any place but home. It's given me all the happiness I want.

Of course, there's no problem that a sense of humor can't settle—point number four. Look what a laugh can do when there's a little room for fun. Now, I am not going to issue any old bromide that Jean and I never argue. Certainly we do—and frankly I believe in having arguments. It would be a false kind of relationship otherwise. It's good at times for people to shout at one another, to let it rip, to get it out. That's a lot better than going around like a martyr and holding grudges. What's worse in a marriage than frustration?

With Jean and me—and with most married couples—one no one ever wins an argument. You can shout all you want and get it out of your system, but there's no real winner. I get angry at Jean because she's not as neat as I like to be. I come to the kitchen, and if she has been cooking and has spilled food around a bit, I yell at her. She'll then remind me how much she has to do, that she hates cooking, that it isn't her main talent (she's a good writer, by the way), and then each of us will start off indignantly to other parts of the house. But for a week I'll notice that Jean is neater—and I usually change habits that annoy her for about that long. Of course, you always swear you'll never change what is causing the trouble, but some little needling of conscience makes you change. As long as you can laugh at yourself after an argument you'll alter your ways all right.

Some arguments are caused by a need for, and a lack of, personal freedom and privacy—point number five. I'm the quiet type. When I've had a hard day at the studio (and I had more than a few while making "Destination Gobi") I come home and want to say and do nothing. Often Jean feels like talking a lot since she hasn't had a real talk all day. It's probably not the subtest thing for me to do, but I have at times simply said, "I don't want to talk." Jean, as a rule, realizes the mood I'm in and leaves me alone.

There are moments when I feel like sounding off—and usually at dinner. Jean manages in various and subtle ways to get me to calm down at least until after dinner.

Everyone gets in moods—and it's the wise husband or wife who has respect for the other's need for privacy, for personal freedom. I admit such moods mean you're concentrating too much on self, and self-centeredness can be bad in any marriage. But it still has its place.

The thing to watch through is to be sure self doesn't take over so much that possessiveness enters into the picture. No wife or husband should possess the other—freedom to be individuals is more important.

When a husband is called that necessary personal freedom the question of who is to be the boss does not arise—and that's rule number six. I don't think either the husband or wife should be boss. In every marriage, it does seem that one is better at handling some things than the other. Besides, marriage has to be based on sharing and not on domination.

For one thing, the house is usually the wife's responsibility and it strikes this guy that the man who takes an abnormal interest in the house and who does a lot of cooking and shopping belongs to the dark ages. A little of being interested in a home is okay and if a man wants to cook occasionally, that's all right too. In fact, I enjoy cooking at times—mainly at Sunday breakfast. My specialty, if you can call it that, is thin Swedish pancakes.

But I never try to take over the responsibilities of the house. That's Jean's department. And that's the way it should be.

I think almost any marriage can be kept happy if sharing is the uppermost thought in mind. After all, what is marriage anyway but a partnership?

Most married couples run into snags about finances sooner or later—and here is where sharing is important.

Jean and I know a couple who have had a happy marriage for quite some time, but recently they had financial reverses, and their lives seem to be tottering. Their case is not unique.

When Jean and I were first married we made it a point to keep a budget and stick to it. If sacrifices had to be made we made them willingly. I don't think money should upset a couple if they only remember one thing: the reason they got married in the first place and the marriage contract itself. When you paid that two dollars for the license and stood before the preacher you promised to share the troubles as well as the happiness. Maybe this is a smug attitude to take. Some may say, "Listen to him—a guy in the movies with all that dough!" But what profession a fellow may be in has nothing to do with whether or not that was taken on the wedding day.

As far as the practical aspects of finances are concerned, I don't believe in a wife's and husband's having separate bank accounts. If a wife works, she should pool her money with her husband's—and yet some wives feel they must keep their earnings to assure them of independence. Independence? If they wanted that kind of independence, what did they get married for in the first place?

And that business about the wife's working brings up point eight—should she or shouldn't she?

My attitude is strictly male. I don't think she should unless there's a very real economic necessity. For the wife to work detracts too much from her relationship with her husband, and it's an especially bad thing if there are children involved. If there's anything that irks me, it's a mother who waits merrily off to her career and leaves her children in the care of some nurse.

The working wife or mother too easily falls into the habit of ducking her responsibilities in the home, and she begins to go off into her own little world. This is the beginning of the end.

The ninth point in my little book is the amount of attention and affection a husband and wife give one another. I like attention—I admit it frankly—and what man or woman doesn't? I believe in giving marriage all the affection you have in you. Jean had an aunt, for instance, who made her husband fudge every night because he liked it. That may be doing attention a little, but it didn't hurt that marriage. There should be an attitude of giving to the other all the time because the more you give the more you get back. This business of 50-50 is better put at 100-100.

Some husbands and wives complain that they don't get enough attention or affection. Well, nine times out of ten if they look carefully they'll find they aren't giving much themselves. The best way to be sure that a marriage doesn't die from lack of affection is to start out not being self-conscious about giving or thinking who should give the most to whom.

The last point and the most important is an atmosphere of religion or Christianity that should pervade a home. A belief in the principles of Christianity and in the proper principles give a home its real meaning. And why shouldn't it? After all, you were married in a church and if you stay with the promise you made to God then you'll be all right. The contract you signed was a declaration to God. It's not a contract you can ignore. There's no real happiness in an home that is without the presence of God.

Such are my views. How do they stack up with yours?

YOUR GUIDE TO CURRENT FILMS

[Continued from page 16]

Thunder Bay

JIMMY STEWART and Dan Duryea bring in more than a prize oil gusher with this action-packed account of off-shore drilling in Louisiana. Stewart and Duryea are ex-Navy men who have persuaded Jay C. Flippen to back them in their drilling venture. With a three-months deadline to meet, the boys find nothing but opposition among the local inhabitants. The fishermen believe the drilling will affect the shrimp beds; Joe (Robert Mすぎる) thinks that Duryea's attraction to her sister (Marcia Henderson) isn't sincere, and Robert Monay and Gilbert Roland are convinced that the oilmen are
a couple of con men out to ruin the village. It isn’t until Stewart and Duryea have weathered a hurricane, sabotage and the jibes of the people that they strike oil and a new bed of shrimp. Picture projects a new side to the oil business, plus providing some thrilling photographic effects. Universal-International.

The Farmer Takes A Wife

LAN’SAKE, now Betty Grable’s a cook on a canal boat. She works for railroad-hating John Carroll, whose frequent bouts with the locomotive lads land him in jail. To keep things moving during Carroll’s absence, Betty hires Dale Robertson, a farmer who hopes to make enough money to buy his own spread. The couple fall in love, but disagree about Dale’s farming plans. Their differences are abruptly brought to a head, when Betty calls Carroll out of the clink and joins him in a big boat race against Robertson. Although a little slow to start, by the time he crosses the finish line, Dale’s won both the bet and Betty. With all the attractive “fixin’s” that have been heaped on this period musical, it somehow doesn’t seem to catch fire. Everything’s a little too pat and placid. 20th Century-Fox.

Scandal At Scourie

THE “Mrs. Miniver” team—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon—are reunited in a charming, family-type comedy of a middle-aged Canadian couple who adopt a little orphan girl (Donna Corcoran). Although the new parents are prominent Protestant churchgoers, terms of the adoption specify that they continue to raise the child as a Catholic. Such an arrangement starts speculation among the townspeople who believe that Pidgeon is using the child to win support of both sects during his forthcoming race for the Canadian Parliament. He decides to return Donna to the orphanage, but she overhears him and runs away. It isn’t until Greer takes a hand in matters that the family is reunited and the gossips are set straight on the couple’s motive. Film offers gentle humor that’s pleasantly paced and tinted in Technicolor. MGM.

Francis Covers The Big Town

DONALD O’CONNOR and his philosophy-spoutin’ pal, Francis the talking mule, give the newspaper business a whirl in their latest venture. Don, a copy boy on a metropolitan paper, has delusions of becoming an ace reporter like Larry Gates. He makes about as much progress as a hitch-hiker in a hurricane, until Francis starts giving him tips on things they happen. Francis, who has been getting his tips from his equine pals (after all there’s nothing like getting it straight from the horse’s mouth), refuses further aid until Don demands to be made a top reporter. Don not only wins the promotion, but the interest of society editor Nancy Guild, and a neighbor’s daughter, Yvette Dugay. It takes a few words of wisdom from Francis to nudge him into the arms of Yvette. Latest in the O’Connor-Chill Wills (Francis) series is not as high steppin’ as previous entries. Universal-International.

End

MAGGI’S PRIVATE WIRE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

Ed Wynn will appear on “Jane Froman’s U.S.A. Canteen” in a reunion that should be chock full of nostalgia. It was comedic Wynn who appeared with Jane in the first USO Camp Show before Pearl Harbor, at Fort Belvoir. Jane will sing her arrangement of “It Ain’t Necessarily So,” which Franklin D. Roosevelt particularly liked to hear, and funnyman Wynn will repeat his “Hooray For What” comedy routines. This special teletack will be produced at Fort Belvoir late in October.

Speaking of reunions, Dinah Shore hopes to visit Eddie Cantor on his TV show before the end of this year. It was just a dozen years ago that Dinah first broadcast on Eddie’s radio show, and as one of the many Cantor “discoveries,” she sang “Yes, My Darling Daughter.” For this flash-back sequence on video, the banjo-eyed comedian and Dinah will recall that day in 1941, and the Shore gal will once again sing the song that started her on the road to fame.

Look for a big shakeup in the supporting cast of next season’s “Show Of Shows,” with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca starring as before, but with a change in their featured performers.

Paul Gregory, the producer of such noted stage productions as “Don Juan In Hell” and “John Brown’s Body,” will accept a producer’s berth with a major network beginning January 1, 1954.

Doris Day will enter the Dinah Shore-Mindy Carson fold with a musical television series to be made in Hollywood next Winter and released early in the Summer of 1954.

Mickey Rooney is trying to convince Judy Garland that she should team up with him in a bi-monthly television series in which they would recreate some of their former movie successes—“Bebe In Arms,” “Strike Up The Band” and “Words And Music,” all one-time hits.

Earl Godwin, veteran Washington commentator, who appears on “Meet The Vеeр,” has known Alben W. Barkley, former Vice President of the United States, for 40 years, ever since the day
they first met in the House of Representatives in 1913. At their initial meeting, it was Godwin who introduced Barkley to an audience in the House of Representatives. Now, four decades later, he's doing the same thing, but to a bigger "house," 20 million homes to be specific.

It was almost twenty years ago that Charles ("Mr. Little Margie") Farrell and Ralph ("Man Against Crime") Bellamy bought some real estate in Palm Springs, California, then just a sprawling desert, with the idea of building some tennis courts. What began as a block of courts developed into one of the country's most famous resort areas. Who says actors aren't shrewd businessmen?

Sam Levenson will make a guest appearance on Jack Benny's TV show and will bring along his violin. Although he can play the instrument with a flourish, it's been years since he has had any lessons. "I should be just as good as Benny and he's still practicing," said the humorist as he dusted off his fiddle.

The oft-repeated rumor that Kate Smith and Ted Collins will end their partnership, which has lasted almost 24 years, can be discarded as just that—a rumor, rumor. Acknowledged to be one of the most successful associations in the entertainment world, their partnership was founded on a verbal agreement in the beginning, and to this day the Smith-Collins team has never had a written contract. The "Kate Smith Hour," soon to begin its fourth year, has proven that their combined skilled showmanship, entertainment know-how and an uncanny ability to understand public preferences, have been the hallmark of their long association. Queried as to the latest report on a rift between them, both were emphatic in denying the gossip as "ridiculous!"

Former President Harry S. Truman is due for a commentary-interview series beginning early in January, 1954. Daughter Margaret, cancelled out of three TV guest appearances on Summer replacement shows, will spearhead a classical concert program beginning November 15, if her concert manager can switch Canadian recital dates.

Playwright Tennessee Williams ("A Streetcar Named Desire," "Camino Real" and "Summer And Smoke") has finally given his approval to a video series based on his book of one-act plays called, "27 Wagons Full Of Cotton." The author will have final say-so in the matters of casting, directing and production. Like screen director Alfred Hitchcock, Williams will appear briefly in each play.

If George S. Kaufman, playwright, critic, director and sometime comedian on "This Is Show Business" strikes you as being unnecessarily grumpy, remember he's had everything and will be sixty-four years young in November. If you think he's bored, you're mistaken. He's merely playing that bit the smart way. He likes being known as "the man who came to dinner on TV."

Despite the popularity and appeal of Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scout show, it's the "Original Amateur Hour," with Ted Mack now at the helm, that is credited with having introduced more talent to the entertainment business than any other similar type program. Graduates of the "Original Amateur Hour" include, among many famous names in varied fields, Robert Merrill, Mimi Benzell, Vera-Ellen, Muriel Smith, Ray Malone, Thelma Carpenter, Jack Carter, Paul Winchell (and Jerry Mahoney), Frank Sinatra and Bert Parks. When Major Edward Bowes, the show's creator, died in 1946, Ted Mack took over the show, after having served under the beloved Major for more than ten years as his assistant. Host Ted Mack, who once aspired to being both a cartoonist and a lawyer, never made the grade as either, became a band leader instead and began his musical career as a professional, never an amateur.

Christine Karner, one of the Kateds on "The Kate Smith Hour" spends most of her spare time converting her TV dance routines into a night club act. She and her two partners plan making an excursion into café circles later this year via the famous Copacabana. The surroundings won't be new to Christine, however. She once danced there as a Copa Girl for $100.00 a week before she joined the Kate Smith show.

Jack Webb will try to sandwich in his TV duties as creator, director and star of "Dragnet" while attending night classes at the University of Southern California. When he was Student President of Belmont High School in Los Angeles, he was offered a scholarship to the college, but couldn't accept because he had to work for a living. Now he wants that degree.

After his first year as the star of "Mr. Peepers," Wally Cox gained an inch in height, a few pounds, and lost a little more hair, but his salary was tripled from the day, a year ago last July 3, that he began being one of the nation's leading laugh-makers. Red Buttons, the CBS-TV buffoon, on the other hand, added nothing to his height and lost eight pounds, but like Wally Cox found his salary demands being met every time an extension of his contract came up for consideration.

Maurice Evans, distinguished stage, screen and TV star, whose "Hamlet" on "Hallmark Hall Of Fame" may be repeated during the Christmas season, if a $30,000 per-cartoon fee on "Richard II," isn't substituted instead, has been an American citizen since 1941. He came to these shores in 1935 from his native England for his initial visit and now refers to his first twelve years as a citizen as his "Golden Dozen."

When Alan Reed, the "Life With Luigi" player, joined Benny Elliot in the cast of "I, The Jury," the 3-D movie being made of Mickey Spillane's detective thriller of the same name, it was Benny Elliot who said he wanted Alan in the film even if it killed him. And it does just that when Bill, in the role of Mike Hammer, shoots it out with racketseer Reed, who drops with a tummy full of lead.

The new weekly series titled, "The Search," which begins next month (Sept. '53) with 21 universities throughout the country joining CBS Television in a program dramatizing higher education's scientific and cultural contributions to individual and national welfare, will be given a show business boost when the University of North Carolina offers one of the three open-air dramas written by Pulitzer prize winners. Either "The Lost Colony," "The Common Glory" or "Faith Of Our Fathers," with non-professionals in support of a few top-flight TV stars in major roles, will spark the proceedings.

Lee Tracy, the "Martin Kane" star, vows he'll never return to film making in Hollywood unless the screen work is for TV, or the part offered him is "something Alfred Lunt might like to do." Most of the more than fifty films he has appeared in since 1929 keep popping up on TV and he's decided to remain in New York from here on in.

NBC-TV has big plans for two young performers who answer to the names of Helen Halpin and Betty Ann Grove. The former, spotted in New York's chic Blue Angel nightclub, is a sort of female Jerry Lewis, Miss Grove, another comedienne, is also a first-rate singer. Both stars-of-tomorrow have a rigorous singing-dancing-acting schedule planned for them by network execs.

Rapid expansion throughout the country of the Mr. Wizard Science Clubs has far exceeded all expectations of Mr. Wizard and his staff. Don Herbert, the Mr. Wizard on the weekly NBC-TV science series, completed a compilation of the first year's requests for club charters and membership cards. To date there are almost 3,000 clubs in 600 cities and towns of 41 states, with each club averaging about 10 members, and the end is nowhere in sight.

The "Television Playhouse" will begin its sixth year in October with a revival of its first star-studded production of "Dinner At Eight" which was presented on October 3, 1948. Original members of the cast are being approached to recreate their roles, among them being Peggy ("Mama") Wood, Dean J. King, Mary Boland, Vicki Cummings, Matt Briggs, Joyce Van Patten, Royal Beal and Judson Laire.

One of John Cameron Swayze's hobbies is collecting unusual neckties from all over the world, and many of his fans and friends have contributed to that hobby. The one four-in-hand that gave him the biggest surprise came from Cairo, Egypt, and the rather subdued maroon-black-and-white hand-printed silk fabric bore
caught in, dead or alive.

Bing is an extremely youthful-looking man in person—even more so than on the screen, or in his photographs. His mannerisms and his banter belie his mid-forties age, and his deep blue eyes are easily his outstanding facial feature. As for his physique, don’t believe Bob Hope when he makes those remarks about Bing’s spreading waistline. Bob should be so lucky!

As the day moved on and the crowd grew larger, it was inevitable that it would get out of hand. It did. Suddenly hundreds of people seemed to want to touch Bing, and they bore down on him. He was wonderfully controlled about it all, despite the pushing and pulling, and when the officials later apologized, Bing diplomatically explained that he’d worry only when people didn’t want to see him. After the match, Bing went in to London to take part in a charity show, and late that evening, he took off for France.

It’s always a wonderful experience to awake in Paris and look out of the window at postal card views in every direction. But Paris, on this occasion, was to be secondary, because we were awaiting a message from Bing’s agent about where he’d be shooting scenes for the movie. Hardly had we had our tea and crumpets when the telephone rang and we were told to meet Bing at the Ponts du St. Michel bridge.

When we arrived, no one was in sight! Now, we thought, where would one find Bing in the entire city of Paris?

Presently a car pulled up near the bridge, and Bing alighted. He waved a greeting, and walked over to us. He wore a grey hat, light brown raincoat and matching brown suit, and he wore the thick screen makeup. Bing, as you may know, is an excellent subject to interview. We didn’t have to ask him questions, because he fired inquiries at us in a steady stream. He asked about movie making in England, what stars are popular, what American films have been drawing good audiences, what the rank and file of the English population thinks about Hollywood, and how his latest film, “Just For You,” had been doing at the box-office.

Then Nicole Maurey, the pretty French girl who plays his wife in “Little Boy Lost,” arrived and the director called to them to start the scene. It took place on the boulevard opposite the bridge, and Bing and Nicole got into the car and drove down the avenue. Suddenly the car stopped and Nicole rushed out, with Bing following her, calling her name. When he reached her, she stopped and they broke into an argument. As they quarreled, they failed to notice a priest nearby, until he touched Nicole’s arm and shook his finger at her. This ended the spat, and arm in arm Nicole and Bing returned to the car.

The scene was done five or six times, and then the company broke for lunch. We made short work of eating, and Bing announced, “Next station is the Boulevard Haussman, so come along with me and ride in my car.” On the way over, Bing asked about the reception given “The Emperor Waltz,” and he sang a few bars from the well-known “Blue Danube.”

Since the death of Mrs. Crosby, Bing has been closer than ever to his sons. We asked him if he had a picture of the boys. He said, almost sadly, “Too bad I don’t have them with me today. Yesterday I was carrying a whole batch of the kids’ pictures. It would have been nice to show them to you.”

Bing doesn’t speak any German, but he has a wonderful command of French. When we mentioned how agreeably surprised we were, he laughed, “You don’t believe everything you read in the papers, do you?”

The scene at the Boulevard Haussman was a short one, with Bing and the small boy who meets him outside a glove store. Next we went to Montmartre, where Nicole, Bing, Claude Dauphin and a French girl worked in a picture-snapping scene.

Bing had several golf balls which he autographed. Presenting them to us, he said, “Here’s a souvenir of the day, and if I shouldn’t see you again, goodbye and auf wiedersehen. Give my regards to everyone in London.”

But, luckily, we did see him again two days later when Bing was shooting at Montfort l’Amaury. We drove out to Montfort, a dreamy little spot in the country. We didn’t have to search long for Bing, because there was only one
square in the town and a noisy fair was going on.

It was near luncheon time, so we sat at a sidewalk cafe, watching the activity while we nibbled sandwiches and sipped coffee. Soon Bing came along and stopped at our table, and a sudden thought struck him. Since we were reporting on his weekend of acting, he said, "Why don't you do this thing up right and do bit parts as people at the fair?" Then, when the movie shows in your neighborhood, you can ask the theater manager to put your name on the marquee as 'Also Star-ring Angie Gurilitt.'"

When Bing finished the final take on the scene, he came and paid us, explaining, "Now you can't sue me for unpaid services." Since nothing had been said about pay of any kind, it was like found money, and we decided we'd simply frame the francs as another memento of the weekend.

I'd been told that Bing was a difficult man to interview, simply because it was an impossibility to set a date with him. Our weekend of cooperation from him certainly disproved this. That a star of his stature would have devoted so much time to a visitor, including her in his plans for several days running, even giving her a small spot of acting in his film, was most unusual.

I had heard, too, that Bing tended to be a nonconformist, and yet the only proof I saw of this was in the clothes he wore. He couldn't have been more agreeable or patient on the set, doing scenes over and over, and talking with everyone from bit players and crew members to bystanders watching him work.

Finally, my mental picture of Bing has always included a pipe in his mouth, and yet during the weekend, I saw him smoke a pipe only once, and then only for a short time. All of which brings to mind a rephrasing of a quote from Bing: "You shouldn't believe everything you read, nor should you believe everything you see!"

DANTON WALKER'S HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

by more fans and signature requests than she'd have had to oblige if she had used the proper elevator in the first place...

Before Abbe Lane, his actress-singing wife, joined him at the Paramount Theatre Xavier Cugat telephoned her in Hollywood twice nightly. Their talks never lasted less than thirty minutes nor more than an hour. And Cugie called collect...

Sonja Henie left for Paris via Pan American Airways with her large, tooled-leather jewel case chained to her tiny waist. The safety device, a small-link affair, was 24 karat gold-plate...

Jimmy Boyd met Joni James for the first time at La Vie En Rose and she asked him for his autograph. He obliged, but didn't return the compliment...

Gordon MacRae exited the Lombardy Hotel with 24 pieces of luggage—it took three taxis to get him to the airport for his return to Hollywood. His excessive luggage charges must have been astronomical. Most of the suitcases were crammed full with books and musical arrangements he bought at auction from the estate of a famed composer...

Nina Foch wears two gold anklet bracelets, both on the left leg. Johnnie Ray, who was persuaded to give up sporting his silver identification bracelet, did so— in favor of a solid gold one, heavier than the first!...

High School males in and around the Metropolitan area have a new kick. They get a charge out of abandoning their usual summertime crew haircuts in favor of the shorter Mark Antony cut worn by Marlon Brando in "Julius Caesar." The fad will spread throughout the nation before Labor Day. On the other hand, Tyrone Power has decided to let his crew cut grow out in favor of a long, flowing mane ... Ditto for Jan Sterling who's more glamorous with long hair...

Ethel Merman, whose beaded eyelashes have become her trademark, has an allergy to artificial eyelashes unless they are made of nylon. Mae West, another gal who has never been seen on or off stage or screen without thick, imitation lashes (she admits she even wears them to bed) contracts make-up poisoning if she uses mascara...

Zsa Zsa Gabor, originally a brunette, was once a redhead before she switched to blonde tresses. She keeps her flaxen hair bright with a home remedy discovered by her mother, Jolie Gabor. The product may soon hit the market as an aid to girls who want to be as Golden as the Gaboros—Zsa Zsa, Eva and Mama Jolie. Sister Magda remains a redhead for the nonce, although she'll switch to blonde for a forthcoming film job...

Jean Arthur had a preview screening of "Shane" held for her and a few close friends in the dining room of her New York hotel, the Carlyle, where she maintains a year-round apartment. Room clerks, maids and porters were allowed to witness the movie from special tables and, like the other guests, were served a buffet supper...

Richard Widmark had his morning coffee, not in his Hotel Plaza suite, but at Walgreen's drug store on Broadway where he used to hang out before he got his first big break in show business. For his luncheon interview appointments, his studio press agents had to pick him up at Walgreen's and escort him to "21," the Stork Club, Toots Shor's and Sardi's. No one ever thought to interview him at his favorite drug store. It might have made a great story...

Jane Powell and Gene Nelson abandoned their plans to form a joint night club act upon the advice of mutual friends. Seen at "21" (at separate tables) the same day, before Jane decided to reconcile with Geary Steffen, they diligently avoided being seen together for fear newshounds would report they were continuing their highly publicized romance. As corny as it may seem, it was Janie and Gene who rode through Central Park in a hansom cab from midnight until 3 o'clock in the morning, and in a driving downpour of rain. This three hour clip-clop through the park must have been their "farewell" meeting. The next day Jane and Geary settled their differences...

Mario Lanza need only say the word and he'll be starred in the Broadway musical comedy, "The Land Of The Laughing Dollar"

Don't be surprised if Constance Bennett teams up with her sister, Joan, in a forthcoming Broadway play, adding Melinda Markey (Joan's daughter) for extra glamour. Connie, who opened and

Ralph "Picnic" Meeker, with Jean Carson, at "Come As You Were" TV party.
closed in a flop play called, "A Date With April," proved to be a shining example of that old show business magic, beauty, brains and talent despite the creaky script she had to work with. . . .

A film-biography based on the career of Nancy Valentine, the estranged wife of the Maharajah of Cooch-Behar, is being readied as a future vehicle for Rita Hayworth. . . .

Johnnie Ray signed autographs in front of the Warwick Hotel then took fifteen of his fans into a neighboring drug store and loaded them up with sodas, sundae and assorted packages of candies, cologne and vitamins. He's a bug on the latter since his return from England. . . .

Lawrence Tierney, better known to New Yorkers for his Third Avenue bar-and-grill athletics than as an actor (or Scott Brady's brother) has taken up chess playing in a big way. Betsy Von Furstenberg, Francine Tone's longtime "fiancée," is teaching Tierney the rules of the game. . . .

Anna Magnani, the celebrated Italian star of "Veloce" and "Bellissima," unaccustomed to the manners of New York's free-loading cocktail mob, sought refuge in a locked room at the Savoy Plaza Chateau suite to avoid being trampled at her first U. S. reception. With a hairdo looking like something the eat dragged in on a dark and stormy night, Magnani emerged from her hiding place only to be met by moans and groans of the disappointed guests. Her baggy skirt and wrinkled blousé gave her the right to walk away with top honors as The Worst Dressed Movie Star Of The Year. . . .

Tyrone Power and Linda Christian dined a dozen friends at Luchow's the night his privately owned radio station KIXL in Dallas, Texas, won the Variety Award for "small station enterprise." Ty's idea to slant the station's programs at women listeners only, paid off. At Luchow's he heard the hearty congratulations from the Freddie Brissoms (Roz Russell), the Rex Harrisons (Lilli Palmer), Elsa Maxwell, Van Johnson, Cole Porter, John Lund, Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas. . . .

That diamond-studded bathing suit Cyd Charisse wears in "Easy To Love" was sent here to be copied by a local rhinestone jewelry manufacturer who will help promote the gaudy seashore attire as a positive "must" for resort wear in 1954. . . .

Cesar Romero flew into town to discuss nightclub bookings for his cafe act which will star the handsome screen hero and four beautiful singing-dancing models. He's been offered the Copacabana, Persian Room, Cotillion Room and Versailles for his unit. At this writing the Copa offer looms large as the spot he'll make his Gotham debut in. The Palladium in London will follow. . . .

Broadway's Capitol Theatre will pay Joan Crawford a flat sixty-cents-on-the-dollar if she'll make a personal appearance there at her own convenience, singing and dancing excerpts from her forthcoming MGM musical, "Torch Song." La Crawford could coin $80,903 per week at those terms. . . .

Humphrey Bogart's dialogue in "Beat the Devil" was written by one of the most controversial authors of our time, Truman Capote. A play by the ultra-sophisticated writer, "The Grass Harp," flopped on the Broadway stage, but its revival downtown at the Circle-in-the-Square has lured Gene Nelson, Diana Lynn, Jean Pierre Aumont, Richard Carlson, Gloria De Haven and Ezio Pinza south of 14th Street to the tiny playhouse where the production is accorded an ovation nightly. . . .

Rita Gam, upon her return from Marakech, Morocco, and "Saadia," told pals at Manhattan's El Morocco that night filming of the MGM picture had to be regulated by the local mezzuins' public invocations to pray at 20-minute intervals. She brought out an album of color photos of the 27 mosques in the Moroccan city that she had taken herself and every screen celebrity in the place flocked to her table, at twenty-minute intervals. Rita felt as though she were back in Morocco at El Morocco. . . .

Rosalind Russell, the "Wonderful Town" star, will turn Broadway producer in association with her husband, Frederic Brisson, when the play, "Nighthade," gets a New York stage presentation early next Winter. Incidentally, the night Rosalind Russell received a special citation from General Omar Bradley on the stage of the Astor Theatre where her film, "Never Wave At A WAC," was showing, a dozen young women volunteered for the Women's Army Corps. Three nights later they were her guests at a performance of her big musical comedy hit, "Wonderful Town." . . .

Gypsy Rose Lee wants to take over the play, "Sextette," which Charlotte Francis wrote expressly for Mae West. "Gypsy" wants to adapt it herself and have it filmed in 3-D in Italy. . . .

Starlet Carole Matthews and U-I producer Ross Hunter were inseparable during their recent visits to town. They shared an around-the-clock date at Bruno's Pen & Pencil that lasted from twelve o'clock noon until midnight during which time they lunched, had cocktails, dinner and finally supped before returning to their respective hotels. They granted nine interviews during their twelve hour "date."

For her role in "Peg O' My Heart," which brought fame to a number of actresses, Debbie Reynolds visited the New York Public Library and spent hours digging through old newspaper files just to read and bone up on the title role of the famous Hartley Manners' play. Debbie was thrilled to find the Theatre Collection Department has a mammoth index of pictures and clippings devoted to her. When she walked into the Main Reading

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Room she found a group of fan club members thumbing through the Debbie Reynolds documents. They got the surprise of their lives when their idol sat down and joined them... 

Anne Baxter, at the Camillo Restaurant, confirmed reports she was to travel the countryside in a one-woman show reading romantic prose and love letters of literary greats. The projected tour is earmarked to get underway during the Christmas holidays... 

Despite two days of the worst early Summer rainy weather in memory, Eddie Fisher broke the Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis opening day record and the weekend record of Johnnie Ray at the New York Paramount Theatre... 

Marilyn Monroe turned down a publicity stunt dreamed up for her by an enterprising press agent for Atlantic City, so former screen player, Janis Paige, stepped into a bathing suit (natch) and posed for 300 art students on the boardwalk... 

Roberta Haynes, hit town for publicity stunts in connection with “Return To Paradise” and steered most of the newsmen and magazine editors into the Blue Angel. Her gimmick, so she said, was she wanted to hear Arthur Blake, the impressionist. In truth, it was just because she likes the chic cafe. She used to work there as hatchetch girl. 

Gwen Verdon, the new “Can-Can” sensation who danced in so many 20th Century - Fox musicals, was accorded a tremendous ovation the night the Cole Porter show premiered at the Shubert Theatre. Her dressing room was flooded with congratulatory telegrams and flowers, with the largest basket of blossoms arriving from Betty Grable, just as the show’s final curtain dropped after the finale. When she got back to her hotel apartment she found a telephone message to call Mrs. Harry James in Hollywood collect. They talked for hours and Gwen read Betty the first batch of press notices for “Can-Can,” everyone of them a rave for the Verdon lass... 

For Pictures No Artist Could Paint Dept.—Joe DiMaggio stopped for his autograph in front of a Times Square book shop which displays nothing in its windows but calendars of you-know-who. Talullah Bankhead and Ralph Meeker at twin pianos at Le Ruben Bleu improvising a medley of Rodgers and Hammerstein tunes, as the composers sit at a nearby table laughing hysterialy. 

The Academy Award committee might just as well face it—Marlon Brando’s Mark Antony in “Julius Caesar” will head the list of 533 nominees. Cornered at the Mont D’Or, he admitted he enjoyed seeing himself in the Shakespearean drama, but thought there was room for improvement in his own performance. Is this the “new” Brando?... 

Best Dressed Screen Star Of The Month:—James Stewart, the “Thunder Bay” star, seen at the pool of the Sands Point Bath Club in a long robe of beige terrycloth with dark brown striped pattern. His swim trunks were dark brown with a white-and-yellow swordfish design. Moccasin type sandals were in putty color with deep rope soles and his duck hat of brown crash linen topped off his ensemble... 

COOLING SYSTEM

(continued from page 53)

Yourself liberally with Cheramy’s new Frosty Bouquet. You can get this in three different fragrances: Tropical (a sophisticated floral), famous April Showers (a sweet bouquet) and Festival (a blend of woodsy blend). Frosty Bouquet has such a generous quota of perfume oils that you’ll find yourself surrounded by a most refreshing cloud of fragrance. Follow Pat’s suggestion, and keep your supplies in the refrigerator. This pre-cooling makes toilet waters and colognes even more effective as a pick-up to splash on your wrists or temples during the day. Frosty Bouquet, by the way won’t strain your budget—it’s only $1. 

In your own grooming, be sure to remember to use a deodorant. We know it’s something of a problem to find one that isn’t irritating to skin that is being constantly de-fuzzed by one means or another. The American Medical Association Committee on Cosmetics, however, has approved Youdor, the McKesson and Robbins cream deodorant. Youdor is made with a base of soothing beauty cream—while you use it to banish odors it’s also doing a fine job on smoothing the texture of your skin. Because of this double action it works wonders on your hands and feet, as well as under-arm territory. The cream is actually so light-textured that it feels like your favorite beauty balm—you can’t quite believe that it is so efficient. 

Keeping your hair looking pretty in spite of Summer humidity is essential to your attractiveness. You can’t even feel fresh when your hair has gone limp and sticky. Pat copes with this situation by using a dry shampoo between her regular shampooings. Probably the best known is Minipoo. You just brush it on, then brush it off. The whole procedure takes less than ten minutes and because there’s no water involved you don’t have to worry about upsetting your curls or waves. Minipoo Dry Shampoo comes in a sifter-top shaker with its own applicator brush. Enough for 30 dry shampooings is only $1. so you can see that it’s a thoroughly economical proposition. 

Pat had another hint that concerns hair. She points out that one of the best ways to stay cool is to change your hair-do to a style that keeps your hair away from your neck. Cut it shorter in the Italian manner, give it an up-sweep or what you will, but don’t let it hang down enough to heat you up like a fur-piece. A hair spray will prove a great boon in controlling it on any wisps inclined to stray. 

The people who make Venida hair nets have a new one called “Mist-O-Spray” that is guaranteed non-inflammable. It comes in an atomizer squeeze-bottle so there’s no trick at all to aiming the spray just where you want to. The spray itself is transparent and fast-drying—gives your hair nice lift. 

When we asked Pat if she wasn’t just about running out of ideas on cooling systems, she laughed and told us that she hadn’t even started on two of her favorite subjects—“food and make-up.” 

“Food,” Pat confessed, “plays an important part in my own plan for keeping cool. I try to eat lots of fruits and vegetables and keep my diet light. This doesn’t mean that I cut out good sustaining food—you need protein for energy in Summer just as much as at any other time of the year. But I do try to eliminate heavy foods. I’ve found too, that a hot cup of tea, strange to say, is a wonderfully cooling drink. 

“As for make-up,” Pat continued, “I always feel cooler without any—just lipstick, at least during the daytime. At night when I have a date, I do wear face powder too.” If you’re going to follow Pat’s example, we’d suggest that you use a non-smear lipstick like Hazel Bishop’s. It frees you from the bother of constant re-touching and you don’t have to worry about eating it off during meals, wiping it off on cigarettes, or branding people with it when you kiss them! Remember though, that you must blot your lips carefully with a facial tissue after you apply a Hazel Bishop lipstick if you expect it to do its long-lasting best for you. The question of a powder for evening is another easy one to answer. Woodbury’s have the new color, Tropic Dream, in their Dream Stuff formula. It’s a wonderfully flattering suntan shade that can do a lot for your Summer coloring. You don’t need to fuss with any foundation to make Dream Stuff stay on, you know. It has foundation cream built right into the formula. (Both Dream Stuff and Hazel Bishop Lipsticks are sold at all the drug and variety stores).
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The banners were out again at MGM when Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz reported for their first picture in quite a spell. Of course, the signs all said "I Love Lucy." Big splash was made on the first day's shooting of "The Long, Long Trailer" with gobs and gobs of the press milling around in the carnival-like atmosphere — carnival de luxe with champagne and box lunches for all. This is apt to be one of the funnest comedies from moviedom and just what the box-office ordered. Whether it will give a heist to trailer travel is another thing, showing the hassles and the funnies as it does.

It's kind of ironic that within a month on the MGM lot three of their former stars have come home to roost. Joan Crawford got the same welcome home treatment when she reported for "Torch Song" as Lucy and Desi did. Quite different from what happened when they exited the studio some few years ago — none of them was able to talk the high brass into giving them a job there. Now (CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)
So this is the dazzling darling from Jellicoe, Tenn.—the honey-voiced honey they couldn’t stop till she reached the show-world’s glittering top!

So this is the big music-and love story—the story of how a Greenwich Village cellar-café started one of the brightest careers the bright-lights ever knew!

So this is the laugh-ringing, love-rapturous life—and the men and melodies in it—The Ragtime-to-Riches Story of Grace Moore

Kathryn Grayson

Starring Merv Griffin, Joan Weldon, Walter Abel, Rosemary DeCamp, Jeff Donnell

Presented by Warner Bros.

Screen play by John Monks, Jr., Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf, Produced by Henry Blanke, Directed by Gordon Douglas

Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz
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**New! Amazing Medication 'STARVES' PIMPLES**

*SKIN-COLORED... Hides pimples while it works*

At last! A new medication called CLEARASIL is so effective it brings entirely new hope to pimple sufferers. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved.

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**INSTANT RELIEF** from embarrassment because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples. And CLEARASIL is greaseless... stainless... pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

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**what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)**

Raising money for campaign of United Cerebral Palsy, Bob Hope, Gene Nelson, Jeff Chandler and Mrs. Chandler took part in a mammoth, hours-long TV revue.

they're the reigning royalty and it couldn't happen to three nicer people.

Missy Crawford, who's been gifting her director, Chuck Walters (of "Lili" fame), with weekly presents, got surprised herself when Chuck handed her a John Morris portrait of herself in the spectacular costume for the big dance number of "Torch Song." She's out of her mind about it.

Looks like Greg Peck ain't comin' home for a long, long time. Having served out his 18-month tax free stretch in Europe, he lingers on to make another film, "The Cannibals." Scoop is that the rift between Greg and Greta is ever widening.

"Magnificent Obsession," the picture that put Bob Taylor on the map and is well remembered by everybody who is anybody in movie audiences, is about to be made again at U-J. Producer (and former actor) Ross Hunter has lined up Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson, Claude Rains and Agnes Moorehead, plus Technicolor, for the new version of Lloyd C. Douglas' famous novel. So if it did it for Taylor, why not for Rock?

It wasn't particularly smooth going for Ann Blyth and her Doctor before the marriage. The couple surprised a prowler, fingering her wedding presents, one night when they came home from a date. Week before that, there was another character snooping around her house. Then, just as she and her groom were about to take off to get their marriage license, MGM called Anne to the studio to make a test. You don't have to be a movie actress to be a frantic bride, but it certainly helps.

The Geary Steffen—Jane Powell—Gene Nelson fracas took a somewhat more optimistic turn when the couple more or less decided not to make a big court battle out of it, with Jane making some
concessions about custody of the children, property agreements and what not. Town's still rocking from this one—surprising and quite a little sad.

The other spectacular one, the John and Chata Wayne hassle, took a slight recess while big Duke went to Mexico to make his picture, "Honda," but you can bet all the sympathy was and is with Mr. W., since he behaved like a gentleman all the way through, refraining from casting some well-founded aspersions at the distaff side which many Hollywoodians felt would be justified.

When Eve Arden and the family took off for Europe, the departure had all the elements of a slapstick comedy. The car with the baggage got lost, showed up a couple minutes before train time. Then Eve couldn't remember where she'd left the tickets—finally found them in the seventh bag she plowed through. The trip, with all the trimmings, is the reward she gets for playing like an underpaid schoolteacher all the rest of the year.

With "Shane" being called the greatest Western ever made, people are getting excited over the fact that the two fair-haired boys, Alan Ladd and Van Heflin, just might re-do "The Covered Wagon" which, up to the time "Shane" came along, was regarded as the best of the lot. Ought to be a pretty fair lineup, what with those two heroes in same. Alan, by the way, is getting closer to home all the time—stopped off in Canada to make a movie and after that he'll be home, along with all the family.

Judy Garland never had it so good—

(Continued on Page 10)
Fitch Rose Hair Dressing now gives this amazing double-action care for your hair:
1. FITCH keeps wild, dry hair sleekly groomed all day!
2. FITCH conditions dry scalp as you groom your hair. Contains lanolin.
20,000,000 bottles sold every year. Get Fitch Rose Hair Dressing at toilet-goods counters everywhere.

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Cary Grant and Edward Arnold meet in the lobby at the opening of "Shane."

The Pat O'Briens and Helen Ferguson chat at "This Is Your Life" telecast.

**what hollywood itself is talking about!** (CONTINUED)

health, figure back, all set to go in "A Star Is Born" at Warners and Cary Grant for her leading man. It's been a long, dry spell for both—no pictures for either of them in much too long a time.

June Allyson didn't let any grass grow under her feet after she departed from MGM. U-I grabbed her real fast for "The Glenn Miller Story," along with Jimmy Stewart. Think she's tall for him?

Remember the captivating boy of "The Big Sky," Dewey Martin? Well, nothing happened in big chunks to him until MGM latched on to him for a prize fight type picture called "Tennessee Champ." It'll be nice to have him back in the game again.

That cute boy, Robert Wagner, finally got back to town from Florida and "Twelve Mile Reef." He'll be a real true blond for his next one, "Prince Valiant" of the funnies. How come? My old pal Prince Val is a definite brunette. Seems like all that noise about R. W. and Terry Moore was just that—they're not in love, so there. But she's in the minority—most gals swooned.

The girl comedienne who is rocking this town, Mary McCarty, skipped right from the comedy lead in RKO's Technicolor model pic, "French Line," to Las Vegas, for a night club engagement. The Summer replacement on "Show Of Shows," Mary has been so busy working she hasn't had much chance to enjoy her new house with the swimming pool. RKO's also got great plans for Mary, if someone doesn't beat them to her with

Those lucky Skelton children! When Red's kids had a birthday party recently their daddy and Ken Murray dressed up as clowns and entertained the guests.
a big fat contract for future films.

Kind of quiet the way Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger reconciled—no public announcement, no statements of undying affection, just started appearing around together again and the news gradually seeped out that he was back in the family. Joan's young daughter, Melinda, is the newest heartbreaker around Hollywood—pretty girl and lots of courage, getting out and establishing herself career-wise without the family help.

Casey Adams had just about time to tip his hat to his favorite girl and bride-to-be, Marjorie Millar, when she returned from a p.a. trip and TV stuff in New York. Because he, with two cuties, was just taking off for the same spot to do some personals for "Farmer Takes A Wife." The gals he took along are Charlotte Austin and Mary Anders, both in the (CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

The Dennis O'Keefes arrive at Romanoff's for a rare glamour spot visit.

Jack Entratter, host of The Sands in Las Vegas, with Desi and Lucy Arnaz.

Are you in the know?

To start school with a bang—

☐ Be a hide-beater ☐ Gang up ☐ Try soainy
Don't let those hermit blues set in! Have you a special talent, hobby? Gang up with kindred souls who share it. Help with the school paper, or posters for the fall prom. Or, hop on the bandwagon (who knows—you might be a Rosemary, junior grade!). And don't let calendar cares nag you. With Kotex, you can beat off "outline" blues, for those flat pressed ends don't show—so, your public will never know!

Are these autographs likely to go—

☐ To her head ☐ Round her waist
A walking album—your scrapbook belt (new fun fashion)! Make-believe leather with vinyl plastic "window", it holds your heroes' autographs, snapshots—whatever suits your fancy. And here's something for your memory book: at problem time, you can choose a Kotex absorbency that suits you—exactly. Try Regular, Junior, Super.

What's on a smart job-holder's mind?

☐ The future ☐ The clock ☐ New material
Your heart's set on a big-time career? Better keep your mind on the future instead of each visiting fireman. Show the boss you dependable. Promotion-worthy. What's more, come "those days", don't count on heaven alone to protect the working gal. Choose Kotex! That safety center gives extra protection—and you get lasting comfort, for this softer Kotex holds its shape!

Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

☐ Romeo & Juliet ☐ Kotex and Kotex Belts ☐ Moon 'n' June
Made for each other—that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic... they're designed to prevent curling, cutting, or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunkings; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two... for a change!
[CONTINUED]

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, long since divorced, were reunited at their son Norman’s graduation from prep school. Between them is daughter, Ellen.

picture. They were rehearsing their act like crazy before the takeoff—first time out for any of them on the p.a. circuit. Charlotte, who has all the signs of being a cute little comedienne, is the daughter of old-time singer, Gene Austin.

Ann Sothern, plenty hot now, since she made such a splash with her new TV show, still sees the town with Richard Egan (and who can blame her—didn’t you fall for his rugged good looks in “Split Second”?) but she up and swears it’s not romance. Ann’s also chummy as anything with Gar Moore, so don’t ask us which is top man in her life because we might just tell you.

Kind of unusual arrangement for John Agar when he agreed to having a watchdog around during the filming of “Bait,” the new Hugo Haas picture. John has a penchant for trouble and on account of Haas took a chance on him he was willing to have a fellow follow him around to see that he didn’t give in to an unexpected impulse before he finished the picture. Everybody’s pulling for Jack’s success.

Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh hardly got back in town from a slight vacation before Tony had to tear off to Honolulu for a picture. Janet stayed here to emote with Bob Wagner in “Prince Valiant.” Lori Nelson, Tony’s partner in “All American,” doesn’t like the butch haircut that he had to have for the picture.

Says she likes her men long-haired, see.

Well, everybody has to get in the act. Now it’s Shelley Winters who has whipped up a night club routine for a Las Vegas bit. Shell’s really wingin’ these days with her husband back in town, her kid, and the prospect of a new-type career thing. But there are a few bets going around about what’s going to happen when Vittorio goes back to Italy—will Shell give up her career to be with her boy? Hmmmm?

Lot of excitement about Geraldine Page, the Broadway actress who made such a splash in “Midsummer.” She’s here to be John Wayne’s leading lady in “Hondo” but the town didn’t get so much as a gander at the girl because she flipped right down to Mexico for the flicker. She’s a girl with real talent.

Tete-a-tete at Romanoff’s the handsome Martins, Tony and Cyd Charisse.

Good deal for Marjorie Rambeau, who’s been out of the picture biz for a few years because of a terrible accident that left her unable to walk without crutches. She’s had three good parts in a row—Irving Rapper spotted her in “Forever Female,” later in “Scalpel,” and she’s just finished as Joan Crawford’s mother in “Torch Song.” All the parts were re-written for her so she wouldn’t have to walk around.

Sounds funny but Johnny Ray is going to play the son of Dan Dailey in “There’s No Business Like Show Business.” This is the picture that will star Ethel Merman again—after the smash “Call Me Madam.” Miss M. comes back a married lady—one of the best kept secrets this town has known. Ethel and airplane man Bob Six were married for five months before they let anybody know.

Little Joanne Gilbert can run a race anytime she wants to with Rosemary Clooney on the Paramount lot. Both gals have their own personal bicycles, which is to say, they are vedy important people now. Not everybody rates a wheel, you know.

Now they have to worry about horses in 3-D yet. Seems like their—well, the back part of them kind of sticks out into
New Long-Lasting Lipstick
Won’t Smear Off—
Stays On All Day Long!

It’s Sweeping the Country! Amazing No-Smear Lipstick
Won’t Eat Off—Won’t Bite Off—Won’t Kiss Off!

You’ll love it! And he’ll love you
more if you wear Hazel Bishop’s
amazing no-smear lipstick! Because
this is the lipstick that won’t come
off on cups, napkins, cigarettes—or
on his collar!

Put it on in the morning or evening
and forget about it! Hazel Bishop
Lipstick stays on and on—until you
yourself easily cream or wash it off!
Yes, it outlasts other lipsticks 4 to
5 times, yet costs no more!

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long-lasting! Get Hazel Bishop Lip-
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ter today! 8 wonderful shades.

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Today—America’s Largest-Selling Lipstick!

Keefe Brasselle, star of “The Eddie
Cantor Story,” and Mrs. B. at Ciro’s.

the audience if they’re not handled prop-
erly. From now on, U-I has a rule that
the nags either have to be in the back-
ground or facing toward the patrons and
the patrons can just hope the four-footed
actors don’t catch cold and sneeze.

Merv Griffin, boy singer who used to
warble with Freddie Martin’s band but
is now an actor fellow at Warners
(with Katie Grayson in “So This Is
Love”), treated himself—(21 grand
it cost him). Which is heaps more than
what he used to ride around in—busses
—are worth. Merv is seeing the country
and enjoying the feeling of piloting his
own hack instead of sharing a vehicle
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)

Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross in the
throng at CBS-TV’s Coronation Party.

Honeybugs
Something different—
Nubby Boucle’

Really fun to slide your feet into —
nubby boucle’ Jester with a tuxedo collar . . .
just perfect for peaceful evenings at home.
Sizes 4 to 9 in many style-right colors.
Perspiration and odor-resistant PEDE-PURE Lining for health and daintiness.
Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse bring something new to the screen in their ultra-modern satiric dance on the popular murder mystery novels of today. It's the climax of their spectacular Technicolor musical, MGM's "The Band Wagon."

The Band Wagon

Jump on "The Band Wagon" for an evening of spritely entertainment, for that master craftsman, Fred Astaire, is up to his shiny toe-tapping best. Astaire, a song and dance man, returns to New York since Hollywood has pegged him a former great. Back on Broadway, he meets the writing team of Nanette Fabray and Oscar Levant, who tell him they have scripted the ideal musical for him. Amusing problems present themselves when Jack Buchanan, ably playing a Broadway genius, decides to direct, produce and rewrite the musical so it's a modern day version of "Faust." The staging is further complicated by the fact that they've chosen ballerina Cyd Charisse for Astaire's dancing partner. Both Cyd and Fred are afraid they can't dance together; she being from the ballet and he from the fast-paced tap world. The try-out flops, but when Astaire takes over and reverts to the original story line they have a hit and he has a new love in Cyd. Highlights of this Technicolor Arthur Freed production include Astaire's solo on a shoe shine stand in a penny arcade... the triplet number where Fred, Nanette Fabray, and Buchanan dance on their knees... and the imaginative climax, "Girl Hunt," where Astaire makes like a musical private eye. The picture is directed with a light, gay touch by Vincente Minnelli. MGM.

Gunman Bob Taylor holds fascination for Ava Gardner in "Ride, Vaquero."

The Moon Is Blue

William Holden and David Niven's wooing of Maggie McNamara provides the amusing theme of this adult comedy of the battle of the sexes. Much of the racy overtones and flip dialogue of the N.Y. stage play have been retained by Director Otto Preminger. Although during most of the action, Maggie proclaims a preference for necking, like most strategists she manages to capture Holden in the traditional orange blossoms ceremony. Film, which is a real rib-tickler, finds Holden and Niven battling it out for comedy honors, with Miss McNamara and impish Dawn Addams (as Niven's daughter) adding immeasurably to the fun. United Artists.

Affair With A Stranger

When Vic Mature begins to stray from home and wife Jean Simmons, a gossip columnist prints they are planning a divorce. How the announcement is received by the couple, their friends and potential homewrecker, Monica Lew- is, comprises the story line of the Robert Sparks production. Mature plays a self-styled writer, Miss Simmons his model-wife, and Jane Darwell, Wally Vernon, Mary Jo Tarola and Olive Carey, their well-meaning friends. It's a drawing room comedy, which provides quite a few chuckles while cutting up the proverbial romantic triangle.

RKO

(Continued on Page 16)

The "moisture shield" in new Fresh is a gentle, extra-effective astringent that acts just like an invisible shield...to protect your clothes from perspiration stains, stop embarrassing odor.

Gentle new Fresh™ has moisture-shield
to keep underarms dry...

Instantly—Fresh Cream Deodorant forms an invisible shield to protect you and your clothes.

Wonderful news! Gentle new Fresh with "moisture-shield," used daily, ends the problem of perspiration moisture which stains fabrics and causes unpleasant odor! Yes, you're really protected with Fresh!

For the new Fresh formula is superior in anti-perspirant action—acts instantly like an invisible shield to keep you from offending—your clothes safe.

University scientists have proved that gentle new Fresh has up to 180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants...and it's the astringent action that keeps underarms dry.

Creamy-soft, Fresh is gentle to skin, not sticky or greasy. Try Fresh today. There's a Fresh with Chlorophyll, too!

*Fresh is a reg. trade mark of The Pharma-Craft Corporation Also manufactured and distributed in Canada.

New Fresh keeps you lovely to love always
Yvonne Furneaux, wounded helping him escape the Redcoats, confesses to Errol Flynn it was she who betrayed him in Warners' “The Master Of Ballantrae.”

The White Witch Doctor

There's enough spine-tingling action in this Otto Lang production to spill over into a serial. There's never a dull moment. When nurse Susan Hayward arrives in the Belgian Congo to join a missionary group, local authority Walter Slezak assigns Robert Mitchum to escort her into the interior. Although he is hostile about guiding Susan, he agrees when Slezak points out that this will get him safely into the forbidden Bakuba country, where it is believed there is a fabulous gold collection. As the safari progresses, Mitchum sees Susan subdue a witch doctor, stop an epidemic and save a chief's son. When the boy again becomes ill because of witch doctor interference, Susan is held captive. It is then that Mitchum realizes he loves her and faces the decision of whether to sacrifice his quest for gold or her life. From here on, it's topnotch acting with lots of thrill sequences. 20th Century-Fox.

Houdini

The spellbinding effect of Houdini's numerous escape acts, plus the likable teaming of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, provides a happy blending for this George Pal production. Tony as Houdini begins his career as part-time wildman-magician in a carnival. When the 'wildman' starts acting too tame towards a girl in the audience (Janet Leigh), he loses his job, but wins her affection. They are married and she joins his act. From here on, the film becomes a narrative of some of the magician's greatest tricks—including his escape from a safe, from the Tower of London and from under the ice-caked Detroit River. Curtis's dexterity, plus the behind-the-scenes preparations for the death-defying stunts provides the movie with an unmistakable fascination. Paramount.

South Sea Woman

The Marines always have the situation well in hand—and when the object is Virginia Mayo, who's to blame them? Marine Sgts. Burt Lancaster and Chuck Connors are on leave in Shanghai, when Connors sees Virginia, a nightclub photographer, and determines to marry her. Lancaster is against the merger, and while trying to break up the romance, his company ships out without him and Connors. The resulting action finds the boys, accompanied by Virginia, in a series of misadventures stemming from their inability to catch up with the Marines. The story's premise, which is highly improbable, still provides enough interest and imagination for lighthearted entertainment. Warner Brothers.

Man From The Alamo

Rancher Glenn Ford deserts the fighting at the Alamo to warn his family and neighbors of the approaching Mexican Army. He arrives too late, for the entire town, including his wife and son, has been wiped out. An eye-witness to the massacre, 11-year-old Butch Cavell, tells him it was not General Santa Ana, but Victor Jory and a group of white men masquerading as Mexicans who rampaged the town. While seeking a home for Butch, Ford finds only Julia Adams willing to help the youngster, for word of the Alamo's fall and Ford's desertion is beginning to be circulated. Realizing that no one will believe his true motive, Ford launches his own private and hazardous crusade against Jory. Before his revenge is complete he par-
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TOM CURTIS 17
what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

with a whole bunch of musicians.

Those pink undies that fly from the raft Burt Lancaster and Virginia Mayo occupy in “South Sea Woman” were supposed to be her own—but hers were so dainty and small that the wardrobe department had to whip up an oversized pair so they could be seen as a distress signal. Well, sir.

From “Salome” to “Sadie Thompson” to “Mary Magdalene” is quite a switch but Princess Rita is the girl who picks up all these marbles. Just as soon as she stops being the gaudy Sadie Thompson in the picture of the same name, her highness steps into “The Story Of Mary Magdalene.”

Well, they burned down the old jailhouse at U-I the other day. It’s the same old jail that was used in the days of Tom Mix, John Barrymore, Hoot Gibson, Douglas Fairbanks, etc., etc. Last in was Van Heflin for “Wings Of The Hawk,” but he got out before the fire started. It was not Van’s fault—the historic old building (circa 1923) had a bad case of termites so it had to go.

Wait’ll you get a load of this Pat Crowley, who debuts in Paramount’s “Forever Female.” This little gal wants to be known as a siren-type because she doesn’t believe girls get very far in the acting game if they’re cookie makers and house-tidiers. She’s so right—does Marilyn Monroe cook?

John Barrymore, Jr., got a bundle of money from an inheritance and promptly bought himself and bride a new home. He needed part of the money for the police, too. Got a traffic ticket, went to pay it, paid, walked out and got tagged again for jaywalking.

Funny gag Jan Sterling and Coleen Gray whipped up to play on John Payne. While the three were making “The Vanquished,” John had a day off but the girls didn’t. They got into cahoots with the prop department and had John’s dressing room door sprayed all over with cobwebs. Inside the room, a vase full of withered flowers. John allowed he was just as glad he got back because they might have thought about moths next.

Some chatter going on over “The Moon Is Blue.” It’s too blue for a lot of people, apparently, but it’s an awful lot of fun and very adult and if you go to see it you’ll find Maggie McNamara a delightful new personality.

For the “Red Garters” musical at Paramount, dolls Rosie Clooney, Pat Crowley and Joanne Gilbert wear very brief chorus girl type clothing. Walking around the lot, they distracted the male workers so that they were finally requested to wear neck-to-toe smocks. So they did.

With all the dates Don and Gwen O’Connor had after their bustup, they got better acquainted than when they were Mr. and Mrs. It’s too bad they decided on a divorce.

Ruth Roman, on location in Mexico for “Blowing Wild,” had herself a nice wild time at her first bull fight. She wanted a good seat, so she got one in the front row. So a bull went a little wild, tried to climb the fence and sit in her lap. Miss R. wasn’t having any and scurried off just like the rest of the customers to a safe place until El Toro got back where he belonged.

Gary Cooper, French star Martine Carol, Italy’s Gina Lollobrigida and Greg Peck hold their “Samoathrace Victory” statues, French version of the Oscar.
Danton Walker visited her N. Y. bank safety deposit vault three days in a row and spent a full three hours every morning. Upon arrival and departure she was met by a battery of lawyers and other legal aides for lengthy confabs. Quite the biggest mystery in town . . .

Steve Cochran ducked a raft of upper crust society functions, arranged in his honor by leading socialite hostesses, in favor of joining a group of old cronies on a tour of off-beat Greenwich Village night clubs—the Bon Soir, Village Vanguard and El Chico. Rugged Steve preferred tooting around town in informal attire rather than don "soup and fish" for the Park Avenue soirees. For each swank party he skipped, he sent mammoth bouquets of roses to his would-be party-givers, along with his regrets advising them he was "too exhausted" to accept their hospitality . . .

Diana Lynn made daily visits to the Central Park Zoo in time for the noontime feedings of the seals and monkeys and always was followed by several dozen admirers who saw to it she had a ringside view of the proceedings. As a treat for her fans' kindness, Diana hired a fleet of horse-and-buggy cabs, eleven all told, and the entire entourage clip-clopped through the park on a three-hour whirl with Diana in the lead rig . . .

A gay Gotham whirl behind her, Pier Angeli joins Producer Joe Pasternak, Lana Turner, Dir. Richard Brooks in Rome.

Celebrity Holm almost stepped back into the leading role in "The King And I" on short notice when the musical play's star, Constance Carpenter, was suddenly stricken with an attack of indigestion while the understudy was also indisposed. Miss Carpenter recovered in time for her performance (opposite Yul Brynner), but Celeste was still hovering backstage as the curtain went up, just in case. Having starred in the musical for six weeks a year ago, while the late Gertrude Lawrence was vacationing, Celeste figured she could give an impromptu performance in an emergency. And knowing Celeste, we'd say she could too! (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)
Eddie Fisher, Vic Damone and Johnnie Ray were a merry trio at the same table the night singer Rusty Draper made his Gotham debut at La Vie En Rose. Draper, a West Coast favorite from San Francisco, gave vocal impressions of his three friends sitting at ringside and the uncanny take-off rocked the audience, particularly the Messrs. Fisher, Damone and Ray . . .


Richard Greene and his “Dial M For Murder” leading lady, Faith Brooks, were inseparable during his first New York vacation in years. “Dickie,” as he is called by friends, by-passed many former pals because his romantic doings around town with Miss Brooks were supervised by her. She arranged everything—the places they dined, the friends they met, his tailoring appointments and the on-time scheduled visits to his hotel barber shop . . .

Wendell Corey almost slugged a noisy patron at the Blue Angel during a performance of Alice Pearce, comedienne and long-time friend of Corey and his wife. The inebriated customer was willing to pick a fight until the screen star stood up. That stopped (CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)
You gals love them . . . with mighty good reasons!

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Bing Crosby's love for Paris is understandable
for only there is he able to go about unhampered, unhindered and
eighty percent of the time, unrecognized

BING’S FLING

BY MARIA RUESSEL (In Paris)

“Man—Paris! It’s the greatest,” Bing was saying. “It’s free. The air’s free.” Literally.
Bing was saying—it’s the first time since he was stricken with fame that he could go about unhampered, unhindered, and eighty percent of the time, unrecognized. It’s a great relief not to be a sensation every time you venture out.

Bing fell head over heels in love with Paris when he found that Parisians were not Der Bingle conscious. (How Bob Hope envied that!) He could stroll along the Champs Elysees, sip coffee at a sidewalk cafe and sun himself in the park and no one said a word. Except that one time when the gendarme threatened Bing with the pokey until Bing finally understood that you have to pay a small fee of two francs to sit in the public park. From then on Paris was clear sailing. And this year—ooh, la-la!

Bing with a French beret instead of his straw toppler whizzing by the Arc de Triomphe in his fire engine red Mercedes Benz—Bing at the Folies Bergere surrounded backstage by the Parisian cuties clamoring, “Take us to Hollywood, Beeing!” Bing at Longchamps—Bing at the Ritz—at Maxim’s—astonished, delighted Parisians' exclamations, “That was Beeing Crrrosby!” And whenever Bing’s feminine admirers did salute him too persistently, his sixteen-year-old son, Lindsay, was there “chaperoning his old man,” as Bing said.

One night at the White Elephant, a favorite bistro of the International set, Bing even stole the spotlight away from King Farouk, Aly Khan and Gene Tierney. He was with a group of friends and when the crowd recognized him they shouted, “Sing Monsieur Crosby!” And he did. Bing sang “Blue Skies” and a dozen more, and the elegant White Elephant went wild with applause.

He danced with the glamorous Marchesa de Partago and with Queen Alexandra herself. They were both in his party. And then they all sat sipping champagne and talking about Paris and Bing was telling about the grand fling he’d had, not with the beauties of the Folies Bergere, or the can-can cuties in Montmartre—but with his youngest offspring, and

(Continued on page 54)
IN PARIS
Impetuous males are no problem to
Debbie Reynolds, who seems to have found
the key to safe and sound dating

BY JACK HOLLAND

WHEN DO YOU
MAKE HIM STOP?

If a girl as popular as Debbie Reynolds is in Hollywood can enjoy a date and keep her integrity and decency, certainly a girl in any other town can do just as well. It isn't, after all, where you live—it's what you, yourself, are really after and honestly want. You can wrestle or be smart. It's up to you.

You're out with a guy, he's making with the sweet talk, he's heading towards that parking place, he parks, leans towards you and you know what he's got on his mind.

This, young lady, is where you have to know how to get out of a spot.

The business of putting the brakes on the impetuous male is not a new problem. Every girl who has dated has had to call on her wiles and wits to meet a situation. Dates may be fun, but they can also be headaches to the young lady who still is hanging on to a few desirable virtues.

Hollywood actresses have the same problems to meet as those of any girl in any town. Some have learned when to get the man to stop.

Debbie Reynolds is one young lady who seems to have found the key to safe and sound dating. She has discovered that if a girl is interesting as a personality, if she has self-respect, a gentleman isn't too likely to turn suddenly into a wolf. And she has found that if a girl keeps her sense of values uppermost in her mind there is usually no problem.

Of all the young stars in Hollywood, Debbie has probably kept her head better than anyone you can think of. The fellows she dates know she isn't in the mood for anything serious, that there's no desire on her part for any heavy romance, so they treat her with the respect she naturally commands. With Debbie, they know she's the kind of a girl who can get a kick out of little things like eating popcorn at a movie, having a ride on a roller coaster, eating a hamburger instead of marching off to some club. Because she finds a real zest in living and in being young, she doesn't have to seek out vicarious pleasures.

In most cases, if a girl finds herself in a parked car with a guy with too much amour on his mind, she very likely has herself to blame. She has probably given the man a few wrong ideas during the evening by her actions. Possibly she tried to be sultry and glamorous by wearing too much siren-like make-up. Or maybe she dressed in such a way as to create a false impression. Undoubtedly, she was unnecessarily coy and flirtatious or was a tease. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 55)

Of the young stars in Hollywood, Debbie has kept her head better than anyone.
There are strange, inconsistent rumors circulating on Linda Darnell's loves. Now at last she breaks her silence about her private life.

By Denny Shane

LINDA'S HECTIC

"I've been entangled since I was born," says Linda, now linked with several men.
LOVE LIFE

LINDA DARNELL came to Hollywood with the looks of a sensuous woman and the heart of a little girl. She was only a teen-ager and her life was an open book. She loved gayety and there was no secret about her popularity and her dates. When she was courted and won by Pev Marley, the cameraman who personally supervised all her tests and guided her camera behavior, that was no surprise. She lived out in the open.

Today, Linda Darnell surrounds herself with such a steep wall of privacy that Hollywood is baffled by her and retorts with rumors. One hears a strange and inconsistent assortment of tales.

One story has it that Linda is lonely and disturbed. Another guesses at a big romance with a secret love. A third and much publicized tale is that she is madly in love with the Italian movie producer, Giuseppe Amato, and has bought a fabulous home on the outskirts of Rome, where she will live permanently to be near him. Still another story has Linda dating nightly a wealthy and persistent Chicago businessman.

“That’s one of the funniest of all,” Linda grinned up at me. She was leaning down to slip into some comfy, low-heeled slippers after coming off a long session in high heels on the set of “Second Chance,” at RKO. “I read in the paper that I was having a mad whirl here in Hollywood with Milton Stevenson of Chicago. The truth is,” she revealed, “that his car may have been spotted outside my house any number of times after our first date, although we’ve never seen each other since.

“What happened,” she explained, “is that my maid and Mr. Stevenson’s chauffeur took one look at each other the night Milton and I had the date—and his chauffeur started courting my maid!”

Linda postscripted her story with an afterthought. “Milton was very nice. Unfortunately when he called me a couple of times after that I was out of (CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)
Joanne's eye-catching quality is not her sensational figure, the change in the color of her hair, but rather the new person she has studiously become. 'A man above everything else wants a good-natured woman!'
it's easy to
Catch A Man's Eye

In this last year Jeanne Crain, who catches a man's eye quicker than most females, has become Hollywood's favorite legend of glamour. Fabulous is the one word most frequently used these days, in describing her. It isn't her sensational figure, nor is it simply the change in the color of her hair, but rather the new person she has studiously become. Now everyone who wants to be sure of a party's success endeavors to get Jeanne as a guest. Her arrival guarantees the occasion. An invitation from her, as well, is equally treasured. Although the mother of four children, she still knows how to catch a man's eye and just how she does it is worth following.

Always she is stunning. Her face has a haunting loveliness. She sets styles with her flair for the smartest clothes, but never is a cold, high-fashion type model. There's no trace of artificiality. Always warmth and understanding. Glances given her, by men and women alike, reflect overall admiration and approval. But it isn't merely Jeanne's appearance, but rather her personality.

When you talk to Jeanne, you leap into a fascinating conversation for surprisingly, she's anything but monotonously one-track. She's gay or serious, depending on the mood of the listener of the moment. Her sensitive awareness of your personal interests and deep feelings creates a lasting bond. As she speaks you soon discover her intelligence and genuine sweetness make her an exciting human being. She views life and love as a closely entwined, magnificent adventure not to be missed. Vividly, she applies what she has learned so far. Her attraction is specific. No normal male can keep his eyes, however well guarded, off Jeanne.

Yet, with it all, Jeanne has remained a dream wife to her own husband and this is a romantic, realistic achievement far more difficult than the temporary attachments you read about in various gossip columns.

How did Jeanne get this enviable, wonderful joy of living that spills over when you're with her? When does she have time to accomplish so much? What does a girl have to do to become... (CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

THE REAL SECRET, ACCORDING TO JEANNE CRAIN, IS NOT IN THE APPEAL OF YOUR FIGURE, BUT RATHER IN THE MAGIC OF YOUR CHARM AND PERSONALITY

By TEX LEE

At Cinerama preem with hubby Paul Brinkman. She hates her "sweet little thing" reputation.

"Glamour is not a veil you mysteriously throw over your real self only when you go out."
I'M ALL MIXED UP!

"I thought I knew what I wanted," admits Dale Robertson. "Now I'm not so sure I do"

By VINCENT ROGERS

Once there was a youngster—tall, lanky and handsome—who said in a strong Oklahoma drawl, "I'm in Hollywood for only one reason. I want to get me enough money to buy a horse ranch. After that I'm clearing out."

His name was Dale Robertson, and you didn't see him in night clubs, or duded-up in tails and white tie at a party, or sitting in a box for the horse racing. It wasn't that he was exclusive or hiding under a rock somewhere. You could find him easily—at home with his young wife. Most every night.

Maybe they'd be having a few friends in for the evening or fooling around the backyard, and their friends were just people—like the owner of a restaurant, or a couple of standins with their wives.

And when you talked to Dale Robertson—which was mighty easy to do in those days—he'd tell you, "I figure if I have five to seven years in this business, I'll think I'm lucky. In the meantime, I'm preparing for the day when it ends."

It's all different now—or is it? Has Dale Robertson really gone Hollywood, or is he the same casual guy he always was, but buried under the (CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)

In somewhat of a trance with Marilyn Monroe at charity ball game. His marriage has been series of misunderstandings.

Dale's success, the adulation of fans, his absence from home, has his wife fed up.
KEEP IN STEP WITH MARGE AND GOWER

CHAMPION TO ALWAYS LOOK FRESHLY IN LOVE

By TOM CARLSON

Hollywood married couples are like all other married couples—they wear that married look! That is, all except one. Movie audiences everywhere are constantly amazed to discover that Marge and Gower Champion are not only a gay, light-as-a-feather, young-as-Springtime dance team, but they are also a prosaic, down-to-earth, dyed-in-the-wool MR. and MRS.

It is not unusual to sit in a darkened theatre today and hear the whispered comments of the ticket buyers: “Aren’t they wonderful? . . . Isn’t she pretty? . . . Isn’t he graceful? . . . I wish I knew more about them. . . . I wonder if they’re married, and to whom . . . ?”

No one could believe, to look at the Champions, that they have been married for five years—and to one another!

Half the success and popularity on the screen of Marge and Gower Champion, most anyone will tell you, is that they don’t wear that certain look, so often moulded in varying degrees of harassed intensity to denote that a couple are man and wife.

Oh, there are couples who look happy and relaxed enough not to signal a dual marriage certificate as soon as they make the least move or open their mouths, but they are in the minority, say the experts. Not so the Champions, who dance as if it were love at first sight, and they had just met!

Even on the big screen—which sees all and reveals all—there is nothing of the tell-tale gray of wedlock about the Champions. None of that illusion where even married couples gradually seem to grow to look like each other. Nothing, in Marge, of the married woman whose face seems sort of settled, or, in Gower, of a man who wears a faintly hangdog expression.

Actually, to those who know they are married, the very feeling of freedom, spontaneity, gaiety or what have you that pervades the mere presence (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)

Every time the Champions dance together they fall in love all over again before your eyes.
"Is the giddy whirl your idea of the way to find honest love and complete living? If so, good luck to you. You'll need it," says Betty Grable

PITY THE POOR PLAY GIRL

By JON BRUCE
"The playtime girl may have a lot of fun for a while, but when the day of reckoning comes she’s going to be in for much sadness and trouble."

Betty Grable wasted no time getting into the subject of "Where are you going, little playgirl?" As vibrant and as glamorous as ever, Betty had just finished wowing the town with her work in "How To Marry A Millionaire" for 20th Century-Fox and was getting ready to go on loan-out to Columbia for "The Pleasure Is All Mine." Those who have seen la Grable in "Millionaire" have agreed that there’s only one Grable and no one will ever take her place. She looks terrific and is a sensation in the picture.

"I’ve never been the type who could be a playgirl," Betty said honestly. "For one thing, I’ve worked at my career since childhood. But I haven’t ever liked going to a lot of parties, I didn’t date more than one fellow at a time, and I never got myself in the position where I was seeing and doing so much I was bored with life. I still can’t take any gay gadding about. Why, I’ve never even gone to a premiere here.

"To be perfectly candid, there are those with whom I work who complain because I go out so little. They feel I’m not being glamorous. Well, maybe they’re right, but I have fun in my own way and I love my life."

"Because of my background, I find it hard to understand just what a girl sees in leading the flip, merry-go-round kind of existence. It’s not a life. Where does it lead? I also find it difficult to understand why some young actresses starting out in the movie business feel their fame is dependent on how many times they get their names in the gossip columns.

"It may be important, publicity-wise, for them to go out a little and to be seen with the eligible bachelors—if there’s no other way for them to be noticed. I was lucky, I guess, because when I started, my publicity came not from being seen at night clubs but from my still pictures. The big confusion, then, facing young actresses today is not knowing when to stop making a career out of the gay life and start using some talent, if any, as a foundation.

"The case of the starlet isn’t much different from that of any young girl. The more they go out, the more things they do, the less there is to look forward to and the sooner they get bored. Besides, everyone soon gets tired of hearing about the cocktail glass and romantic exploits of these play girls.

"There’s a lot more to life than going to night clubs, parties, or having an endless round of dates. To prevent complete stagnation, girls should adopt more lasting interests. Anything that is not superficial.

"When there’s nothing to look forward to there is a real danger of turning to artificial kinds of pleasures in search of new excitements. The (CONTINUED ON PAGE 59)"
the nimble non-conformist

With all that's been printed about Marlon Brando, you've been conditioned to expect the unpredictable. However, you're in for more surprises

By FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

Atmospheric conditions are likely to be what is known in Weather Bureau parlance as variable when one approaches Marlon Brando. Most people, both fellow actors and innocent bystanders, are conscious of an awesome fog and a raging storm at one and the same time. Lightning is expected to flash, snow may be anticipated in August, and roses may bloom over igloos.

It is likely that more prose, both laudatory and critical, has been written about Marlon Brando than about any other player able to look back on so brief a public career. It is this press, as much as anything, that has conditioned readers to expect the unpredictable from the nimblest non-conformist of our age.

Writers dearly love colorful characters, but the inclination of theatrical folk in recent years has been to stick as closely, sweetly, and conservatively as possible to the kitchen and the nursery. By speaking his mind with raw honesty, and by responding to impulses which other individuals on the far side of twenty would reject, Marlon Brando has established a fresh aspect of the celebrity rampant.

Naturally, typewriters began to click when a mature and highly competent man, having completed a difficult and powerful motion picture, "The Men," relaxed by driving to Ocean Park, the Coney Island of the West, and spending an evening on the roller coaster, the serpentine slide, the airplane swing, and other stomach-reversers. The chap who went along with Marlon on this junket lost his interest in roller coasters after the second ride and left the scenic railway to hang greenly across a nearby shooting gallery counter, while Marlon continued to sandblast his teeth with the ocean wind.

Pilots, back from perilous missions, have been known to put their planes through acrobatics as a cooling off exercise. Standard masculine procedure for unwinding is usually to get plastered, but Brando does not drink. Apparently the roller coaster served the same purpose for an

(Continued on page 60)

"Julius Caesar" represented one of the finest spoils systems of Brando's career when he secured jobs for former co-workers. The social rules for covering a yawn mean nothing to Brando.
"You men are all alike ... I've always been a man's woman, I'm afraid I always will be and think if anyone's earned the right to do some frank talking I have," declares Zsa Zsa Gabor emphatically.

"Men completely misunderstand the meaning of love and romance!"

By HENRY KAUFMAN

The fabulous Gabors clustered about their vivacious mother, Mrs. Jolie Gabor, are Magda, Eva and Zsa Zsa.

EVERY MAN take cover! The zingly, zestful Zsa Zsa of the fabulous clan Gabor is on the warpath, and how!

I hardly had my foot in the door of her dressing room at St. Maurice near Paris, where she was making "Public Enemy No. 1" with the French comedian, Fernandel, when she proceeded to attack me—sorry, only verbally.

"You men are all alike, every one of you. You're going to sit down, keep your mouth shut and listen to some bitter truths. I've always been a man's woman, I'm afraid I always will be. And I think if anyone's earned the right to do some frank talking, I have." Somewhat taken aback, I half-stumbled on to a studio couch, meekly prepared to listen.

"First, you feel you must dominate every woman you meet, or want—the same thing to you men! Why, oh, why? Are you so weak, so afraid that you can't stand equality with a woman? Is that it? Why can't you and all the others get it through your heads that women don't exist just to serve as your tool, or puppet, or servant? If you'd only realize how much simpler life would be for everyone, if every male didn't think it was his destiny to act Pygmalion and Svengali night and day.

"Second, you completely misunderstand the meaning of love and romance." She stopped momentarily, her eyes undulating wickedly. "Well, not all of you. There are some magnificent exceptions, simply marvelous. Perhaps I've known a few who understood a woman's heart and knew how to reach a woman's soul. But most of you completely misunderstand us. I'll give you a perfect example. Who have you men made one of your great heroes? That utterly ridiculous Don Juan, who went from woman to woman day after day, night after night. What a pitifully sad little man he must have been, and what a hopeless failure as lover. And yet, men worship him. You write books, plays, poems, symphonies, even operas about him. What you don't seem to understand is that the real test of a lover's capacity is his ability to hold a woman's love over a long period of time. That's something every woman understands with every beat of her pulse, with every breath she takes.

"And there's a third thing. You fight like fury to keep a woman from self-fulfillment. You try everything—force, flattery, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)
Some women might balk at the hard work glamour demands. To Donna it's a challenge

Most women pursue two things—men and glamour. Both pursuits require work.

Even though I'm playing a rather seductive role as a young lady interested only in men in Columbia's "From Here To Eternity," I'll leave the business of hints on catching a man to more capable hands, and concentrate on glamour or beauty or whatever you want to call it.

Let's not kid ourselves—it takes work to be attractive. It's a career in itself. But it's also one of the most stimulating challenges any woman can face.

Actresses have to make glamour a real production. Yet, some stars complain that there's too much emphasis put on glamour as such. They say they're bored with it. I can't understand this attitude. Ninety percent of this business is prettiness and beauty. It's what makes people go to theatres. It's the product known as sex appeal—the kind that sells tickets. And yet I've seen some rather important stars attend social functions looking like they were advertisements for the Bohemian life.

I've always believed that those of us in pictures owe it to the public to look as glamorous as possible when we go out. The most sensational gowns should be worn, jewels (even if they're fake) should adorn the so-called form divine, and the coiffures and make-ups ought to be perfection. If all this seems like too much of a chore, then I'd say it's better to skip the affair entirely.

I'll never understand why there has been such a concerted move to make stars look like the girl next door. In the first place, who was it who decided what the girl next door looked like? Certainly she can't be the hard type that emerges as the result of what I call "documentary photography." Actresses are put under harsh lights, they're made to look as plain as an old shoe—and this is supposed to be the girl next door. The girl next door should sue.

This type of publicity does little to (CONTINUED ON PAGE 63)
my best date

Tom Morton in "Main St. To B'way."
THE HOLLYWOOD BACHELOR is a special species of man. True, bachelors anywhere are at a premium, and can afford to be choosy about the girls they date. But when a man is the idol of thousands of fans, and has an address book full of movie lovelies to pick from—his idea of a good date is likely to be that mythical combination of beauty, brains, talent, charm, sex appeal, sense of humor, and maybe even money. We asked some of the most attractive and eligible young men about movie town to tell us, without mincing words, who their favorites were. Considering the fact that these men have all dated a number of pretty glamorous women, our request meant that some handsome necks would be stuck out to the danger point. But not one hesitated. And from the answers you may get not only the composite picture of the perfect woman, but several surprising revelations about what makes a guy happy.

TAB HUNTER: I wasn’t yet sixteen when I had my best date—to date. I was in the Coast Guard at the time. Sure, I was under age, but I had managed to join up. We were in New York for a time and one evening I set out to have fun. It had to be a bit limited, however, seeing as how I had almost nothing to spend. I went to a skating rink and there was this pretty blonde girl, about my own age. She kept looking at me and presently she came over. “I know this sounds awfully corny, but you remind me of my brother,” she said. She proceeded to prove it by showing me a (CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

The answer to the eternal question of what a man looks for in a girl may be found in the frank confessions of these Hollywood bachelors about favorite dates

By SARA CORPENING

Farley Granger lost heart in Paris. Tab Hunter dated the girl only once. Many men will agree with Craig Hill.
A proud father, Robert Montgomery will never try to run Elizabeth's career.
ON YOUR OWN,

Elizabeth!

Elizabeth Montgomery knows that it takes more than a famous father to get ahead

"Acting," says Robert Montgomery, who should know, "is a very exciting, stimulating—and, at times—terribly discouraging profession."

Guiding light behind "Robert Montgomery Presents" (NBC-TV, Mondays, 9:30—10:30 PM, EDT.) and one of the most competent of players, Mr. Montgomery voiced the above statement in relation to two subjects very close to his heart... acting in general... and acting as the logical career for a lovely young girl bent on following in her father's footsteps.

The girl is blonde, blue-eyed, 20-year-old Elizabeth Montgomery, who has already carved for herself—on her own grounds and without any undue parental support—a comfortable little niche in the rising medium that is television.

Not so long ago, if you remember, she was the bright young co-star of NBC-TV's "Top Secret," playing the daughter of her distinguished father, and through the Summer of 1953 she will be part of the Summer stock version of his regular successful television show.

"You say you're going to call this story, 'You're On Your Own, Elizabeth!' " remarked Bob Montgomery, with more pride than humor. "Well, let me tell you, that will come as no news to Elizabeth. She... (continued on page 67)
One of the year's biggest surprise appearances on TV may be a guest shot performed by Shirley Temple on Guy Madison's Wild Bill Hickok series. This out-of-retirement acting stint by the former screen actress will be marked by a well-planned publicity-promotion campaign. It was in a major Shirley Temple film epic, "Since You Went Away," that a young Guy Madison made his motion picture debut in a scene that lasted less than three minutes but remained indelibly in the hearts of feminine bobby-soxers throughout the world. Having scored with movie audiences in subsequent films, Guy then dropped out of the public's eye only to return bigger and better than ever as the youngest and handsomest video ranger of them all...

TV's Edith Adams isn't going to tour the countryside in the smash hit musical, "Wonderful Town," in which she's Roz Russell’s younger sister, Eileen. Too many video and Hollywood film offers have come her way and a major network plans starring her in her own weekly series.
variety show emanating from Gotham. During the gala midnight champagne supper party given at Bruno's Pen & Pencil Steak House by the Outer Circle drama critics (Broadway correspondents for out-of-town newspapers), Edith and Roz Russell danced and sang the title song from their show after accepting scrolls which named "Wonderful Town" the "best musical for 1952-'53."

Jack Benny wants Ann Sothern to bring her shorthand notebook and pencil over to his "house" on a future telecast. To date, Ann has demurred, despite the fact generous Jack has offered to send Rochester in the Maxwell to bring her to the Benny homestead for the video visit . . .

Although Frank Sinatra doesn't want to be Luigi in the series which became so popular with televiwers when J. Carrol Naish played the role, the actor-singer is quietly working on a telefilm format that will give him an opportunity to concentrate on dramatics rather than vocal abilities. Tipsters insist Sinatra is angling for a program tailored along the Robert Montgomery lines. That's a very ambitious goal for any actor firmly established internationally as a singer . . .

Mary Sinclair, who favors milk baths over the bubbly kind, works on jigsaw puzzles while soaking in her tub—it's her way of relaxing completely after a busy day around town, rehearsing, performing, shopping . . .

Perry Como eats spaghetti as much as he likes and never gains an ounce by indulging himself in his favorite food. "It's the sauce you use that adds the calories," cautions Perry. "I use tomatoes, chives and mushrooms, nothing else added" . . .

On the 19th of every month, Desi Arnaz presents the Lucy he loves with a box of his favorite cigars, in honor of the January 19th birthdate of their son Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV. Lucille Ball (continued on page 69)
COUNT ON CASUALS

The comfortable way—the casual way and the way to economy. Casual clothes to see you through many different activities. None are expensive—all in good taste.

Modeling some of the better buys we’ve found, actress Evelyn Keyes, shown below, (1) appears in “Step By Step” and “Around The Clock,” both United Artists’ releases. Pat Benoit (2-5), NBC-TV attraction, is part of “Mr. Peepers” cast, plays role of girlfriend Nancy on show.

1. Red taffeta bow on black-and-white checked rayon dress. White collar is detachable. $5.98. Sizes 9-15. At GRANT’S.
3. Slipover with scallop detail at neckline, in wool. Grey and white tweed skirt with hip pockets. $3.98. From McCORY’S.
4. White sweater has navy trim—grey sweater has black. In navy, black, green and red, contrast stitching is in white. $3.98. Corduroy skirt, $3.98, in many colors. At GRANT’S.
5. Corduroy “boy’s” jacket with back vent comes with leather buttons. About $7. Colors are: Clay, charcoal, French blue, forest green, rust and navy. Plaid skirt, $3.98. At MURPHY’S.
A new shoe last by Connie. The pointed toe in a dressy pump; the vamp accented with grosgrain and rhinestone. In black suede. About $6.95.

Vivacious Evelyn Keyes appears in two new releases by United Artists. Mystery-drama “Shoot First” and “Cross Town” will add fans.

*step by step around the clock*  
by marcia moore

Sleek jersey blouse and bouffant taffeta skirt by Ciro Sportswear. Her shoes, Connie’s, above.

Soft calf Connie with button detail in red or black. Also comes in black suede. About $6.95.

The ideal walking shoe in red or benedictine calf and black suede. $6.95. Another Connie.

A practical black suede pump with decorative stitching. Also comes in benedictine or red calf. About $8. By Connie.
an exciting personality, not only to other women but overwhelmingly to men, as well? What are her actual glamour secrets? No one is born glamorous. It's definitely an acquired asset.

For my research, I went directly to Jeanne. She doesn't depend upon a tricky backdrop. She met me in an office at 20th Century-Fox. She wore a sophisticated sapphire blue street dress with no contrasting colors, and no jewelry except her wedding ring and dangling earrings. Her hair sweeps across her ears into a luxurious bob again, but not to her shoulders.

You are quite wrong if you guess that Jeanne, born beautiful, has relied on her looks for what she has. She's never paused to be pampered, and is remarkably modest.

"A man, above anything else, wants a good-natured woman!" said Jean. This, to him, is far greater than beauty.

However, her disposition doesn't give a girl license to let everything else slide.

"Glamour always begins and matters most right in your own home. It's not a veil you mysteriously throw over your real self when you go out and cautiously remove and put on a shelf when you turn." I tried to pin down a terse definition of the term. An alluring personality invariably has a tremendous vitality that is thrilling. Imagination certainly is an essential ingredient. The courage to invent new styles and new looks is another facet of the individual with charm. Reactions are enthusiastic, never indifferent.

"Glamour," Jeanne said, "starts at breakfast. No girl should ever greet her family over the morning toast with her face all buttered up, and with scraggly hair. No one will mind your other face, the one with no make-up, if you splash water on it and beam, and whisk your hair into a neat effect. The attractive morning costs you can buy now are perfect for early morning glamour. I jump into one, pull the zipper, and I've solved my first wonder about what to wear."

"Shortcuts are what we all need. A lack of rent is the worst enemy of looks, so budgeting time is a game we all must carefully play. My home dryer is one of my prize possessions. When I'm making a picture I leave home at 7 a.m. to have my hair fixed at the studio by an expert hairdresser. Between films, there are so many things I want to do, so I save a trip by shampooing my hair myself once a week at home. I set it with half water and half cologne so it'll dry twice as fast, then I sit conveniently under my dryer. I bought a used one. An inexpensive hand dryer can be as much of a time-saver.

"It takes a lot of planning for any woman to stay presentable and still attend to all her obligations. I had to learn to put my plans into definite action. By nature I anticipated, then wanted to hesitate. Since I was a small girl I've made scrapbooks, and still do. I have boxes and boxes of my projects, scrapbooks on so many subjects—on geography, history, architecture, all that could go into a house for comfort and to decorate it, fashion ideas, color schemes in detail, what I'd like to buy if I ever can.

"I study all the newest styles in clothes, save my clippings and notes on what I might try. I won't consider what obviously isn't right for me."

She isn't afraid to be original, nor to wear brilliant colors. When Jeanne likes a color she doesn't stick narrowly to one hue. She has five new ensembles in different tones of green.

"I avoid picking up isolated bargains now. You may emerge victorious from a marvelous sale, but how does the trophy finish an outfit that's been crying for the final touch? I have learned to think of an entire costume suitable for an occasion, instead of losing my head over a single thing."

She, as you can see, takes care of her large wardrobe personally.

"A woman's anxious to be admired by the man she loves," Jeanne accented, "because to be taken for granted by him is her worst temporary fate. No wonder it's instinctively feminine to change. We can, every so often, do something surprising about our hair and eyebrows. This," she smilingly added, "is a minor switch, comparatively, but any improvement is fine."

Hair stylists, this year, decree hair should be shorter. Jeanne, having tried that a year ago, is having none of this fad.

"Today women have a distinct advantage. We don't have to be sheep. All the emphasis really is on expressing your own self at its best, whatever that is. Appeal is only partially visual now. You develop your own special look and personality, and keep changing it because that's normal!"

She frankly admits she's never been content with herself.

On the screen Jeanne has to compete with a steady stream of ravishing figures. Her own form and grace indicate she is acutely aware of proper diet and exercise. She has disciplined herself on both scores. Alibis would photograph appallingly!

Her gentle voice has a vibrant quality that is another of her many charms. She's studied speaking attractively, compellingly, so no shrillness stabs a listener. If your voice doesn't come from your diaphragm, rather than your chest, it can't be low and well-pitched like hers.

She insists she has overcome handicaps that were habits.

"I was too shy, wasn't able to talk enough. I listened endlessly, because I didn't want to appear foolish or unformed by giving an opinion. Gradually, I found I would survive a few mistakes. A fault can become a matter of false pride if we evade living fully in this world we're all very much a part of. Women aren't helpless, I recognized, as I felt satisfactions from efforts I'd supposed beyond me. I'm glad I got over pretending to like or know what I didn't like or know. By tactfully being honest, but not insistent, people respond wholeheartedly. And I never would identify myself with a group only of my own age anymore. You don't have to be that limited. You can understand what any age is up against, and what it appreciates. Today belongs to everyone who wants to be mentally clear, not to one favored generation. The only girl who's passed by is the one who doesn't want to do her utmost today."

Jeanne Crain getting make-up refreshed before going into scene. Declares Jeanne, "All the emphasis really is on expressing your own self at its best."
Phyllis Kirk, the talented charmer of Warners' “The City Is Dark,” feels strongly that there is nothing quite like an exciting new hair-do for raising a girl's glamour rating. "But," she told us, "I do think the styling has to be right for the structure of the face that goes with it or the result will provoke more comments than compliments."

After these words of wisdom we knew that Phyllis was just the person we needed to help us show you what sense-making styling can do by adapting a fashion to fit an individual's needs. Our project: a new hair-style for Phyllis would illustrate how artistry can make an asset out of the current rage for bangs. Our guest expert: Mme. Marguerite Buck, famous President of Fashion Futures and recipient of goodness knows how many styling awards here and abroad.

In the photographs you can see the flattering results of Mme. Buck's design for Phyllis, and three other treatments of bangs for quite different effects. You'll notice that with Phyllis, Mme. Buck's basic problem was to build an asymmetrical line to compensate for the square shape of the piquant Kirk face. (Faces, as you probably know, are described in such unimaginative terms as square, round, oval, or diamond-shaped.) This Mme. Buck accomplished by adding height at one side with what she calls a "TV curl," and making the bangs soft and fluffy and slightly raised. There is a short center part that only continues to the middle of the head, where it meets semi-circular sections that are drawn from the left temple to the temple hairline at the right. The right side has that reversed curl we mentioned before. To get the same soft effect with your own bangs be sure they're set in sculpture curls, and the left side set in a plain stand-up curl.

For Phyllis, Mme. Buck has (continued on page 65)

A star and a hair stylist show you the kind of magic that can be worked with coiffures built around bangs

Phyllis Kirk, soon to be seen in “The City Is Dark,” looks prettier than ever with the new hair-style designed by Marguerite Buck.
BING’S FLING IN PARIS
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22)

Bill Morrow of his radio show.

Bing and Bill and Lindsay had taken a Rue de Lille apartment on the artsy left bank of the Seine. Bill sported a French car, Bing the Mercedes Benz, and Lindsay bought his first car—a small English model—with his “old man” advancing the cash to be paid back on the installment plan against Lindsay’s ranch and Summer wages in Nevada.

Someone had argued, “Ah, why don’t you give the kid the car? You can never spend all of your money.”

“I may appear to be a lazy, easy-going, indifferent kind of a guy, but I don’t give my boys that idea. I tell them, ‘You boys will have to earn your living some day—just like everyone else.’”

“My first job was in a pickle factory in Spokane where my dad worked. Then I carried a newspaper route, worked as janitor for six months in a men’s club, ushered at the boxing matches, and worked my way through the University, in hopes of becoming a lawyer. Kids are never too young to accept certain responsibilities. Every year we work and sweat together on that cattle ranch. The boys get paid exactly as any hired hands. Makes men of them.”

“In fact,” Bing grinned, “one of them said recently, when I was a little short of cash, ‘Don’t worry, Pop, we hope to be able to support you some day.’”

Bing took Lindsay to Rome, for an audience with the Pope, and, of course, they had to visit Florence where the Dennis O’Keefes and the Alan Ladds had postcarded the news of a Ristorante Bing Crosby at No. 23 Via Delle Terme.

But always they returned to Paris.

“This trip has been sort of an educational one for Lin. He’d had a touch of pneumonia with a succession of flu and since he’s a year ahead of his age at school, I said come along, son, and see all the places you read about in history books. His mother would have liked that.

“You know, it’s really a small world.” Bing observed. “One day I was walking down the Champs Elysees, and I saw a big lanky guy loping towards me. Couldn’t mistake that walk. It was Gary Cooper, lonesome as all get out. My eldest son is Gary’s namesake.

“In Barcelona, we were looking at art treasures when who comes up to Lin but a Spanish girl. ‘I know your cousin, Molly.’ Went to Westlake School together last year when I was in the States,’ she said. Sure enough, she was the schoolmate of my brother Larry’s nineteen-year-old daughter, Molly.

“And in London, the first people we ran into were the Alan Ladds. Just like we were right back at Paramount. The Ladds were all set with a fine view for the Coronation. I had decided to skip it, but I accepted their kind invitation to send Lin along with them to see it. Then who do I run into but Bob Taylor. Bob had a grand-stand seat in his suite at the Dorchester House, but he had been asked to vacate Coronation week for General Ridgeway.”

While Bing was in London, the Palladium approached him for the unpeated time asking if he would play an engagement. “I’ll do it when I get short of money,” Bing told them. The Palladium manager shook his head, “We know when that will be,” he said sadly. “With that touch of making everything turn to gold—that could be never!”

It doesn’t matter that Bing is forty-nine, and a devoted father to his four sons. He could be dining with friends, but he had only to look up long enough to be introduced to any French charmer, and immediately the Paris papers said it was a romance. Bing wouldn’t be human if he weren’t aware of pretty girls—but the tragic heartbreak of the loss of Dixie is too recent for him to allow his heart to become involved. On Decoration Day, he cabled, from Paris, a huge floral piece—white gardenias and orchids—for Dixie’s resting place in the Inglewood Cemetery and also for his father.

During his stay in Paris, there was much speculation as to whether Mona Freeman would arrive. The papers even said there would be a wedding in Switzerland. Then Mona was scheduled to arrive in Paris to make a picture, but the picture plans were changed. Bing said, “I don’t know anything about a wedding, and I doubt if she does. Mona and I have been good friends since she was fourteen and first came to Paramount.” Mona, back in Hollywood, said, "Now that Bing’s said it—maybe everyone will believe me, that we are just good friends of many years. But everyone who has worked together at Paramount.” But Bing called Mona two or three times, and she received a couple of letters. And it is certain that they will be seeing each other again when he returns.

Bing was asked that oldie by the Paris press, “How do the European women differ from the American women?” Completely honest, Bing replied, “I notice they don’t play with their food. They eat as if they are really hungry, which makes a man enjoy paying for their dinner.” Genial with the press, who didn’t make a field day of his every appearance on the streets, nor report his sartorial flare for color—like the blue flannel sports blazer with gold buttons, grey flannel slacks and a red and aqua blue sports shirt and a tan straw hat.

Bing was asked much about TV and he said, “Sure, I’ll get into TV eventually, when I think the format is right. But I don’t think radio is dead nor ever will be. The reason why I kept running back to Paris every week is due to my show being recorded here.

“Television is murder, but radio just takes a few hours a week. All I have to do is stand up to the mike and sing. But TV—that goes on and on.”

Bing answered his own telephone at his residence. Naturally, he was asked many questions and many of them in which he had to handle. But when he was too quick with a ready wit, one backfired. To one inquirer, he quipped, “Yes, I am available as soloist for weddings, clam bakes, taffy pulls. I have a tuxedo and will travel or babysit.” And suddenly his smile vanished, for from the other end of the wire came in perfect English, “My, I am perfectly obliged. And I shall let you know the dates I shall set up for you.” That was when Bing had his telephone number changed!

Bing’s love for Paris is understandable, even when he ordered broiled steak and it arrived on the table boiled. People in general just didn’t recognize him. He could browse around the small shops,
the streets, the parks, and watch the artists with their paint brushes and canvases. But playing golf became more intimate. It seemed the female Crosby fans in high heels would hear the word and start running all over the golf course. They had women caddies at the St. Cloud course, and Bing couldn’t drop a cigarette but what it was picked up to be pressed into service as a momento of Bing Crosby. So, he flew to Ireland for golf.

One famous lingerie designer, who last year sold Bing a small fortune in homemade nighties etc. for Dixie—found no buyer in Bing this year. “No,” he said sadly, “I’ve no one to take them home to!” Nor would he buy French postcards. Bing’s usual bounce and gaiety had settled to the more serious side of his nature. Even as he laughed and talked to the many beautiful women who sought out Hollywood’s most eligible widower—he talked about Lindsay and his other sons and their plans together at the ranch at Hayden Lake in Idaho for fishing, and their home in Holmby Hills, and the new place Dixie completed for them in Palm Springs. Bing is due back at Paramount to star in “White Christmas” in September.

“Yes,” Bing sighed, “Paris in the Spring, Summer, Winter, and Fall. It’s all the same. The freedom is great. Now of course, I am anxious to get back home to see the boys. We are having our usual grand reunion at our ranch outside of Elko, Nevada.”

WHEN DO YOU MAKE HIM STOP?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24]

Girls who lead a man on during the evening by such devices can only expect one end to that evening. They shouldn’t be surprised if he draws the wrong picture. But the young ladies who make it clear that a date is not going to evolve into a wrestling match usually have no trouble. This doesn’t mean they must be prudish or constantly put up a “Stop” sign, but it does mean the honest approach pays off.

Men will usually try to see how far they can go. They may resort to the casual patting of the knee at first. Or they may try the routine of nonchalantly letting the arm fall on the girl’s shoulder. If she doesn’t move away or cast some pointed glances in the gent’s direction, he’s going to think all is well.

If a girl has no romance in mind she would do better to keep the conversation during the evening on subjects other than heavy sentiment. She can always get the man to talk about himself—and all men love that. Or she can discuss things like pictures, books, friends they both know—anything that will be safe and yet not boring. One thing she should never do is discuss how fresh her other dates had been. She may believe that by passing out this bit of information her gentleman of the evening will think she’s not interested in amorous pyrotechnics. This doesn’t always work since some men feel that where others have failed they might succeed.

But supposing the girl has handled herself with decorum all evening and the guy seemed to be a gentleman? And yet he still heads for that parking spot and starts the advances. What does she do then?

There are only two courses open to her then. For one, she can kid the fellow out of his mood—and that’s tough. A guy with romance on his mind isn’t going to feel like being laughed at. He may simply get up more steam. Or she can firmly tell him that this sort of deal is not for her and pull away. This, too, can boomerang because there are men who, when resisted, only try that much harder.

One girl in town had come up against this type of routine on several occasions. She had tried the sense of humor system and the firm approach and found both worked but only after quite a struggle. So one evening she suddenly thought of another way. As the fellow started on his amorous way she stopped him cold with, “You know, I didn’t think you were the type to do this. When I agreed to date you it was because I thought I had finally met a gentleman. I’m sorry to see I was mistaken—that you are like all the others I’ve known.” And she just sat there waiting to see what he would do.

He looked as though he’d been slapped across the face with a cold fish. He stared at her in amazement and then gradually moved away with “I’m sorry.” Sure he looked like the martyr, the poor oppressed thing, but his ego had been punctured and that did it. Nothing hits a man harder than to be told he’s like every other guy.

Such situations can be handled even more positively if the girl makes every effort first to know what kind of a fellow she’s dating and to make it clear to him what kind of a girl she is.

This holds true for ninety percent of the men. It’s the ten percenters who throw the curves. They’re the boys who are perfect gentlemen for weeks. And then suddenly—they let go of all their finer instincts and decide to be rugged.

This happened to one girl. She had dated the man for weeks and he couldn’t have been nicer. One night she suggested he come up to her apartment and have coffee. Once he got inside he seemed to go berserk. She had quite a fight on her hands and only a skillet bounced neatly off his head convinced him she meant business. He did a none too graceful exit and she, needless to say, didn’t see him again. She had taught him a quick lesson.

Youth has its day and its problems in Debbie Reynolds’s latest film, “The Affairs Of Doble Gillis.” Bobby Van gives her plenty of romantic decisions to make.
Debbie dating Tab Hunter at formal dinner. Debbie is not interested in marriage now. But there have been fellows who have tried to change her mind.

Such men are ever-present. All of which proves that it's a good idea for a girl to be prepared for any eventuality. There are other aspects to this putting a stop sign on a man. There's also the fellow who has marriage on his mind—even if the girl isn't in the altar-bound mood.

Debbie Reynolds has never had to face this situation because she has made it very clear she's not interested in marriage now. There may have been fellows who have hoped they could change her mind, but none has succeeded. Debbie is such a forthright person she'd never kid a man into thinking she was interested in marriage if she wasn't.

The man with marriage on his mind usually starts out by making extensive compliments to a girl. He can't praise her enough. Then comes a shower of gifts. First, they are little trinkets and gradually they are more expensive until they are embarrassing. And usually with such gifts come new lines.

One girl had every indication that the man was heading for a proposal. He used such stalwart lines as "I've never met a girl like you," "You're so different from others I've known," "We could make beautiful music together," "I'd like to spend the rest of my life with you," "I feel as though I began to live when I met you."

This girl knew how to puncture those pretty phrases. She knew she didn't dare smilingly accept them because she'd encourage the fellow. So she deflated this line-laden man with quips like, "I bet you say that to all the girls" or "Oh, come now, let's be original."

When the gifts come, a girl can accept them gracefully if they're not too personal or expensive. But if they become too meaningful, then is the time for the girl to say honestly, "I appreciate your thoughtfulness, but you must stop spending your money on me. I really don't like it—or what's behind it." This may seem blunt and perhaps cruel, but well meant honesty is often blunt and cruel.

The same is true of the man who spends his last cent on taking a girl to the most expensive restaurants and night clubs. He's out to impress her—and he's not going to spend all that money on a girl about whom he has no serious ideas. This is where the girl should bring him to a halt by telling him to save his money—and to remind him he's taking her much too seriously. Of course, there is the possibility that this consideration of his finances may only impress him so much he'll think she's really a prize. If that happens, she can only tell him bluntly he's put his stamp on the wrong girl.

Usually, a man with marriage on his mind asks for many dates in succession. If the girl knows how he feels and if she doesn't share his serious intentions, it's a lot better for her to cut off all dates fast. She may hurt him but he'll be hurt a lot more if she lets him go on dating her and then when he's really "gone" tell him she's not interested.

She may like him as just a friend. That's fine. She then must tell him exactly how she feels and if he wants to continue on that friendship basis, that's up to him. She has at least been honest.

There is the type of girl, though, who may not be at all interested in the man but will continue to date him just to be able to go out. She naively expects to toss him overboard when she finally meets someone she likes.

A certain young lady tried this system once. Selfishly, she thought of herself first and the guy last. He fell more and more in love with her and he bored her more and more. One day she met the man she thought was for her so she casually called up the other fellow and said she wasn't going to see him any more. He went into a tailspin. She simply hung up.

She had quite a situation on her hands after that. In fact, the fellow threatened to commit suicide and a rather nasty headline was kept out of the papers at the last minute by a third party who proceeded to tell the man a few truths. A girl is flirting with danger to treat any man this way.

The easiest kind of Romeo to stop is the one who keeps selling a bill of goods about what a big shot he is—and what a fine husband he'd make. He probably has a basic inferiority complex but you'd never know it to hear him talk.

The would-be big shot can simply be cut off fast by the girl's refusal to see him after the first date. She can also puncture his ego by laughing at his remarks about himself. This type of man needs a receptive audience. He can't take a sense of humor. If he gets the bum's rush he's egotistical enough to get annoyed, take the girl home, and then tell all of his friends what a dull dope she was. She will have to expect to hear from others how "easy" she was and how she was left broken-hearted when he called the whole thing off. The big shot has no qualms about tearing down some girl's reputation if it will build his own warped ego.

Most men can be stopped but only if the girl wants them stopped. If she has a decent set of values, if she's honest, if she's not playing games, if she's not out for her own gains, if she knows the man, she should be all right.

If a girl as popular as Debbie Reynolds is in Hollywood can enjoy a date and keep her integrity and decency, certainly a girl in any other town can do just as well. It isn't, after all, where you live that decides your date fate. It's what you, yourself, are and honestly want. You can wrestle—or be smart. It's up to you.
veneer of success?
It was the old Dale Robertson who said, honestly, that he and Jackie had had a spat and he'd moved out for a cooling down period. "All married couples have quarrels," he said later. "We're no different.

Hollywood, and Dale's friends, thought differently. It was whispered that the Robertsons had been incompatible for quite a while. Dale, it was said, had only hung around until after the birth of their daughter, Rochelle, and no one had expected him to stick it out much longer.

What is the real Dale Robertson today? A mixed-up guy who loves his wife one day, wants to make a go of his marriage, and veers around tomorrow to the opinion that "every husband should have a weekend or a month to go off fishing or hunting by himself."

Is Dale Robertson just another plain ordinary nice guy who's taking the count in Hollywood, via gossip, the innuendo that he's "gone Hollywood"—or is he trying honestly to adapt himself to his new success, to work out a compromise between the town that's brought him fame and money and the plans he used to have for his life and marriage?

Perhaps, he was bitterly disappointed that their child was a girl. "A he-man wants a he-boy," he said to this writer, before the baby was born. "I've always wanted to play ball with my kids, to watch them play football, take them hunting. You can't do those things with a little girl."

Perhaps, too, the Robertson marriage is just another example of "marry in haste, repent at leisure." Dale had known Jacqueline Wilson a scant week before they were married—and the Dale Jackie married was a very different Dale from Mrs. Robertson's husband.

"The first thing people ask is what Jackie and I have in common," Dale said shortly after the wedding. "Well, right now we've only just gotten married and we don't have too much in common yet. Our marriage is smooth enough, but no one's is a bed of roses in the beginning. You get things in common after you've been married for quite a little while."

It looks as though the Robertsons, however, never did get enough in common for a firm marriage. Dale is a man's man, who enjoys hunting, fishing, horses, sports of any sort, and in company with men rather than women. Reared by a mother and two aunts, he's been spoiled and has become a little over-demanding of women.

"I guess my marriage means everything to me," he said in the beginning. "My wife expects me to be a little more attentive and aware that she's around. I'm very conscious that she's around, though I don't act it, but that's because I don't know how to show my feelings."

Hollywood thinks that Jackie may be a little fed up with all this taking things for granted. It's not much fun to stay home with the baby while your husband works six days a week and spends the seventh on the golf links with a bunch of men. Even Dale's large salary and almost continuous schedule at the studio can't entirely compensate for never seeing her husband.

With an impressive string of picture credits to his name, Dale Robertson seems to have lost his suspicion that Hollywood will only keep him for seven years. It begins to look as though he'll be around for quite a while, and he's learning things all the time.

That it's fun to go to Ciro's, that there are plenty of people willing and ready to be friends, that interviews are a bore, and that publicity isn't—he thinks—quite so necessary since 20th Century-Fox recently picked up his options.

On the other hand, in a confiding mood, Dale recently told a close man friend, "I guess I'm all mixed-up, Bob. Once I thought I knew what I wanted and how I would get it. Now I'm not so sure I know what I want, or when I do know, if I'll fight hard enough to get it. But you can bet on one thing, I won't let Hollywood lick me—like it licked other people."

The truth of the matter is that he still says he's only staying until he makes a pile. Then he's clearing out in favor of a ranch and horses, but while the words are the same, the tune is different, and his closest friends don't think his heart is in it.

END

LINDA'S HECTIC LOVE LIFE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

... and gritted her teeth. "It's high time I got out of here!"

"High time?" I asked.

"Yes. And now I'm going to move out of here!"

"Move out of here?"

"Yes. I'm going to move out of here."

"But what about the baby?"

"I'll take care of the baby."

I grinned impishly at me. "What's wrong with that?" she asked. "Just because I've had enough night clubs and restaurants to last a lifetime doesn't mean I'm sitting home alone brooding," she declared spiritedly. "Just why does a single girl have to be involved in a torrid romance or have constant dates in the nightspots or be planning a wedding in order to convince people that she isn't neurotic or blue? I've been tangled since I was born," she said, "and I'm having the time of my life being
hurry. "Heck no," she replied. "Who wants to live in any one place all the time. I think it'll be fun to take my little girl, Lola, there for nice, wholesome vacations now and then, but the ranch will be a money-project. We'll raise cattle and horses."

"Oh," I said, "and I guess you'll enjoy riding horses there, hmm?"

"Not me," she grinned. "I don't ride."

"Aren't you from Texas?" I prompted.

"I'm from Texas all right," she chuckled, "but I'm strictly an indoor girl. I don't ride, hunt, fish, play tennis, golf or anything else athletic."

"How about dancing?" I asked. "Don't you like that?"

"Oh sure," she responded, "I like to dance if there's anyone around who really knows how. So few men do. But dancing," she pointed out with a twinkle, "is an indoor sport!"

Encouraged by Linda's frank and breezy retorts, I summoned up the nerve to ask about her much discussed romance with Amato.

"Remember, Linda, you arrived in Rome last Fall while I was there," I reminded her, "and you hit all the headlines. The newspapers told of a big romance between you and Amato. Do you—uh, do you love him?"

I hesitatingly.

"Peppino?" she said warmly, "I call him Peppino. Of course I love him. I adore him. He's so wonderful. I love Peppino very much—but that doesn't mean that I'm in love with him with marriage on my mind!"

"I don't want to marry anyone now," she said emphatically, "I want to be free and I want to travel a lot, but only to places where I can take Lola with me. I'll never leave her home again," she confided. "I tried it once, and I was miserable worrying about her. A child of five must have her mother's companionship. I phoned her every night when I was in Jamaica making a picture there," she continued, "but phone calls are not enough for a small child."

"I suppose your folks could watch out for her, though?" I conjectured. "They live here in Los Angeles now, don't they?"

"Oh yes, they're here," she assured me. "My dad's retired now, but he was a postman here for years. My folks don't live with me, though, and I don't want them to, either," she said firmly.

"I had enough family while I was growing up, I want to look after Lola myself until it's time to turn her loose."

"What's this I hear about a house you bought on the edge of Rome?" I asked her. "That sounds kind of permanent."

Linda laughed. "First of all, I haven't yet bought this castle I'm supposed to be having built behind a big wall. I did look around when I was there," she admitted, "because I'm crazy about Italy. I love the sunlight and the language and the works of art and the people. I'd like to go over every year for a while," she went on, "or as often as possible, BUT I don't intend to live there all the time any more than I intend to live in Hollywood or on a ranch or anywhere else ALL the time. I want to see the world, on the screen of the Champions spells something else. To these people, Marge and Gower are a walking advertisement of "How To Be Happy Though Married."

And there you have the Champions. Married five years, their faces are just as bright and enthusiastic as newlyweds. How do they do it? It's no secret.

"We love our work, we love each other," they say. "We share everything together, every single minute of the time."

Even when you do know it, watching them dance together, it's still hard to believe they are Mr. and Mrs. There's nothing settled or taken for granted in their wooing of each other while they're dancing—and that's part of their secret.

Another part of their secret is the relationship they've worked out to avoid the ordinary marital difficulties. Sharing a

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**HOW TO AVOID THAT MARRIED LOOK**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

Marge and Gower Champion believe that dancing is a happy thing that calls for a smile on the face and for bright eyes and gaiety. Romance in rhythm.
career means each one understands all the problems of the other.

"If Gower is kept late at the studio," says Marge, "I don't sit home wondering and growing angry. I know from my own experience what must have happened, and when he arrives tired and irritable, I can understand why he doesn't want to talk."

Biggest, and perhaps best thing of all is that there is no division of authority in their marriage. It's Gower who leads in every way, and Marge who happily follows his directions. And as most marriage clinics agree, women are usually happier when the man leads and they can look up to him.

In Hollywood, where careers and marriages are notoriously bad mixers, the Champions at least have the protection of a division of labor. They work together, and they enjoy their work. There's no fretting because one is working and too exhausted for social life when the other is taking it easy. The Champions are exhausted—or full of life—at the same moment.

There's no worrying about gossip because of studio-publicized extra-marital appearances with the stars of their separate pictures, because they stay true with each other. And because they share the most important things in their lives with each other, all the dissimilarities in taste or opinion become too unimportant to quarrel about.

"Marriages fall when one partner makes more money, or is a bigger success than the other," reveals a close friend. "While the Champions could be successfulful on their own—Gower as a dance director, and Marge as a soloist—they are wise enough to stay together, and thus remove the possibility of separations in their success or failure."

In reality, the saga of the Champions was a love idyll from the start. They both attended Hubert Howe Bancroft Junior High School together. Gower was one of Ernest Belcher's star dancing pupils, while Belcher being Marge's father. Gower won a dancing contest at the Coconut Grove with Jean Tyler, and together they successfully toured the nation as a team.

In the meantime Marge was scoring in light operettas, in Walt Disney movies as the model for "Snow White" and the "Pinnocchio" Light Fairy, finally landing on the New York stage. World War II took Gower from behind the footlights and into the Coast Guard—with stints in the Atlantic and Pacific. Following his discharge, he found himself without a partner—Jean having married and retired from show business.

It was in New York that he met Marge again, eventually to form a dance team. They were doing all right when Marge got an offer to appear in "Allegro."

"This meant breaking up the act," says Gower, "and so we were married, thus preserving the team." Finally, it was their sensational engagement at the Sunset Strip night spot, the Mocambo, that paved the way for their career before the cameras. And the rest, you know.

As for that married look, or rather the absence of it—that, too, can depend on a choice of profession. The Champions were lucky in the pursuit they had picked for themselves. Dancing isn't something that requires "emoting" or tragedy. Dancing, especially when done by Marge and Gower Champion, is a happy thing. It calls for a smile on the face and for bright eyes and gaiety.

Everybody knows those apparently simple but breathtaking twirls and spins are the result of hard physical work and weeks of rehearsal. Everybody knows Marge occasionally gets a bad bruise, and Gower's muscles ache while they're working on a harrying strenuous routine.

But in the finished performance, when the dance routine is perfected, they let themselves go, and the result is as exciting for an audience as sitting in on the birth of romance.

Yes—they're married, but the romance is still there. They're young, they're in love, and they're partners in rhythm. And every time they dance together, they fall in love all over again before your eyes, and she runs about searching for something new to do, the faster she will age. Fast living shows quickly. It doesn't take long for that wonderful freshness to fade. And once that is gone, so is her appeal.

"Getting a sense of values is important to any girl. To be really happy she can't live twenty years in two. If she takes it easy and doesn't try to do everything today or yesterday she'll have some great tomorrows to look forward to."

The play girl usually feels that she must have a lot of dates. And, as a rule, it doesn't matter what the fellow is like as long as he'll take her somewhere. It's the restless urge to be doing something, a feeling that the more she dates the more possible she is.

Betty has never gone along with this line of thinking. When she was the belle of New York while doing "DuBarry Was A Lady" she was asked out a good deal—and always by the most popular men. The girls in the show would drool at Betty with envy, but she never accepted a date. She was in on the gig, playing the field. She was content to wait until she found the right man. That's why she later became a happy Mrs. Harry James.

"Lots of dates may be all right for some, but they didn't intrigue me," Betty went on. "However, there is a certain way of going out with several different men because a girl gets a better idea as to the kind of man she wants to marry. I frankly hope my daughters won't start going steady too soon. But I also will try to be sure that they don't get so superficially date-conscious that they forget what's important in life. I'm sure they will happen to the right man."

The play girl dates so many different men that eventually she loses interest in all men—and, whether she'll admit it or not, in herself. What's even more important—a man soon loses interest in her when he sees her with so many other fellows.

"Some play girls think that the more they date the more desirable they'll be to men. I don't agree with this philosophy. I think that when a man is interested in a girl he wants her to go with him and no one else. This is quite a natural—and commendable—attitude."

"The girl who goes out with anyone just to be going out sooner or later should wake up and find that what she has always really wanted is a husband. But by now she has it all out so much that while she may only be twenty she looks thirty-five, so she has to start the date routine all over again—but with a different attitude. The trouble is that by this time she's not going to be so desirable to the kind of man she suddenly wants."

"Dances are a perfectly normal part of a young girl's life—as long as they're not made into a production. Every girl wants to date the football captain. The danger comes when she starts envisioning herself as the femme fatale whose duty in life is to play games with men."

"The play girl has a tendency, as a result, to think too much of her own importance. And sooner or later she becomes dominant, aggressive. Gradually,
she builds herself into a 3-D sized let-
down.

"May be some girls act this way because
they're basically afraid of marriage—or
because they're insecure within them-
se and need some kind of self-con-
fidence. They believe that by playing and
running away from all responsibilities
they can have a gay time and feel im-
portant to themselves. But the day al-
ways comes when they realize that if
they want a good life they have to stop
running and face facts. Usually, they
learn this too late.

"Yet, I've seen some girls go to great
lengths to be popular and alluring. For
one thing, they adopt every trapping
known in an attempt to be glamourous
and only end up being phony and ob-
vious. They play the alluring female so
convincingly they wonder why men get
the wrong ideas about them. They also
like to surround themselves with people
who are as phony as they are. So they
and their friends end up merely using
one another.

"The false conception of glamour is a
typical mistake the play girl makes. If
all the trimmings she has adopted went
up in a fire she'd be stuck. Glamour is
not a white fox cape or a Bikini bating
suit. It's an inner quality that shines
through — and that quality can never
come to life if a girl wastes her time
on an endless round of playful pleasures.

"I can't be bothered with the phony
ideas of glamour. Why, it's hard even to
give to plan on what to wear the few
times I do go out. Recently Harry and
I were invited to the annual Jockey Ball
and I didn't have an evening gown to
my name. So I bought one — and I'll prob-
ably never wear it again. One thing for sure —
I can't wear it to next year's ball.

"I've never been one to like shopping
for clothes. If I need something for a
special occasion I do get excited and then
enjoy going to a store. Otherwise, you
couldn't drag me out for a shopping
spree."

Betty has based her whole life on the
importance of a happy marriage. And,
to her, there's only one way to prepare
for it. That is to fill your life with the
right ideals, to build your moments not
towards the next cocktail bar but to-
wards your future home.

"A man wants to marry a girl who
still has her ideals and illusions left,"
Betty said. "If there are any changes
for her to make, he'll tell her about them
afterwards but, basically, he wants to feel
she has waited all her life for him. Of
cause, after I married, Harry wanted me
to make some changes. Like my blonde
hair, for instance. Once I became Mrs.
Harry James he wanted me to darken it.
I reminded him I was a blonde when
he asked me to marry him. He saw the
point.

"But marriage has changed me—and
it changes every girl. Harry is respon-
sible for some personality alterations.
He has the disposition of an angel—and I
have not. He got me to relax more, not to
fly off the handle so much. He was a
balance wheel for me. I was willing to
make such changes because I had—and
still have — very great respect for him."

Betty didn't add this, but she was able
to change too because she had gone into
marriage with self-respect. She had
lived a decent kind of life and was, there-
fore, not filled with the frustrations that
are part and parcel of every play girl.
She had a happy home and marriage as
her goal — and no superficial gaiety
blocked the clear view ahead for her.

"If only the play girl would realize
how much fun she is missing by being
on the merry-go-round she'd get back
to earth faster," Betty said with great
sincerity. "Why not start living now?
Why wait until you're tired of playing
and then find the boat has sailed? Why
not take time to look at yourself and ad-
mit that you're running away from the
very things that will bring you real and
lasting happiness?

"Or is the giddy whirl your idea of
the way to find honest love and complete
living? If so, good luck to you. You'll
need it."

THE NIMBLE NON-CONFORMIST

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

actor who had spent a month in a wheel-
chair in a paraplegics' hospital in order
to give an honest interpretation of the
problems and triumphs of such men.

The reason most people are somewhat
afraid of Marlon Brando is that he is
a natural-born clipped ear that he
decides have grown too long. Whether
a situation warrants it or not, Marlon
is likely to clear out the scissors.

Laslo Benedek, Marlon's friend and
director of "The Wild One," is a busy
man; normally he has more to do in 24
hours than the average person could
do in 48, so occasionally he has to be
brusque in dealing with the horde
of job-seekers who pester every director.

Marlon was in Mr. Benedek's office
one afternoon when a call came in from
a lad who, having read the short story
from which "The Wild One" was fash-
oned, wanted a part which he felt was
tailor-made for him. Unfortunately the
character had been eliminated from the
screen play, but Mr. Benedek didn't have
time to explain that change. He said
merely, "I'm sorry, but I can't use you,"
and hung up.

Marlon Brando, sitting across the desk
from the director, his chin sunk into his
chest, his neck disappearing into the
seat of the chair, growled, "So that's the
way the great director gets rid of the
poor devils who are trying to get jobs...

He continued this needling for
several minutes until the director, a
kindly man, made arrangements to inter-
view the boy and explain in person
that the coveted part simply didn't exist
in the picture.

Marlon Brando, personally, summons
from sound stage to New York theatre
and back again a group that might be
called the Brando Repertory Company.
When Brando works, so do they. "Julius
Caesar" represented one of the finest
spoils systems of Brando's career, be-
cause the mob scenes were numerous
and populous. Practically everyone with
whom Marlon had ever worked was with
him somewhere in the busy and bloody
tale of the Roman dictator.

When Marlon went to work in "The
Wild One" he handed Mr. Benedek a
long list of names and telephone num-
bers. "These are the people I'd like to
have working with me," he said in a
tone of sweet compliance, as if the list

Betty Grable and her husband, Harry James, enjoying their favorite sport.
"Harry has the disposition of an angel. I have not. He taught me to relax."
had been sought from him well in advance of production and he was happy to do management this favor.

Marlon has been known to treat world-famed columnists as if they were imbeciles, but when the seventeen-year-old daughter of a friend of a studio workman asked for an interview to be published in her school paper, Marlon was charming. He spent almost two hours on the set with the girl, answering her questions with grave consideration, talking to her about her experiences in Europe (she was a native of Austria) and asking advice about sights to see and places worth visiting on the Continent.

She went away wondering how certain powerful reporters could be so unfair to a man of the greatest courtesy. The answer was, of course, that Marlon Brando does not hunt rabbits. When he goes gunning, it is for game equipped to inflict as much damage, or ideally, more, than he can.

Quite a lot has been written about his financial foibles. For years he made it a practice to borrow money indiscriminately, and never pay it back. The reverse side of this coin was that anyone who needed a man could ask Marlon for it and be assured of his turned-out pockets. If he had fifty dollars or five cents it went to the petitioner and Marlon didn't expect to be repaid. Money, his attitude seemed to say, was like air; everyone should be able to get as much for personal use as he needed. Who would think of storing up air? Or attempting to return it, once used?

Marlon's father, an orthodox type, began to collect Marlon's checks, invest the funds, and dole out a weekly allowance. Marlon, nowadays, is always broke on allowance-day-plus-one, mainly because he now repays everything he has borrowed during the lean six days of the previous week.

It would be unrealistic to say that he doesn't appreciate the problem and the power of money, because he does—in his own way. During the filming of "The Wild One" a workman was injured in one of those rare accidents that sometimes occur during a complicated sequence.

The following day, one of the man's friends took up a collection. Most fellow workers gave five or ten dollars; Marlon had been in touch with his agency and had floated a loan of two hundred dollars which he dropped in the hat, in cash.

The collector protested that Marlon was being too generous, but Marlon insisted on giving the whole amount.

"It's really swell of you to give so much," the man said.

Marlon looked thoughtful. "It's nice to have it so that it can be given," he murmured. "Sometimes I haven't been able to help as much as I've wanted, but it's great to have it when someone needs it." The air-for-all attitude once again, you will notice.

Even the Brando sense of humor contains, for other people, almost as much shock as laughter. After a several months' absence from Hollywood, he turned up in the office of a friend one afternoon. During a previous stay in Hollywood he had been a great favorite of the wife of the man to whom he was talking. When Brando asked after the lady's health, her husband nodded to the telephone and suggested, "Why don't you call her? She'd love to hear from you—maybe invite you out for dinner."

Eagerly, Brando dialed the number. When the woman he liked so well answered, he said in a disguised but magnificently official voice, "This is the Edison Gas Company of Southern California and I regret to inform you that, because of your failure to pay for service, and your ignoring our repeated notices of delinquency, we must cut off your service this afternoon. Only your immediate appearance at our offices can forestall this."

There is no Edison Gas Company in Southern California, of course, a fact that—in the excitement—escaped the lady. She checked her receipted bills, telephoned the company which did supply her service and gave them a bad thirty minutes. She still doesn't know what imp tossed the monkey wrench in the gas works.

On another occasion Brando had been awol for forty-eight hours when he was needed for retakes. At length he wandered into the office of a friend and was told that Stanley Kramer, his agent, and half of the West Coast was ferreting for Brando. Marlon made no answer. He simply dialed his agency office, growled, "This is Stanley Kramer. Unless you bring Brando to my office within the next hour, our deal is off," and hung up.

Every man in the agency was alerted and dispatched in search of a man who, if he chose to avoid apprehension, couldn't be found by a psychic St. Bernard accompanied by a brace of bloodhounds.

Now and then the telephonic Brando has dialed a wrong number. One drowsy three a.m. when a Brando picture was about three-fourths completed, Marlon telephoned a studio official to say, "This is Jones of The Times. We have a report that Marlon Brando has been critically injured in an automobile accident. Have you any further information?"

Shot back the official, "We understand that both legs and both arms are broken and we shall have to replace him in the picture."

There was a shocked silence and then a plaintive reply, "My gosh, that's a fine attitude. You don't even sound sorry."

Occasionally his sense of humor takes a quotable turn. While he was working in "The Wild One" he reported to the set one morning to spy cameraman Hal Mohr bundled up in beret, woolen muffler, windbreaker, riding trousers and puttees, an outfit that was traditional in the more exotic days of motion pictures. Brando studied this jazz age costume and queried with a straight face, "Where's Clara Bow?"

"It is pleasant to be able to report that so self-possessed a human being has his weaknesses. He has a terrible time remembering both names and faces. The average human being recalls one or the other, suffers agonies during mental delving for the missing jigsaw of identity. Brando loses both completely out of his consciousness."

He tells this story on himself: he boarded a New York bus one afternoon, sat next to a man who greeted him instantly by name and whose conversation indicated that the speaker was familiar with Brando's latest play, with his previous successes, and with his contemplated future. Marlon was more than affable while withering mentally in an effort toward even partial recall.

Not until several hours later did Marlon remember that his "intimate friend" had been the attendant in the men's room in a small Harlem night club which Marlon had visited at wide intervals.

It is also pleasant to report that Mar-
lon Brando is flexible. A good deal has been written about his addiction to sneakers, sweat shirts and jeans. However, when he had completed arrangements to spend the Summer in Europe, he ordered, and stood patiently to be fitted for, three tailor-made suits. He also invested in the essential white shirts, ties, socks, and shoes demanded by the suits.

Let not these purchases be interpreted as an indication of the emergence of "the new Marlon Brando," however. A few hours after taking the suits home, he rushed down to Main Street to take advantage of the bankrupt sale of a sports store. Among such theft-priced items as surplus skis, racing skates, catcher's mitts, and safari equipment, he located two pairs of boxing gloves, hastened to the home of Dick Erdman (the hour was midnight and Dick had to work the next day) and conned Dick into a boxing match.

"A little exercise is the best thing in the world for a guy," said Marlon Brando. "Especially when he has a hard day ahead."

Dick Erdman refrained from answering. The Brando left, like many other of his attributes, tricky and authoritative.

WHAT DO MEN KNOW ABOUT WOMEN!

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anger, intrigue, anything at all. Must love always be a battle? Well, let me tell you that nothing is going to keep me from leading the life I want. Everybody is entitled to fulfillment, and that includes me and every other woman in the world.

The arrival of the make-up artist gave Zsa Zsa a chance to catch her breath and me my balance. So Zsa Zsa had revived the native arts of gallantry and fashion, and had taken over the starring role. Glamorous, tantalizing, witty and experienced, she was certainly a formidable general to lead the fray against us poor, defenseless males. As she is the first to admit, in her disarming manner, she has had an extraordinary opportunity, fully taken advantage of, to study the male of the species intimately in a dozen countries, through five languages and three marriages—the first to Burhan Belgee, the one-time Turkish ambassador to Hungary; the second to American business tycoon Conrad Hilton, and the third to Hollywood star George Sanders.

I watched Zsa Zsa loosen her tight-fitting, white terrace-robe robe, revealing her perfectly-sculpted shoulders, as she discussed lipstick and pancake shadings. I had come from Paris to ask Zsa Zsa several questions, but I decided to postpone them to another time and to stimulate her train of thought instead. I bluntly asked her if George, who was just finishing a film in Rome with Ingrid Bergman, had something to do with her state of mind. She looked at me sharply through the mirror, then smiled, her face softening.

"Naturally. He's my husband, isn't he? He's so maddening. He simply refuses to remember that after all, I'm a person too. You know what he said? That if a woman had to have a head, they ought to operate and put it on. I don't like that kind of talk."

She turned, looked into my eyes, almost a little girl uncertain of her behavior. "Perhaps it's not a good idea to talk about George and me as much as I do. But I can't seem to help it. Our marriage is difficult, very difficult. But so many are, aren't they? Other men and women have serious problems to contend with, and painful periods of adjustment, and have worked things out successfully, haven't they? We quarreled again this morning, but tonight, when he calls from Rome, we'll make up. I know, because I love him. I love him very much, but I can't help thinking that he loves me more than he loves me." She turned back to the mirror, suddenly wistful. She studied herself for a moment, then allowed the make-up woman to start rouging her piquant lips. Almost at once, she pushed the lipstick from her, and twisted her slender body toward me.

"I've sounded a bit harsh, haven't I? Forgive me, mon cher. Let me tell you a joke on myself, and you'll see that I really haven't changed. You know how unintentionally I say foolish things. Well, I was on the radio in Philadelphia just before I came to Paris. The station was owned by the man who runs the Philadelphia Inquirer. The nice woman who was interviewing me asked me what I knew about her city. I went blank. All I could remember were the cute ads I saw in magazines, so I said: 'Only that everybody, everybody reads the Bulletin!' I saw her face freeze. I only found out later that I'd given the rival paper all that free publicity!"

We both laughed heartily. The make-up artist, without understanding, broke into a grin. Just then the script boy came in to tell Lola La Blonde—as Zsa Zsa is known in "Public Enemy No. 1"—that she would be wanted on the set in fifteen minutes. I said I would wait outside so that she could get dressed.

Hundreds of extras ready for the next take were moving about in the lovely gardens just outside the sound stage. It was a beautiful day and it was pleasant to be out in the air. I began to chat with a handsome gray-haired fellow, and that one of them was David Opatoshu, featured as Slim The Killer, the only other American imported to France for the film.

Before long, the almost-on-time Zsa Zsa came toward me, dressed in a handsomely-tailored, black gabardine suit, its simple lines relieved by a jaunty black-and-white polka-dot hat and matching scarf. Several diamond clips glittered in the sun.;

"Believe me, at heart, I'm what you call a conformist," says Zsa Zsa.

Fernandel, her co-star, stopped her. Zsa Zsa brought him over and introduced him. "Such a master of comedy, absolument formidable. And he's taught me so much about timing, too. He's such a darling." Fernandel grinned from ear-to-ear, kissed her affectionately on both cheeks. "Jose Ferrer was very patient with me in 'Moulin Rouge,' and taught me a great deal too." "And George," I asked? "George hasn't taught me a thing. Not one darn thing! I'm going to become a good actress, in spite of him. I'm very serious about my career. Of course, it takes time and work, and after all, in acting, as in love, it's experience that counts."

"You've had a lot to say about men. How about some straight talk about women?" I suggested. Zsa Zsa stood pensively for a moment, then began.

"Primarily, a woman must have self-fulfillment," she started. "This comes through work, marriage, motherhood, or in a combination of the three. Marriage is an absolute necessity for me. I'm a woman who must be married, always. Now I know that surprises you. You're thinking only of my escapades and my caprices. But believe me, at heart, I'm really what you call a conformist. I have George—at least I think I do, my beloved little Francesca, Conrad's daugh-

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ter who's now five, and my work, which I absolutely adore. In many ways, I'm a very lucky woman, though I understand just what the exquisite Marlene Dietrich meant when she once said to me that she might have been better off with a happy marriage and five children instead of her career.

"I think I know a very sound test for self-fulfillment. Every woman should ask herself, am I at peace with myself, deep down in my heart? I wonder whether my dear friend, Ava Gardner, has asked herself that question? She's in Spain now, supposedly to rest. I worry about her. No one is lovelier or more talented. She is really such a sweet and simple girl, but she is ruining her health, and even perhaps her future, trying so desperately to be what she isn't. I long to say to her, 'Ava, darling, relax. Relax, and be yourself.'"

"I am myself in pictures, I think. And that's why I enjoy making them. I'm a firm believer in the term 'show business.' It means exactly that to me. Show yourself, your own personality. I've tried to do that, and so far, thank heavens, the public has been interested.

"There is no fulfillment whatsoever in trying to be different, trying to be somebody else. I know! This is true even in the clothes a woman chooses for herself. A woman makes a serious mistake if she allows what she wears to overwhelm her personality. Her clothes must accentuate her own special charm, her own, real quality. This is as true of the exquisite Dior, Fath and Griffe gowns that I adore as it is of clothes far less expensive. Have you noticed the French girls? Of course, you have! They have very little to spend on clothes, much less than the average American girl, and yet, they are so clever with what they have. Give them a well-tailored skirt, a simple sweater and blouse, and voila! So chic, and with their good taste, so successful in revealing the individual qualities which are truly theirs.

"There's one more thing I think is very important. To have faith. Faith in yourself, faith in God. If you do, you can do anything you set your mind and heart to. And through the faith, all my soul. I believe it, because so far, it's worked for me."

The assistant director interrupted to tell Zsa Zsa that Lola La Blonde would be wanted on the set in two minutes. "Darling, I must go, toute de suite. Isn't Paris simply wonderful? Doesn't it do things to you? I agree that Paris did. 'The truth is that I exist for men. But I also exist for myself. If men could only recognize that we can give them so much more, as wives, companions, and partners in love, if we are fulfilled as human beings. Love doesn't have to be a battle. It shouldn't be. No woman wants it to be!"

The lovely Zsa Zsa suddenly laughed and put her hand on my arm. "If after all the things everybody knows, you dare say that I hate men, I'll never speak to you again. I get along very well with men. "And women," I quickly interjected. "Most women," she replied just as quickly, her eyes wicked again. "Men are so attractive! Yul Brynner, for example. If he and I make a picture together, I guarantee you that we won't need 3-dimensional! And Robert Mitchum, ooo-la-la. And I'd have no objection in the world to kicking Marlon Brando around—in a picture, of course," she added with a sly wink. "And then there's George. There's always George. I hope there always will be. It could be so happy with him. So very happy."

She smiled, squeezed my hand. "La vie continue, n'est-ce pas?" I nodded. "Au revoir, mon ami. Merci mille fois pour votre visite." I watched her go on to the set, Lola La Blonde, leader of the gang in "Public Enemy No. 1." The battle of the sexes might wax hotter and heavier in the months to come, but all I could think of was what fun it would be to fight with the tantalizing and beguiling Zsa Zsa. What man wouldn't?

Paris, France

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**IS IT WORTH THE EFFORT?**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40)

stimulate women so that they want to adopt a little of the glamour of the movie star. On the contrary, it encourages a laziness. It makes a woman feel that it's not important to be attractive. She then refuses to do the work necessary to put her best self forward.

Of course, it's not too hard for a star to look great in front of the camera with a bevy of hairdressers, wardrobe designers, and coiffeurs on hand to help. But when she goes home at night she faces the same temptations ordinary housewives do—hers is the temptation to say, "Hang the glamour. I want to be comfortable." A hesitant hand then reaches for a pair of untidy slacks, a mussed-up blouse. And the hair is allowed to hang in strings.

Here is where the mental attitude towards glamour comes in. A woman has to school herself to be attractive. She has to make up her mind that she is going to let nothing make her look slovenly.

I have days when having to be glamorous at the studio all day becomes tiresome. When I go home I have three youngsters to take care of—Penny, 7, Tony, 6, and Timmy, 4. I could easily use my children as an excuse for getting sloppy. This is when I call upon that extra amount of energy. This is when I remember I must please my husband by looking attractive and still be dressed in such a way so that I can romp with the children. I put on pedal pushers, a clean T-shirt, perhaps with a turtle neck, I tie my hair back with a ribbon, and I'm all set for a session with my youngsters. Maybe I'd like to dress in velvets and silks, but if I did I'd have to spend my time with the children saying, "Get off of me, I'm tired!"

Fortunately, my husband, Tony, likes me in pedal pushers. He thinks they look cute—and I'm not sure whether that is a compliment to me or not.

After I've played with the children and they've gone to bed, I'm frankly tired. But many times I've had to get dressed for the premiere or party. Often I have wanted to skip the whole thing and just stay home, but I have learned this is one temptation I must resist. Part of my job is going to such places—and I have to look my best. The housewife has the same problem to meet. She can stagnate at home and be a bit to her husband and herself or she can get up that extra energy, dress up, look attractive, and go out for the evening.

Getting dressed up needn't be a big production. Some women waste a lot of time applying generous amounts of make-up, perhaps to hide a face that wasn't carefully washed. Or they put on a dress in a haphazard manner because they're too lazy to spend time working out an attractive outfit to wear. The time spent in putting on the make-up is all-consuming when good soap and water on the face will, in most cases, look a lot better and take half the time. So in dress or cosmetics, it's the mental ap-
proach to the situation that counts. It's the attitude of wanting to be well groomed.

It takes time to choose the proper accessories to wear with a dress and to be sure the various colors in an outfit match, but the results will be worth it. If such care and time are taken you'll feel sharp instead of dumpy. Ever go to a party when you knew you hadn't taken time to look your best? Remember how uninteresting you were to yourself and others?

The biggest problem about looking attractive is the budget. And yet even that has been taken care of recently.

I enjoy dressing up. I love clothes. And yet I have learned that they needn't be a forbidding expense, not with the many stores around that feature fine fashions at low prices. I try to conserve my money by buying suits or dresses that will either fit accessories I already have or that will establish a pattern. As a result, I'm safe with greys and blacks. Even when I buy an evening gown I try to make it match other things I already own. Planning such a wardrobe is a detailed kind of job, but a necessary one.

Some women use a budget as an excuse for looking untidy. "I can't afford to buy a new dress," they'll say. Perhaps this is true in some cases, but how often is this used as an "out" for a lazy nature? Maybe shopping is a bore to such women. Maybe they hate to try on clothes. These seem to be the more likely reasons because most women have a way of getting a new dress if they want it enough.

It is possible on small budgets to look well-groomed. Not only are there stores featuring low prices on good clothes, but there are countless women's and fan magazines that give invaluable tips on how to buy smart but inexpensive clothes. If a woman is sufficiently interested in how she looks, she'll find a way to keep herself attractive—and do it inexpensively.

Most women claim they dress to please their husbands first, but at the same time some will say they can't be the pretty little housewife and take care of a house and children all day. It's startling how often children are used to excuse a woman's lack of interest in herself.

Certainly it takes effort for any mother to be attractive and interesting to her husband after a day's work in the house. But that's just when she has to work harder to keep from getting sloppy. She is, after all, setting an example by her appearance for her children to follow, and she is either going to make her husband more interested in her or more bored by her. It all depends on her attitude.

If she regulates herself and budgets the time right she can do all she is supposed to. She can take care of the children, straighten the house, do her chores, and still can, if she wants to, find fifteen minutes to make herself look attractive before her husband comes home. Not that he wants her to look like Lana Turner all the time—if he does he's in for a few surprises! Nor does he expect her to fit around the place saying, "See how neat the house looks, dear?" There is the right balance—and it's the balance all women find if they're to be seen to advantage.

Again it's how a woman feels inside. She doesn't have to have a fancy hairdo to be attractive. She doesn't have to have a large wardrobe. The key, at least as I see it, is simplicity in appearance and, above all, a sparkle in the eyes, a shiny face, and a ready smile. These are the big requirements for real glamour.

No woman will get in a rut of complacency and indifference if she will adopt interests outside of her home. If she just goes shopping one day a week or plays a game of cards or has lunch with a friend, she will be sufficiently stimulated to go back to her home and its duties without letting them engulf her. She will then not be tempted to become slovenly.

She will also be in better spirits when her husband comes home because she has had a little change in her daily schedule. Yet, some women have said they can't find the time to take off even once a week. Any woman can find the time—if she really wants to.

It's not even a bad idea for a woman to try something entirely different in the matter of dress or hair—do just to have a change. There is, of course, the possibility that her husband won't like what she's done, but she should not be afraid to change!

Once I came home sporting a new hairdo. Tony took one look at it and yelled. "Just a minute, dear," I said quietly. "It will look different when I put on my evening gown tonight."

He still yelled, but when I put on the gown he reluctantly admitted that the hair wasn't so bad. However, I didn't keep it that way for long.

Another time I had to be a blonde for a picture and Tony hated my hair that color. I kept assuring him it was only for the picture, but he said, "Maybe you'll learn to like it and won't want to change it." And, "Maybe you'll get another picture and you'll have to be a blonde again."

As a matter of fact, another picture did come up where I was to be a blonde, but I managed to convince the studio I should have my hair naturally dark. My point, then, is simply this—even if I had liked myself as a blonde I wouldn't have kept it that shade because Tony didn't like it. You see, I work on the theory that women dress first for their husbands, then for what they feel best in, and finally to intrigue other men they meet—as well as women who are constantly surveying them with a critical eye.

Speaking of hair, for a long time I had wanted to darken mine, part it in the middle, and wear bangs, but when I was at MGM I was told bangs wouldn't look good on me. Finally, when I went to Columbia for a Western, I asked Helen Hunt, the women's hairdresser, if she could fix my hair differently. She suggested bangs and a part in the middle—and a darker shade. That's the way I wear it now and it feels wonderful.

Women, to be attractive, should concentrate on hair. Beauty parlors are fine once a week for proper styling if you can afford them, but if not you can take care of your hair yourself by reading tips in magazines. If your hair isn't naturally curly, a short bob that is easy to manage is a real aid to your appearance. And an occasional permanent can help. This you can also do yourself. I know it takes time to do all this work but it's time well spent. As a matter of fact, I do my own hair very often.

It's a good idea, I think, to try new hair-dos as well as to try new outfits. Take the time to figure out what makes you look best. If you try something radically different and it doesn't work out, at least you're trying.

I've never made any radical changes in manner of dress, but I did decide to

Donna Reed with Montgomery Clift and Frank Sinatra between scenes of "From Here To Eternity," Says Donna, "Attractiveness comes from within,"
HEAD START FOR BEAUTY

(Continued from page 53)

kept the hair length at a happy medium and the line of the coiffure fairly flat at the sides. In her design in the small top photograph the line is quite different and there is a certain amount of fullness. The middle photograph shows even longer hair, with the bangs curled into a pompadour effect. The third hairstyle is planned for very short hair and the bangs are the merest fringe.

No matter which one of these arrangements you choose, you’re going to find that the hairdressers’ best friend is also your own friend—that fine mist that they spray on to add sheen and keep every hair in place. You can safely bet that it’s Helene Curtis’ Spray Net, a grooming aid that had endeared itself to professionals a long time before it was available across the counter. Try using it regularly and you’ll discover that you have to set your hair much less frequently. The trick is to spray your hair lightly just after you’ve finished “doing” it. The Spray Net will keep the arrangement intact so efficiently that waves and curls don’t get a chance to relax and lose volume.

We’ve been putting the cart before the horse so to speak, in not suggesting a series of reconditioning treatments before we started on hair-dos. If your hair is out of condition from a Summer of drying sun-search, Breck treatments are really tops in this field, and they have an especially good one for coping with sun-stranged hair. Your beautician would be delighted to give you these Breck Cream Treatments, of course, or you can buy a tube to use at home. In either case, the procedure is the same. First, a thorough shampoo and rinse. Next, a conscientious application of the Cream Treatment to your wet head. Comb your hair after you’ve put on the cream so the distribution will be even. Follow this by a heat treatment (dip a towel in hot water, wring it out and wear it as a turban until it’s no longer warm). There’s nothing in the least complicated about the routine.

Perhaps your hair isn’t out of condition at all and what you’d like most to do would be to glamorize its color to make your new hair-do even more effective. Probably the easiest solution of all is to use a Roux Color Shampoo. There are sixteen natural-looking Roux shades to choose from so that you can see what a simple matter it will be to find a color you like. The shampoo is worked right into the hair without benefit of any special equipment, then water is added to produce a cleansing lather. Rinsing is the final step. The time required from start to finish is only 25 minutes. Your favorite beauty salon gives these Roux treatments and you can also get the Color Shampoo at drug and department stores for use at home.

A quite different preparation that you should know about is Richard Hudnut’s Light and Bright. This is neither a shampoo, a dye nor a rinse. You just apply it to your hair to lighten and brighten the color. You don’t even have to time it or rinse it at all afterward. The action is controlled and very gradual so that there’s no possibility of going too light. With the first application you
notice definite brightening and a slight lightening. Each application after that will lighten more. (Light and Bright won't wash out or fade out). You yourself decide whether you want your hair a little or a lot lighter and plan the number of applications accordingly. You'll find that there's absolutely no ammonia or alkali in the formula nor any unpleasant odor. In fact, it won't even stain. All of these advantages help to put it in a class by itself.

Another thing that could make a big difference to your hair is the introduction of Clairol's new Hairdew in beauty salons throughout the country. A Hairdew treatment costs under a dollar, but it accomplishes all the things that pomades, waving lotions and cream rinses are used for, plus improving the condition of the hair. In other words, it's quite a remarkable preparation. The treatment takes practically no time at all. Hairdew is sprinkled onto your hair immediately after it's been shampooed. Your hair is then combed, set, and dried. The new chemical principle utilized in Hairdew lets it combine instantly with the hair so that all its good work can be done in the short period it takes to complete the setting of your hair.

Up to this point we haven't said a word about shampoos, so without more ado we'll remind you that these hard working essentials-to-beauty have an enormous amount to do with the success of your hair-do. A good shampoo is a primary means of maintaining a good-looking head of hair. It's also the simplest means of erasing every trace of an unsuccessful hair-style so you can start fresh for a new arrangement. If you've been using Lustre-Creme, you already know that it contains enough lanolin to give it very special non-drying qualities. What you may not know is that Lustre-Creme now can be had in a new lotion form with all the superior properties of the well-loved creme shampoo incorporated. It's economical, too—bottles are priced from 30c to $1.

And now, before you get to work on the business of giving yourself a head start to beauty, we'd like to caution you about bobby pins. Be sure to get rubber-tipped pins and be sure that they have a clip that will keep them in place. It may sound elementary but it's important. Solo Bob Pins have both virtues and the advantage of being on sale in your own neighborhood variety store. You can get 90 petite size Solo pins for 25c, or 75 of the regular size for the same price.

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**MY BEST DATE SO FAR**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

picture of her brother. We did look alike. She was a wonderful skater and she tried to work on my technique, which is terrible. I wanted to ask to take her home but I had only ten cents left at that point. Finally I told her the truth. She laughed and said that she would furnish subway fare. We walked up and down Broadway and talked and talked. She was so sweet. After I shipped out, she wrote me several times. I haven’t seen her since and probably I never will again, but I will never forget her sweet friendliness to a lonely kid during the war.

**ROBERT STACK:** A date I will never forget was a completely unexpected one. It took place several years ago when I had been vacationing at Lake Tahoe. A dear friend of mine of many years was recuperating from a serious illness at a place nearby. I telephoned her and after much persuasion on my part, she consented to let me take her out for an evening of fun. It was wonderful seeing her again. We talked and danced for hours. Late in the evening the band broke into a familiar song, and I and the others present asked my companion to sing. She was reluctant, but she finally consented. Something magical seemed to happen to her as she stood before that unfamiliar audience and began to sing. Something magical seemed to happen to the crowd also. I sat and listened, and I knew that my friend was going to get well, that she would lick her illness. As the last strains of “Over The Rainbow” ended—for that was the song—Judith Garland returned to my table with tears in her eyes, but with hope in her heart.

**TOM MORTON:** My best date took place in Mary Pickford’s old dressing room on the Goldwyn lot, where we were shooting “Main Street To Broadway.” The lady in question was Miss Tallulah Bankhead. She was occupying Miss Pickford’s dressing room, and one day she invited me to come in for lunch. I was pleased and flattered at her interest and friendliness. She sat and talked and gave me wonderful advice about my career. “You will be another John Garfield,” she told me. She told me tales of her own stage and screen experiences. I sat listening, enthralled by this fascinating woman. We have since become good friends. I shall never forget that very special date, with a great lady of the theatre, in the dressing room of one of the greatest ladies the screen will ever know.

**PETER LAWFORD:** My best date? I’m afraid I can’t name a special glamour girl and tell you that she was my best date on a special occasion. But this is the kind of date I enjoy most. I like nothing better than to put my surf board in my ration wagon, drive to San Onofre, which is below Laguna, and spend the day surfing. I like to take along food and cook it on the beach when night is beginning to fall. I like to sit on the beach afterwards and talk and listen to the waves and even sing a bit perhaps. If I am fortunate enough to have a companion with me who is at home in bluejeans, who shares my love for the water, who enjoys a meal cooked in the open more than one in a night club, then that’s my idea of a tip-top date. Know what? A lot of fellows feel very much the same way, I’ve found.

**FARLEY GRANGER:** A memory I will treasure forever was a date I had in Paris. The young lady was the charming

One of the most dated girls in Hollywood since the breakup of her engagement is Mitzi Gaynor, here shown with Jack Bean arriving for gala premiere.
Jeanmaire. I love Paris, and to have the privilege of spending an evening with one who knew and appreciated its beauty and magic as much as I, was a true thrill for me. We went to a wonderful place for dinner, a restaurant owned by a young GI who had returned to Paris after the War and established a highly successful eating spot. Later we went to Montparnasse and danced. It was definitely different from any other night club I have ever been to. At one point all the dancers on the floor got down on their knees and do a crazy dance, and when the music stops, each gentleman kisses the lady who happens to be beside him. It sounds as crazy as a high school party, and it was, and just as much fun. Later we went to other spots and dawn was just coming up when I took Jeanmaire home. It was a date which will remain in my memory as a lovely evening with a wonderful companion in the most captivating of all cities.

CRAIG HILL: Two particular dates stand out in my memory and I can't honestly say which of them I enjoyed most. Each was spontaneous; maybe combinable is a better word. The young lady of the first instance was Debbie Reynolds. One afternoon, on the spur of the moment, we put on old bluejeans and went tearing off to the opening of the Clyde Beatty circus, which had arrived in town. We did all the crazy things two kids do at a circus—the peanuts, popcorn, went to all the side shows, and laughed ourselves sick at the clowns. When I got home that night, that little stick of dynamite had given me such a run that I fell into bed and didn’t move a muscle until the next morning.

The other date I remember vividly was with Susan Zanuck. We had been to a formal party given by Hedda Hopper, and we were dressed fit to kill. We left with Norma and Keefe Brasselle, and for no good reason except natural foolishness, we decided to go to an amusement park. We rode roller coasters, raced each other in the midget autos, looped the loop until we were dizzy, and had the time of our lives. Miss Hopper would have been surprised if she could have seen her bedraggled guests when we finally got ourselves home from her very formal party.

RICHARD ALLAN: I've been lucky to have had a number of very glamorous and charming dates since I came to Hollywood, but I can't honestly say that any of them has given me quite the thrill of a date I had back in Ohio when I was sixteen. The governor's inauguration ball was coming up in Springfield, which was about 35 miles from our home. By conniving, four of us youngsters had contrived to get invitations. My date was Mary, my childhood sweetheart, who was sixteen also. It was the first formal affair for either of us. I borrowed tails for the occasion and let me tell you, when I got there, I don’t think I could have recognized myself in the mirror. I felt like a real man! I knew that Mary was to wear a lovely organdy dress and I had carefully selected a corsage, the first flowers I ever gave a girl. Imagine my consternation when I went to call for her to find she'd decided to wear another dress! However, the flowers proved adaptable. The four of us drove through a heavy rain to the ball, danced our feet off until they put out the lights, then stopped at an all-night stand for hamburgers. We got home around four in the morning. It was a date I'll never forget. Mary is married now and has two children, and when I go back home we have a fine old time reminiscing about that great night.

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, ELIZABETH! [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

already knows she's on her own, and I think it would almost be redundant for me to repeat publicly what I've said to her privately." Inspired portrait of the psychiatric killer in movies' unforgettable "Night Must Fall," and the tragic alcoholic of TV's still talked-about "An Affair in Samaria." Mr. Montgomery has no false illusions about acting as a career—especialy where it concerns his own flesh and blood.

"I think that Elizabeth has a sane, sober view of the pitfalls and problems of her vocation," he says. "There's a theory, fears concerning a future fall to the profession is a pretty tragic thing. It's pretty well founded, too, because failure in anything to which someone is personally dedicated is sad.

"But equally sad, I think, is the lack of ability on the part of most people to accept success gracefully, or to recognize what actually IS success," he goes on. "In other words, there's always confu-
asked Mr. Montgomery, "What have you done so far in showing Elizabeth the ropes?"

"That's a good phrase," he acknowledged, "because I haven't handed the ropes to her, nor have I attempted to pull them."

"For example, in setting up Elizabeth Montgomery's NBC-TV debut in "Top Secret," her father only went so far as to fulfill a promise he had made her when she was 12. The promise was that when she made her first public appearance, Robert Montgomery would make it with her.

"Elizabeth asked for that, I didn't demand it," he says. "I had promised that when the time came, I'd be there. Maybe only as a stage manager, but I'd be there."

When Neptune Productions, which Mr. Montgomery owns, got the script, it called for a father-daughter relationship, and Elizabeth was tremendously excited about doing it with him. He told her she could, if she'd go to Norman Felton, the director, and read for him.

"I told Elizabeth that if Mr. Felton were satisfied with her reading, I was sure he'd let me know," recalls Robert Montgomery. "On the other hand, if he were dissatisfied, I was equally sure he would let me know."

But the director liked the young actress' reading. And she went through the regular routine that any player has to go through in order to get the job. But even then, Robert Montgomery—proud father and important NBC-TV executive—didn't kid himself.

"Perhaps during the reading, Elizabeth didn't do as well now and again as she should, and perhaps they thought, 'Well, she's Mr. M's daughter—maybe we'd better do something about it'—but I don't think they thought that way," he says. "Their instructions from me were that Elizabeth was coming up to read, and that I knew she would have competitors—so, if her reading wasn't right, I would understand perfectly."

Truth of the matter is that Elizabeth went at it very professionally, worked very hard at her first professional assignment, and—in the opinion of her father—d id an acceptable job. Good press notices, and the recognition of NBC production bigwigs that here was a new and promising young actress, earned her the coveted contract for the Summer stock appearances—and no one could have been happier than Mr. Montgomery himself.

"Stage fathers," he will tell you truthfully, "can find that if the help they provide is real help, it can't boomerang. But if the father, in trying to help his child, is also trying to help himself—that can be very bad, indeed."

"A desire on the part of the father to direct the progress of the child's career would do irreparable harm," he continues. "The child should have the right to make his own mistakes—that's a right he shouldn't be deprived of. My hope, of course, is that Elizabeth will be able to profit by her successes and learn from her failures. While she may always feel that her father is there to discuss things if she wants to—it should always be on an adult basis. That way, we'll both feel more comfortable."

Actually, Elizabeth Montgomery has much to be thankful for in her own right. Born on April 15, 1933, in Los Angeles, her life and her schooling has been a well-planned, well-rounded one. She attended the Westlake School for Girls for 11 years, the serenity of her life interrupted only by an exciting trip to London and Paris with her father, when she was six.

In Elizabeth's junior year of high school, she moved to New York to attend the famous Spence School, from which she was graduated in June, 1951. A devotee of drama, English literature and history, Elizabeth also swings a mean hockey stick, has acquired a number of ribbons for her superb horsemanship, but bows her head in defeat to her tennis-minded father on the tennis courts. Graduation, after two years of hard work at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City, finds her facing the acting world as an appealing oyster.

When you meet Elizabeth for the first time, there is a refreshing breeziness, a buoyancy about her that in some people could be exhausting, but in Elizabeth, on the contrary, is strangely relaxing. Her voice is full and rich, her words swift, and to the point—all of it accompanied by movement. Her eyes are as alive as her hands, and on the stage she is not unlike Elizabeth Bergner, insofar as her whole figure (lithe and articulate) talks!

On or off-stage, she spells enthusiasm. And, like all young and aspiring actresses who know, deep down, that they have a certain talent (although Elizabeth won't always admit it), she would like to play Peter Pan. "I would also like to do Tracy Lord in 'Philadelphia Story,' again, knowing that I would do it better this time."

She has found Helen Hayes, Laurence Olivier ("and my father, of course") inspiring players to watch. She likes Chinese foods, dancing, swimming and riding, but the stage is her only serious love. She speaks French, and "I also sing—after a fashion." She wears little make-up, likes tailored suits of blue and green for day wear, and the ultimate in frothy, feminine evening clothes.

Her beauty is many—neatly divided between Yale and Harvard graduates.

The anecdote that Robert Montgomery remembers best is in connection with her flair for the theatre occurred some years ago. That was when Walt Disney's "Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs" came out, and Elizabeth was very much impressed with it—which was certainly true of several million other children.

"Elizabeth was in her room with her brother, Skipper, aged about four, doing the 'Wishing Song,'" recalls her father. "She'd fixed herself up as her concept of Snow White and was singing the 'Wishing Song' into a scrap basket. She'd sing a phrase, and wait, and from off in the corner would come this awful little grunting voice of hers. It was what Elizabeth had obviously figured out carefully was that she couldn't do her own echo, and somebody else had better do it for her."

What worries Robert Montgomery somewhat is that the opportunities for training for a young person in the theatre today are limited.

"Twenty to twenty-five years ago," he recalls, "there were a number of stock companies to which young people could go who had preliminary, or no, experience at all. The training had to do with facing an audience, knowing what audience reaction was, and that
when a gesture or tone of voice was used, what response the audience would have to that gesture or tone.

Today, Robert Montgomery recognizes that the mechanical media—motion pictures, television, radio—do not give the essential opportunities for training, because the player is not really facing an audience. So Elizabeth was told to choose a school where she could get basic training, and go on from there.

"Elizabeth went on from there with intelligence," concedes her father. "She joined young Phil Barry's Easthampton stock company, where she was plugged into problems not only of acting but of production. She had the opportunity of playing small parts, watching some very good experienced people at work, and she had the glorious chance of painting a considerable amount of scenery.

Wonderful experience for the charming Elizabeth Montgomery was playing a small part in "Brigadoon," and opposite Luise Rainer enacting the ingenue in "Biography." "The rest of the time," says her father, in undisguised satisfaction, "Elizabeth did everything, including selling soda pop in front of the theatre. It was a good move—because it meant that she served her apprenticeship before her senior year at the Academy.

Just how far Robert Montgomery will go in helping his daughter along the hard, rocky road to potential stage fame, is worth counting.

"I like to think I'm a wise father (although I'm sure I'm not)," he philosophizes. "My attitude toward Elizabeth's decisions is that they are hers and hers alone. While I'm always available for discussion of her problems, the decisions as to whether she will follow my advice or her own ideas, are entirely up to her."

Robert Montgomery recognizes, and is grateful, that Elizabeth is an adult human being in many respects, and capable of making her own decisions in regard to her career. "It would be perfectly ridiculuous for me to set myself up as an oracle. I wouldn't be helping her; I'd simply be hurting her."

Most of all, he hopes that Elizabeth will evaluate correctly the meaning of applause—its stimulation, its excitement, and also its unreality. "While it may be wise for anyone in the acting profession to enjoy it, it may also be healthy if one would never quite believe it. I hope that Elizabeth will never see applause as the beginning or end of the picture of success."

And in conclusion Robert Montgomery sums up his relationship to Elizabeth Montgomery as far as a stage career is concerned. "I think my daughter considers me merely as part of the audience while she's on stage. I think she would like to hear me say I liked her performance, but I don't think she'd be heartbroken if the audience liked her—and I didn't!"

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**MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE**
(Continued from Page 47)

doesn't mind it a bit that Desi enjoys the smoke himself because two days before, on the 17th of every month, he sends Lucy two dozen red roses as a remembrance of the July 17, 1951 birth of their daughter Lucie Desiree . . .

There will be no more ice skating for Arthur Godfrey for a long time to come, according to his doctor. For his next annual TV Ice Show, the humorist will be confined to a horse-drawn sleigh . . .

It isn't just because he's starred on TV as Wild Bill Hickok that Guy Madison doesn't drink or smoke—he just doesn't care to. He prefers milk at any hour of the day or night, and chewing gum continuously . . .

Dorothy (Kilgallen) and Dick (Kollar) plan a TV series based along the lines of their daily radio show, "Dorothy & Dick," with a completely equipped studio being erected in the new Kollmar town house on Gotham's smart East Side . . .

Harry James termed it "merely fantastic," the night his band opened at the Hotel Astor Roof in Manhattan, when Hollywood friends gathered at one table and tried to break him up in between dance sets—Tony and Janet Leigh Car-
The girl at the counter, obviously used to serving actors in every kind of costume, took the red cape very much in stride and asked blithely, “What’s yours, Cock Robin?”

Gleeful Gleason was a Jack-of-all-Tirades when he attended the Town Hall recital featuring Florian Zabach and found many of the youngsters in the audience were more interested in watching Jackie Gleason in his seat during the performance, than they were in the multiple talents being displayed by his friend Zabach. Declining to sign autographs for fear it would disrupt matters further, the semi-round comedian stormed out of the theatre and seemingly left in a huff. Actually, he raced backstage, took a seat in the wings and watched the rest of the show from that vantage point. When a topflight star does that for another up-and-coming personality, it’s news . . .

Imogene Coca got together with Mrs. Sid Caesar and planned a surprise party in honor of Imo’s husband, ex-actor Bob Burton. At last, until Sid told his wife that Bob and he were planning to arrange a surprise party for Imogene. The Caesars decided to leave matters as they were and proceed with the plans for the parties scheduled for the same night. Most amazed guests at the soirée were Sid and his wife Florence. Imogene and Bob Burton tossed the shindig in honor of the Caesars who fell for the separate “secrets” of the host and hostess . . .

NBC-TV (with RCA) has not signed with the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for a second Coast-to-Coast telecast for next year’s Oscar awards. The annual prize derby event is available to any other sponsor who may be interested, although NBC-TV and RCA do have first call . . .

Nita Talbot wants to portray Topsy in a straightforward production of the classic “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” It’s the one acting challenge she’s always wanted to take ever since she made her professional acting debut, at the age of 4, in blackface. Charles Laughton, who once tutored her in dramatics, considers Nita Talbot “another Garbo” . . .

June Valli has a mad passion for flowers and her chic New York apartment is never without a variety of blooms in every room. She favors white petals in her bedroom, pinks and blues in her living room and the foyer leading into her dining room is usually banked with assorted flowers of various hues. The ivy in her kitchen isn’t artificial either. Tip to male admirers: if you want to make a hit with your favorite singer, you know what to send June Valli . . .

Sable is the name of the German Shepherd in the Alan Hale, Jr., household. As “Biff Baker, U.S.A.,” Alan delights his followers with his adventurous encounters with criminals and spies, but when it comes to walking the family canine, he’s as meek and mild mannered as any of his three children. Alan, a 62” 240-lber takes Sable for her morning walk and most times can be found being led everywhere by the animal. Alan hasn’t the heart to tug and jerk the dog’s leash, so they just wander until Sable is tired and wants to go home. By that time Alan’s wife and kiddies are out looking for them both! The last morning “airing” lasted three hours and Alan had to cab it back to the house with Sable to the tune of a taxi tariff totaling fifteen dollars! . . .

Lilli Palmer re-visited the famous Moulin Rouge in Paris during her European vacation with husband Rex Harrison and found several nostalgic moments in one of the backstage dressing rooms. An ivory-framed hand mirror, a silver encased miniature of herself and a tiny wooden horse which had been given to her as a child. The articles, once used by the glamorous star when she entertained in the celebrated music hall some years ago, had been kept in storage by a waiter on the Moulin Rouge staff. When the large café reopened in time for the Summer tourist season, the old employee dusted the items off and presented them to her during a backstage tour . . .

Peggy Lee is writing the words and music for a new Broadway musical comedy which she’ll preview on TV during the Winter. The former Jamestown, North Dakota, farm girl, may have the music published as Norma Egstrom, her real name. Peggy thinks the hometown folks would like that . . .

Nina Foch, whose TV and movie careers have never been better, has had a bit of hard luck on other scores. After spending two days in a Manhattan hospital, she returned to her apartment to find some culprits had broken in and made off with her new mink jacket—a present she had given herself last Spring, with the lining fondly inscribed: “To Nina, with love—Nina.” A week after the robbery she locked the doors to her new Austin convertible and forgot to take the car keys with her. She was forced to break one of the car windows and in doing so cut her hand so severely she had to be hospitalized all over again—but not before she went by her apartment and bolted all doors and windows . . .

“Next to Dale Evans, I’m tops!” boasts beautiful “Maggie” Hayes, who says her four-year-old son, Rusty, never paid her video career much mind until he happened to glimpse her as leading lady—buckakin and all—on a couple of “Hopalong Cassidy” vehicles revived on TV. Now the moppet thinks his talented mom is just great, “Maggie” has just one more hard-to-impress customer to win over and that’s Tracy, her 16-month-old daughter who’s more interested in dolls than dialing in on TV . . .

Lu Ann Symns won’t switch to blonde tresses despite the fact she had considered making a change. A series of color tests proved her to be more telegenic as a natural brownette than with her honey-blond wig she used for some scenes. With color TV coming, she will remain a “brownie” for the future Godfrey shows . . .

For their first wedding anniversary celebration, John Baer gave his wife, Nourreen, a solid gold bracelet featuring a dozen charms, one for each month, with a different “Terry And The Pirates” character saying “Happy Anniversary” in Chinese! . . .

Eddie Fisher can’t give up his old G.I. habit of consuming ten to fifteen bottles daily of his favorite thirst quencher. He even has a bottle with his breakfast and pauses many times during
the day to refresh himself with the same beverage. Luckily, he's never far away from the stuff, not when his TV show is sponsored by the concern making the soft drink .

Jeff Donnell, the new Blondie on TV, wants servicemen from nearby Army, Navy and Marine bases to be part of each studio performance. She feels they will appreciate her interpretation of the title comedy role more than most. A "regular" of weekly entertainment groups visiting GI hospitals, she considers the military her greatest audience .

The wardrobe worn by George Raft in his "I Am The Law" telefilm series was designed by the star and in an attempt to prove how fashion-wise he is, a complete line of sportswear which he has created for male fashion-plates to wear in semi-tropical resorts, will be put on the market during the coming Christmas holidays .

Tallulah Bankhead's whim of wearing the same Hattie Carnegie dress during each of her teleshows, will continue during the coming season. The loquacious Tallulah will also adhere to the traditional Bankhead coiffure, long and silken albeit somewhat bleached for her TV return .

Bill and Maria Riva have scheduled the TV debuts of their off-spring, John Michael and John Peter, on a future telefilm to be made in Israel when "America's Most Glamourous Grandmother," Marlene Dietrich, visits the Riva clan early in 1954 for the event .

Patsy Kelly and her new smile, all pearly and perfection, will make a guest appearance on a future Red Skelton program during which the inimitable Kelly lass will be groomed by Aaron, made-up by Eddie Senz and bedecked by Harry Winston. She'll do a boiled-down version of "Lady For A Day" in reverse .

Wally Cox is devoting much of his spare time away from the "Mr. Peepers" schedule, to completing his first novel—a science fiction tome laid in the year 2053. The book's hero is described as 5'6" tall, sandy-haired and weighing approximately 153 lbs. Sounds like a "Mr. Peepers" of the future, doesn't it? .

Banners and hunting were part of the "Life Begins At 40" decoration scheme devised by Chamber of Commerce officiais in Scheenday, New York, in honor of Dave Garaway's fortieth birthday. Born at 13 Van Velsen Street on July 13, 1913, he was named David Garaway just to have 13 letters round out matters .

Bert Parks' wife, Annette, doesn't want any TV career for herself because taking care of Bert and their three children keeps her busy enough. However, Bert admits he wouldn't stand in the way of any professional appearances she might wish to make in the future. There have been bids to have Annette Parks guest on several network shows, but at this writing she's still saying "no, thanks" .

Garry Moore donned a long, flowing man's wig over his celebrated crew-cut and walked through the lobby of his studio building unrecognized by audiences who had just witnessed one of his programs. "It was a horrible experience," moaned Garry as he ran into a barber shop. His crew-cut is here to stay. He's one star who likes to be spotted by fans he chats with to find out what they think of his program antics. "If I don't have time for them, I shouldn't be on TV," he explains .

Bull Cobb exercises daily to keep her waistline trim and her legs shapely and slim, but it is with ballet routines that she starts each and every day. A former ballet-student, she's never danced professionally but has remained in top form, according to husband Mike Wallace, by rising early and devoting a full hour each morning to her limbering-up chores .

When the work piles up and gets to be too much for her two secretaries, Patti Page always in and helps until a third temporary girl is hired to handle the heavy fan mail. An expert typist, Patti can type as fast as both her employees, but admits she's not "up" on her shorthand. She can take down notes, but when it comes to transcribing them that's a horse of another color. And just as the "watcher" she has with a song, so the Patti Page Pittman steno method stands alone—her jottings are "Greek" to her secretarial staff .

Anna ("It's News To Me") Lee is getting mail from every state in the Union from male viewers who plead with her to give up her one-woman crusade against plunging necklines and strapless gowns on TV .

NBC-TV is being plagued with requests to have their "Today" repeated later in the afternoon for those night workers who sleep until the crack of noon .

Jackie Cooper would pay almost anything to kill the television showings of an old movie he did called, "Gangster's Boy." The former screen moppet finds it all very embarrassing .

Adolphe Menjou and his stunning wife, Verree Teasdale, may do a "Mama" series, but the time would be now, the locale New York and the sponsor a beer firm, quite a switch from the Peggy Wood-Judson Laire early 1960's San Francisco homelife made possible by a coffee company .

Hear Maggi broadcast her radio version of "Maggie's Private Wire" at 2 to 3:30 P.M. E.D.S.T. Monday through Friday over WABC, New York.
everything. The show went on with no further interruption . . .

John Beal, who has always lived in the same West 55th Street apartment building, when he is in town, took over the running of the house elevator when the operator was taken ill. During the four hours he remained at his post calling floors and accepting packages, he earned three dollars in tips which he turned over to the ailing employee. None of the new tenants recognized the actor who manned his up-and-down cage sans his toupee . . .

Audrey Hepburn witnessed a special showing of her co-starring film with Gregory Peck, “Roman Holiday,” without a single other person in the N. Y. projection room. She wouldn’t explain the reason for it . . .

Metropolitan Opera singer Robert Merrill secretly tested for the Mario Lanza role in “The Student Prince” in Gotham, but declined discussing film matters with MGM execs after seeing the finished footage . . .

Rosemary De Camp was mobbed on Fifth Avenue when fans spotted her and yelled, “There’s Doris Day’s mother!” The youthful (despite her film characteristics) actress took cover in a crowded Radio City Music Hall line of movie-bent patrons. It cost her $1.80 to escape the onslaught . . .

Nanette Fabray, linked with every young, rich and eligible male in Manhattan, still prefers the company of her ex-husband, publicist Dave Tabet, despite the fact the “Band Wagon” star insists they’ll never remarry . . .

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis squabbled in a Madison Avenue shop over the selection of ties made by the handsome actor. Tony was insistent on making his purchases despite his wife’s criticism of his taste in the matter of hand-painted crepe ties. Apparently Janet won out. Next day, ten ties were returned and exchanged for “something subdued” . . .

Pier Angeli went nightclubbing until dawn—Stork Club, El Morocco and Little Club—with a handsome blond male escort, without her mother hovering in the background. It was the first time the young star had appeared in any of these famous cafes with a lone date. According to observers, she never had a better time . . .

Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis and Danny Kaye travelled all the way upstate to a borscht circuit hotel just to catch the break-in comedy act of a newcomer in the funnyman ranks—Larry Best. The trio of topflight comedy stars had nothing to offer the younger comic by way of advice. They agreed he’s “on his way” and shouldn’t be confused with conflicting opinions about how to be a success. “He’s loaded with talent,” confided Danny Kaye . . .

Dean and Jerry stopped in at Le Ruban Bleu to catch another rising young entertainer—comedienne Celli Cabot. The unpremeditated ad is a femme Jerry Lewis and Producer Hal Wallis plan using her in a forthcoming Martin & Lewis film in which she will play Jerry’s younger sister. When she mugged and shouted her hilarious laugh routine, Jerry exclaimed, “It’s me with a wig and dress on!” . . .

Jack Benny talked business with Lena Horne at The Embers, fifteen minutes after Groucho Marx had exited the premises with a near-promise from the talented songstress that she would consider a role in Groucho’s planned return to Hollywood film-making. Benny, who also wants to make another movie, may try to get behind the 3-D camera with an original musical that would have him co-starring with the glamorous Lena. From where the much-sought after Lena Horne sat, the 3-D race is on between Marx and Benny . . .

John Forsythe narrowly escaped serious injury when the plate glass window of a Lexington Avenue florist shop gave way and crashed to the pavement just as the actor walked out of the shop with a box of posies . . .

Zsa Zsa Gabor startled the Powder Room attendant at Bruno’s Pen & Pencil when she ankled in and shed five crystallines from under her billowing Ceil Chapman gown and asked to have them checked until she was ready to leave for home . . .

Edward Everett Horton told friends he didn’t expect to ever make another Hollywood film unless it’s in color. As he prepared to leave the Pierre Grill after issuing that statement, his West Coast agent telephoned wanting to know if he would accept a role in the remake of “Magnificent Obsession.” The aging comedy star said he’d consider it, despite the fact it was scheduled to be filmed in black-and-white. Queried as to why he changed his mind, Horton replied, “In ‘Magnificent Obsession’ they’re suggesting me for a straight dramatic part. That’s O.K. It’s only in Technicolor that I want to be funny!” . . .

Basil Rathbone will return to the New York stage as the star of “Sherlock Holmes” for Producer Bill Doll. After the premiere of the play, a filmed version of the production will be made in 16 mm and distributed to high schools and colleges . . .

As a lure to early morning patrons, a Broadway movie theatre announced that the first 500 customers to reach the box-

Ann Blyth and her husband, Dr. James McNulty, are both native New Yorkers.

John Lund and Jean Arthur are planning to co-star in a new Broadway stage play. They huddled daily in the lounge of the Algonquin Hotel and chatted with such friends as Biff Elliot, Basil Rathbone, Mary Pickford, Helen Hayes and Hedy Lamarr. Conferences about the prospective production were also held in the hotel lobby because Lund’s upstairs room, too small to accommodate more than three people at any one time, was being redecorated to please him. It’s the same tiny room he’s occupied in the past, long before his Hollywood success, and the hotel management wants him to feel “at home” . . .

Arlene Dahl ducked into town, sans Fernando Lamas, and wouldn’t tour any of the glitter spots without his telephone—from-Hollywood approval. When she arrived at El Morocco for supper and dancing, with several of her agents and their wives, Arlene’s favorite late-hour snack, died creamed chicken, was being brought to her table even before she sat down—as ordered by Lamas . . .

Lee Marvin is the envy of most young Broadway actors who have been struggling for recognition. After being spotted on TV’s “Dragnet” by Producer Stanley Kramer and given a role in last year’s “Eight Iron Men,” he’ll next be seen in “The Wild One,” “Gun Fury” and “The Caine Mutiny.” His Gotham actor pals gather at their favorite Broadway hangout, the drug store in the Hotel Astor, once a week and each read aloud letters received from the busy Lee. Upon his return to New York for a brief vacation, Lee will be the honored guest at a midnight Coke-and-coffee party being tossed by his friends. The management of the Astor drugstore has approved the
party plans. Closed to the general public, the soda fountain will be made available to any and all of Lee Marvin's friends and acquaintances invited to attend. ... that's the way young Marvin wants it.

Judy Holiday's leading man in "A Name For Herself," Jack Lemmon, made his New York stage debut in last season's flop revival of "Room Service" at the Playhouse Theatre. The night he was to be in, Columbia Pictures wanted to screen test him for the Holiday film, he stood up on his dressing room chair and scribbled his name on the ceiling along with the date of the good news. Coincidentally, his signature is just below that of Shirley Booth's—she occupied the very same room years before when she had a featured role in "Three Men On A Horse." Her name and the date marked the occasion that comedy closed after playing 835 performances.

Richard ("The Robe") Burton believes in saving transportation money when his studio isn't footing the bill. His luggage, eleven pieces, preceded him to New York via Skycoast, the non-scheduled airline. Weeks later, the star followed aboard the same airline with budget-minded tourists and servicemen as his fellow-passengers. Partaking of the paper box dinner provided by the stewardess en route, he pitched in and did what everyone else had to do upon arrival—to fill his luggage from the La Guardia terminal to a waiting bus.

The name "Scott Brady" was paged continuously every two minutes for at least twenty minutes at Idlewild Airport before the star of "El Alamein" would answer. Of course, as was to be expected (planned and hoped for?) the Pan-American reservation desk was mobbed with Brady fans.

If Carleton Carpenter isn't the most forlorn looking ex-Hollywood star in New York these days, who is? His friends are trying to cheer him up with the advice that he's bound to click in a new Broadway stage play that will send him back to MGM bigger than ever.

Mamie Van Doren is very unhappy over the fact a noted Manhattan photographer has a batch of provocative pictures taken of her during rehearsals of a night club show which starred Jackie Gleason, when she was known along the Great White Way as Joan Olander.

Brian Ahern, who portrays the captain of the ill-fated luxury liner in "Titanic," had to console a weeping movie fan who spotted him in the audience after the film ended at a showing in an exclusive East side movie theatre. The sobbing woman just couldn't believe that actor Ahern hadn't gone down with his ship and she kept insisting he was "so brave, so brave," as the theatre patrons milled about the lobby during the embarrassing incident. Ahern finally put the woman in a cab and paid her fare in advance.

Tommy Noonan, featured with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," arrived in New York for a series of press interviews during which he refused to divulge his impressions of both glamorous stars. All he wanted to yak about was Betty Grable whom he has yet to meet.

The two-reel 3-D comedy, "Spooks," starring the Three Stooges, had Gotham film audiences squealing and gasping as they ducked pies, glue and buckets of water. In retaliation, a bobby-soxer witnessing 3-D for the very first time, got carried away and tossed a candy bar at the picture. The young patron's aim wasn't deadly, it landed in the lap of an elderly gentleman who assumed it had come from the screen. Convinced the 3-D technique was truly amazing, the candy bar recipient planned to stay through several shows in order to stock up a supply of confectionery. When other candy bars weren't forthcoming, the aged gentleman complained to the management and demanded a refund.

Alexis Smith created a near-panic in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria when her multi-stranded pearl necklace broke and scattered tiny beads all over the waxed floor. Several rhumba-enthusiasts skidded and slipped and knocked other dancers to the floor in a scene that would have warmed the cockles of the late Mack Sennett's heart. Deeply embarrassed by the incident, Alexis did everything but help the hotel porters sweep the mammoth floor before order was restored.

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73
Barry Sullivan was a daily handball fiend at a local athletic club while visiting Manhattan. Paired off with John Sutton, they trounced Bruce Cabot and Eddie Bracken every game.

The so-called "Gorgeous Gabors" have made concrete plans to film a semi-documentary comedy-drama in Gotham starring themselves—Zsa Zsa, Eva, Magda and "Mama" Jolles—in a plot based on their individual and collective "careers." Night club, movie and TV players who make any attempt to malign any of the Gabors with impressions or impersonations, will be haled into court, or so goes the Gabors' new edict. Legal advisors to many performers who ape the colorful Hungarian celebrities, say none of the Gabors, from Eva to Zsa Zsa have a leg to stand on.

The Vic Damone-Marge and Gower Champion "situation" is going to remain touchy for some time to come and their mutual friends, Tony and Janet Leigh Curtis, are in the middle trying to be loyal to both parties. Insiders report the dancing Champions and the song star Damone, will never appear in the same film together, not if they can help it. The whole matter exploded over a matter of billing and presentation at a night club in the East where both acts were starring attractions. Signed by the cafe operator first, Damone had the edge on the Champions and rightly so. Nevertheless it created a wide split in their former friendly alliance.

Joan Crawford celebrated the completion of her musical, "Torch Song," by wiring flowers to all of her Gotham friends who had gathered at "21" to await a long-distance telephone call from her and her director, Charles "Chuck" Walters, the last night of production. Having brought the picture in under a one million dollar budget (unheard of for a topflight musical in color and widescreen at MGM) within a record number of days shooting—three weeks exactly—thoughtful Joan wanted her New York friends to be part of the movie set party being given by her on the back lot at MGM. Everyone in New York had to talk to everyone on the "Torch Song" set and they did for $137.00.

CURRENT FILMS

(Continued from Page 17)

by sheriff Brod Crawford. Apprehending the thieves, Bickford shoots them before Crawford can bring them safely back to town. Enraged, Crawford claims that Bickford used a similar trick to kill Derek's real father. To silence the sheriff, Bickford shoots him, but in turn is killed by Derek. Concentrating most of the action on the chase, picture gallops along at a fast pace with Bickford and Crawford scuffling for top acting honors and Derek and Wanda Hendrix handling the romance. Columbia.

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Dolores came sweeping into the delightfully gay and beautiful party that Louella Parsons and Dorothy Manners tossed for their respective boy friend and husband, Jimmy McHugh and John Haskell. She knocked the party people cold with a song from the show called “The Stronger Sex.” The floor show at this party was better than all the acts at Las Vegas combined. Jane Wyman was mistress of ceremonies, backed up by her husband, Freddie Karger, and his dreamy orchestra. George Burns did one of his famous turns including some dancin’ and singin’. Jane and Dorothy Lamour whipped up an impromptu sister act that was a hummer and a couple gals from Jimmy McHugh’s act got up and sang some of his fabulous tunes. Donald O’Connor and Marilyn Erskine, Hollywood’s most torrid new romance, slipped away—Don being on a health kick at the mo.

There’s been a rash of parties all over town. The opening of the Universal Art Gallery brought out zillions of art lovers and party people. This very important project was started by Katherine Goetz and Norvel, the latter being the v e d d y famous lecturer and psychiatrist, and if you think there aren’t some fabulous paintings in this here gallery then you just aren’t hip. Place was so crowded, though, you couldn’t see the pictures for the people. Had a delightful chat with Ed Wynn who knows his paintings backwards, forwards, and upside down. He told young artist John Morris how curiously he was about the painting John did of Keenan—a clown portrait that’s a dilly. Mitzi Gaynor, there with Jack Bean, looks purtier and purtier. Gladys and Eddie Robinson, art connoisseurs, spent most of their time trying to get behind the people to see the pictures on the walls, but they weren’t very successful. This important event even brought out Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, who don’t go around social too much.

U-I’s young and top producer, Ross Hunter, flung quite a ball just for the (CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)
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What Hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Shelley Winters and hubby Vittorio Gassman at "Red Garters" reception.

Anthony Quinn, Hedy Lamarr at party in Rome to promote her "Femina" film.

boy couldn't be funnier and everyone at the gathering begged him to get the act together and put it on the road. Seems Hody's been doing these comedy bits all over at parties but never quite got around to making it a professional do.

New York writer-publicist Mike O'Shea had just come back from a fast trip to Alaska and was showing all of us the gold nuggets he had picked up at a placer mine. That's our next stop. We met the young singer, Mike Rayhill, who is just back from Paris and you're going to hear more about this boy very soon.

Went on to another one at Jean Stein's—a very late one it was—and a lot of the kids from the "Top Banana" show (CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)
There'll be a touch of Marlon Brando in Marilyn Monroe's new picture—she'll wear a torn shirt like he did in "Streetcar Named Desire"—it's called a plunging shirt back.

Hollywood went to Florida on "The Naked Jungle" picture. Charlton Heston and Eleanor Parker took off to film the story of man's battle against man-eating ants. We don't want none of them critters around these parts—let Florida have 'em. (The ants, we mean. Eleanor and Charlton may return).

Jan Sterling got busy while Paul Douglas was in Europe making personal appearances with "Forever Female." This little forever female did the whole house over for her man and, best of all, saved all the bills for him.

When Alan Ladd returns from his year and a half away from Hollywood he's got an unpleasant surprise waiting for him. He and Susie moved in from their ranch to a fairly wild spot in the hills—but it's been tamed. About three huge new homes have been built right around him in his absence and all the underbrush is gone. There just ain't no privacy any more.

Got a good look at Coleen Gray's new romance at the Universal Art Gallery ball. He's a very handsome Army officer and they are really in looove.

So are Gene Nelson and Jane Powell, who make no secret of their being happy together. And so are Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes—which strikes a lot of people as a rather odd combination—don't ask us why.

The Ty Powers got back in town—he finally had to get back for this picture he's committed to—in time to see a couple of much discussed portraits of themselves being auctioned off. They'll get away again before long and after the baby's born. Like Europe, see.

Bobby Wagner's hired a press agent to keep him out of the papers a little bit more. Seems he thinks too much publicity spoils the broth of a boy. He's had nothin' but covers on the mags and interviews inside.

Collier Young isn't afraid of anything. He's co-starring Ida Lupino and Joan Fontaine in "The Bigamist." Ida's his ex, Joan his present wife. Howard Duff, Ida's present husband, is the male star. And, hold onto the arms of your rocker, his mother-in-law, Lillian Fontaine, is also cast in the picture.

Finally Audie Murphy's book, "To Hell And Back," gets on the road. Audie will star in it, of course, at U-I.

The hassle between Glenn Ford and Ann Sheridan didn't get the two principals into court. He went off to Brazil and she to Mexico. But everyone around town's saying Glenn's no gent.

Christine Martel, the French beauty who was crowned "Miss Universe," is congratulated by Jeff Chandler. She's been signed by Universal-International.
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Bing Crosby isn’t sure Christian Fourcade is his child in “Little Boy Lost,” an appealing war story of an American newsman, his French wife and their son.

Little Boy Lost
An appealing war story that smacks of the same warm-hearted sentiment as “Going My Way,” this new Seaton-Perlberg production has Bing Crosby forsaking his tuneful toddling for a dramatic role. As a radio commentator stationed in France during the first days of the War, Crosby marries a French singer and fathers a son. When his correspondent duties take him to the battle front, he vainly tries to get his wife out of France. Before this can be arranged, however, her underground activities are discovered and she frantically hides her baby son with the parish priest. The remainder of the film traces Crosby’s efforts to find the child and then to convince himself he has located the right youngster. The movie’s tenderness and insight into the lives of a war torn family provides filmgoers with a moving experience. Nicole Maurey portrays Crosby’s wife and Christian Fourcade the son. Paramount.

Second Chance
This 3-D, Technicolor Bob Mitchum—Linda Darnell starrer will have you sitting on the edge of your seat. For 82
Merv Griffin not only helps but falls for Katie Grayson in “So This Is Love.”

Jack Palance plans to liquidate gun moll Linda Darnell in “Second Chance.”

Minutes popcorn will be forgotten. Paid gunman Jack Palance is sent to South America to liquidate his boss’ ex-girlfriend, Linda Darnell. Although Palance knows if the Senate Investigators find Linda first she will put the finger on his employer, he takes one look at her and falls hard. She, however, is in love with prizefighter Bob Mitchum. The thrilling climax finds the trio fighting for their lives on a cable car suspended high in the Andes between two mountains. The absorbing climax, exciting photography and locations make this a must-see flicker for the suspense fan. RKO.

So This Is Love

From the moment Grace Moore (Kathryn Grayson) makes her “debut” riding a circus elephant to the day she makes her bow at the Metropolitan Opera, it is apparent that her great love is singing. Based on the early days of the famous Met diva, the Technicolor production traces her family’s disapproval of a stage career, her friendship with Mary Garden, and her two romantic sacrifices for her career. Her suitors include Douglas Dick, a business man, and Merv Griffin, an ambitious Broadway man. (Continued on page 16)
Clark Gable falls headlong into love trap set by Ava Gardner in "Mogambo."

Your guide to current films
CONTINUED

actor. It is the latter who tries to help the Tennessee schoolgirl launch her career in New York and who takes her to singing coach Fortunio Bonanova who discovers she is losing her voice from improper instruction. It is under his guidance that her musical comedy and opera opportunities are realized. The film presents a warm, amusing recital of the late star's initial career flutterings. Produced by Henry Blanke, the production has been lavishly filled with music to include everything from excerpts from "La Bohème" to a hip-gyrating shimmy. Warner Brothers.

Mogambo

Safari leader Clark Gable is so busy trapping specimens, that it isn't until the movie's romantic fade-out that he realizes that girl friend Ava Gardner has been doing a little trapping of her own. Gable, who has agreed to guide a scientific expedition into Africa's Kenya Colony, feels Ava's presence around his quarters might be misunderstood by his English contractors and tries to give her
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Princess Audrey Hepburn plays hockey with Gregory Peck in "Roman Holiday."

the "bum's rush." He is forced, however, to take her part of the way on the safari arranged by Donald Sinden and wife Grace Kelly. Still secretly in love with the hunter, Ava's needling and wise cracks are to cover over her awareness of Gable's romantic interest in Grace Kelly. As the caravan plods deeper into the jungle, the whole company becomes aware of the couple's attachment, and finally a guide informs Sinden. It takes some fast thinking by Ava and some typically female tricks to break up the triangle into an idyllic twosome. Filmed entirely in Africa, Director John Ford has uncovered an exciting Dark Continent and a sensational new Ava Gardner. It's her picture from the moment she jostles around in a rain barrel till she traps Gable. MGM.

Roman Holiday

When a princess plays hockey from her royal duties to enjoy a Roman holiday you not only have an international incident but an inferno of fun. This bright, bubbly William Wyler comedy introduces Audrey Hepburn as the errant princess whose impulsive snatch at freedom is discovered by newspaperman Gregory Peck. Realizing what a scoop he has, Greg masquerades as a salesman and offers to be a one-man (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

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Mari Blanchard has many a male eye looking her way in "Veils Of Baghdad."

**Your guide to current films**

**CONTINUED**

**FOREVER FEMALE**

Acting stage star, Ginger Rogers, like most females, has overlooked a few birthdays and seems determined to be a perennial 29. She insists that her husband and play producer, Paul Douglas, have playwright William Holden rewrite his script of a 19-year-old girl and her domineering mother to fit her talents. Although both Douglas and young actress Pat Crowley, who aspires to play the teenager, are against the script change, Holden is so fascinated by Ginger that he sacrifices the story. An unsuccessful out-of-town opening temporarily interrupts the romance, while Holden starts doctoring the play. His plans are (CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)
Joe DiMaggio, at the Bon Soir, hotly denied that he and Marilyn Monroe were secretly married. The usually calm Joltin' Joe snapped, "It's none of your business!" when a femme scribe persisted in her attempt to get him to admit he and his favorite cinemactress tied the knot in Marin County, across the bay from San Francisco a year ago last July . . .

Tyrone and Linda Christian Power tiffed in the lobby of the Hampshire House. She stormed up to their suite and he strode out, hopped into a waiting horse-drawn buggy, rode a block and dismissed the carriage. Linda's refusal to ride in the open barouche spoiled a surprise Ty had waiting for her—a new silver blue mink cape at a Fifth Avenue furrier to which he was taking Linda in the surrey with the fringe on top. P.S. She got the costly fur piece anyway, after they kissed and made up later that same night . . .

The exclusive New York showing of "Julius Caesar" at the Booth Theatre had audiences applauding scenes in which Marlon Brando as Mark Antony appeared. Hidden in the audience during one such (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)
demonstration, Brando mopped his brow free of perspiration with one hand and held onto the arm of Movita with the other. Every time the neighboring moviegoers would start applauding, Brando would slink down further in his seat as Movita burst into tears. Multi-talented Marlon now wants to play the title role in “Richard III” on the Broadway stage before making a film of it in Hollywood. There’s only one hitch to this, however. Laurence Olivier is very much in the running for the same acting plum.

There’s a very lucrative contract awaiting Jane Wyman’s signature in the Broadway offices of the famous Shubert Brothers, whenever she decides to take a fling at starring in a New York musical revue. She can debut in the forthcoming “Ziegfeld Follies,” earmarked for early Spring presentation, if she wishes.

When autograph seekers mistook Monte Woolley for Clifton Webb at the Baccara Restaurant, the bearded actor stormed out of the place in a rage.

One of Bing Crosby’s first telephone calls to Hollywood upon his return from Europe went to Mona Freeman—so who says this romance is a thing of the past?

Richard Burton would not sign autographs for fans who waited several hours for him outside of his Park Avenue hotel; but Richard Todd, back from England, was not only grateful to his youthful admirers for their signature requests, he invited them all to a special early morning preview showing of Walt Disney’s “The Sword And The Rose.”

Peter Lawford threw his New York fans into an uproar every time he left his hotel in full make-up, jumped into his Jaguar and tore across town to location sites for “A Name For Herself.”

Returning from France on the Liberte, Bing Crosby and son, Lindsay, spent but a few hours in N. Y. Left for his ranch.

Producer Jacques Bar with stars Fernandel and Zsa Zsa Gabor on location in N. Y. for “Public Enemy Number One.”
The Shoes in the News!

...the most exciting, the most star-studded shoe picture of the season. Gleaming leathers and suave suedes...stoked with color. There's news in the heels, in the silhouettes, in the details.

And best news of all is the values...amazing that such flattering, expensive-looking Paris Fashion Shoes are yours for a mere $5 and $6.

Wohl Shoe Company
Saint Louis, Missouri
A Division of Brown Shoe Company
HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY
CONTINUED

Of fans would hail taxis and instruct the drivers to “follow that car.” When the morning’s shooting was scheduled for Columbus Circle, five blocks from his hotel, Lawford took his followers on a merry, wild goose chase through Central Park and over to Riverside Drive where he was able to lose the trailing cabs. Unlike her co-star, Judy Holliday journeyed by subway from her Greenwich Village apartment and arrived on the set without any fuss. Sporting a black silk turban to hide her platinum tresses, and being entirely devoid of any make-up, she went unrecognized and few of the milling spectators knew her when she approached the restricted, roped-off areas . . .

Rumors that Rita Hayworth flew to town to join Dick Haymes for a week’s holiday away from Hollywood snappers were rampant because they were seen dining together in several east side boîtes. What most of the Hayworth-Haymes “insiders” didn’t know was that Rita’s main purpose in visiting Manhattan was to confer with her local attorneys about Aly Khan’s plan to make his lavish Riviera estate, Chateau de L’Horizon, available to film companies for location shots. Ex-Princess Rita wanted it clearly understood that the former honeymoon abode she shared with Aly was not to be given any “Rita Hayworth Slept Here” exploitation . . .

Judy Canova hit the big town for a fast shopping spree and the word of her arrival got around in record time. Dozens of packages and boxes were sent to her hotel apartment by department store managers when they learned the reason for her visit. Hats, shoes, gloves, dresses and jewelry had to be returned just as quickly as they arrived. Hollywood’s newest “mama” wanted baby clothes for her recent offspring, nothing for herself, and the usually large Canova purchasing, anticipated by storekeepers, bit the dust. Judy, about to (CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)
For diamonds of star-like brilliance and beauty, take your cue from lovely Joanne Dru and choose a Crescent Diamond Ring. For here is a larger, lovelier diamond . . . priced for you!

True and lasting value is assured by the Crescent Certificate of Guarantee signed by your jeweler. See and choose now from many exquisite styles . . . and look for the name Crescent in the ring and on the blue tag.
"I'm just naturally lazy," said Elizabeth Taylor as she stretched luxuriously. The sigh oozed forth and caused even her velvet slippers with the turned-up Turkish toes to wiggle as she yawnfully relaxed.

"Lazy?" we puzzled. We considered for a moment. Her baby son wasn't eight months old, and she had already starred in two of Hollywood's most important pictures. On her vanity mirror were neatly pasted congratulatory telegrams carrying best wishes on the start of her new MGM film, "Rhapsody."

One wire was signed, "Mother, Daddy and Uncle Howard," another "Irving 'Elephant Boy' Asher"—the producer of "Elephant Walk," her initial film since the birth of the baby. So much activity spelled anything but a ho-hum attitude.

We looked at Liz in her striped taffeta lounging coat. Its vivid tones of rose, blue and gold seemed to reflect the shiny smile that teased in her eyes. Its large velvet collar framed her face and made her look more lovely than lazy.

No, we decided, we couldn't agree with her. We'd have to take exception to her statement. "Someone's generating energy in the Wilding household," we argued. "Michael must be the dynamo."

"My husband," affirmed Elizabeth (continued on page 54)
The Mau Mau terrorists planned to kill Clark Gable, while more friendly African natives reverently called him “Bwana Makuba” after he saved one from the jaws of a crocodile—all in a day’s work on “Mogambo”

By PAUL MARSH
Sexy stars like Marilyn, few but fabulous, were unquestionably the most flamboyantly fascinating women in all Hollywood history. Yet fame and misfortune proved their common lot!

By Dorothy Gulman

will Marilyn escape the SEX HEX?

"Poor Marilyn Monroe—I wouldn’t swap futures with her for a million dollars!"

Suppose you heard another actress make that remark? Would you call it Sour Grapes and say she was lying? In that case, you could be doing the lady a rank injustice. If she knows her Hollywood history and happens to take it seriously, honesty, rather than envy, prompted her words. A superstition is not to be laughed at or lightly dismissed when overwhelming statistics support it. According to Hollywood’s strongest superstition of this sort, Marilyn Monroe has inherited a tradition of trouble and tragedy.

Even those who neither approve nor understand agree Marilyn is the hottest property in pictures today, following “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.” She outdraws established favorites at the box-office and overshadows them in the press. Both as topic and target, she is the most talked-about personality in Hollywood. Not in spite of but actually because of her very present popularity, old settlers in the film colony pity the poor girl. They regard her future with positive pessimism. They dig deep into their memories and come up with a vast store of eerie evidence to explain why...

Hollywood is practically packed with beautiful women, but the Marilyn Monroes are something else again. Girls with that indefinable extra ingredient are hard to find. In almost 50 years of film-making, there have been only a handful of other stars who have had what Marilyn’s got. So far, everything is happening to her exactly as it happened to them; the same fast (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)
FALLEN IDOL?

Will Jane Powell’s marital breakup and her romance with Gene Nelson seriously imperil her career?

By TOM CARLSON

In spite of all that’s been said, it was inevitable—Jane Powell is filing for divorce from Geary Steffen. For weeks rumors about their divorce, trial separation and reconciliation appeared in the press. Statements by friends, relatives, insiders and outsiders, as well as of the two principals involved, tended to confuse rather than clarify the situation.

From the day of Janie’s birthday party at Ciro’s, which brought to light her interest in Gene Nelson, till the hour Janie announced her divorce six weeks later, Geary kept insisting that everything was going to work out all right.

When the press first reported their quarrel, Geary said it was no more than a personal disagreement and had it happened to John and Mary Truesdayle in Oklahoma City or Larry and Jean McKintosh in Little Rock, Arkansas, no one would have paid any attention. It would have blown over in 24 hours. Because they were prominent in the public eye, a great deal of fuss was made about nothing.

Geary’s explanation sounded logical . . . so much so that he not only convinced most of his friends, but himself as well, and nearly Janie. He might have, if a simple “misunderstanding” had been the sole cause. It wasn’t.

In the following weeks, Geary did a great deal more than tell himself that reconciliation was inevitable. When his letters and phone calls to Janie (CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)
Lana Turner, fearful of another romantic setback, reveals the ache in her heart, the confusion in her mind, the hopes that remain

By GENE MORRIS

WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT LOVE!

Rome, Italy

“I know nothing about love,” said the exquisitely-shaped lips that have been passionately kissed time and time again on movie screens throughout the world.

I watched the lips move as they formed these words, and could hardly believe what I heard. And then, as if to prove conclusively that I was not the victim of hallucinations, the lips moved again and I heard practically the same words repeated, carefully and clearly.

“What do I know about love?”

Were they actually emanating from the piquant mouth of one of Hollywood’s most glamorous, most sought-after women? Were they really coming from the heart of this stunning beauty, thrice married, and always romantically linked with the most attractive and eligible men in the world?

Was this the beauteous Lana Turner talking?

I stared hard at her constantly mobile face, but there wasn’t the slightest indication of a playful smile to be seen. And as I looked into Lana’s eyes, as she sat so quietly and pensively (continued on page 60).

Fernando Lamas brought her unhappiness, after Lana’s 3 marriages failed.

Many thought Lex Barker the kind of husband she needed. Lana doesn’t agree.

Left and Below: With Ricardo Montalban in “Latin Lovers.” Says she, “My life’s not always as I want it, but whose is?”
Don’t ever tell Kathryn Grayson a movie actress leads an easy life because she’ll promptly inform you how untrue that is

By MILDRED GIBSON

IT’S A LIE!

Kathryn Grayson’s outlook is always sunshine bright, but the one thing that causes her temperament to cloud up and explode is the sentence that begins, “You movie stars have such an easy life!... Two pictures a year, and you call that work?... Must really be a very dull, colorless sort of job, though, what with everything already planned for you.”

“It’s a lie!” Kathryn firmly declares. “No player can placidly walk through a career with his eyes shut.”

One look into Katie’s personal and professional life and you’ll find how hectic and uneasy it is. There’s never a dull moment and she must always look out for herself and keep planning.

“Yesterday,” she smiled, “I had one of those ‘dull’ times. I awoke to find gas leaking into the house. I frantically aroused my child and my parents, who live with me, before we all got asphyxiated. That afternoon the dog bit my daughter Patty Kate’s pet duck, and that evening Patty tipped while carrying a dish and had to have six stitches taken in her hand.”

Life, Grayson fashion, is about as boring as a six-ring circus, and as calm and settled as a bronco rider at his first rodeo.

Even sleep has its share of the unexpected.

“My sister was moving last week,” Kathryn told us, “so her daughter, Jessica, came to stay with us. That night I started to go to bed and noticed two little heads peering out from the covers. Patty and Jessica wanted to sleep in my big bed. I consented and we knelt to say our prayers.

“God bless Jessica and make her grow up and be a beautiful, healthy young lady,” I said. “To which Patty Kate, who had climbed bitterly back to bed, complained, ‘You don’t say that about me.’”

Then there was the customary... “May I have a drink of water”... and (CONTINUED ON PAGE 59)

Although I’ve had no vacation in three years, I’d be at a loss without the many demands of a career.
By JOSE FERRER

"The love goddess," whom men admire for her beauty and sex appeal, has a different charm for Jose Ferrer. Also to him Rita needs no expert direction to make her personality shine.

"Our Hawaiian location for 'Miss Sadie Thompson' was anything but a picnic...but Rita never let on."

"She loves to laugh; has a wacky sense of humor. Is amazing with her command of languages."

THE AMAZING

Men admire Rita Hayworth for a variety of reasons. Beauty, glamour, warmth, sex appeal—she has them all abundantly. My own admiration for her is based on the little recognized fact that she troupes with a poised and assured professionalism that is the mark of a highly competent performer.

In other words, Rita is a much better actress than she is given credit for. She knows her job thoroughly. She performs it thoroughly.

She won't remember this, but I first met her in 1946—January, 1946, to be exact—at a party at Henry Fonda's. We were introduced, said the usual "How do you do's," and I never got a chance to say another word to her all evening. But I must have been impressed, to remember the date.

The next time I met her in person was in May, 1953, on a Columbia Studio sound stage, where, in the title role of "Miss Sadie Thompson," she was singing a song to a group of Marines, doing a jitterbug dance, reading dialogue, being whirled around from one Marine to another, and doing it all without missing a step or a line. The song was being done to a playback, which demands a high degree of concentration and perfect synchronization. She did it over and over again without a mistake. My first impression, then, was of a tremendous professionalism, which I admire enormously. And later experience, as I played Mr. Davidson to her Sadie, confirmed this impression.

I noticed too, that when the scene was over, she went to her dressing room, relaxed quietly, and came back to the set as soon as she was called. I've seen a great (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)
"My first impression," says Jose of Rita in "Miss Sadie Thompson," "was of a tremendous professionalism I so admire."

"When Rita is called before the camera, she illumines the whole scene, and she lights up with her flashing personality."

MISS HAYWORTH
No actor has gotten into more scrapes, jams, or had more trouble with women than Errol.
Errol Flynn, since the start of his career, continues getting into serious trouble, over and over again

By LOUIS REID

The linotypes and lenses continue to work overtime in recording the trials and tribulations of America's No. 1 Hot Water Boy, Errol Flynn.

Wars, political campaigns, crime investigations have come and gone, but Errol, still adventurous, though not quite as flamboyant—continues to hold his rating as a baffling social phenomenon and a problem in physics.

Consider the first rating! In his Hollywood career he has produced a romantic saga that has snared publicity effortlessly.

The physics puzzle is that although romance and adventure have invariably landed him in hot water, he has never been scalded.

Errol has the unerring gift of striding through his difficulties with superlative bravado. He has had need of bravado in his difficulties with women, for they have been, as Hollywood would say, colossal.

Three teen-age girls charged that he attacked them. Another young woman asserted he was the father of her child. And, as if these troubles were not enough, Errol has had three wives—a definite hazard in the alimony sweepstakes.

During his Mediterranean honeymoon with his third bride, dancer-actress Patrice Wymore, he had to go ashore from his yacht to defend himself against one of the attack charges.

Few bridegrooms have had a more awkward and embarrassing... (continued on page 66)
"Vittorio, now that he speaks English quite well, is less dependent on me. At first it seemed like I was trying to do his thinking."

"THE TRUTH ABOUT VITTORIO AND ME"

"The first period of our marriage was rugged and understandably tough. We lived through the adjustment, however; now have an understanding of each other on which is based our compatibility"

by SHELLEY WINTERS
Despite what you hear, Vittorio loves to stay home with me and the baby. He never argues about going out to parties or premiers or night clubs. If he doesn’t feel like going he just says quietly, “We’re not going.” And that’s the way it is.

The first period of our marriage was rugged and understandably tough. We come from completely different backgrounds, not to mention different countries, plus the facts that we couldn’t speak the same language and have two totally different temperaments. We lived through our first period of adjustment, however, and now have an understanding of each other, on which is based, as someone put it, our compatibility.

On Vittorio’s return from Italy he had a bad cold and, as we were also having baby nurse problems, we just stayed home all the time and played with the baby and had a wonderful time. Then along came a big premiere, given by Universal-International, my own studio, and we were eager to attend. When I told Vittorio, his expression was one of “Do we have to go?” which diluted into noble acquiescence. There was endless popping of bulbs by the photographers that night even during the picture. And later at Ciro’s they kept right on taking pictures. Finally, Vittorio said to me, “How many must they take!”

“This is Hollywood, darling,” I reminded him, for in Italy they politely ask permission to take a picture.

It is just another change of custom for Vittorio. It seems every time we go out to get in the car I forget and open the door myself and jump in. Vittorio will say, “Okay, now get out and get back in again properly.” I can’t remember that a gentleman always opens the car door for a lady, but Vittorio has been raised that way. I try to remember and appreciate all of the gentlemanly little courtesies he pays me.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 65)
This rugged Heston man can tell you how to snare a husband.
And if anyone else tells you it's best to play hard to get —

Don't you believe it!

By CHARLTON HESTON

It seems to me that girls nowadays are getting a lot of wrong advice about some important matters, if I can judge from the heartthrob columns which adorn the women's magazines and the fluffier pages of the newspapers. So many of the columns I've been reading are about how to please men and snare husbands and one thing that is wrong with them is that they all seem to be written by women! Advice about how to please men should be written by men. That's only logical.

In the first place, the estimable ladies who dish out the advice seem to assume that marriage is the be-all and end-all of any normal girl's existence. Just marriage. Period. They don't advise her to seek contentment or peace of mind or plain, old-fashioned happiness. They seem to aim at all these deliberate wiles at the sole objective of getting a man to the altar—as if that were all there was to it. They are so feverish about it!

I think marriage is like an acting career—something you shouldn't get into unless you can't possibly be happy in any other way. When I was first dating Lydia, when she was seventeen, we were both sure that we didn't want to be married. We fought a lot, too. One day I asked her, "Well, if you ever did decide you'd like to be married—would it be to someone like me?" She said, "No." Just like that, very definitely.

Gradually I began to realize that in spite of our fighting, I could never be happy away from Lydia and finally, a long time later, she told me she felt that way, too. But—and this is important—when she did begin to feel that way, that her happiness lay in being my wife, she admitted it honestly and without any false coyness.

That's another thing that our "adviser"—let's call her Susie Snodgrass for convenience—has all wrong. She doesn't tell girls how important it is to be honest with a man. And I'm not inventing any of this. These are actual bits of advice I have read in various columns in different periodicals.

"Be aloof," advises Susie. "Be hard to get. Make him
When Charlton first said to his Lydia, "If you ever decide to be married—would it be to someone like me?" she said, "No."

think you are popular and sought-after. Keep him guessing."

Balderdash! Men aren’t that naive. The first thing he’ll think, if a girl puts on such an act for him is, “My, my, how she hates herself!” And when he begins to see through the masquerade—and believe me he will see through it pretty promptly—he will be annoyed with her for trying to fool him. As for “keeping him guessing,” men don’t like to guess. They like to know where they stand.

What’s wrong, anyhow, with a girl being just plain friendly and being honest about it? Why not let him date her as often as he likes, if she likes it, too? A man likes to be liked, especially by a nice girl, and he doesn’t especially enjoy having her imply that hordes of much more attractive men are vying for her attention.

Susie goes even further than this. I can’t think what gets into the woman when she... (CONTINUED ON PAGE 63)

As willing to give tips on man-bait to his fans as he is his autograph, Charlton advises, “Be natural. It’s all men ask.”

If the Heston-type man is for you, remember, he hates mothering.
DANCE YOUR WORRIES AWAY

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURRAY

Arthur Murray is aghast at the gagged up tango done by Kathryn and Bert Wheeler.
"Greatest release in the world from worries, tension, an inferiority complex, is to do something rhythmically . . . to put fun in your life—try dancing!"

"KATHRYN, I'm a nervous man. I'm a worrier. Half the people who work for me—and that includes some of the biggest, highest-paid stars in the business—are the same way. I took up dancing only a year ago—and I've learned to relax. I wish that everyone in my studio would dance for at least one hour a day."

I remember smiling a little at this remark from one of the top executives of a big movie studio, because, after all, that was hardly news to me. "I'm so glad," I said, sincerely, "because I know how many people feel the same way."

But what he said next was news. "But do they, Kathryn," he continued, "do they take it up and keep at it faithfully? Is dancing accepted a form of good medicine as reading, or listening to music—or indulging regularly in outdoor sports?

This producer didn't think so. He felt that dancing as a wonderful pastime, and as a great therapeutic method, has still to be sold to the public in mass. And, in a way, I agree with him—because, aside from the fact that dancing is our business, I would like to see more people dance for many good reasons.

In Hollywood I recognized, slightly more than in any other town in the United States, that the pace is fast, the time to relax short. This producer told me that he used to go daily to the Turkish baths and sweat away his worries. Now he turns on a record player in his home, dances with his wife or his young daughters—anyone who drops in of an evening. It makes him feel wonderful.

Rhythm in any shape or form is a wonderful, exciting, stimulating—and still calming—thing! Because I happened to have married a man who made his way in life via a ballroom floor, I have been dancing solidly for almost a quarter of a century. I dance professionally on our CBS-TV show, "The Arthur Murray Party," on Sunday nights from 9:30 to 10 EDT, in our various studios to instruct teachers and encourage students, in charity shows—and I still dance at home, in the arms of my husband. Figure that one out!

Ballroom dancing has a basically sexual attraction—you want to dance with someone of the opposite sex. It doesn't have to go further than that, but underneath there is a magnetism that comes from sex. You don't even need to be partnered by the most attractive person of the opposite sex. If he's just merely personally acceptable to you, you like to move in rhythm with him. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)
The re-telecast of "This Is Your Life" which starred movie hero Rock Hudson, drew a bigger second audience than those repeats which showed the "Life" of Roy Rogers, Dinah Shore and Joan Caulfield. Video producers are now hoping to come up with a TV format which could utilize the talents of the bobby-soxer delight . . .

Danny Kaye will sing "I'm Anatole Of Paree" on "Your Show Of Shows" when he makes his TV debut on that program. The song, written by his wife, Sylvia Fine, was first introduced years ago by Danny in a flop Broadway musical called, "Straw Hat Revue"—Imogene Coca was among the unknowns in the cast at the time. The production had been conceived by Max Liebman and his uncanny sense of showmanship projected Danny Kaye to a waiting world. As producer-director of the Sid Caesar—Imogene Coca telecast, Liebman wants once again to be able to "give" Danny Kaye to audiences—TV-viewers, this time . . .

John Cameron Swayze is being persuaded by actor friends to try his hand at acting on stage early next Summer in a production of "Harvey" . . .

Film player John Hodiak may be a surprise guest on "Name That Tune" during which time he will sing "Yes. My Darling Daughter" using the original Ukrainian lyrics. Originally a folk tune, it was translated and adapted for Dinah Shore to sing and was the song that brought her international acclaim . . .
A little late, but nevertheless worth telling, is the inside story of what Roy Rogers had to go through the day he was chosen "TV Father of the Year" by members of the Boys' Club of America. More than 360,000 boys in the 350 clubs throughout the country participated in the Fathers' Day poll. Roy, voted "King Of The Cowboys" for the 10th consecutive year, was also honored with the Boys' Club of America's Golden Man and Boy Award for his outstanding public work for the youth of the country. The morning of the celebration, Roy and his co-star wife, Dale Evans, had to tend to their daughter Linda, 10, when she was taken ill with indigestion. This, after being up all night with their two adopted children, Sandy, 5, and Dodie, 1, because the youngsters were recovering from heavy (continued on page 72)
MAKE THE
Make your cardigan your
For unusual detail (5), use bone rings from any Variety Store (10c per package) and Bur-Mil's 5/8"-grosgrain ribbon folded in half. Weave rings together with two lengths of ribbon alternately threaded through each ring. Sew around neckline. Make another strip long enough to form a circular yoke running around the front, over the shoulder seam and across the sweater-back. For a Spanish flair (6), sew row-upon-row of cotton or rayon ball-fringe on any cardigan. (A good way to cover moth holes, stains.)

G. C. MURPHY has a selection. MURPHY'S also has grosgrain ribbon about 1/4"-wide (7) which adds a color note to this sweater. Sew two rows around neck, down front and around bottom, just above the ribbing. Another collar for Mala, this one (8) of angora. At H. L. GREEN'S for $1. A mock collar is formed here (9) of narrow rickrack in contrast color. Set rickrack along outer edges of button-front in single or double rows, as you will. McLELLAN has an assortment. Try it on the cuffs, too. Express yourself as you choose with applique (10). Buy a patterned scarf and cut out a motif that suits you. Or you might make appliqued figures cut from brightly colored felt and add easy-to-apply rhinestones or brilliants. Heavy wool yarn in blanket stitch makes another personalized cardigan (11). Outline sweater neck, front and cuffs in contrasting color.

This is the year of the cardigan, not just something to wear for warmth, but the cardigan deluxe to wear for your dressiest evenings out or at home. Here are some inexpensive ways to have some of the prettiest ones in town. For the neckline (1), braid and press flat, three 26"-lengths of 5/8" Bur-Mil grosgrain ribbon and sew around neckline, forming collar. Make snap closing and finish with KRESS'S rhinestone button on ribbon. Replace sweater buttons with rhinestones. Braiding may be repeated on cuffs with ends tacked under. To make this design (2), about 4½ yards of plaid ribbon were used (striped ribbon looks pretty, too). To make one side, cut one ribbon strip slightly longer than length of cardigan. Pleat or gather another strip and stitch to one edge. Turn under ends and sew unpleated strip to cardigan, just outside button edge. Repeat for other side. Turn back cuffs and make pleated ribbon to fit in the same manner. From KRESS (3), 39c packages of Venice cut-outs appliqued to this cardigan. For added glitter, replace original buttons with 25c per-card rhinestone ones. Mala Powers (4) wears mouton lamb-look collar. It snaps at center neck. $1.98 plus tax. From W. T. GRANT'S. And she wears soft orlon sweater, also from GRANT'S. $4.98.

Mala's next film for RKO is "Gambler's Moon."

SWEEATER SWEETER

very own with one of these easy-to-add touches
For a regal look (12) in this coronation year, use velvet rope (sold in almost every Variety Store for 15c per yard). Sew one length around edge of neckline. Make scroll formed of loops with a continuous strand of velvet rope, tacking each loop as you make it to sweater. Cut rope only after each row is completed. Pearls and rhinestones on the white sweater which Mala Powers models (13) come in a kit. Package containing jewel trim and pattern costs approximately $2 at most of the H. L. GREEN CO. Stores. For the younger set (14), an initialed sweater. Sew initial of first name (a strip of Cash's woven name tape, 10c per package) on sweater-front, down the buttonhole side. On the button side, sew a strip of the initial of last name. Another easy-to-do trick (not shown), a tape measure stitched to cardigan front. Ribbon yoke (15) was formed of strips of pico-edged double-faced satin ribbon (sometimes called feather-edged) cut in graduated lengths. KRESS has this ribbon in pale pastels for 6c per yard. A simple novelty (16), this one made of a 10c package of $¼"-wide bone rings spaced evenly around the neckline. Sew one side of each ring (make them stand up) to neckband and slip a scarf through each ring.
The “Jane Pickens Show”
is heard coast-to-coast, six times a week,
on the NBC Radio Network
Monday through Friday, 2:45-2:55 P.M. EDT.
and Thursday, 10:35-11:00 P.M. EDT.

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We proudly welcome singing star
Jane Pickens who each month
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from Macon, Georgia, has been making
entertainment history since the age of six, when she sang three-part harmonies with her sisters, Helen and
Patti. Leaving high school at 14 with
a scholarship to the Curtis Institute
in Philadelphia, she continued her
studies in Paris, and then attended
New York’s famous Juilliard Graduate
School—again on a scholarship.
Versatile Jane Pickens has scored personal triumphs in every field of music.
In 1949, she was the Broadway star
of “Regina,” the musical version of
“The Little Foxes,” and previously
was co-starred with Bobby Clark,
Fanny Brice and Ed Wynn. She has
appeared as soloist with the New York
Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra
and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Mil-
ions of fans remember her as the
vocal delight of NBC’s “Chamber Mu-
ic Society Of Lower Basin Street.”
This year, Jane continued to blaze
new trails with her six nationwide telephone
(averaging 17 hours each)
in behalf of Cerebral Palsy.

TOPS IN MOVIE MUSIC

“Gentlemen Prefer Blondes” album,
with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe (MGM) . . .
Vic Damone’s “Eter-
nally” from “Limelight,” and “Simonetta”
(Mercury) . . . “The Sword And The Rose” from film of same name, and

“Shadows” by the Melachrino Strings
(Victor) . . . “All I Desire” from film of
same name, and “No Other Love” by
David Rose (MGM) . . . “The Bandwagon”
album with Fred Astaire, Nanette Fabray and Jack Buchanan (MGM) . . .
The President’s Lady” from film of
same name, and “Habanera” by Le Roy
Holmes (MGM) . . Dinah Shore’s “Eter-
nally” from film of same name, and
“Blue Canary” (Victor) . . “Volcano”
from film of same name and “The Melba Walz” from “Melba” by Tony Craig
(Vogue) . . Judy Garland’s “Go Home,
Joc” and “Heartbroken” (Columbia).

OTHER TOPPERS

Tommy Dorsey’s “The Most Beau-
tiful Girl In The World” and “One
 Kiss” (Decca) . . . Joni James “My Love,
My Love” and “You’re Fooling Someone”
(MGM) . . . “I Ain’t Gonna Do It” and
“Tous” (Coral) . . Richard Hayman’s
“Simone” and “Dancer” (Mercury) . . .
Percy Faith’s “Tropic Holiday” and
“Gavion” (Columbia) . . “Please Play
Our Song” and “Falling” by the Fontane
Sisters (Victor) . . Joan Regan’s “Till
They’ve All Gone Home” and “I’ll Al-
ways Be Thinking Of You” (London) . .
Eddy Howard’s “Love Every Moment
You Live” and “The Right Way” (Mer-
cury) . . Bailey’s “Nothin’ Nothin’ Baby”
and “As Long As I Live” (Coral) . .
“What Happened To The Music” and
“The Glad Song” by Don Cornell and
Teresa Brewer (Coral) . . “You, You,
You” and “Once Upon A Tune” by the
Aames Brothers (Victor) . .

GRAB BAG

Eatha Kitt’s album (Victor) . . Ed-
die Fisher’s “Irving Berlin Favorites”
album (Victor) . . “Pretty Butterfly”
and “Don’t Let Me Dream” by the Mills
M.C.’s Jane Pickens and Art Ford with
Patrice Munsel at “Melba” premiere.
Brothers (Decca) . . . “Vaya Con Dios”
and “Johnny” by Les Paul and Mary
Ford (Capitol) . . Doris Day’s “Kiss Me
Again, Stranger” and “A Purple Cow”
(Columbia) . . Nat King Cole’s “A Fool
Was I” and “If Love Is Good To Me”
(Capitol) . . Don Cornell’s “Please Play
Our Song” and “If I Should Love Again”
(Coral) . . Rosemary Clooney’s “Che-
gah Choonem” and “Stick With Me”
(Columbia) . .

51
Lovely Donna Reed stars in Columbia's "From Here To Eternity," but in our photo she's about to star at tennis, with a quickie make-up built around a cream-powder.

The first lesson every actress learns is to cleanse skin before applying make-up.

You may not think that Columbia's Donna Reed looks much like a conspirator, but she is one. So are you and so is every other woman who cares enough about how she looks to try to improve on nature. Being this kind of a conspirator can be fun and it certainly pays off—in compliments.

Donna admits that in her own campaign-for-beauty, make-up takes first place. Don't misunderstand her, she doesn't mean "theatrical" make-up. The lovely Miss Reed would no more wear a heavy make-up off the set than she'd wear sequins to the supermarket. Donna believes that make-up should lend nature a helping hand but never be "obvious." She goes in for soft, misted complexion tones. These, by the way, are the very shades that you too should use for Fall 1953. Coty has added a full complement of "Muted" colors to their regular range in both Air-Spun Face Powder and Cream Powder. There's Muted Coty-rose, to enliven a pallid skin; Muted Sun to clear the sallow tones from a tanned complexion; Muted Beige, to add a soft warmth to neutral toned...
STARRED FOR AUTUMN

News of what the well dressed face will wear and some pointers on other developments of importance to you who are interested in improving your glamour rating

Donna uses misty complexion tones so her make-up will have a natural look.

Donna shows you how to use two coatings of mascara to get twice the effect.

Donna uses vinyl complexion tones so her make-up will have a natural look. Donna shows you how to use two coatings of mascara to get twice the effect.

News of what the well dressed face will wear and some pointers on other developments of importance to you who are interested in improving your glamour rating

Donna uses misty complexion tones so her make-up will have a natural look. Donna shows you how to use two coatings of mascara to get twice the effect.

To Donna it seems very strange that there are still girls who haven't learned to use eye make-up. She can't understand this neglect when, with a little emphasizing, eyes can add so much more beauty and character to a face. Donna uses very natural-looking eye make-up herself. Just a whisper of eye shadow on her upper lids, light feather strokes of eyebrow pencil to accent her brows, and a careful application of mascara for luxuriant-looking lashes. In shopping for your own equipment you won't have to travel any further than your neighborhood variety store where the very famous Maybelline Eye Cosmetics are on sale at pin-money prices.

We asked Donna if she'd caught up with the latest whimsey in nail lacquer, the color-cued Dura-Gloss Pastels. She confessed that she hadn't seen them yet so we had the pleasure of bringing her up to date on this newest way to pick up the color of your costume. It's really quite an idea, lacquering your finger nails to match your dress! There's a pretty variety of shades too—6 to be exact. And all of them the superior Dura-Gloss polish that can be counted on to coat evenly and resist chipping. The low 25c price is almost as much of a surprise as the original inspiration to have hands provide a new accessory note.

Speaking of new and exciting cosmetics, have you seen the very handsome Satin Finish compact that Bourjois has added to their Evening in Paris series? (CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)
in one quick puncture, "is as lazy as I. He's even more absent-minded. Do you realize he's lost his wallet so many times that I've now convinced him he must carry money clip?"

She smiled, "When he isn't working, Michael comes over three or four days a week for lunch with me in my dressing room. But it's hard not seeing the baby more—he is changing every single day. I look in on him before I come to work, and if there's something wrong, I can get home before his 7 o'clock bedtime."

"But," agreed Liz, "Sundays are the best. I sleep late and indulge in my favorite pastime, breakfast in bed." She stopped and closed her eyes as if trying to recapture some ecstatic scene.

"What brings that ethereal glow to your face?" we asked.

"Hummm. Liz murmured, "Hash browned potatoes! I was thinking of a steaming plate of them with eggs, bacon and toast. Doesn't that sound divine! That's what I have for breakfast every morning when I'm not working. But when I'm on a picture I leave for the studio too early for breakfast. My hour of gloom came the other morning when I discovered the commissary doesn't open now until 11:30. All that's available on the set are coffee and doughnuts. I eat them, but I still look forward to Sunday and hash browned potatoes."

If you're getting the idea Liz isn't the black coffee and grapefruit type, you're right. She has the appetite of a longshoreman.

"After a Sunday breakfast in bed, you get up, and then?" we pursued.

"I'd like to go back to bed," she laughed. "Really though, I have time to get re-acquainted with Mikie, and, of course, there's swimming in our pool. Last Sunday, Michael held the baby in the water to introduce him to the idea of swimming. Although the pool is heated Mikie screamed and didn't like it at all. We'll have the pool fenced in as soon as the baby gets to that exploring stage."

"Sometimes on the weekend we give a very informal party. One with no more than eight people, so they can relax and sit on the floor if they wish."

"I've given more thought to the house than to my clothes. The two pictures coming one right after the other haven't given me a chance to indulge in a post-baby wardrobe. Anyway," she posed a mock frown, "our business manager might clamp down on too much of a shopping spree. He keeps us on a monthly budget with very little room to blow, and if either of us goes overboard he taps us heavily on the knuckles."

"Before the baby was so underweight, 102 pounds, that I had to have all my clothes taken in. Now, none of them fit me. I only had three dresses and some slacks that I could get into."

"When could I shop? I did 'Elephant Walk' at Paramount and then my eye in-
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loves to go to Liz’s films, but he never turns critical. “Do the best when you have the opportunity,” is their motto, “then relax once it’s done for no amount of worry will change it.”

It’s a lively circus around the Wildings on Sundays with the family plus their four dogs and four cats. Liz kids, “Maybe our house isn’t the largest in the neighborhood, but we do boast the most mammoth doghouse and dog-run in the community.”

While Liz was letting her hair down, we cautiously ventured into causes for disagreements. She was very honest. “The only thing on which Michael and I differ is he is punctual and I’m always late. When we’re invited to a friend’s house he thinks it extremely rude if we don’t arrive on the dot. But you know how I am...”

Our conversation was changed when the hairdresser and wardrobe woman came in to get Liz ready for the next scene. “Here comes the wrecking crew,” she grinned.

“This,” she told us, “is my favorite scene coming up. Would you like to watch it?”

We nodded that we would.

“I play the entire sequence in bed. You see it told you I’m lazy.” end

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**EXCITEMENT FOR CLARK IN AFRICA**

(Continued from Page 27)

metropolis, as modern and up to date as the cities of America. “Somehow, despite everything you’ve heard beforehand, you still picture the cities filled with grass huts and warlike natives,” Gable told us a few days after his return to London.

“Instead, I was pleasantly surprised to find Nairobi a progressive city with 12 fine hotels, and a reputation as the Paris of all Africa below Cairo.”

MGM chose Nairobi for the hub of its huge location for “Mogambo” because of its many cosmopolitan advantages, and more so because it is the center for big game excursions to all parts of Africa. Veteran firms there outfit safari parties for hunting in the colony and in the neighboring country of Tanganyika, and the city is connected by air with regular plane service to England, Australia, India and South Africa. Obviously, anything of this nature fascinated Gable.

“It didn’t take us long to discover that a mere ten miles or so outside of the city limits there were plenty of lions, elephants, giraffes and other forms of wild life. ‘Men about the town’ told us how to get there. Clark” said. “Only a few years ago it wasn’t uncommon for a lion to stroll unconcernedly down the main street of the town.”

“It was exciting, too, to learn that members of the dreaded Mau Mau Society, the native terrorist organization which has sworn to drive the white man from Africa, are carrying on their plundering and murders within a few miles of the Governor’s home. As a result, there’s a curfew each night, and practically everyone carries some form of arms for protection.”

Gable pooh-poohed the rumor that the Mau Mau had planned to kill him to draw attention to their activities, but the local police thought different of the threat. They screened all the native drivers for the film’s safaris, and learned that two of them belonged to the terrorists. They were promptly escorted back to their villages.

The “Mogambo” company, headed by Gable, Ava Gardner, Grace Kelly and Director John Ford, stayed at the New Stanley Hotel and the first ten days were spent working in and around Nairobi. Prominent members of the local colony, including one viscount, acted in the movie, and 1000 Samburu tribesmen never before photographed for a motion picture, were collected for the native cast.

When the company moved into the jungle on the first safari, 80 vehicles—including a refrigerator truck for the highly sensitive Technicolor film—were required to transport the small army. The first camp was established on the shores of the crocodile-infested Kagera River, and it was here that Clark Gable had the opportunity to show what an expert marksman he is.

Gable had just returned from a hunting trip with a professional guide when he was attracted by the frantic shouts of natives who were working on the construction of one of the sets for the picture. Rushing to the scene, he found that a giant crocodile had crawled from the river, intent upon snatching one of the workers for a tasty dinner. Clark raised his rifle and fired, and the crocodile, whose mouth had been wide open when the shot was fired, slumped suddenly. Investigation showed that the single bullet had gone through the crocodile’s mouth and emerged through the head, killing him instantly. From that point on, the natives reverently called Gable “Bwana Makuba,” or “Mr. Boss Man.”

Speaking of Gable’s well known prowess as a hunter, his visit into the heart of Africa has changed his opinion about big game hunting. Here’s how he phrases it: “After watching first-hand so much wild life here, I’ve developed an averison to hunting just for the sake of killing. You can’t see a giraffe, an elephant or even a lion at home in its natural setting without appreciating the fact that he certainly has a right to life.”

“Killing a predatory animal as a matter of self-preservation is one thing, but killing just to obtain a trophy for the living room wall seems not only senseless, but also downright outrageous. When I saw a herd of elephants grazing contentedly on the open plain, I had no urge to bring one down with a bullet. Instead, I was overcome with a desire to capture the scene on film, which is exactly what I did. From now on I’ll do my big game hunting with a camera instead of a rifle.”

Living in the jungle was a happy ex-
FELLOP IDOL?
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

—in New York and Toronto on a night club tour—brought about no change in her attitude, he joined her in Las Vegas for her opening night at the Desert Inn. Although Janie had given him no encouragement, so convinced was Geary that his pilgrimage had been successful that he told a friend in Las Vegas that everything was all right between them. Yet an hour later Janie told the same friend she had not changed her mind!

Back in Los Angeles, instead of giving up his fight, Geary only changed his tactics. So far he had asked, pleaded, and hoped. Now he became more aggressive. “I won’t go back to see Janie in Las Vegas unless she asks me to see her,” he stated, very determinedly. But Janie didn’t ask. Geary thought by heading in the other direction, he’d show his independence. And so he accepted an invitation to go fishing in La Paz, Mexico. All he got out of it was an infected foot when he stepped on a poisonous plant.

As time slipped by and Janie’s stay in Las Vegas drew to a close, and she still hadn’t filed for divorce, speculation ran high that Geary and Janie had worked out their differences after all. Geary himself was so certain that he completed moving into their new two-story colonial home on Sunset Boulevard. His hope persisted till the day before she came back. It wasn’t shattered till Janie officially announced her intentions to file for divorce, in Los Angeles.

What started the rift? Who was to

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blame? Could it have been avoided?

Hollywood was quick to take sides. As usual, most of it was based on speculation, little on facts.

There is no doubt that Jane and Gene are very attracted to each other—at this time. Possibly because in looks, way of speech, even background—Gene used to be a professional skater—he very much resembles Geary. And if you look closely, you can find a similarity between Jane and Miriam Nelson. Yet Gene may find out before long that Janie's interest in him was but a passing fancy, that if Gene hadn't become the third person in the Powell-Steffen-Nelson triangle, someone else would have. Jane was in the mood for revolt against her present way of life.

Between her studio's new policy of keeping her publicity away from anything even faintly tinted with family life, and her own desire to become glamorous on screen as well as off, her personality changed to the point where inadvertently she resented almost anything connected with her past. Ironically, while her attitude speeded Janie toward her rift with Geary, she never gained what she sought. After she appeared in one of Las Vegas' most sophisticated night clubs, one critic remarked, "She's a cute girl with a beautiful voice—but what in heaven is she doing in a place like this?" And she said that Janie worked on becoming glamorous, the more she noticed that Geary didn't keep pace with her ideas.

Geary's own feeling about show business was obvious by his decision to quit it in favor of a more substantial, down-to-earth insurance job. However, to please Janie, and for the sake of a happy family life he tried his best to live the part of a movie star's husband—and thereby contributed to his own downfall.

Many girls would be thrilled to have a husband as devoted as Geary—who'd compromise to avoid arguments, arrange his life around hers.

Not Janie. At first his behavior pleased her immeasurably. But after a couple of years she began to feel that she played the dominant role in their marriage, and not just because she made considerably more money than Geary. On almost every occasion she could and did have the final word—when in reality she wanted to be told what to do.

There were other causes. Jane and Geary had a lot in common, but never quite as much as the public thought they did. Janie didn't— which often left her at home while Geary played tennis or went swimming with his friends.

Geary understood Janie's desire for a career, and promised never to interfere. But living up to such a bargain when deep down one strongly believes that a woman should take care of the house, and children, and let the man be the breadwinner, is no easy matter. It creates tension.

They didn't see eye to eye on enlarging their family. Both wanted more than two children, only Geary wanted them closer together while Janie had to consider her career.

Indirectly, it was the birth of their daughter, Suzanne, that brought to a climax the difference between them. Janie went to work only six weeks after the baby was born, much too early to encounter the physical hardships connected with the filming of a musical comedy.

Geary, recalling her collapse at the Copacabana in Miami, kept worrying about Janie more and more, and possibly blamed himself for letting her do it.

By the time "Three Sailors And A Girl" was finished, Janie was completely exhausted, and any provocation, any infatuation, any upset was enough to ignite the spark that had been glowing for some time. Then came the famous birthday party at Ciro's.

I. It is possible that without Janie's physical exhaustion a break might have been avoided. Probably, it would have just postponed any actions on her part.

Geary is torn between two conflicts. On the one side, religiously and morally he is against divorce.

On the other hand, he has said that if she insists on a divorce, he won't stand in her way. "Janie has no reason for a divorce," Geary emphasized even after she publicly announced her decision. "But..." he continued, "if she doesn't want me, then I don't want her."

The custody of the children is another matter. Jane has stated that she hopes to settle the matter in her favor, without any difficulty. It may not be quite that easy.

It's no secret that, unlike most marriages, due to her picture and night club commitments, Geary has spent as much, if not more time with the children than Janie. This speaks heavily in his favor. Yet the welfare of the children themselves will play the decisive part in Geary's decision. If he feels they are better off with their mother, he won't contest the custody question. But he'll have to be convinced first.

The financial terms of the divorce also pose a problem that as of this writing is far from solved. Supposedly, Geary has asked for one-half of their community property, including the ten-unit apartment building which they completed not long ago, and in which her mother now lives. Janie's half would include their newly purchased two-story colonial house on Sunset Boulevard, which Janie announced she would sell immediately, moving, to a smaller place, probably in the same vicinity.

Janie feels the terms are unjust, because she contributed the major share to their combined investments, and that any settlement should be made accordingly.

The property settlement as well as the custody of the children could start a long, drawn-out battle, and much may be brought into it that will shock the fans. Yet there is good reason to believe that they will reach an agreement before they go to court, because Janie, cognizant of public opinion, knows what the publicity connected with the case could mean to her career.
Such sputtering sentences as ... "her feet are in my face" ... etc. that made it a lively evening.

When we chatted with Kathryn on MGM's "Kiss Me Kate" set and later lunched with her, we jotted down a few of her current assignments. Contracts with both MGM and Warner Bros., a series of concerts, RCA Victor recordings, and a State Department invitation to tour Australia sounded like the plans of a plane-load of stars, but they belong exclusively to Kathryn. No wonder she resents the 'easy life' slur and fumes, "It's a Lie!"

The only visible sign of her many activities is the huge wicker basket-purse she carries. It's about the size of a family picnic hamper.

"There's the picture script—for work, a list of appointments for business, knitting for home, passport for my trip to Madrid, and a murder mystery for me.

"It's funny how unpredictable things can be. When Warners agreed it would be too strenuous for me to do 'Mlle. Modiste' right now and postponed it until January, I thought to myself—how in the world will I fill-in the time?"

A smile wrinkled up her nose, "That was a problem? Not for long. I started making plans. Now I've promised Ann Miller to go with her to Spain for nine days ... then I'm recording the entire opera, 'La Boheme' ... the concert tour starts and there'll be a lot of practice and travel. Well," she said thoughtfully, "that'll give you an idea of how everything is already planned for you."

Kathryn not only has a beautiful, well-rounded voice, but a well-rounded sense of balance. Showing us her passport photo she said, "I look like a frightened bunny" ... then concerning her daughter's singing she commented, "She has a natural voice and the loudest I've ever heard ... and she refers to her new blonde hair as 'the shade of chopped liver.'"

She has devised a system whereby her work doesn't make her merely a guest in her own home.

"I do the marketing on Sundays and plan the menus for the week. I use this free time to make arrangements for various items such as having the house painted on the outside and the garden re-landscaped."

"If she isn't working, she takes a daily singing lesson from Leon Cepparo at MGM.

"Columbia Concerts keep wiring me for my list of songs for the concert tour. It's hard to know what to select. The songs I like this month, I may not want to do at all next month."

We were amazed to learn how much time and effort a star has to spend on wardrobe.

"For the concert, I'll wear bouffant gowns. That's what audiences expect, and I want to give them what they like. But you have to be so careful. It's an unwritten law that you never wear the same dress to premiers or openings. It's

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not only the fans who object, but the photographers and magazines as well.

“Of course, all my clothes are custom-made so this never wears the same thing twice can get out of hand. I’m a size 14 through the bust and a size ten at the waist, so blithely going into a department store and buying a dress is impossible.

“At present,” she said a pixie-like expression crowding into view, “my social life is more static than speedy. I give several big parties a year usually at the Beverly Hills Hotel. There are at least 150 guests, an orchestra, and a formal dinner.

“But, for small get-togethers I enjoy going out on girl nights, with Ann Miller, Zsa Zsa Gabor, etc. Naturally, men are the recurring topic of conversation.

“When you are away on a tour, like the State Department junket to South America or the forthcoming one to Australia, I feel you should go out of your way to put your best foot forward. You are representing your country, and on these trips I attend all the social functions. How dare a star not give autographs and be gracious!”

“In Hollywood,” she smiled as she said it, “it’s a little different—I hide. I spend my days at the studios and my nights at home. It may sound uninviting, but believe me those hours at home surrounded by my family are my idea of pure happiness.

“Although I’ve had no vacation in three years, I’d be lost without the many demands of a career. Truthfully, I’ve never done a picture I haven’t had fun on.

“I guess,” she said giving us a mischievous wink, “that makes me a silly dame.”

“We wouldn’t sit still for that. ‘Frank and fun,’ we agreed, ‘fabulous and friendly, but silly NEVER!’

END

WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT LOVE?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

beside me, I found not the mischievous sparkle I expected, but an unmistakable sadness which proved beyond a doubt that Lana was dead serious and meant just what she said.

The evening before I had an opportunity to see Lana under totally different conditions. She had just arrived in Rome along with Pier Angeli, Carlos Thompson, Joe Pasternak and Richard Brooks to begin work on MGM’s “The Flame And The Flesh,” to be shot on location in Naples. A very splashy cocktail party had been arranged in the elegant salon of Rome’s internationally-famous Grand Hotel so Lana could meet the Italian press. Here Lana was to play a familiar role, the great and gracious Hollywood queen. And she played it to the hilt, disappointing no one. Dressed in a dazzling white grosgrain coat and a smart black-and-white afternoon gown, both of Italian origin, she quickly changed hard-boiled journalists into worshiping fans pleading for autographs. Amidst a constant barrage of flash bulbs, she gave effective answers through an interpreter to the hundreds of questions shot at her. She was charming, disarming, feminine, and witty. But every so often for a fleeting moment, I detected that same inescapable sadness in her eyes, and wondered about it.

What did it mean? Did it tell the true story of Lana Turner? Did it represent her eternal striving for happiness, her seeming success in securing it, and the painful disappointment just as it seemed to be within her grasp? Was her great capacity for love destined never to be fulfilled completely? And was her reply of “I’ll never marry again, never,” to the question asked by one of the Italian reporters as final and as irrevocable as it sounded?

She asked me to come up to her hotel suite the next day for some quiet talking.

As soon as we sat down, I asked her whether she really meant what she told the reporter about never marrying again. Before replying, Lana lit a cigarette and watched the smoke curl towards the ceiling.

“Maybe I overdid it slightly,” she said finally. “But the truth is that I don’t want to get married again. Wedding bells are lovely, and the marriage ceremony is so sweet and beautiful. Every woman on this earth is entitled to have the wonderful experience of marriage. But enough is enough, and I very strongly believe that Lana’s had enough.”

It was then that she said that she knew nothing about love.

“After three times at bat, and striking out each time, a girl wonders about staying in the game,” she continued. “I know it sounds strange. People say, ‘oh, this Lana Turner. She’s experienced. She can have any man she wants. She knows all there is to know about love.’ How wrong they are! How terribly wrong! I don’t believe I know a thing about love, and sometimes have the awful feeling that if I live to a ripe old age, I’ll still never know.”

It was obvious to me by now that in real life, Lana was fighting for no man, not even Lex Barker, the Tarzan hunk of a love who once romanced Europe with Lana and had been hanging around ever since. Much has been written and said about the Turner-Barker romance, which unquestionably has had its torrid aspects. Many observers have insisted that in Lex, Lana had at last found the man who understood her, the lover who would make the kind of husband she needed. Lex has his points, but I think it is extremely doubtful that Lana ever seriously considered marriage with the handsome six-footer.

Everything Lana was telling me clearly indicated that she was in no mood for romance. “It’s not that I’m not happy,” she said. “If real love is going to come my way, okay, it’ll come. There’s nothing I can do, or want to do, to
nurly it. I know as well as you do that I might walk out of this hotel this minute and bump right smack into some guy, and bang, there it is! If it happens, so it happens. But I don't expect it, and I'll be damned if I'll go out of my way to seek it."

But Lana hadn't always been this kind of fatalist, and I asked her if her present point of view wasn't a new development in her personal philosophy. She paused, then spoke slowly, feeling her way as if for the first time she was putting her thoughts into words. "No, I haven't always felt that way," she confessed. "But I've had my faith in people shattered so many times that I'm reaching the point where I'm beginning not to trust people as much as I used to. I always used to think that people were basically good, and I still try very hard to believe it. And I'm terribly sorry that this has happened to me at this time in my life, because it's bad for me and bad for other people. But isn't it natural to want to protect yourself from pain, particularly if you still have bruises to show for it? And isn't it human nature to put a shield up in self-defense when you've 'sucked in' over and over again by the wrong people?"

Suddenly, Lana's expression changed. Her eyes danced with merriment and she looked at me slyly. "And I've made the remarkable discovery that like it or not, women are here to stay!"

She laughed gaily and so did I. This was the Lana Turner I usually thought of, sparkling sense of humor and happiness that seemed to exude from every pore of her luscious body. I told her that, and she laughed again. "Of course, I want to be happy. I try as much as possible to be happy. Sure, my life's not always the way I want it, but whose is? Come what may, I refuse absolutely to look at the black side of things. What can you see if you're always looking down? Not very much. I like to look up all the time. It's good for the soul, and it's very good for your posture!"

She straightened up stiffly, grinned from ear to ear, then leaned back quietly. Her mood was changing. The sparkle in her eyes once again gave way to the tender sadness she could not seem to escape. "Life is rough sometimes," she wistfully commented. "But I've learned to accept it more calmly than I used to. When things look darkest, when I'm hurt by something or someone, like when a critic writes something nasty and I find I'm working myself up into an old-fashioned snit, I catch hold of myself and say, 'Lana, take it easy. Remember, And this too shall pass.' And it will. Everything eventually does."

"Including love?" I asked quickly. She looked at me a long time before she replied.

"Perhaps not," she finally said. "You have a chance with love if you really like the person you love. If the relationship is just physical, just an emotional eruption between a man and a woman, it's not enough. You're in for plenty of trouble. But if you're sure you like the man as a human being, that you can be proud of him and can respect him as a person, and you both are pre-

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When planning a blind date for Sue—

☐ Choose a lad you like  ☐ Brief the daters

You figured Steve's the answer to any gal pal's blind date prayer. 'Cause Steve collects he hop (grade A); keeps everyone spellbound for hours with those albums! Everyone except Sue, you discover. Her hobby's photography, remember? Moral: choose a couple with kindred interests. And brief the daters about each other, so they'll be set for conversation. To set a gal at ease at problem time, Kotex is the answer; gives softness that holds its shape.

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To add greenery to your allowance—

☐ Try tantrums  ☐ Present a statement

Shrewish tactics won't budge Dad. For "green thumb" results in wallet care and feeding—present a statement of your living costs; offer to meet Dad halfway by foregoing a few luxuries, phone sessions. Of course, as to 'certain' needs, it pays to buy the finest ... Kotex. For what's more important than peace of mind— with the extra protection this napkin gives?

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Are you in the know?

If you'd hoist a receding chin, check—

☐ Your hat  ☐ Your hairdo  ☐ Your necklace

If your profile tends to backslide, check the 3 items mentioned above. Keep your hats simple, forsaking all angles. Your hair? Soft—(and shorten that mane!) Also, duck the draped or cowl neckline; definitely not your shawl. Come "those" days, you can build up your confidence—via one of the 3 absorbencies of Kotex. Try Regular, Junior, Super.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

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Want to get "certain" facts straight?

☐ Ask Sis  ☐ See a librarian  ☐ Read "V.P.Y."

Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the new, free booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations (by Walt Disney Productions). Hints on diet, exercise, grooming ... do's and don'ts a girl should know. Send for your copy today.

FREE! Address P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 7103, Chicago 54, Ill.
pared to be honest with each other above all, then maybe love will not pass. If you built a real friendship on all levels, then there's a chance you can keep it with you forever.

"I suppose I'm still looking for that kind of love, though perhaps I won't admit it even to myself." And then, with a broad smile, Lana added, "After all, I'm a human being, too, aren't I?"

"If there still happens to be a great love in store for me sometime, somewhere in my life, fine. I won't turn away from it. Being a fatalist, I couldn't. But if not, I've got plenty to live for. I've got my wonderful little girl, Cheryl, whom I hope will always be proud of her mommy. I've got my career and I've got my health. And I'll just go on trying to be happy, trying to make other people happy, too. I'll face each day as it comes and get as much out of life as I can. And come what may, I'll be comforted by the thought that... and this too shall pass."

But Lana's need for love will not pass, and she knows it. As long as she lives, it will remain to bless or plague her.

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**WILL MARILYN ESCAPE THE SEX HEX?**

[continued from page 29]

fame—the fantastic publicity—the wolf whistles—the catty whispers.

Marilyn's predecessors, few but fabulous, were unquestionably the most flamboyantly fascinating women in all Hollywood history. They were also the unluckiest. Fame and misfortune proved their common lot. Disenchantment, disaster—even death—overtook them one by one. Following so faithfully in their footsteps, will Marilyn find herself traveling the same perilous path? Is she inescapably jinxed by the "Sex Hex" that relentlessly stalked her ill-fated fore-runners?

Jean Harlow, for example.

Jean is the one most frequently compared with Marilyn. They say the public's terrific, spontaneous reaction to Monroe's sexy magnetism can only be compared with the overnight impact made by Harlow in "Hell's Angels." Success brought nothing but sorrow to the beloved Platinum Blonde. Scandal stormed into her life with the suicide of Paul Bern, to whom she was married. The headlines and heartaches shattered Jean, and nothing ever quite erased the awful hurt. Not even her eventual love affair with Bill Powell, which briefly promised some hope of happiness ahead. The promise was never to be fulfilled. On June 7, 1937, Jean Harlow—young, beautiful and very much in love—breathed her last, a victim of uremic poisoning.

Sudden fame at 19—shocking death at 26; a short life and an unhappy one was the dubious bounty stardom brought Jean.

The Platinum Blonde was not the first Hollywood "find" to become a box-office bonanza at 19. Clara Bow was the same age when she skyrocketed to the hectic heights during the Roaring Twenties. Clara had "It," and "It" made her the glittering goddess of a gaudy, giddy "Era Of Wonderful Nonsense." It was a frivolous period which boasted several bits of Americana unique to those times—Bootleggers—Bathtub Gin—and the Brooklyn Bonfire. The dizzying speed which shot her from Flapperhood to filmland prominence deposited a thoroughly bewildered and therefore vulnerable young redhead smack in the center of the limelight's merciless glare. Clara and chaos were a sister team from the start. She lost her heart as often—and as unthinkably—as most women lose their gloves. She had a series of unsavory lawsuits levied at her. Her popularity survived these scandalous suits, including at least one for alienation of affections.

Gradually her throne tottered and—after a few lukewarm comeback tries—her career collapsed. Then Clara surpassed everybody by marrying cowboy actor Rex Bell, retiring to a ranch with him and eventually bearing him two sons. For a while the Brooklyn Bonfire who hated the era of Flaming Youth seemed to have escaped superstition's icy, ominous clutches. Today the happy ending is threatened by new tragedy. Clara Bow, so vibrant and vivacious, lies spent and weary—a scarcely recognizable remnant of her former self—in a hilltop sanitarium not far from Hollywood.

And then there was Lupe Velez; everybody considered Lupe the most explosive ex-rover ever to hit Hollywood. There was nothing melodramatic about that girl. She was made for love, and for laughter. Lupe was unconventional, uninhibited—as uncomplicated as a child—or so it seemed. Lupe knew everybody, but evidently nobody ever really knew Lupe. She was the last person in the world you would expect to take her own life.

Long before Hollywood ever heard of Marilyn Monroe—and possibly vice versa—the jinx legend suffered a serious setback—and almost got pooh-pooed out of existence. People would point to Carole Lombard as proof positive of the superstition's inefficacy. Carole certainly seemed to have hog-tied the hex. Few stars, before or since, have been as professionally and personally popular. Further, she was the love of Clark Gable's life—and no girl could do better than that, even in her dreams. Loving, and being loved, is no guarantee of convivial competitiveness, but for Carole and Clark romance had ripened into a marriage rich in real and enduring happiness. Surely, Carole Lombard appeared to be the luckiest woman in the world. Years have passed since that plane plummeted to earth, but even now it is impossible to think of Carole's untimely end without wondering why it should have happened to her, of all people. Nobody ever died who had more
to live for than Clark’s beloved Carole.

Until Marilyn hit the Hollywood jackpot, Rita Hayworth and Lana Turner were the two leading “Nothing succeeds like sex—cess” symbols in cinemaland. Rita and Lana are still at the head of the class, from a standpoint of money and years of proven popularity. At first mention, it would seem that the Misses Hayworth and Turner disprove the whole idea of a “sex hex.” But Rita and Lana have been as unhappy—if not as unlucky—as all the others. Loneliness and disillusionment seem to be their lot in love.

Despite all the danger signs, I would bet my last dollar that Marilyn Monroe will defy the jinx and shatter precedent. Everything about the sexy blonde makes her a one-of-a-kind original, and I predict that even her destiny will be different. Look at the way she handled that calendar “catastrophe.” Her honesty won the admiration of those you would expect to be outraged by nudity. She got nothing but praise for admitting that she had posed in the altogether because she had rent to pay and food to buy. She has handled her romance with Joe DiMaggio with mature, almost inspired, intelligence. Marilyn has never faltered in keeping her love-life private, and yet she has never endangered this private life by showing up with some off-beat Wall-of-the-Hour for premiere publicity.

Good health, marital happiness, continuing success—those are Marilyn’s future goals. Will she make it?

DON’T YOU BELIEVE IT!
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

advise solemnly, “Never let a man think that you have marriage on your mind. Pretend you don’t want to marry. Men want what they think they can’t have.”

Well, all I can say is that if a man is attracted to you and you convince him that you are really against marriage, you’ve probably seen the last of him. Why should he stick his neck out and allow himself to grow fond of you if you convince him at the beginning that there is no hope? Forget Susie and relax. Be yourself and let nature take her course.

This doesn’t mean, as I said in the beginning, that you take off like a frantic rabbit in pursuit of every single man you meet. Take it easy and be honest about it. But don’t erect a lot of artificial barriers. Don’t pose.

Again Susie says, “If you are going on a trip or a vacation where you will be meeting new men, splurge on a really super outfit, something to make you feel pampered and luxurious and expensive. It will do wonders for your morale.”

Well, that sort of thing may do something for your morale but it’s likely to scare the be-something out of the ordinary male before he has time to say more than howdydoo. Let’s face it. The woman who looks too expensive simply isn’t for the average man (I’m taking it for granted that the average girl isn’t insisting on snaring Superman, either).
Especially for BLONDES!

NEW! Lotion Shampoo

that you make or home FRESH
as you need it!

Takes only a minute—Washes Hair Shades
Lighter—gives it a Wonderful Shine!

If your blonde has faded, washed out, and become
a dull, dingy, dingy hair, here is good news. A sensational new "lotion" shampoo
that you can make at home (FRESH...each time you use
it), which is light and gives it beautiful
lustre and shine. Called BLONDEX, it is a fragrant
powder that not only adds to its body, but
also cleans the scalp. BLONDEX lotion's
crunchy softuds work 3 ways: 1. It removes the dull, dingy
film that makes blonde hair dull and old looking.
2. Brings back that flattering, lightness. 3. Gives hair
extra highlights and shine. BLONDEX is carefully
used for children's delicate hair. Get BLONDEX
today at 10¢, drug and department stores everywhere.

Even if he thought he could afford her,
the average guy has a wary suspicion
that a girl who looks like that may be
too demanding, too selfish even to make
a pleasant playmate, let alone a good
wife.

Again I say a girl will get along better
with men if she will be herself.

But Susie isn't content even with this
bit of pretense on the girl's part. With
feminine logic she reverses herself in
next day's column and says, gravely,
"Be considerate of his pocketbook when
he takes you out. If he asks you your
preference in restaurants, suggest
a modest one. Order sparingly. Show him
that you are careful about money so he
will know you won't make an extrav-
agant wife."

Of all the spoil sports, Susie takes the
cake! A man likes to splurge a bit to
show his girl a good time. Maybe he
skimped on his lunches all week for this
very purpose and now he's going to have
every bit as much fun as she and
showing off a little bit. Don't spoil it!

All you have to do, believe me, to
please him, is to enjoy it and show that
you do. That will make him feel fine. As
for that "showing him you're careful
with money" routine, five men out of six
will begin to wonder if this girl is stingy.
If she were married, would she skimp on
the groceries and take a dim view of
ever having any fun?

In this same vein Susie says, "En-
courage him to talk about himself,
especially about his work." Now, this
is all right if the girl has the faintest idea
of what he is talking about. I can go
home from the studio and talk to Lydia
about my current role in "Scalpel" be-
cause she is an actress and understands
what it's all about. But if I were an
engineer and tried to shop
with her about that, endeavoring
to make clear what I meant as I went along,
we'd both be frantic in about five
minutes. And Lydia would tell me so. One
of the things I love most about her, as
you must have gathered, is her honesty.

Again about personal appearance, Sus-
ie says, "Never let him see you when
you aren't at your best—perfectly
groomed, face fixed, hair in perfect shape.
clothes immaculate, stacking seams straight . . . " Susie can think of more
things to go wrong with a girl's looks!

Now, any man likes to see a girl looking
scrubbed and fresh and tidy. But
even tidiness has its place in the scheme of things and Susie's prissy ideas of it
would seem to rule out a lot of gay
activities, such as swimming, tennis, hik-
ing, picnics, none of which are conducive
to a bandbox appearance but all of which
are a lot of fun.

Any man can tell you that a healthy
girl looks pretty cute even with a smudge
on her nose or rain in her hair and he'd
rather have a girl who's fun to be with
than one who is too-tidy beautifully
to touch. Just be natural. It's all most
men ask and they'll love you for it.

THE AMAZING MISS HAYWORTH

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36)

many actors and actresses who waste
their energy by kidding and clowning
around the set between scenes. It may
demean them to the crew and win them
a reputation for good fellowship, and
I'm all for fun and camaraderie, but when
you start working at 6 a.m. and wind up at
7 p.m. each day, you need to husband
your resources.

When Rita is called before the camera,
she illumines the whole scene, and she
herself lights up with the flashing
personality that her fans know. But like a
well trained athlete, she knows how to
relax between rounds.

She doesn't bother to be falsely pleas-
ant or to give off that surface cheerful-
ness which some performers seem to feel
necessary in public. But she has a deep
sincerity and you can always count on
her to be completely honest, without
being rude, inconsistent or arrogant.

Our Hawaiian location for "Miss Sadie
Thompson," on the island of Kauai, was
anything but a picnic, despite the travel
folders and magazines. For someone on
vacation, with nothing more involved
to decide than which way to spend his
money, Kauai may be the "garden isle"
as advertised, but to us it meant long
hours under a hot sun which was made
hotter by the lights for the Technicolor
cameras, or standing in artificial,
piped-in rain, as required by the script. Yet

Rita was never anything less than cheer-
ful and cooperative.

During the entire location, I think she
did time off just once to go swimming
for about half an hour.

During her "off" hours, she's a lot of
fun. She loves to laugh, and has a
wacky sense of humor. Coming back
on the plane from Honolulu, she made
riotous comments on a two-bit whodunit
which I had been reading, and which she
borrowed. Acting it out, she had every-
one in stitches.

She's the only anyone who doesn't
know her well with her command of lan-
duages—fluent French, Spanish, some
Italian. She has an amazing knowledge
of music. She has traveled, of course, all
over the world, and can entertain with
intimate details of every place she's
visited.

As for the beauty which has won her
such all-encompassing titles as "the love
goddess," since I do a little painting per-
haps I can analyze it from the painter's
point of view. Her features are not per-
fectly symmetrical, but there is an orga-
nization of the elements in her face,
and a wonderful proportion, which makes
it a delight to study. The balance of head
and neck and shoulders is perfect, par-
cially in profile. She has the long,
shapely legs of a dancer, and like a
dancer, moves and holds herself well.
Friends who knew that I was working with Rina have asked me: “Is it true that she’s a very lovely person, who’s really close to anyone?”

Anyone who has the ambition to achieve real recognition in show business is lonely. You can’t focus the energy, the talent, the everlasting work toward your goal, without being lonely in the sense of giving up a lot of social contacts. You have to think about yourself and your problems—this isn’t conscious, though it’s often mistaken for it. An actress must devote her time to her appearance, her manners, her mannerisms, her speech—much more so than the worker in some other line.

Thus most of us are lonely. But it’s not necessarily an unhappy loneliness. And for someone like Rita, finding friends is never a problem. If she wants to play tennis, or golf, or go swimming or dancing, and has the time, she has only to mention it, to find dozens eager to be her partner.

It can be said of anyone prominent, that he owes his success to someone else. We all are indebted to others. I’ve often heard it said of Lana Turner, for instance, after the preview of a picture, “Hey, that’s a pretty good performance for Lana.” These commentators forget that Lana has been turning in “pretty good performances” time after time. Because of her beauty, they forget that she’s a really competent performer. The same is true of Rita. And I believe “Miss Sadie Thompson” will prove just what a fine performer she is, without anyone to “carry” her. She carries the picture. I shall always welcome the opportunity to make another picture with her. END

VITTORIO AND ME
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

Our first party, after his return, was given by Paul Gregory at Romainoff’s. The married couples were separated and seated at different tables. Vittorio sat between Ricardo Montalban and his wife and me. Michael Rennie, a very vivacious English woman who talks with a cockney accent. I looked over to see how he was enjoying himself and Vittorio gave me a pleasing look of distress. Later, he managed to come over to me and said, “I can’t understand a word she says. Can’t we sit together?”

We couldn’t stay late for we were due home for Vittoria’s two o’clock bottle. That is the part of the evening Vittorio likes best. To pick up the baby and play with her—even if she shouldn’t be too awakened at that hour. They now have a wonderful game they play with his nose which she grabs at and pulls.

I wondered how Vittorio would act when he first saw the baby. I had met him at the airport, and we drove straight home. He walked into her nursery—and just stood there and stared. Then tears came into his eyes and he cried. He is such a sweet person. And then he rather shyly picked her up. “She is so beautiful,” he said. Vittoria, who is a very solemn type of baby, smiled at him.

Beautiful, Heavenly Lips
WITHOUT LIPSTICK

... And These Newly Luscious Colors
Can’t Come Off on Anything

Bid “good-bye” to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in a clear, rich color of your choice—a color more alive than lipstick colors, because—no grease. Yes, Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax—no paste. Just pure, vibrant color. Truly, Liquid Liptone brings your lips color-beauty that is almost too attractive!

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Because It Leaves No Mark on Him

Think of it! Not even a tiny bit of your Liquid Liptone leaves your lips for his—or for a napkin or tea-cup. It stays true to your lips alone and makes up with Liquid Liptone usually suffices for an entire day or evening.

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In fact, you can’t feel Liquid Liptone at all. Nor can you taste it. And it does to your lips is protect them against wind and chap. They stay naturally soft and smooth.

Please Try SEVERAL SHADES at My Invitation . . .

Once you experience the greater beauty of liquid color and know that your lip make-up will stay on, no matter what your lips touch—I’m sure that you’ll thank me for this offer. Choose from the list of shades. Check coupon. Send it at once.

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Send Trial Sizes of the shade I checked below. I endorse 25c coin for each one.
☐ Coral-pink—Romantic for evening
☐ Luscious—Exotic pink—lovely for evening
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☐ English Tint—inventing coral-pink
☐ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—ravishing
☐ Orchidette—Sophisticated ruby brilliance
☐ Cheektone—Check shade:
☒ No. 1 English Tint
☒ No. 2 Coral
☒ No. 3 Deep Cherry

Mist or Mrs. _Street_ _City_ State

Zone

65
lieve, there is a strong streak of the D'Artagnan in him.

Latest bad news to reach him in Italy where he currently is making films is the filing of a lien by the Internal Revenue Bureau against his property in Los Angeles and Chicago.

The Government claims that he and his second wife, Nora Eddington Flynn Haynes, owe a total of $820,572 in income taxes. Errol and Nora own considerable property in Chicago, and Errol has a house in Beverly Hills. The liens prevent the disposition of any of the property.

When Flynn's business manager cabled him the news of the Government liens, the actor wired back in his most devil-may-care manner:

"Please send me my dog."

The reply would indicate he is not intending to return to this country soon. It is probable he will stay abroad at least 18 months, a routine by which many film stars have saved huge sums in income taxes.

He has just completed an independent film, "Cross Swords," and has an important role in "William Tell," to be filmed in Rome. After that Errol plans to do another independent picture. Instead, if he wants, he could have starring roles in films all over Europe.

But the fellow is unpredictable. He may actually do what he told friends he was considering: join a patrol to hunt headhunters in the South Pacific.

Going to the South Pacific, where he is no stranger, Errol might hope to escape both women and money troubles. Yet, there is one obligation he could not avoid even there—the forking over of alimony to his first wife, Lili Damita.

He tried that once, and it didn't work. Upon their divorce in 1942, after seven years of marriage, Errol agreed to pay Lili $18,000 a year alimony plus the income tax on it.

In 1950 he filed a suit asking for alimony relief. He said the heavy payments for her support and for their son, Sean, then 9, were an acute financial strain upon him.

Flynn admitted that though his earnings were more than $200,000 a year, he could not save any money and that he then owed Uncle Sam $150,000 in back income taxes. Lili fought the suit. Somewhat irrelevantly she told the court:

"I'm not a very good accountant, but I have other qualities."

The court did not press her to explain. However, the case dragged its weary legal length. Errol finally lost, in 1952. The loss cost him the hefty total of $105,712.90.

Errol's swanky yacht, the Zaza, also threw him for a loss. In 1951 Los Angeles County sued him for $3,230 in back taxes and penalties on the yacht, charging he had skipped payments in 1950.

Errol and Patrice Wymore fell in love while making the film, "Rocky Mountain," in Gallup, New Mexico, in the Spring of 1950. She was 23 years old and a golden-haired screen starlet who had been at one time a model and actress of small parts on the New York stage. When
the picture was completed Flynn went to Europe, but his ardor for Patrice did not wane.

On Sept. 23, 1950 word came from Paris that the shapely Patrice had literally flown into Errol's arms, and the movie hero announced they would marry "as soon as I can make the arrangements." Observers noted that she got a big hug and a lingering kiss from Flynn as she raced down the steps of an airliner.

Shortly thereafter they were married at Monte Carlo, and went for their honeymoon on his yacht for a cruise in the Mediterranean, with Jamaica as their ultimate destination.

The element of the unpredictable hovered over the whole plan of Patrice. Assisting her in selecting her troussseau in New York before her departure for France was none other than Mrs. Marjorie Eddington, Errol's former mother-in-law.

In 1951, paternity suits against Errol which had been filed seven years before were dismissed for failure to prosecute.

In our Hollywood studios we have had all the big stars, and many of the new ones. It would fill a Who's Who just to tell you who they are, but the experiences of all—whether the veterans or the newcomers—confirm what my Hollywood producer friend told me: that dancing is the best of all escapes from the worries and cares and complications of every day life.

When I see youngsters like the charming Debbie Reynolds—a wonderful little stage dancer as well as a grand young actress—taking lessons in our Hollywood studios, I realize what dancing can do for the more youthful element. Dancing, I feel, can even put a big nick in dullness.

Dancing, let's face it, is a physical beauty course. It keeps every muscle of the body alive and kicking. You never can be too old to dance, and never too young to start it. I'm quite sure that if I had never become Arthur's wife and danced away half the 28 years we have been so happily married, it would have been part of my curriculum for growing up healthy and happy.

If you think that Kathy and Arthur Murray, with their long years at dancing, are completely free from worries and cares and problems, guess again.

When we first started our TV show, it was so bad that everyone who liked us tried to help! Ken Murray said, "You know, I've just got to come around to this show every week for a while, because I can't bear the thought of another Murray having such a lousy show!"

We had no sooner caught our collective breaths, Arthur and I, than Ken remarked that our set looked like a tired old night club. So we got a new set—in fact we did everything every friend advised.

Yes, we worried and worked and tried hard but we had a long way to go. After one of those first shows we read a scornful newspaper column about our program. You have no idea how much it hurts to read that kind of criticism! We were both so discouraged that we couldn't shake off our depression.

On the way home, silent and bitter, we passed one of New York's well known hotels. Arthur said, "Let's have a nightcap before we go home."

We did. We heard the music—we danced—and let me tell you, our world was all right again. You can't stay sad and dreary when you dance.

I said to Arthur, "Well, to put a little fun in your life—try dancing!" ... And that's been my sign-off line on television ever since.

Dancing literally keeps you on your toes, too. You can't get old and stodgy when you dance. For instance, we had an idea for a television stunt. The script called for me to do a dance routine and then, the following week, repeat the dance and say, "Here's how it looks backwards." So that the dance would look funny in reverse, it had to be an adagio number with a lot of tricky leaps and jumps. Now, I'm a very quiet woman, who's used to ballroom dancing. And as everyone knows—I'm also a grandmother. I may be young to be a grandmother, but any way you slice it, I'm not a squash! To learn leaps and jumps and to be an adagio dancer at my time of life, I felt, Errol called it blackmail.

"Having had attempted blackmail tried on me by experts, I have to have a pretty good memory," he said.

"But I confess this lady has an advantage over me, because after 18 months she has just remembered something that never happened."

The Monte Carlo magistrate agreed with Errol. He dismissed the suit, clearing the actor.

One thing certain—and predictable—about Errol Flynn is that he is never disappointed in matters how ‘Trouble crowds upon him. He just goes swashbuckling along, unscathed, unscalded.

DANCE YOUR WORRIES AWAY
(continued from page 45)
would be either impossible—or a miracle!

Still, I was supposed to be an adagio dancer, and for that I needed two brawny characters. I think Arthur had a lot of fun engaging them, and when I met them for the first time in the practice studio, they looked like the UN Building—stolid, sky-high and 6 feet 4 inches. We shook hands solemnly, and in four hours I learned to be an adagio dancer!

I don't think I've ever been more thrilled in my life than to find out—at the ripe old age of 49—that I could be swung by an ear, or by a neck, or by a finger!

There are two of my own true life stories, but what of the millions of other people who are afraid to dance ... who feel they can't dance ... who think that dancing is just one of those things—that you can take it or leave it?

There are inspiring examples of what dancing can do for people who are not as fortunate as you or I. For instance, we have a lot of deaf and blind people who are sent to us. The blind can hear the music. The deaf can watch and learn by imitation, and they do get the musical vibrations. One girl, who earns $55 a week as a bookkeeper, takes all the private lessons she can afford at the Arthur Murray Studios—and from just listening to the musical beat she has improved her hearing.

Another girl, who is over six feet tall, is the daughter of one of the most attractive, suave leading men on the stage. But she was so gangling that, like so many tall girls, she stooped and made a very bad appearance. She spent her time trying to excel at masculine sports—just to get over her feeling of not being sufficiently feminine.

Her father was worried about her, and sent her to us. After a few months she became a really good dancer—and today you hardly notice her unusual height, but are conscious only of her gracious, poised and utterly feminine manners! Dancing did that for her.

Don't take up dancing as if you were embarking on a career to put you in the limelight. Dancing is the nicest when you're dancing with the one you love, the lights are low, the music is gay—and all the rest of the world fades away. END

CURRENT FILMS
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)

interrupted, however, when he discovers that Pat is using his original script as a starring vehicle in a Summer stock production. After some smooth maneuvering, Ginger winds up remarried to Douglas and playing the mother's role. Film is smart, witty and perfectly cast. Paramount.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

GLOWING with a superabundance of glamour and thrill dialogue, GDB literally “shapes up” as a tip-top musical, flashily dressed in Technicolor. Marilyn Monroe and girl friend, Jane Russell, are en route to Paris, compliments of

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DANTON WALKER'S HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

(Continued from page 22)


Gordon MacRae created the sensation of the month when he walked into Bruno's Pen & Pencil sporting a pair of Bermuda shorts and other warm weather accessories the night Gotham's humidity hit a near-record high. Customers, mostly male, actually applauded the handsome young man for his courageous departure from the conventional attire men have to, or seem to have to, wear in and around New York City in sultry, hot weather.

Veronica Lake, missing for three weeks during another of her periodical "disappearances," turned up at Sands Point, Long Island, looking radiantally lovely although ten pounds heavier. After a week of attending North Shore parties, she pulled the Houdini bit and was again "Among the Missing." .

Roberto Rossellini's agents are making plans to film at least one movie in New York to co-star Vittorio Gassman and Monica Vitti, the TV songstress who's been dubbed "Ingrid Bergman's double."
As a nostalgic gesture, Tony Martin made an off-bright personal appearance at Woody Herman's Bandbox opening on Broadway. Back in 1932, Woody was playing clarinet with the old Tom Gerun orchestra, which featured a young crooner named Al Morrison, who later became Tony Martin. Tony sang, "Longing For My River Home," while holding actress Cyd Charisse in his arms.

Lena Horne, Joe E. Louis and Ethel Waters were among the many sepia stars who attended a private local showing of "Go, Man, Go," the film story of the fabulous Harlem Globetrotters basketball team with which Hollywood cameraman James Wong Howe made his directorial debut. Comedy stars, Robert Strauss and Harvey Lemek, the "Stalag 17" team, arrived at the screening wearing basketball uniforms and helium-filled balloons painted to resemble basket balls and their dribbling antics nearly broke up the house.

Hedy Lamarr almost refused to fly to Rome, Italy, when her personal femme psychologist was delayed by traffic en route to Idlewild Airport and couldn't board the plane before departure. Hedy went alone after much pouting. The lady psychologist followed in the next plane.

Jackie Cooper, Peggy Ann Garner and Bobby Breen were an animated trio during a gala premiere at Le Ruhan Bleu that began at dinner-time and lasted until dawn. The Garner-Breen torchs were given a workout when Jackie took over the Normand Paris Trio's drums and be-bopped "Ole Man Mose".

Gene Autry, on route to Europe, took time out for some personal shopping before boarding his overseas flight to London. His purchases at Abercrombie and Fitch included a complete football uniform, two baseball outfits and a skiing ensemble—gifts for some small fry who have been corresponding with the popular cowboy star from such places as Rome, Dublin, St. Moritz and Occupied Berlin.

Nelson Eddy drew such nostalgic acclaim at the Copacabana that before he completed his two weeks singing engagement there, Hollywood producers were interested in his movie career all over again. Proving he has a fine sense of humor, the former film favorite explained the movie-mogul bids as being nothing more than an attempt to get him to star in "The Son of Naughtly Marietta."...

Jeff Chandler was a pretty glum chum at the Mont D'Or after a 45-minute long distance telephone call to his wife, Marge, then in Hollywood. He departed for home the next morning after a week's vacation in Gotham during which time his studio was unable to contact him for any publicity interviews or pictures—unless they were willing to pay him a full week's salary, that is. A single telephone call with a reporter would have made his movie bosses liable for a hefty amount of loot. Jeff wanted a "real vacation" and that's just what he got, at his own expense.

Paulette Goddard and author Erich Maria Remarque fractured the Stork Club regulars when they announced their intention of getting married in Paris during the Christmas holidays.

Alice Faye Harris drew more attention from Bruno's Pen & Pencil customers than did former President Harry S. Truman, on her first visit to her hometown in more than three years. The pre-Marilyn Monroe doll of 20th Century-Fox films, flipped everyone with her chiness, slimness and genuine surprise at being mobbed by former flicker fans. She couldn't believe they wanted HER autograph when the Truman family was dining in the same room.

Alan Ladd tripped coming down the gangplank of the Ile de France upon returning from Europe after finishing "The Big Jump." He narrowly escaped serious injury when a walking stick he carried broke his fall. A valuable German-made camera, which he had just purchased abroad, was severely damaged during the incident and being uninsured, represented a total loss of several hundreds of dollars.

Another returning Hollywoodite, Edgar Bergen, almost encountered a similar mishap as he was leaving the deck of the S.S. America. Turning his ankle unfortunatlly when he stepped onto the gangplank, he let go of a small package which fell into the Hudson River and disappeared beneath the surface. The parcel contained several tubes of a new, experimental lacquer and enamel—touch-up paint for the faces of Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd.

Danny Thomas, spent several hours a day in the Manhattan offices of Variety, the weekly theatre trade paper. His original founder-publisher, the late Sime Silverman, will be the subject of Danny's next Warner Brothers musical film. The serio-comic actor will portray Silverman from the time he first published the paper in 1905, until his death in 1933. It will be a cavalade of show-business people to pay him a full week's salary. He will be shown writing a criticism of a new night club entertainer named Danny Thomas—the original notice wasn't too complimentary and it won't be changed anyway for the movie... That's Hollywood on Broadway!
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PRIVATE WIRE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]
colds. When Linda was resting comfortably, Roy had to patch up some knee scratches and skinnings her eldest daughter Cheryl, 13, had incurred when she fell out of a tree. Nothing serious, but annoying to Cheryl who was due to attend a birthday party at a neighbors’ house later that afternoon. Roy didn’t leave the Rogers’ ranchhouse at anytime during the remainder of the day. Nothing had happened to Dusty, 7, but neither Roy nor Dale were taking any chances. It was Roy’s busiest Father’s Day.

Nextest wrinkle in making football games one of TV’s greatest attractions is the innovation which General Motors will present on two Saturdays, October 24 and November 7, when the TV Game of the Week will be a panoramic telecast in which portions of four games being played in different parts of the country will be seen over the 81-station NBC-TV network—it’s video’s answer to movie theatre’s double features and about time . . .

Bing Crosby, in Europe when his all-time favorite songstress, Lee Wiley, made a guest appearance with Louis Armstrong on “Nothing But The Best,” had a special kinescope screening staged for him the night he arrived in New York en route to Hollywood. If and when The Groaner agrees to star in a television music series, it’s a safe bet Lee Wiley will be very much among those present in the cast line-up . . .

Sarah Churchill knew what she was talking about on the “Hallmark Hal of Fame” telecast show that honored Dr. William Thomas Green Morton, the American dentist who advanced the use of anesthetics by accidentally discovering that sulfuric ether could be used in alleviating pain during oral operations. The night before her program, she had undergone oral surgery—not to get in the mood for the show, but to correct a painful wisdom tooth which was causing her unnecessary discomfort . . .

When screen star Paulette Goddard publicly questioned the validity of her divorce from Burgess Meredith (he had since remarried) it almost gummied up the works for Buzz to star on “Junior Omnibus,” in which he had just been chosen to act as master of ceremonies for 26 weeks on the weekly Sunday afternoon program. Adverse publicity for the actor, it was feared, might not set well with his network officials inasmuch as “Junior Omnibus” was being slanted towards a juvenile audience ranging in age from 8 to 16. Meredith worried about the matter until Robert Saudek, director of the Ford Foundation’s TV-Radio Workshop, pointed out to Buzz that in addition to his talents, he had been given the assignment because it was felt he would have a personal interest in the objectives of the series, being the father of two children. That did

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Hear Maggi broadcast her radio version of "Maggi's Private Wire" at 2 to 2:30 P.M. E.D.S.T. Monday through Friday over WABC, New York.

STARRED FOR AUTUMN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

Satin Finish, in case you didn't know, is a blend of foundation and powder, tinted to do pleasant things for your complexion tone. You'll like the way the formula behaves on your skin for it seems to be notably fine-textured—a quality that gives smooth, long-lasting coverage. The compact case is a wonderfully deep shade of blue, all a-glitter with tiny flecks of silver.

Did you ever stop to think how large a part of a screen star's beauty is just good grooming? Donna's clear complexion and her immaculate appearance are extremely important ingredients of her charm. If your own complexion acts up, don't waste time feeling sorry for yourself but get to work on it instead. One of the things you can be most thankful for is that you live in a scientific age. All the guess-work has been taken out of such problems as skin eruptions, for example. We now know positively that a healthful diet, cleanliness, good living habits, and a balanced set of emotions usually go with a clear skin. Fortunately, we also know that disinfecting and drying-up the excess fatty secretions eliminates any horrid pimples that do appear in spite of our best efforts. With a tinted preparation like Clearasil the job can be done in record time. Just put a tiny dab of Clearasil on the offending spots and go about your business. No one will notice the Clearasil on your skin because it's colored to blend—and no one will notice any spots because they're hidden under the Clearasil. Wearing the proper medication all day in this way, speeds the healing process enormously.

Oddly enough, to be clean and to seem clean aren't always the same thing. That's why deodorants are such a necessary part of grooming equipment. Two minutes after a refreshing bath it's possible for those unkind perspiration glands to play the mean trick of ruining all your sweetness. Knowing this, manufacturers have done an immense amount of research to make deodorants more effective, and even easier to use. The newest to date is Fresh Stick Deodorant. This is a non-greasy formula that is very lightly scented. You apply it by stroking the stick on your skin wherever you want protection (it's a wonderful refresher for tired feet). The applicator works the way a lipstick does, so you can see how convenient it is to use.
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A handwoven Irish Tweed stole created by Lady Austin Tweeds for Salon Lentheric... Glentex scarf... Wear-Right gloves... Marvella jewelry... and hat by famed designer Walter Florell.

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