

SEP 19 1952

modern screen

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NEW YORK

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is
June
Allyson
really
quitting?

the
fabulous
Mario Lanza
diet

Liz Taylor

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SERIAL RECORD
OCT 1 1952

Now! The fabulous flattery of *candlelight*... captured in a face makeup!



Revlon's 'Touch-and-Glow'

new liquid makeup made with skin-softening Lanolite

Here at last—a *good-for-your-skin* makeup! Never masky! Never greasy! Never drying! *Ideal* for oily skins... *perfect* for dry skins... thanks to Lanolite, Revlon's miraculous new ingredient. 8 divine shades, each with harmonizing Revlon Face Powder.



The only makeup that gives your skin the "mat" finish!

HAT: JOHN FREDERICS FUR: MAXIMILIAN JEWELS: CARTIER ©1951 REVLOL PRODUCTS CORP. "TOUCH-AND-GLOW" AND LANOLITE ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS.

SEP 12 1952

It tastes better...cleans teeth and
breath better...reduces decay better...

It's the New Ipana!

Two new scientific cleansing, purifying agents!

It's true! New Ipana gives you *all* the ingredients needed for effective mouth hygiene in a wonderfully refreshing, non-staining tooth paste.

Ipana's *two* new cleansing agents actually clean *better* than any single tooth paste ingredient known. What's more, new Ipana's remarkable double cleansing action penetrates where even water can't reach . . . to help keep your *whole mouth* cleaner, sweeter, healthier.

You'll notice the difference

New Ipana gives you all its wonderful benefits in a tooth paste that has a sparkling new, more refreshing flavor . . . that bursts instantly into new twice-as-rich foam. You'll notice the difference the very first time you use it.

New pleasanter way to combat bad breath and decay!



Yes, you can freshen breath and reduce tooth decay *more effectively*...with this delicious new tooth paste.

Thanks to its amazing cleansing power, new Ipana not only stops mouth odor instantly but stops it *longer*.

And every time you use it, you get better protection from tooth decay.

Don't forget your gums!

It's a fact that brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with new Ipana helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles. For teeth, breath, gums—use the new Ipana Tooth Paste.



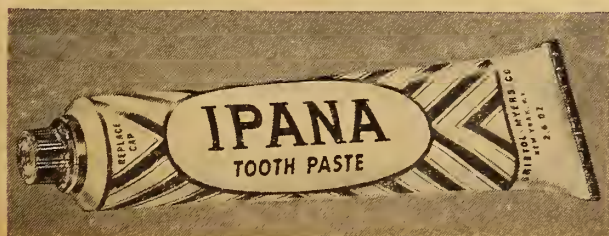
KIDS LOVE THE NEW
"SPARKLE-FRESH" FLAVOR!

You'll be delighted with Ipana's new, more refreshing flavor . . . and delighted at how the youngsters *like* to brush their teeth with it. New Ipana was voted far pleasanter to use by hundreds of men, women and children who tried it in their own homes.

Better protection against "Tell-Tale Mouth"!

No need ever to risk "Tell-Tale Mouth"—breath and teeth not as clean as can be. It's so easy to stop it with new Ipana. Use it regularly after eating for true 'round-the-clock protection.

Get a tube of new Ipana today. It's the tooth paste that makes it a *pleasure* for you and your children to get the benefits of modern dental science.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Now on sale everywhere —
the new improved Ipana!
Large size still only 47¢

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH
AND
STOPS DECAY
BEST!

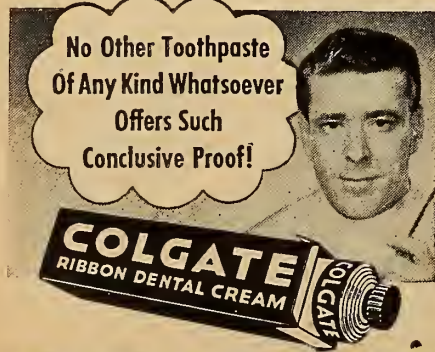
Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath
 In 7 Out of 10 Cases
 That Originate in the Mouth!



It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh* mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests *prove* in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!



Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!



PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S
WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

OCTOBER 1952

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

modern screen special

MARIO LANZA'S FABULOUS DIET..... 52

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CHARLES D. SAXON
 editor

DURBIN HORNER
 executive editor

CARL SCHROEDER
 western manager

ELIZABETH DAVEY, story editor
 LIZ SMITH, associate editor
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M-G-M's Movie-of-the-Month Calendar



**BECAUSE
YOU'RE
MINE**

The golden voice of MARIO LANZA is heard again in the eagerly-awaited musical "BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE." It tells the rollicking, romantic story of a singing star drafted into the Army. Introducing lovely DORETTA MORROW of Broadway fame. With JAMES WHITMORE.

Color by *Technicolor*.



**PLYMOUTH
ADVENTURE**

"PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE" is a Thanksgiving event. From the famed best-seller comes this heroic drama of men and women who triumphed over many perils on an epic sea voyage. Starring SPENCER TRACY, GENE TIERNEY, VAN JOHNSON and LEO GENN.

Color by *Technicolor*.



**MILLION
DOLLAR
MERMAID**

And to make it a Merry Xmas . . . "MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID" presents eye-filling ESTHER WILLIAMS in a spectacular new musical and water revel co-starring VICTOR MATURE, WALTER PIDGEON and DAVID BRIAN.

Color by *Technicolor*.



New finer MUM stops odor longer!

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

• **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!

• **Creamier new Mum** is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

• **The only** leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.

• **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



New MUM®
CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to **THE INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Bob Hope bought a radio station in Denver for two and a half million? How much money does he have, anyway?

—M. N., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A. Hope bought the radio station, will also put up a TV station in conjunction with a group of Denver businessmen. He is a millionaire several times over.

Q. I understand that Elizabeth Taylor's baby will be delivered by Caesarean section. When will it happen?

—V. S., ELKO, NEV.

A. The delivery will be a normal one on approximately January 15th, 1953.

Q. Why did Maureen O'Hara deny her marriage to Will Price was breaking up when everyone knew it was on the rocks? How many times has she been married, anyway?

—N. U., DUBLIN, IRELAND

A. She was hoping for a reconciliation. Has been married twice.

Q. Is Lucille Ball pregnant again?

—D. E., EVANSTON, ILL.

A. Yes.

Q. I've been told that MGM tried to cancel *The Great Caruso* because the studio was sure it would flop. Is this a true story?

—V. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Partially. Nick Schenck, chairman of Loew's which controls MGM, has always had his doubts about opera on the screen.

Q. Is it true that Marilyn Monroe and Janet Leigh both wear falsies?

—S. L., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A. No.

Q. How many children do Martin and Lewis have and how much do these comics owe their creditors? Aren't they in debt up to their necks?

—R. T., STEUBENSVILLE, OHIO

A. Dean Martin has five children, four by his first wife, one by his second. Jerry Lewis has two children, one of whom is adopted. In the past year

M and L have paid off \$300,000 in obligations, currently owe nothing.

Q. Doesn't MGM have Lana Turner's mother on the studio payroll at \$400 a month?

—J. F., SANTA FE, N. M.

A. No. Mrs. Turner is on Lana's personal payroll.

Q. What is the inside story on the feud between Tony Curtis and Farley Granger?

—D. H., AKRON, OHIO

A. Jealousy.

Q. Now that Vittorio and Shelley have been married a few months, isn't Vittorio disillusioned?

—F. F., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Not disillusioned, merely disenchanted. (See page 32.)

Q. Has Esther Williams left MGM to free-lance? Isn't she organizing the Esther Williams Aquacade?

—N. S., LIVERMORE, CAL.

A. Esther's \$5,000-a-week contract expires in 1957.

Q. Is Dick Widmark leaving Hollywood for good?

—B. G., TORONTO, CAN.

A. Leaving, but not for good.

Q. I understand that when Greer Garson was Eileen Snelson, she had a child in India. What's happened to the baby?

—T. U., BUTTE, MONT.

A. No truth to that one.

Q. I read in the newspapers that Red Skelton is expecting a third child. When is it due?

—C. K., LANCASTER, PA.

A. Red doesn't know, since his wife isn't yet pregnant.

Q. Is it true that Jane Powell and her husband are very devout Catholics?

A. Jane is not Catholic. Her husband is.

Q. Now that Olivia De Havilland is divorcing her husband, hasn't she made up with her sister, Joan Fontaine?

—S. K., DES MOINES, IOWA

(Continued on page 28)

The
GAUCHO

and
Argentina
are as one!

He is the
strength
of the
mountains,
the fury
of the
pampas.

And when
he takes
a woman,
it is like
earth is
to earth...

WAY OF A GAUCHO

Filmed in
romantic
Argentina by
20th Century-Fox

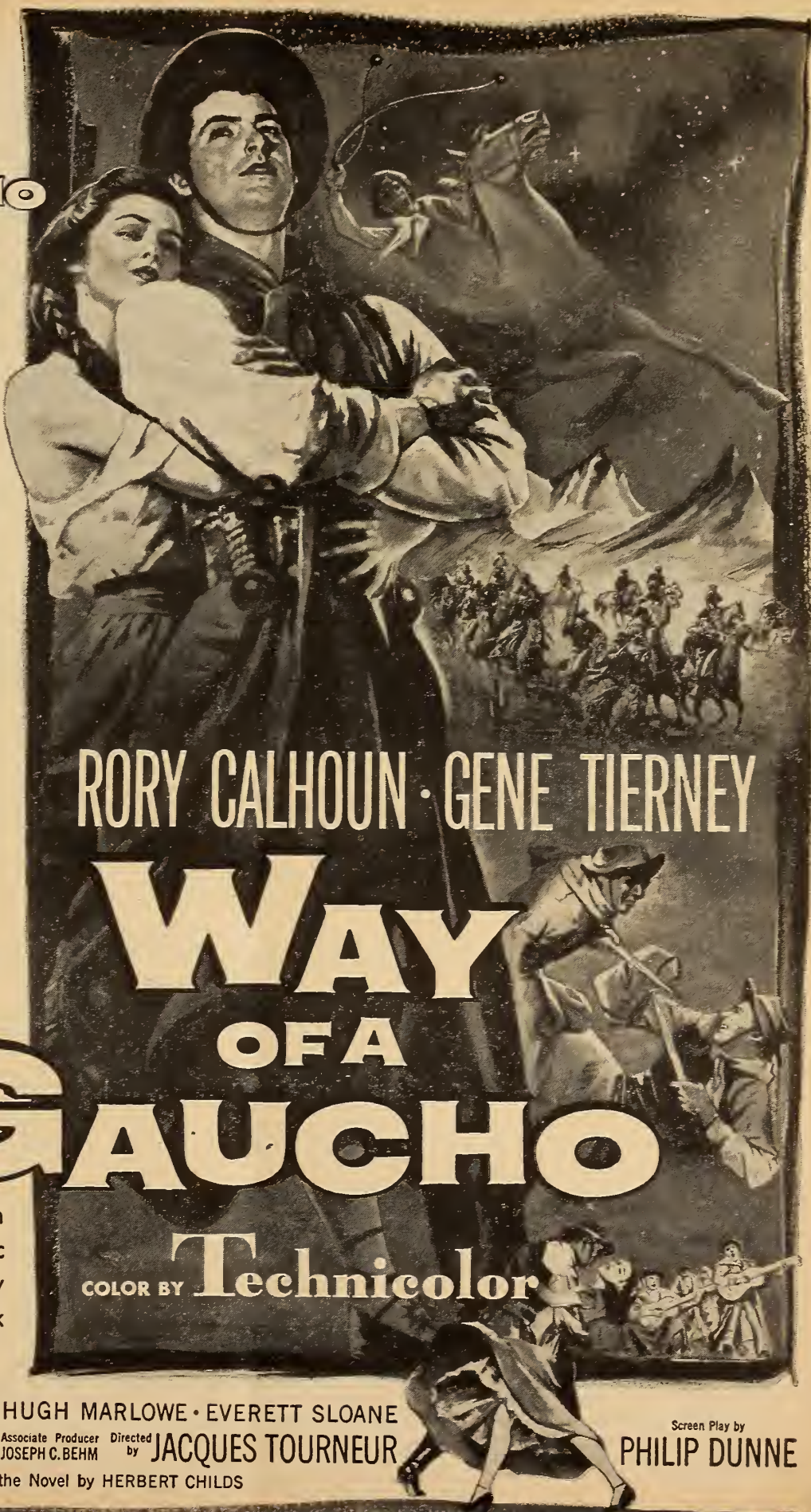
COLOR BY **Technicolor**

with RICHARD BOONE • HUGH MARLOWE • EVERETT SLOANE

Produced by **PHILIP DUNNE** Associate Producer **JOSEPH C. BEHM** Directed by **JACQUES TOURNEUR**

Based on the Novel by HERBERT CHILDS

Screen Play by
PHILIP DUNNE



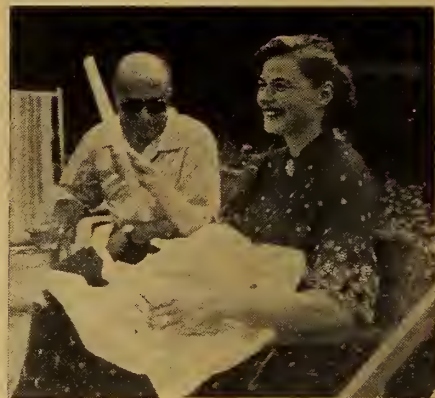
The first public appearance for Ingrid's twin daughters was at a garden party given in their honor at



Smiling hostess Ingrid Bergman introduces columnist Leonard Lyons to Sandra Pallavicini, daughter of one of Italy's foremost directors.



In accordance with Italian custom, the Rosellini twins will be cored for by this wet-nurse for six months. She's called a Balio.



Ingrid laughs happily as she unwraps some of the gifts friends brought for the twins. Both tiny girls slept through party given for them.



LOUELLA PARSONS'

GOOD NEWS

JUDY GARLAND HONORED AT HOLLYWOOD DINNER . . . THE BATTLING SINATRAS STILL GOING STRONG . . .

WITH a voice quavering with emotion and nervousness, stuttering like an unhappy child, Marilyn Morrison Ray answered my telephone call to Milwaukee to ask her if she and Johnnie Ray are expecting the Stork.

"I-I-I don'tttt know," she stammered. "I don't thinnnk sooo."

I didn't know until later that I had reached Marilyn right in the midst of a difficulty in which her famous "Cry" singer husband was having troubles with the police over a "disturbance" charge.

He was not booked, but the police reported to the newspapers that they had been called to the hotel following a loud argument between Ray and another man.

Never for a minute let it be said that Marilyn isn't devotion itself to Johnnie. She is such a sweet, gentle girl.

Even as nervous and upset as she must have been after the fracas (whatever it was), she kept telling me in her trembling little voice, "Johnnie was a sensation at his opening here last night, Miss Parsons. He's the biggest thing in show business," she said, proudly.

Zsa Zsa Gabor, who does as much acting off stage as she does on, never wears paste jewelry on the screen—non, non! She wears her own fabulous sparklers.

One day director Mervyn Le Roy was kidding her and asked if she weren't afraid she would be robbed.

"Oh, no," Zsa Zsa shrugged, "Zese are joost vorking diamonds."

THE NOT-SO-GAY-DIVORCEES: You'll get a kick—as I'm sure I did—from the following first-hand account letter from Nevada about the doings of our glamor-divorcees sitting out their six weeks in and around Lake Tahoe:

"Lana Turner's house is really in Zephyr Cove, not Glenbrook as reported—this little bit of deception intended to keep the tourists from flocking around.

"It's a lovely house, tree-shaded, right on Lake Tahoe and it has a private pier with a motor-boat. But poor Lana just isn't the outdoor type.

"The first day she went boating with her daughter, Cheryl, she got such a bad sunburn

she was ill in bed for three days. As you know, Lana has such fair skin, the sun is poisonous to her.

"When Rita Hayworth was here, she wore denims and T-shirts and overalls and really enjoyed the life. Lana's divorce-wardrobe is very swanky—velvet lounging suits, cocktail dresses, etc.

"She was here two weeks before Fernando Lamas could get away from his picture to visit her, and that weekend it rained in Northern California and Nevada!

"Just about Lana's only diversion is driving down to the country store to telephone her pals in Hollywood, particularly Fernando. She's on a party line at the house—a four party line at that!

"If this weren't bad enough, the house Lana's renting is owned by a Justice of the Peace who's well known around these parts as being very obliging about getting up in the middle of the night to marry couples.

"So, all night long, Missy Turner is awakened by happy couples asking 'How much?' to marry them!

"Redheaded Maureen O'Hara is having a

their parents' summer home.



Ingrid, surrounded by her family, is a picture of happiness. She holds Isabel, while Rossellini holds little Ingrid, and Robertino stands between them.

LANA TURNER, MAUREEN O'HARA, SITTING OUT DIVORCES IN NEVADA . . . ARE RITA AND ALY RECONCILING?

much better time of it at a dude ranch just outside Carson City. She and eight-year-old Bronwyn are roughing it in fine style in their own little cottage, doing their own cooking and with no maid or governess.

"They live in their riding clothes—little Bronwyn's as brown as a berry and is becoming an excellent rider.

"There's been some local gossip about the two good looking young men who fly up week-ends to visit Maureen, but they are her handsome Irish brothers, so no news there.

"Ida Lupino is also here with Howard Duff—not for a divorce, of course. Ida is making her picture at Lake Tahoe and she's a little black and blue from a recent accident, which you wrote up in your column. It was nearly serious—if she hadn't jumped, she would have been thrown down the mountainside."

Who is this spy who writes such intimate doings? I'm not a'tellin'. There may be some other divorcees up there we'll want to hear about.

SOMETIMES you have to feel sorry for parents. They are people, too.

Never was a girl brought up in a more palsy-walsy, chummy-wummy, express-your-own-personality way than Joan Evans. Her youthful parents, Dale Eunson and Katherine Albert, were hepped on the subject that Joan should be a "free soul."

From the time she was able to toddle, she was an integral part of their lives, dining with the grown-ups, attending matinees and being encouraged to express her own individuality.

She was taught to call them "Katherine" and "Dale"—not old fashioned stuff like "mamma" and "papa."

When Joan, at 14, took up a movie career, Katherine and Dale were right behind her, even to giving up their writing careers in New York to accompany her to Hollywood.

And, yet, if I hadn't happened to uncover her plans, Joan would have eloped with Kirby Wetherly, automobile dealer, on her 18th birthday without a word to Katherine or Dale about her plans.

After my story broke, Joan decided to wait until she finished her picture with Audie Murphy, to marry. (P.S. She didn't wait, after

all, as you all know by now.)

Our best psychiatrists claim that elopements are usually planned by children who have been tied too tightly to the apron strings and haven't fully expressed themselves. Oh, yeah?

I guess Dale and Katherine turned out to be just mamma and papa after all.

TATTLE TALES: The Van Johnsons keep denying it, but rumors persist that all is not well. One story is that Evie had consulted a lawyer, then changed her mind . . .

The Tyrone Powers have been getting the rugged rumor treatment, too. When I called Linda to check, she laughed and said, "Come out and have breakfast with us Sunday, Louella. You'll see for yourself how happy we are with our beautiful baby" . . .

Mrs. Fernando Lamas said on her arrival in Los Angeles to divorce Fernando that their parting is "very amicable." In fact, it is so amicable that Mrs. Lamas added, "Fernando is a wonderful man. I would like very much to live here in Los Angeles after we are divorced, so I can be near him."

Rock Hudson was a happy boy that Toilers

IT'S HERE!

New "Action-Proof" Protection!



Folks-on-the-go...use ODO-RO-NO

No matter how active you are, Odo-Ro-No guarantees full protection against embarrassing perspiration moisture and odor! Many deodorants are not effective enough to give this complete protection. But new Odo-Ro-No not only checks perspiration, stops odor instantly—it's formulated to supply extra protection whenever you need it—guaranteed "action-proof" protection! So gentle, too. No other deodorant is safer for skin and fabrics.



Stays
creamy
always!



GUARANTEE: Only Odo-Ro-No guarantees full 24-hour protection or double your money back. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.



Sprays
perfectly!

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Liz Taylor attended the wedding of columnist Ed Sullivan's daughter, Betty, to Robert Precht. Betty was a bridesmaid of Liz's first wedding.

Of The Sea takes him to London where Gene Tierney is making a movie with Clark Gable. Before Gene left Hollywood, she and Rock were an item. But gossip from London is that she has lost her heart, shall we say, elsewhere?

Speaking of Rock, his former girl friend, Vera-Ellen, may have eloped with her new heart, Dean Miller, by the time you read this.

THERE was warmth and genuine affection back of the testimonial dinner given Judy Garland—"Miss Show Business" they called her—by the Friars Club at the jam-packed Biltmore Bowl. Only one other woman has been so honored by the Friars—and that was Sophie Tucker.

On the dais with Judy were George Jessel, Eddie Cantor, Rosalind Russell, Olivia de Havilland, Marie Wilson, Ronald Reagan, Lt. Governor (of California) Goodwin Knight, George Burns, and Ezio Pinza.

But Mickey Rooney, who started with Judy, was not at the speakers' table. He was seated at a table on the floor with the other customers, many strangers to Judy. Certainly no other guest knew her better than the boy who was her co-star for so many years.

Poor Mickey tried hard not to show that he was hurt. He laughed harder than anyone else at the jokes. And his eyes grew misty when someone grew sentimental about Judy. But he laughed too loudly to fool me.

I don't say that Mickey hasn't his faults and sometimes he can be cocky to the point of being overbearing. But whoever forgot him in seating the speakers' table made a mistake for my money.

Roz Russell made the most charming speech of the evening saying that she had long been Judy's fan. "But I didn't need to bring my autograph book tonight, Judy," she said. "Your name is written in my heart."

George Burns got the biggest laugh of the night telling Judy that he, too, is a singer. "You got a better break than I did," cracked George. "Louis B. Mayer discovered you when you were ten. When I was ten, Louis B. Mayer was ten, too."

Ezio Pinza sang wonderfully—a parody on "Some Enchanted Evening"—about the time he managed to get two tickets to see Judy at the Palace.

Of course, the climax of the whole evening was when Judy took the spotlight and sang her heart out saying "Thanks."

Just as I was writing this, Judy Garland and

Betty tops her Big Top performance... in this
Greatest Show of the Movie Season!

A PERLBERG-SEATON
 PRODUCTION
**Somebody
 Loves Me**



'I'm Sorry Dear'

'Smiles'

'I Can't Tell Why I Love You'

'Jealous'



'That Teasing Rog'

'Way Down Yonder In New Orleans'

18 TERRIFIC TUNES...

'Love Him'

'Toddling The Todolo'

'June'

EVERY ONE A HIT!

'Dixie Dreams'



'I Cried For You'



'Rose Room'

Color by
Technicolor



'Honey, Oh, My Honey'



'On San Francisco Bay'

'Somebody Loves Me'

'The Wang Wang Blues'

'Thanks To You'

'A Dollor And Thirty Cents'

starring **BETTY
 HUTTON**

**RALPH
 MEEKER**

with ROBERT KEITH · ADELE JERGENS
 Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG
 and GEORGE SEATON



AND THE CHEZ PAREE ADORABLES
 Written and Directed by IRVING BRECHER
 A Paramount Picture

SPECIAL AT-HOME TREATMENT FOR 4 PROBLEMS OF "YOUNG SKIN"!

Now—you don't have to let nature rob you of a nice skin. And it's so true. When a girl *needs* a pretty complexion, nature seems bent on spoiling it. Skin that only yesterday was baby-soft, suddenly begins to develop over-active oil glands. And at the same time your skin seems to get sluggish about throwing off the every-day accumulation of dead-skin cells. When these tiny, dead flakes build up into a layer over the pore openings—there's trouble ahead. Enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Today Pond's recommends a greaseless treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores, blackheads. It's quick, easy!

Remarkable one-minute facial

clears off... softens...
brightens
"young skin"



Cover face, all except eyes, with a lavish 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave 1 minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn, dead-skin cells—dissolves them off! Frees the tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally. Now—after 60 seconds—tissue off. How tingling-fresh your skin feels. And how much smoother, clearer it looks.

For skin that "can't take" heavy make-up:

Use a thin film of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream for a more natural, fine-textured, smoother powder base!

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Gregory Peck grobbed the reins to give his wife, Greto, a spin around the Colosseum in Rome. The actor is in Italy to do a picture. He took his three sons along, plans to stay a year.

Sid Luft called to tell me they are expecting a baby in the spring. I'd suspected this happy news for a week or so—but couldn't get them to admit it. Judy says, "Go ahead and laugh now about the weight I'm gaining. I don't care!"

THE battlin' Sinatras no more than made up a fight lasting ten days than they had another almost as hectic.

After pouting for almost two weeks, Frankie flew from Las Vegas (where he was appearing) to get Ava and take her back with him.

The very night she arrived, they tuned up another battle royal!

Of course, they say they like this sort of thing and that it means nothing. But, if you ask me, they are quarreling too often and too seriously for their own good and the good of their marriage.

Disgusting the way certain women tried to take advantage of Marilyn Monroe claiming to be her "mother" after Marilyn was misquoted as saying she had never known her real mother.

Marilyn knows—and has known for some time—that her mother is an invalid in a sanitarium near Los Angeles. I know of no other star who has weathered more hard breaks than this luscious blonde, unless it was Jean Harlow.

Someone recently dubbed Marilyn, "The new Goddess of Love—Junior Grade."

It is remarkable that Marilyn has retained her simplicity and sweetness with all this dizzying success and nonsense that surrounds her.

She's never forgotten her sad childhood and her heartaches for children who are orphaned and who believe they are not wanted or loved.

When I saw Marilyn recently she said, "I want to lead a drive to do something personal for orphans—not just the usual thing of sending dolls or food to an orphanage. I mean something intimate, actual contact with the children. It's the most awful thing in the world

to feel that you have nobody to love you."

Marilyn, herself, doesn't have to worry on that score now. Joe DiMaggio, the baseball great, is perfectly willing to make up now for all the love she may have lost in her childhood.

They nearly fell over at MGM when Elizabeth Taylor hit them broadside with that English accent she re-acquired during her three-month honeymoon with Mike Wilding in London.

Of course, Liz was born in England, but many years in this country had softened those broad a's and clipped syllables.

And then, the prize baby walks in sounding like a cross between Noel Coward and Katharine Hepburn at her "rawly" best.

This came in just peachy as Elizabeth is supposed to be the most American of American girls in *The Girl Who Had Everything*.

"Oh, it won't take me long to lose the accent," Liz laughed, "rawly it won't!"

When she finishes the picture she'll have plenty of time to polish-up her Americanese again while she awaits the birth of the Wilding heir or heiress.

NEVER have I heard Rita Hayworth sound so happy as when I called her to check that Prince Aly Kahn was coming to Hollywood in late August to visit her and their daughter, Yasmine.

"Is this a reconciliation?" I asked my glamorous girl friend.

"It could be—it's possible," she replied and I wish you could have heard the happiness in her voice.

Rita, however, was not happy about those printed stories that she had sent an emissary to Cannes "offering" a reconciliation to Aly.

"Utter nonsense," she said. "Why should I send anyone to Aly about our problems when I talk with him so often over the Trans-Atlantic 'phone'?"

Several months ago when I wrote my scoop on Rita for *MODERN SCREEN*, the very first interview she had given about her marriage, I

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Burt Lancaster and his pretty wife, Norma, met the press in San Francisco to tell them all about Burt's new picture, *The Crimson Pirate*.

told you I believed she was still in love with Aly although she insisted she was going through with her Reno divorce.

She would say nothing against him—in fact, if you remember, she told me, "It is very hard to get him out of my heart."

Well, I hope they get together. Their little daughter, Princess Yasmine, is the sweetest child, just adorable. And when Aly sees her again, I just don't see how he can let her go.

There's a line of dialogue, ad-libbed by Cyd Charisse, which will remain in the finished version of *Sombrero*.

There's a scene outside the Reforma Hotel in Mexico City (where the MGM troupe is on location) in which Vittorio Gassman, Cyd, and Ricardo Montalban are supposedly "looking over" the arriving guests.

Just for the laugh of it, Shelley Winters and Tony Martin decided to surprise their mates (Vittorio and Cyd) by walking on as extras.

Instead of being surprised, Vittorio played it straight and turned to Cyd asking, "Who are those people?"

"Nobodies!" wisecracked Mrs. Tony Martin. "Just movie-struck nobodies!"

THE young English actress (married) who is having such a fine old "secret" romance with an actor on the lot (also married) may be surprised to know they aren't fooling anyone.

She's been leaving the studio at noon every day—supposedly for the dentist's.

He leaves the studio at noon, supposedly to go home for lunch.

They meet at such a quiet little cafe—but not so quiet I haven't heard all about it!

THE LETTER BOX: The fans who wrote me several months ago complaining about Janet Leigh's low-cut gowns are now complaining about Judy Garland's décolletage. "Alva, of Seattle" writes: "We don't mind Judy putting on poundage—but tell her to keep it covered up!"

Kathryn Dickey, Huntsville, Alabama, is a wild-eyed rooter for Dale Robertson. Since your letter arrived, Kathryn, Dale has become the father of a baby girl, Rochelle. No, they hadn't expected a girl because the nursery was done in blue!

Nancy Fusse, Floral Park, New York, writes: "Every time Lana Turner falls in love and you write a story on her she always tells you 'This is the real thing. Our marriage will be so right, Louella'—and you always fall for it. She hasn't had a marriage turn out 'right' yet!" Well, Nancy! For heaven's sake!

That's all for now. See you next month

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hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Everybody's holding their breath that the Liz Taylor-Mike Wilding baby won't be premature. Liz fell down the stairs at her home, and accidents do happen . . . Golly, today's movie stars are turning out more babies than movies! . . . Judy Garland, for instance. And wait and see if Judy and her mother don't reconcile after the Garland-Sid Luft image arrives sometime this winter. Mrs. Ethel Gilmore, Judy's ma, was quoted by a newspaperman as saying "Sid's a bad guy" after the wedding; later she denied it, saying, "Judy and I never had a quarrel. She just brushed me off. But all those things I'm supposed to have said against her aren't so. Judy's press agent banned me from talking." Mrs. Gilmore has been working as a clerk at Douglas Aircraft in Los Angeles . . . It looks like a Caesarean operation for Judy . . . Meanwhile, Luft has been setting up a \$30,000 trust fund for his four-year-old son by Lynn Bari . . . And isn't it time we reporters quit describing Judy as "a mixed-up little girl"? After all, she's 30.



Garland & Liza

More babies: Lucille Ball's doctor wouldn't let her attend the



Powell

Friars Club testimonial for Judy because of her condition. And Lucy's planning on co-starring her new arrival with herself and Desi Arnaz in their TV show, *I Love Lucy* . . . Something to marvel at, in early August: Jane Powell's 18-inch waist. The baby's due in early December . . . Lauren Bacall bought herself a fancy Schiaparelli gown to wear after HER baby arrives . . . "Wise heads" have been trying to talk Marilyn Monroe out of a quick marriage to Joe DiMaggio—and this in the face of Joe's and two other marriage proposals. Studio executives were urging her to use all the publicity she's been getting to bounce to top stardom and then, and only then, give a thought to marriage—if she still wants it. Know something? I think she'll take their advice.

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

Debra Paget was originally announced for the starring role in *Evangeline* at 20th. Then the part was assigned to Gene Tierney. The gals aren't talking! . . . Ditto Lana Turner and Ginger Rogers. Ginger was all set for *Why Should I Cry?* at MGM. Then Lana read the script. Lana decided she liked it and got it . . . The stars must be colliding. And if the trouble isn't "horoscopic," maybe it's that rip-roaring earthquake we had out here. Anyway, Betty Hutton had a script argument over Ginger too. The gals were supposed to co-star in *Topsy And Eva*. Betty didn't want Ginger in the picture—didn't think she was right—and bowed out of her \$5,000-a-week contract at Paramount



Rogers



Hutton & O'Curran

rather than play it! . . . With Hutton and Alan Ladd gone, only two of Par's "Big Four" remain under contract: Bob Hope and Bing Crosby . . . Oh well, at least Betty's happy. Says she of Charlie O'Curran: "He keeps me calm. He treats me like a wife—not like a movie star. I've finally found my man—and it's wonderful." . . .

Olivia de Havilland and Marcus Goodrich were much more adult about their divorce than Joan Fontaine, Livvie's sister, and Bill Dozier. They put their heads together and worked out the settlement amicably before Livvie filed on grounds of "extreme cruelty" . . . When last heard from, Beetsie Wynn was dating Travis Kleefeld, once Jane Wyman's fiance. But Keenan Wynn, still torching for Beetsie, was hoping she would park her tootsies at the family hearthside when she returned from the Santa Barbara hoss show . . . While (Continued on page 00)



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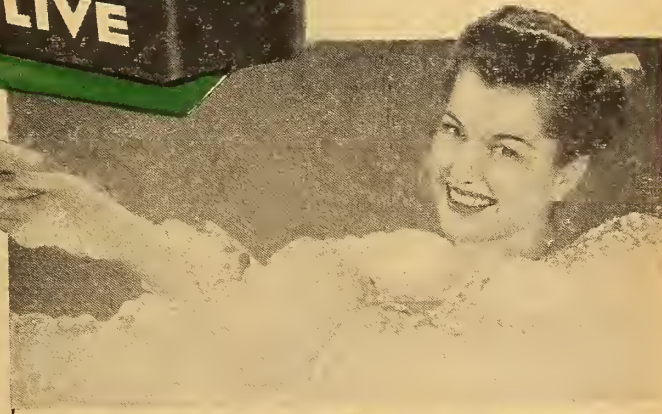
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*WHITE
RAIN*

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hollywood report continued

Gary Cooper was discovering Dusty Miller, Rocky Cooper was discovering Manuel Rojas, the Chilean polo player . . . It's reported Errol Flynn's pride was hurt because Clark Gable was dating Princess Ghika, the same doll Errol used to date, in Europe. She promised she would never forget Errol!

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker knocked the walls out of the bedroom of their new Bel-Air home to accommodate the 7x7 double bed that accommodates both of them—but mostly Lex's lanky frame . . . And then Lex, who doesn't want to be typed any more in *Tarzan* pictures, turned around and had all his old Tarzan loincloths made into a rug . . . I ran into Jeanne Crain trundling enough groceries for an army out of the Sunset Boulevard Thriftmart. She told me her feed bills are \$60 a week now . . . Liz was shelling out \$300 per month for their small apartment, which is why the Wildings have been so eager about finding a house . . . Marty Melcher knows where Doris Day is 24 hours a day. She checks in with his office every hour or so.



Dahl & Barker

A neighbor tells me that Audie Murphy has been complaining to the management of his apartment building about the noise the other tenants make. Audie squawked that he can't spend half the night walking the baby when he has an early studio call . . . Why doesn't Susie Hayward use her influence to get Jess Barker a good role—even if she has to do it over his protests? Her spouse deserves a big break in pictures right about now . . . Bing and Dixie Crosby are building a new home in Palm Springs . . . Jimmy Stewart's twins come down from their home on Roxbury Drive every day to play with Olivia de Havilland's Benjy on the Beverly Hills Hotel lawn. Their pop and his mom were playmates once too—remember?

SEX APPEAL:

Betty Grable was assigned two stand-ins for her bathing scenes in *The Farmer Takes A Wife*—one wet and one dry! . . . Marilyn Monroe told me: "I never take a sunbath. I want to feel blonde all over" . . . Movie fans in Italy call Rita Hayworth "The Beautiful Chest" . . . Anne Baxter had to get an okay from the Breen Office before she was permitted to



Hayworth

wear a diamond in her navel for her role in *My Wife's Best Friend* . . . Marie Wilson wore a very sexy gown to a premiere. A fan took one look at her and yelled, "Is she on the outside trying to get in or on the inside trying to get out?"

Vera-Ellen is on a starch diet, trying to fill out those curves. She told me at the Judy Garland dinner she was down to 95 pounds—and she looked it! . . . Margaret O'Brien lost out on the role of Spencer Tracy's daughter in *Years Ago* after she tested for it. Studio



Should a greeny hesitate to date —

- ☐ A redhead ☐ A Varsity hero ☐ A frosh

Every eye's peeled while you "set" your future rating: a Jezebel? Or doe in the know? Takes grit for a freshman to reject an upperclassman's bid, but it's *law*, date-wise; guards junior and senior gals' bookings. Stick to the frosh set. On certain days, don't hesitate to meet all eyes—unflinching. The *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. Further, you're extra *comfortable*: your new Kotex belt's made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling.

Are you in the know?



When it's time to leave, do you —

- ☐ Linger longer ☐ Dash for the door

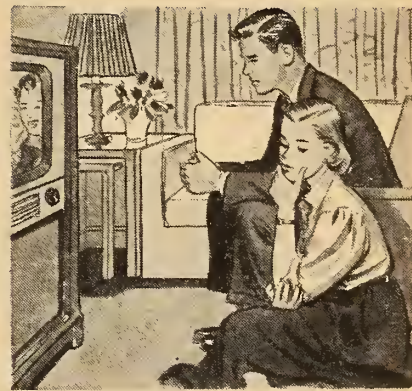
Ever insist you "must be going"—then tarry at the door 'til your hostess wilts? Even worse, do you sprint doorward almost without warning? Exit gracefully! After saying goodbye, *depart*—with poise. But poise at "problem" time often depends on comfort that *stays and stays*! Choose Kotex. *Made* to stay soft while you wear it, naturally Kotex holds its shape.



How to intrigue Unpredictable Pete?

- ☐ Suit yourself ☐ Make like a chameleon

You knock yourself out trying to be sportsy —because he *says* he likes the athletic type. Then he switches to the shy, so-helpless honeychile! Keep changing your personality to suit his moods? N-O! Be the way that suits *you*; your independence will interest him! You can suit yourself *exactly* (re "calendar" needs), with one of the 3 *absorbencies* of Kotex. Try all 3!



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- ☐ Hug the TV set ☐ Start scrubbing

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hollywood report continued

said, "She's too sexy for the role—we need somebody more juvenile, like Debbie Reynolds." Maggie sexy—You won't believe it but she's really *developing*, this kid! . . . Lana got a boy's haircut. I liked her better as a girl . . . But things can't be too tough for our Lana. She just bought her ninth mink coat.

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Mario Lanza fired his business manager, Sam Weiler. Because Mario went to the bank to buy himself a home, but when he got there his bank account was bare and so poor Mario got none. Mario claims he has been mismanaged. He was so upset he called MGM and cancelled a pre-recording session for *The Student Prince* at the last minute. Studio had a 46-piece orchestra on hand, waiting for the singer. It cost \$5,000 to cancel the date . . . U-I is getting \$50,000 from MGM for Ann Blyth's services opposite Mario in this picture. Ann gets to keep \$20,000 of that . . . But Stewart Granger hauled down \$125,000 for co-starring with Rita Hayworth in *Salome—Dance Of The Seven Veils*.



Blyth

His quarrel with U-I centered on money, and that's why Tony Curtis is happy about his loan-out to Paramount, where he'll star in *Houdini*. His good friend Jerry Lewis, a Par star, engineered the deal, and Tony gets a bonus for doing it . . . Then too, Janet Leigh dons that hoped-for maternity frock—at long last. But only for her role in MGM's *Steak For Connie* . . . Mrs. Francis Taylor is now on MGM's payroll for \$500 a week. Liz's mother is a sharp business woman and an ornament at the studio . . . Esther Williams has consolidated all her corporations so that she can have "rock under her feet." She brushes off rumors about a hust-up of her marriage like this: "After you're married awhile and have kids, rumors roll off your back" . . . Lou Costello sold his horses at the Agua Caliente race track to pay the Treasury Department's claim against himself and Bud Abbott for \$200,000 back income taxes.

ODDS-BODKINS:

Rochelle, the Dale Robertson baby, arrived—but almost a month late! Dale (incidentally, his fan mail is fast creeping up on Betty Grable's at 20th!) said, "I was beginning to wonder where babies came from!" . . . Barbara Stanwyck brought her own champagne and diamond-studded swizzle-stick to Ross Hunter's housewarming. (A swizzle-stick, kiddies, is something you mix drinks with!) Anyway, Barbara said she hates champagne but brought it so she would have a chance to show off the stick, a birthday present from Mary Livingston. Mary bought it because she couldn't think of anything else to give Barbara, who "has everything" . . . Boh Arthur (the young



Stanwyck

actor, not the producer) put in a phone call to Jane Wyman. She blasted him up, down and sideways over the phone about something she didn't like in connection with *The Will Rogers Story*—until he explained he wasn't the Arthur who produced it but the one who played with her in *Just For You*. I don't think Jane liked her part in the Rogers picture.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Mona Freeman's mother arrived from the East to chaperone her daughter and stifle those rumors about Mona and a studio executive . . . Twosomes-of-the-month: Pier Angeli and Kirk Douglas, Ursula Thiess and Bob Taylor, Gloria Grahame and Vincente Minnelli, Lady Sylvia Gable and Roger Davis, the late Fanny Brice's best friend . . . Nicky Hilton is on the water wagon . . . Lana spread her sails for the usual six-week divorce stay in Nevada. Then it's Land Ho, Fernando! . . . Meanwhile, Lydia, Fernando's wife, gets sole custody of their five-year-old Alexandra under terms of the settlement . . . Aldo Ray, who's also in the process of getting a divorce, said he'd like to date Jean Peters. But she said she didn't think she was his type.



Freeman

Another Ray—Johnnie—hasn't been able to cry enough tears to buy his wife, Marilyn, a new white mink stole to replace the one she received as a wedding present from her step-mother, Mary Morrison . . . It must be serious. Bob Wagner introduced his father to Debbie Reynolds' grandmother . . . Ava Gardner and Frankie Sinatra had their biggest battle yet in Las Vegas. But afterwards both got on the long distance phone to friends in Hollywood, cried into every available ear—and then made up!

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Judge Mildred Lillie, who made the decision in the Bergman-Lindstrom court hassle over daughter Pia, apparently felt that Ingrid would be too busy making pictures all summer to devote much time to Pia even if the child went to Rome. It's felt the reunion would have been somewhat strained, in view of Ingrid's new twins (did you know they're calling her Twingrid in Hollywood?)—anyway, it's felt Pia might have felt "shut out," in view of Ingrid's necessary attention to the new babies . . . Strangest note of all is that in Ingrid's new picture, *Europe '51*, the girl who plays her movie daughter commits suicide because of neglect! . . . Everybody was saying that if Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell went through with their threatened divorce he would marry a young brunette actress. But then the Fords reconciled.



Bergman

Joe Mankiewicz is responsible for talking Greer Garson and Deborah Kerr into playing the leading femme roles in *Julius Caesar*, along with Marlon Brando. Remember when these two were rivals for the title of First Lady of MGM? Was a time when the gals wouldn't even speak . . . Jennifer Jones left three teeth marks on Charlton Heston's nose after a breathless kissing scene in *Ruby Gentry*.

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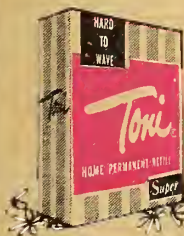
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MOVIE REVIEWS

by seymour peck

picture of the month



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Rebecca, the daughter of wealthy Jew Isaac, overhears Ivanhoe's plea for money, slips away to his hideout to donate family jewels.



Captured, Rebecca is tried as a witch. To save her, Ivanhoe challenges King John's henchman Bois-Guilbert to bloody death-duel.

IVANHOE

MGM's picturization of Sir Walter Scott's best-read book is one of the finest recent examples of the filming of a famous novel. It is also a heartening answer to the question, posed by *Quo Vadis*, of what's happening to the spectacle picture. Robert Taylor, in the title part, returns to England after his king and leader, Richard, has been taken prisoner in Europe while on a Crusade and finds that the king's despotic brother, the regent John, has seized power with the help of the Norman part of the populace. In addition, Ivanhoe's Saxon father, who disapproved of his leaving in the first place, has disowned him. But with the moral backing of his father's beautiful ward, the uncrowned Saxon princess Rowena (Joan Fontaine), and the financial backing of Isaac, a Jew whom he has befriended, Ivanhoe sets about an undercover operation to overthrow John and bring Richard back. Isaac's shy young daughter Rebecca gives him further valuable aid. Historical films often offend as large a segment of the audience as they entertain, because many people prefer their drama on a small, human scale, rather than on parade. *Ivanhoe*, however, offers just about everything for everybody: a richly colorful, elaborately interwoven yet logical melodramatic story that is as historically accurate as Scott's (it is, actually, an excellent condensation of his plot); medieval men and women who seem to be real without appearing overly modern; the full pomp and circumstance of the middle ages' pageantry without any glossing-over of the era's cruel customs; one of the most unusual scenes in a recent motion picture, the besieging of a castle (it is finally taken by sheer force of manpower and bow and arrows); and an honest examination of anti-Semitism, as widespread in that half-Christian, half-barbaric world as in the present. All these elements are so well fused that it is difficult to separate them and divide the credit. Luckily there is plenty to go around, and the few imperfections that appear—such as Elizabeth Taylor's pale, colorless Rebecca—probably show up only by comparison.

Look lovelier in 10 days

with **DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL** or your money back!



"No tight, dry feeling after 'cream-washing' with Noxzema!" says Daphnie Doré of New York City. "It has helped my skin look so much fresher!"



Sensitive skin: "Noxzema is so soothing for a dry skin like mine," says Joan Condon of Rutherford, N. J. "It's a grand *greaseless* night cream, too!"



Blemishes*: "Noxzema's 4-step routine quickly helped heal my blemishes*," says Audrey Thompson of Auburndale, Mass. "And make-up goes on much better!"



Dry skin: "I wash my face with water and Noxzema!" says Ann Rush of St. Joseph, Mo. "Dirt, make-up disappear in a jiffy and my skin looks much softer—not dry!"

Women all over the United States have tested this quick, sensible skin care and report thrilling results!

● If you would like to help your skin look fresher, lovelier, try Noxzema's Home Beauty Routine. Surveys show that women in every part of the United States are switching to this fast, easy, skin care developed by a doctor.

Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema's quick help for many annoying complexion problems—such as rough, dry, lifeless skin, externally-caused blemishes, etc. Many others express delight because Noxzema helps their skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier—and helps *keep* it that way.

No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. It's a *medicated* formula. That's one secret of its amazing effectiveness. And Noxzema is *greaseless*, too! No smeary face! No stained, messy pillow.

Noxzema works or money back! In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with skin problems to lovelier looking skin. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back! Take advantage of generous money-saving offer! Get Noxzema today!

43% MORE NOXZEMA

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85¢ jar only **59¢** plus tax

Limited time—at drug or cosmetic counter.

look lovelier

—or no cost!
Try this simple Beauty Routine!



1. Morning: Smooth Noxzema over face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water, *wash* your face with Noxzema as if using soap. No dry, drawn feeling!



2. Make-up base: Now apply a light film of *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema as your powder base. It holds make-up beautifully and helps to protect your skin all day.



3. Evening: "Cream-wash" your face again using *medicated* Noxzema. See how make-up and dirt disappear. How clean and fresh skin looks after "cream-washing."



4. Night Cream: Apply Noxzema to help keep your skin looking soft, smooth, lovely. Always pat a bit extra over blemishes* to help heal them—fast. It's *medicated*!

*externally-caused

Brighten your hair color with sparkle-giving lather

Shasta Cream Shampoo creates glorious, active lather that gives all hair color a dazzling lift.

Not a tint! Not a dye!



BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS with bright gold. For Shasta's rich, active, sparkle-giving lather actually "super" cleans hair. Shasta Cream Shampoo reveals the golden beauty of your blonde tresses, brings out lovely glints.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE If not convinced that New Lanolin-Enriched Shasta brightens your hair color with sparkle-giving lather, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.



RED HAIR GLOWS with burnished glory. The secret is in the sparkle-giving lather of Shasta Cream Shampoo. Such wonderful, super cleansing lather...it lets those coppery lights shine out undimmed.

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29¢ to 89¢

New Shasta Cream Shampoo
FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR

DREAMBOAT

Picture Clifton Webb as a prim, precise, super-cultivated college professor. Then take a deep breath and picture him again, this time as a super-lover of the silent screen. That's a lot more difficult, but Webb plays both in *Dreamboat* and makes it all seem logical, at least for the duration of the show. "Dreamboat" is what Ginger Rogers, as a former film star, dubs him during the commercials as she introduces to the television audience the silent pictures they made many years ago. When the first one appears on TV, it creates an uproar on the campus of conservative old Underhill College, where Clifton is professor of Latin and English Literature. The quiet old codger, it seems, has kept his cinematic past a secret. Clifton's students make his life and that of his motherless daughter, an undergraduate herself and a junior edition of Mr. W., miserable with jokes and innuendoes. The board of trustees is properly shocked to discover that its professor is really the great romancer. So is spinster college president Elsa Lanchester—until she remembers that the actor used to be her secret idol. So Clifton soon finds it necessary to go to New York and fight the showing of his old films, with the threat of a permanent injunction as his main weapon. That means that he must meet up with a slippery agent and with Ginger, his oldtime partner and onetime flame. The fun gets faster and Clifton gets more furious; he can't get away from his fans or those darn commercials. The latter, however, finally provide a hilarious courtroom solution. *Dreamboat* is Hollywood's first really hard-hitting frontal attack on its new rival, television, and most of it is first-rate farce.

Cast: Clifton Webb, Ginger Rogers, Anne Francis, Jeffrey Hunter, Elsa Lanchester.—20th Century-Fox.

FEARLESS FAGAN

Carleton Carpenter and a friendly, fun-loving animal named Fagan divide the lion's share of the spotlight in this unpretentious little film. It's a picture that's lots of fun, because the people who produced it knew exactly where to begin and where to go with their single novel idea and, most importantly, where to stop. *Fearless Fagan* begins when a young circus clown, Carleton Carpenter, who is owner of a pet lion is suddenly inducted into the Army. Carpenter doesn't know what to do with the beast he loves so well. It seems that Fagan has no idea that he is a lion and so fails to respond according to pattern when chairs are waved, guns shot off and whips snapped; he answers only to kindness and caresses, loves music and likes to play with his toy duck. Carpenter refuses to give him away and can't let the circus people have him, for they are lion-tamers of the old school and are itching for the chance to prove that Fagan really is as fierce as his fellows. And how many householders want a lion as a temporary household pet? So Fagan comes to camp with his master, unbeknownst, of course, to Army brass, and when Janet Leigh stops by to entertain the troops she inadvertently stumbles onto Private Carpenter's secret. She tells the colonel, and then Carpenter's problem becomes the whole command's. If there are few guffaws in the film, there are a lot of chuckles, and Fagan's playful innocence is a blessed relief after the apparent arrogance of some other animal actors. Carpenter proves an admirable foil, but it is Fagan who steals the scenes.

Cast: Carleton Carpenter, Janet Leigh, Keenan Wynn.—MGM.

Only a PLAYTEX® Girdle

lets you feel as *free* as this...



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ADELE SIMPSON, world-famous designer, says:

"Fashion features a slimmer figure for fall—accents it with supple, slender lines—a trim curve from waist to hips. You can create this figure for yourself—with the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!" Smooth latex, with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin, molds you—holds you so comfortably—gives you boundless freedom. And the 4 new Adjust-All garters quickly adjust to a perfect fit . . . help save stockings. Without a seam, stitch or bone, Playtex is invisible under sleekest clothes, washes in seconds, dries in a flash.

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the **SLIM** tube.

Ask to see all three: Playtex Fab-Lined, Pink-Ice and Living® Girdles—from \$3.50 at department stores and specialty shops.



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Playtex **FAB-LINED** *Girdles*
Fabric-Next-to-Your-Skin

With 4 New *Adjust-All Garters





1 TAKE A GOOD LOOK. This fragrant liquid-saturated pad is called the 5-Day Deodorant Pad and it is fast revolutionizing America's deodorant habits.



2 YOU WIPE UNDERARM, then throw pad away. Liquid in pad applies itself as no cream or spray can. No trickle! No sticky feeling or messy fingers.

EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!

And... 8 times more effective!

Once in a blue moon something comes along that is so much better than anything yet invented for the purpose that it sweeps the nation overnight.

Like home permanents... shift-free driving... soapless detergents. And...

Like 5-Day Deodorant Pads. Actually 8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than the average of leading brands tested.

Women are literally raving about this new way of checking perspiration and odor. And they're deserting their old deodorants in droves.

An overwhelming percentage of women—and men too—who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll give you a month's supply absolutely free! That's how sure we are that you, too, will say... "At last!... this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.

5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.

*5-day
deodorant pads*

Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply... **FREE**

5-DAY LABORATORIES, BOX #1001
DEPT. MS-10, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK
Enclosed find 10¢ to help cover cost of postage and handling.

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ADDRESS.....

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OFFER EXPIRES IN 60 DAYS



Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% tax on other deodorants, pay only... 2¢ on 25¢ size... 4¢ on 55¢ size... 5¢ on \$1.00 size

THE BIG SKY

Howard Hawks's *The Big Sky* is a big, sprawling adventure yarn about a little band of fur traders on the Missouri River back in the 1830's, but it's not A. B. Guthrie, Jr.'s story of the same name. Guthrie's novel was notable for its feeling for time, place and people—for the sense of adventure, the trail-blazing force that drove men on into the wilderness and the evil in them that caused them to destroy what they found. The movie, although based on the best-seller, brings the pitch down to a specific plot, seldom implying the spirit behind the story, never showing, as Guthrie does, that for all the good in them the protagonists are basically bad men. This is said only by way of warning that partisans of the picture's sourcebook will find here little of the mood or meaning that overlay the original. This version follows a crew of hard-drinking, brawling boatmen, including Kirk Douglas, Dewey Martin and the latter's uncle, Arthur Hunnicutt, 1200 miles up the uncharted "Big Mo" to bring illegal liquor and guns to the Indians beyond the last fort of the white men. As hostage and protection, they are bringing back to her native Black-foot tribe an Indian maiden named Teal Eye (Elizabeth Threatt). Her story, and the attraction both the big trapper, Douglas, and his younger friend, Martin, feel for her, is interwoven with the troubles the keelboat crew have with white cargo inspectors and a monopolistic trading company, unfriendly Sioux and the dangerous rapids of the river itself. The scene is a new and interesting one, the action often exciting, the direction slick, so that many moviegoers will be satisfied. Others will resent the fact that Guthrie's powerful book about one of the basic tragedies of America's beginnings should turn up, on the screen, as just another happy-ending outdoor adventure film.

Cast: Kirk Douglas, Dewey Martin, Elizabeth Threatt, Arthur Hunnicutt.—RKO.

AFFAIR IN TRINIDAD

Rita Hayworth's return to the screen is accomplished with minimum fanfare in her new film. Trite and true to all the old clichés of espionage tales, *Affair In Trinidad* features her as an American café entertainer in Port-of-Spain, whose artist-husband's "suicide" sets off a chain of events in the tracking down of a team of international spies. Kingpin of the ring is wealthy, mysterious Max Fabian (Alexander Scourby). Because he is an admirer of Rita's and was a friend of her late husband, the police give her a chance to clear herself by doing some counter-espionage work for them and discovering what Fabian and his friends are up to. Things begin to get complicated when Glenn Ford, her husband's older brother, arrives from the U.S., first suspects Rita of murder, then falls for her, finally becoming suspicious all over again when he sees her playing up to Fabian. The melodramatic mix-ups come to a climax at a big party given by Fabian. Demanding that Ford leave (she tells him she's having an affair with Fabian so he will depart), Rita proceeds to discover the spy's secret and is herself discovered and imprisoned to be "disposed of later." Although Miss Hayworth isn't called upon to do much acting, she acquits herself well enough, especially in a couple of dance numbers created by Valerie Bettis. Ford's role calls for him to be unhappy most of the time, so he barks his lines truculently, as if to make his opinion of his situation clear. What saves *Affair In Trinidad* from becoming a mi-

(Continued on page 113)

Grand Colonial

sterling in the mood of tranquillity

Stately elegance in sterling! The charm of an era of gracious living and graceful entertaining is captured forever in Grand Colonial sterling silver. For, Grand Colonial was inspired by early America, the period of simplicity, of precious silver unadorned. Enchanting is the colonial fiddle motif, the grace of line and harmony of proportions, the soft opalescent finish. Grand Colonial is one of the exclusive patterns designed by famed William S. Warren. Each of these Wallace patterns has been given the full-formed contours of sculpture, which creates "Third Dimension Beauty". . . beauty in front, in profile, in back—sterling perfection from every possible view.

Six piece place setting of Grand Colonial, \$32.50.
Settings of other patterns from \$32.50 to \$43.50
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ROMANCE OF THE SEA

WALLACE
Third Dimension Beauty
STERLING



BETTY HUTTON, starring in "SOMEBODY LOVES ME,"
A Perlberg-Seaton Production. A Paramount Picture—Color by Technicolor.



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

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

When Betty Hutton says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo" . . . you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

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

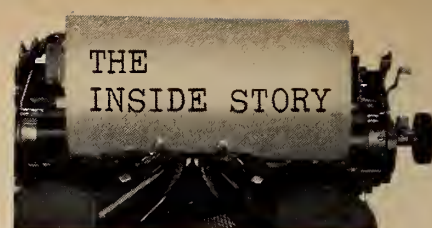
Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

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



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

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair



continued from page 4

A. *Practically no chance for a reconciliation.*

Q. Why does Doris Day refuse to do her radio show or make personal appearances before a live audience?

—G. T., NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

A. *Several years ago, Bob Hope gave her a bad time in front of an audience, and she vowed then not to try it again.*

Q. Friends tell me that Dinah Shore is the tightest person in show business. Is this true?

—W. O., SEBRING, FLA.

A. *No. Dinah is merely thrifty.*

Q. Haven't Van Johnson and his wife been having lots of trouble? Don't they contemplate a divorce?

—E. R., DENVER, COL.

A. *Trouble, yes. Divorce, no.*

Q. What was the big fight about between Jane Wyman and Warner Bros. on *The Story Of Will Rogers*?

—J. H., ITHACA, N. Y.

A. *Jane refused to exploit the picture.*

Q. Is it true that Betty Grable has reformed and is now very cooperative with the Press?

—G. D., ASHLAND, KY.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Isn't the Marilyn Monroe-Joe DiMaggio romance another publicity stunt?

—F. D., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *No. Marilyn really cares.*

Q. Haven't Sue and Alan Ladd sold their Hollywood home and retired with the children to Europe?

—B. B., RALEIGH, N. C.

A. *No. They've leased their Hollywood home, rented one in England for a year where Ladd has gone to make films.*

Q. What is Ray Milland's real name, and how many children does he have?

—D. E., DeSOTO, MISS.

A. *Reginald Truscott-Jones; two children.*

Q. Who in show business is the largest tipper?

—C. O., BALTIMORE

A. *Jack Benny*

Q. Do Frank Sinatra's children really dislike Ava?

—I. T., DUNN, N. C.

A. *They're very fond of Ava.*

Q. Isn't Barbara Stanwyck still carrying a big torch for Bob Taylor?

—J. U., TRAVIS JUNCTION, ILL.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Has Joan Crawford ever given birth

to a child of her own?

—D. E., TORONTO, CAN.

A. No.

Q. How come a beautiful girl like dancer Ann Miller has never been married?

—D. L., MONTGOMERY, ALA.

A. She has been, once.

Q. Isn't the Bette Davis-Gary Merrill marriage breaking up?

—N. Y., WAYNO, MASS.

A. No.

Q. When is Lana going to get that divorce from Topping?

—V. F., WALLINGFORD, CONN.

A. As soon as the legal haggling stops.

Q. Are Jane Powell's parents divorced? And why is Jane playing the night club circuit?

—P. F., DALLAS, TEX.

A. They're divorced. Jane is earning money which is going into income property.

Q. I read that Betty Grable is broke and has been living on the earnings of her horses. How much have her horses earned?

—R. C., SANTA FE, N. M.

A. They've earned \$80,000, which Miss Grable doesn't need. She's doing fine.

Q. Is it true that Red Skelton will wear only maroon ties and no others? If so, why?

—N. R., BOSTON, MASS.

A. It's true. Red says maroon is his lucky color.

Q. I know that Loretta Young is a very devout Catholic. Wasn't she converted to that religion from Protestantism?

—D. A., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A. Loretta's mother was converted, but her offspring were raised in the Catholic faith.

Q. Can you tell me if it's true that all motion pictures will soon be photographed in Technicolor?

—C. L., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A. Technicolor is the copyrighted name of one color process; there are several others. Within five years approximately 90% of most movies will be shot in color.

Q. If John Wayne's real name is Marion Mitchell Morrison, why does everyone call him Duke?

—T. T., AMES, IOWA.

A. He was nick-named after his favorite dog.

Q. I've been told that Burt Lancaster is pretty conceited, won't let his family pose for movie magazines and all of that. How come?

—L. F., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. He wants his private life private.

Q. Can you please tell me how much stand-ins, extras, and bit players earn for a day's work?

—G. S., DENVER, COL.

A. Stand-ins, \$17 per day; extras, \$18.50 per day; bit players, \$70 a day.

BEAUTY

is my business

says lovely cover girl

JANET RANDY



and SWEETHEART

is my Beauty Soap

Janet says: "I often pose in revealing evening gowns, so my skin must always be soft and smooth. That's why I use gentle SweetHeart—it keeps my skin smooth as a flower petal!"

9 out of 10 leading cover girls
use SWEETHEART Soap

Get the big bath-size SweetHeart for your daily baths! See—just one week after you change to thorough care—with SweetHeart—your skin looks softer, smoother—all over!

Beauty is my business, too!

Sweet little Susan Davis is a model at 14 months! Her mother guards her baby's exquisite skin; she uses only pure, mild SweetHeart for Susan's daily baths.

Get SweetHeart in the big bath size today!

The Soap that
AGREES
with Your Skin



Newest, easiest way to a
heavenly complexion —



no wet sponge



no greasy fingertips



no spilly powder

Angel Face

by POND'S



Powder and foundation in one — in this enchanting new Mirror Case



Pond's Angel Face also comes
in this well-loved, blue-and-gold box,
with puff, at 89¢, 59¢.*

Stays on longer than plain powder! No wonder more women use it than any other complexion make-up! Angel Face loves all complexions—at any age! Never drying, or shiny—natural as powder, yet its velvety color *clings!* Because Angel Face is powder and foundation *in-one!* Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor says, "Every day, I'm more *enchanted* with Angel Face!"

Tuck it in your handbag! Can't spill! For a lovely new make-up *anytime*, just flip open the new Mirror Case! With Angel Face, puff, *mirror*—it gives you a fresh, sweet-tinted look in 5 seconds! Lady Maureen Cooper says, "In its Mirror Case, Angel Face is even more of a joy." 6 angelic skin tones. Pond's Angel Face Mirror Case, just \$1*.

*plus tax

It took three marriages to do it—but Lana's finally learned her lesson. No more midnight elopements, no more playboys. She wants a home for Cheryl, now.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

party girl grows up

■ It has taken 17 long, eventful, hectic, heart-breaking years, but Lana Turner, at 32, has finally come of age.

Refusing steadfastly to be defeated by life, Lana has evolved a sense of values that is intelligent, wholesome, and for her, strangely realistic.

In her present scheme of things, the welfare of her daughter Cheryl comes first, her career comes second, and men come third.

For Lana, this is revolutionary.

Men and love, until now, have been the dominant factors in her life, and as she herself said last year, "My life has been a series of emergencies, in which I have had to take the wheel without knowing where I was going or how to run the machine."

Today, Lana knows better. Figuratively speaking, she realizes that if a girl drives slowly and keeps her eyes on her objective, she won't encounter nearly the number of pitfalls she finds when she races headlong, living each day as though it were her last.

The realization that she must go slow and take stock of what she really wants from life crystalized, I believe, this past summer, when, after finishing *The Bad And The Beautiful*, Lana took Cheryl and flew to Lake Tahoe for a six-weeks vacation.

Lake Tahoe is an incomparably beautiful body of water, half in Nevada and half in California. Actresses in the market for a divorce usually rent a cottage on the Nevada side of the shore, go to Reno, hire a lawyer, then spend the next six weeks gambling and dancing and dating, going the rounds of the many casinos and night clubs that dot the resort.

That is what everyone thought Lana had in mind, because few people know how much the beauty has changed since Fernando Lamas came into her life and Bob Topping went out.

Lana is no longer the frivolous playgirl of old. "I'm a hard-working actress," she says, "who believes in looking after her daughter and her own business. I also believe, despite previous unfortunate experiences, (Continued on page 101)

FROM THIS — PLAYBOY HUSBAND



TO THIS — DAUGHTER CHERYL





Liz won't be posing for many more cheesecake pictures like this until after her baby arrives in January. Meanwhile, she's unperturbed by rumors.

The lies they

Buzz-buzz-buzz goes the talk. Hollywood's busy dissecting the Wildings who much to the dismay of all the gossips, go right on being wild about each other.

■ In a swank Beverly Hills restaurant run by a reformed pretender to the royal Russian crown named Michael Romanoff, there gathers each afternoon a group of wealthy, indolent women who specialize in Hollywood gossip.

These women, who have pipe lines to all the powder rooms in town, can tell you exactly when Judy Garland and Sid Luft expect the baby, what lies behind the ceaseless bickering between Van and Evie Johnson, and why the Liz Taylor-Michael Wilding marriage simply can't endure.

For the past several weeks, this last subject has been their favorite conversational topic, largely because Wilding, with or without his beautiful pregnant bride, has been frequenting the eatery.

I occupied the booth adjoining these hoydens a few weeks ago when Wilding took Liz to lunch just before she started her last MGM picture, *The Girl Who Had Everything*.

As soon as Liz and Mike appeared in the archway, waiting for the (Continued on page 104)



Here's praat the gassips were wrang who said Liz hadn't seen Mike minus his taupée. They reckaned without her new maturity.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

Tell about **LIZ and MIKE**





DISENCHANTED

So soon?

SHELLEY USED TO TALK AND VITTORIO LISTENED. NOW PICTURES SHOW HE'S MORE SELF-ASSURED



Shelley's burned up over rift rumors. And this only makes Hollywood wonder all the more if the Shell-Gass combo has already gone up in smoke.

by Consuelo Anderson

■ Ever since their marriage in Mexico early this year, Shelley Winters and her Italian Casanova, Vittorio Gassmann, have been making the columns, and of late, the items haven't been too favorable.

Supposedly the newlyweds have been battling all over the country, and their chances for a long and happy marriage look mighty slim.

"Shell and Gass had a battle royal in Chasen's Restaurant the other night," one columnist reported a few weeks ago, "and Shell left in tears."

"Shelley Winters and her bridegroom, Vittorio Gassmann," writes another, "should keep their quarrels at home and not out in public."

"Hollywood insiders," opines a third reporter, "say that Shell and Gass won't stay together for a year."

Confronted with these reports when she returned from a trip to Mexico City where Vittorio was making *Sombrero* on location, and asked for an explanation, the frank and fiery Shelley burst out, "It's disgusting. That's the word for these lies—disgusting. I believe in publicity as much as any actress living, but when they start interfering with my marriage, when they start printing those awful lies, I'm telling you it's disgusting."

"To read those items someone would think that Vittorio and I've been fighting — I mean fighting all the time. If (Continued on page 95)



Junie always wanted stardom . . . and she got it, even though it meant fighting every inch of the way. But now, rumor has it that she's willing to turn her back on the cameras, and retire as plain Housewife. Here's what June says . . .

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

Is June Allyson really quitting?

■ Ever since last December when she completed *Girl In White*, the rumor has been hushed all over Hollywood that June Allyson is retiring from motion pictures.

When the cute little blonde with the dark blue eyes failed to make a single movie during the first six months of 1952 and announced that "Richard and I expect to spend August and September in Europe," the retirement rumor assumed the proportion of near fact.

Whereupon everyone asked a most sensible question. Why should Junie, a young actress not yet 30, retire during the prime of her career when she is pulling down \$3,250 a week?

June's answer is that she doesn't measure happiness in terms of money.

"More than half the year's flown by," she told me. "I haven't made a single picture, and still I'm the happiest woman you ever met. I'm in a wonderful position. I don't ever have to work. I have Richard. And two lovely children, Pam and Rickey. Gee! What more can any girl want?"

I said nothing, but my mind wandered back ten years when a frightened little rabbit named June Allyson first came out to Hollywood. Back then she

was one of the most career-conscious youngsters this town has ever seen. Stardom was her sole objective, and the fear of failure constantly nagged her. "I don't want to go back to New York having failed," she used to say. "Not now." And she worked with a willpower and concentration few other young actresses have ever maintained.

She would stop producers on the lot and plead for parts. "Honestly," she'd say, and her eyes would twinkle and at times even grow watery, "I know I can play the part." She would study her lines and rehearse her dance routines as if nothing else mattered. And back then it all seemed pitiful to me, this little bundle of energy trying so hard for success when success seemed earmarked for Gloria De Haven.

Gloria and June broke in at MGM just about the same time. They were cast in *Two Girls And A Sailor* opposite Van Johnson, and the studio hierarchy was convinced that De Haven would emerge a new and great attraction. But the studio bigshots miscalculated. It was little June Allyson who ran away with the public's fancy when the picture was released.

That taste of success was all Junie needed. It whet her appetite. Career became her obsession. Thoughts of love, men, (Continued on page 91)



Dean and Jerry stick as close together as two newlyweds during the day, but come time to head for home, they get a quick divorce!

two wives – two lives

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis may act crazy as loons when they're on stage—but these smart cookies know that keeping their private lives *apart* is what keeps the team *together*!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ Since the antique days of Damon and Pythias, there have been few double-chum, bosom buddies operating as close together as a couple of fabulously funny boys in Hollywood named Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.

Some people swear that when Dean takes a drink, Jerry reaps a hangover, that if Lewis gulps down a hotdog, Martin is certain to burp, that a day on the beach for Dino spreads a deep tan over the Little Monster, sitting home in the shade. This impression stems from their superbly synchronized shenanigans, and it's true that in the heat of action

there's telepathy between that pair that could put Western Union out of business. Often when Jerry starts a sentence, Dean finishes it. Only the other day, knocking around in rehearsal, the following exchange of dialogue was recorded:

Dean: What do you think?

Jerry: Why not?

Dean: Shall we?

Jerry: Let's!

And they racketed right through a wild new routine which never missed a lick or trick.

This perfectly blended oneness, most



Dean, Jeanne, and Dino, Jr., lead a home life very different from that of Jerry, his wife Patti, and their two sons, Gary and Ronald (right).

critics agree, is a big reason why Martin and Lewis are the greatest double-barrelled hit in the history of show business. It was spontaneous and electric the desperate night six years ago when it blew the fuse and welded Dean and Jerry together, at the 500 Club in Atlantic City. Since then it has never dimmed, and the cockeyed wonders have topped every record on the books.

They stayed 18 weeks at Broadway's famous Copacabana where no previous act had lasted more than two. In five quickly-slapped-together Hollywood pictures, their (Continued on next page)



Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Lewis are both attractive women—but that's where the similarity ends. Their lives are as far apart as the sun and the moon.



The pictures on these and the next two pages show the contrast in the everyday living of the two families.

JERRY'S AS NERVOUS AS A TOMCAT, AND TWICE AS SKITTERY. FOREVER ON THE RUN,



Jerry's a regular pest at home . . . He brings all the worries of the business day home with him, won't relax and forget work. Patti's used to listening, often comes up with some good advice.



Jerry's a worry-bug about everything—but mostly about his children. The question of what type of haircut one of the boys should have is enough to start a turmoil.

DEAN'S JUST THE OPPOSITE. AS SLEEPY AND RELAXED AS A NEW BORN KITTEN, HE AMBLES



Once Dean arrives home for the night, his worries are over! He flops down on the living room couch—or, more often, the floor—and starts right in relaxing with great determination!



Dean's the most easy-going father in Hollywood. As a result, Dino, Jr. (above) and Dean's four children by his first wife, lead unharassed, uncomplicated lives.

**two wives—
two lives**

continued



producer, Hal Wallis, has grossed over \$10,000,000. And there's no telling how high the profits on their two latest Wallis films, *Jumping Jacks* and *The Stooge*, will go. In San Francisco, on one theatre appearance, they rang the cash register for \$10,000 in popcorn and candy sales alone, more than the previous attraction had collected from admissions. In Minneapolis they pulled in \$138,000, more than double the \$65,000 mark Bing Crosby had set. In Chicago they were offered \$20,000

HE COULDN'T RELAX IF HIS LIFE DEPENDED ON IT



Portraits of himself and Dean, press clippings and scrapbooks, keep reminding Jerry of business even in the privacy of his own living room.



Even Jerry's hobby provides its share of headaches. His home-movie equipment is expensive, must be carefully handled. Patti's a fan, too.



Jerry's never off-stage, not even on the golf course. Always clowning, he goes at too fast a pace, never learned to relax.

THROUGH LIFE AS IF IT WERE A SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC



Dean's modern Colonial home gives no hint that the owner's in show business. Dean doesn't keep a scrapbook, never saves his press clippings.



Dean and Jeanne spend their spare time having fun . . . they love to go dancing, although just staying home and loafing together is O.K. too.



Dean takes his golf as easily as he takes everything else. Here, he, Jeanne, and Dino, Jr., take time off for some putting.

just to show up at a private party tossed by a millionaire. At the Paramount in New York they were paid off at the rate of 70 per cent for Martin and Lewis, 30 per cent for the house—an unheard of profit split. Last March, on a 16½-hour telethon in New York, they raised \$1,148,000 for their pet charity, muscular dystrophy. This year, with movies, TV, radio, records, theatre appearances, night clubs and fairs, the beautifully batty boys will gross over \$3,000,000.

Georgie Jessel, Mister Show Business himself, summed it up not long ago at a national exhibitors' convention at the Waldorf-Astoria. "Gentlemen," he said, "let's face it. Today there are only two names that will pack them in, good times or bad. Those names are Martin and Lewis."

Throughout this fantastically successful spree, Dean and Jerry have clung to each other like tipsy revellers who are afraid to let go, lest they both fall on their faces. Financially, it's share and share alike with

them, and always has been. Even when Dean sings a recording alone, he insists that Jerry split the proceeds.

Physically, they complement each other. On tour, Jerry, who's a jittery early riser, makes Dean, who's a relaxed sleepyhead, stay in the hay, while he goes to the theatre and rehearses Dean's songs with the band. Dean, who is 170 pounds of muscle, has developed a belligerent, big-brother protectorate over Jerry, who is 130 pounds of skin and bones. (Continued on page 106)



INSTEAD OF DATING:



Debra prefers puttering at home . . .



. . . playing with baby sister, Meg . . .



. . . and no kidding, reading a good book!

She's never had
a date and she's only
been kissed on
the screen. Debra
Paget is hard to
please but the right
boy won't find
her hard to love.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

She wants a big,
tall somebody!

■ While lunching in the studio commissary some weeks ago, Debra Paget came back with an odd answer when a fellow across the table jokingly asked her if she ever dreamed of men. "Do I have nightmares, you mean?" was her reply.

Eighteen-year-old girls are not ordinarily this leery of the opposite sex, and neither is Debra. But, as she has made very clear, she hates questions alluding to the fact that she doesn't go out (which she gets kidded about a lot), and she doesn't want people to pry into her personal affairs. While working in *Stars And Stripes Forever* with Bob Wagner, she went into a three-day cutting silence every time he got near her because she thought he had something to do with an item that reported the two of them as a romantic pair. Inasmuch as Bob goes with Debbie Reynolds, it made her look as though she were trying to steal him. But, at the same time, as her mother, Mrs. Margaret Griffin, pointed out, Bob would be slitting his own throat by having anything to do with such a story.

Debra finally saw the sense of this, but here was another tell-tale incident, significant to those who know her well; Debra, in matters of the heart, doesn't care to be taken lightly.

The truth is, in Debra's own words, "No, I don't dream of men when I'm asleep. But I have my dreams when I'm awake. I think there is quite a difference."

The "difference" is, as she explains, that she hopes to meet the one and only "somebody", (Continued on page 64)

my mom

by Tony Curtis



I call her Josephine,
Frances or Judith although
her name's Helen.
She's my No. 1 audience,
my oldest fan. My
mom's the best—and so
is her stuffed cabbage!

■ She's short and plump and hysterical and sweet, and she has one of those faces that advertise she's one of history's greatest cooks. She's the kind of mom every guy should have. When I was a kid, I was properly respectful and called her "mama," but since I got out of the Navy, I've been calling her Josephine, Frances, Judith or Nellie. And although her name is Helen, Mom loves it. She laughs at anything I say. She'd laugh if I told her the house was on fire. She's my greatest audience and the rock of my life.

My first memory of Mom is the time I sat beside her in a theater in New Brunswick, Connecticut. Manny, my father, was in a play given by Hungarian actors, and I was getting a big boot out of the whole thing until some woman in the cast began chasing my pop around the stage, wielding an axe over his head. That set me off into a howl, and I looked up at Mom for support. She was so composed she looked like she was watching somebody bake a cake, instead of some dame trying to scalp her husband. "Shh, Bernie, shush," she said, and I thought she'd gone off her rocker.

I don't remember ever thinking Mom was beautiful, the way guys do in books, but I know now that she must have been very pretty as a young woman. I picture her coming to America when she was a girl, sort of temptingly plump, with that *(Continued on page 97)*



When Tony first started dating Janet Leigh, his mom was very impressed. And she heard their wedding bells lang before they did.





On the outside, Donald and Gwen O'Connor's house is coral and white.

Donald and Gwen O'Connor bought a little house. His career grew bigger and bigger, but they stayed in their little house and changed it instead of their address.

BY MARVA PETERSON

In the Pink (house, that is)

Hollywood rumor recently had "the Bottling O'Connors" separating. As we went to press, though, they were still together.





Gwen O'Connor, who is crazy about color, made her interiors exceptionally bright with a coral ceiling in the living room, purple walls, and the sectional couch and drapes repeating the scheme.



The den is small but the effect is spacious, thanks to Gwen's idea of extending the same grey wall-to-wall carpeting all through the house. This creates the optical illusion of much more room.



When Donald bought the house, it had only one bedroom, but Donno changed all that. The five-year-old now has a place of her own with lots of toy room due to Gwen's judicious use of space.



The master bedroom is done in royal blue with accents of red corduroy. One wall is lined with Donald's wardrobe closets. Gwen "enlarged" the room by having all the closet doors mirrored.

■ Donald O'Connor, the hottest young actor in Hollywood today—four major studios are pleading with him to accept \$75,000 a picture—was sitting in the MGM commissary the other week, munching a fast sandwich.

Debbie Reynolds, his leading lady in *I Love Melvin*, sat down beside him.

"Tell me, Don," she said "is it really true about your wife?"

Twenty-six year-old Donald smiled. "You mean about her seven toes?"

"No, silly. I mean about your house."

"I've been told," Debbie continued, "that every few

months your wife completely redecorates your house."

"I wouldn't know," Donald cracked. "Gwen and I only love there." (Editor's note: MODERN SCREEN hopes the O'Connor rift rumors, which were circulating recently, have no basis in fact.)

A minute later the irrepressible O'Connor—he is generally conceded to be "the sweetest guy in Hollywood"—turned serious for a few seconds. "I'm the kind of guy, Debbie," he explained, "who believes in hobbies. I collect marbles, bottle tops, films, old cars, records. Gwen's only hobby is redecorating. So long as it keeps her happy, she can re-do the house every Tuesday." (Continued on next page)

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

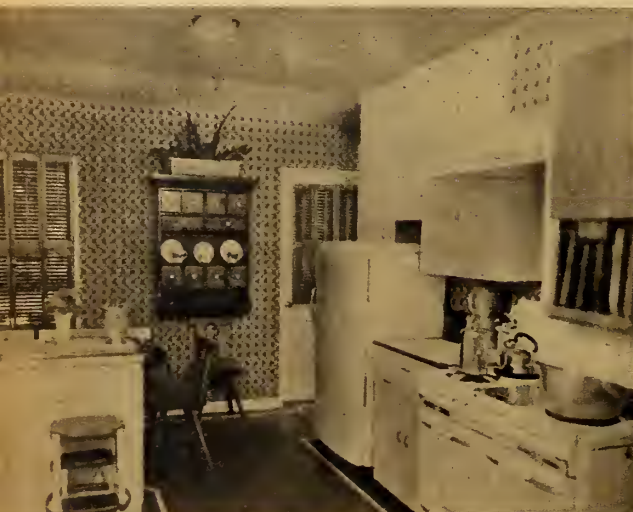
In the Pink , continued



The den shows touches of Donald's collecting mania. The sketch commemorates Donald's work in the *Francis* pictures. One of the house's three television sets is in the den.



Gwen bought fewer pieces of furniture and had some of it painted the same color as the walls to make the house look less cluttered. Here the bedroom chests are royal blue.



Donald says, "Gwen won't cook in a kitchen unless it looks like a hospital." To take away the clinical look, Gwen used red and green wallpaper and Pennsylvania dutch furniture.

Gwen O'Connor is a 25-year-old beauty, who first met her husband when he was 13 years old and four feet seven inches tall. They met in the Paramount commissary. Gwen played bit parts in films, and Donald was a graduate of vaudeville who'd been signed to a studio contract.

"It was hate at first sight," Gwen recalls. "Don thought I was nothing, and I thought he was less."

Three years later, Gwen Carter and Donald O'Connor met backstage at a vaudeville show and, through some strange alchemy, their hate turned to love.

One night when Donald was all of 16, he decided to become engaged to Gwen. He took her to a party. At 11 o'clock the lights fortuitously went out for a few minutes. Donald grabbed a girl's hand and slipped a ring on her finger. When the lights went on, he was shocked to discover that instead of giving the ring to Gwen who was sitting on his right, he'd slipped it on the finger of another girl sitting at his left. "I straightened that one out in a hurry," he says.

In 1944, having done very well for Universal in a dozen light comedies, Donald felt his local draft board breathing down his neck.

A week before he was inducted into the Air Corps, the versatile young star decided that the time had come for him to engage in a serious philosophical discussion with Gwen, his red-headed fiancée. Going off to war is a pretty big step. No laughing matter. Especially when you're 18.

That night Don and Gwen discussed life, love, and their future together, and they came to a big decision. "We decided," Gwen says, "not to wait. We climbed into Don's Model A Ford and headed for Tijuana. Naturally, the car broke down, but we managed to get married and enjoy a wonderful honeymoon."

Returning to Hollywood, the newlyweds rented a small, picturesque house that had only one bedroom and one bath.

Despite Don's subsequent rise to fame and riches, this is the very same house the O'Connors now occupy—only today it has two bedrooms but still that same one bath.

For a movie star of Donald's earning capacity—he's good for a cool million within the next seven years—the house is plainly too small. "But there are other points to consider," says Gwen, who along with her fragile beauty also features plenty of common sense. "I wouldn't want to be bothered with a home so large that I needed a staff of servants. You know, like one of those tremendous Bel-Air jobs. The way things are today, it's just too hard to get and keep help. We do very nicely with a young girl who looks after Donna—she's our five-year-old—and I have a maid who comes in five days a week. I do most of the cooking, because I've learned to cook the way Don's mother does. When we want to entertain, throw a big shindig, we have a champagne party out on the lawn.

"Besides, if we had a large house, we wouldn't be able to redecorate every year. This way Alley and I go right ahead, and Don doesn't care."

"Alley" is Allen Kirk, Donald O'Connor's best friend. Years ago Kirk was a shoe salesman (*Continued on page 109*)

Aldo Ray wanted to be a Big Wheel in politics.
But that was before he made a campaign speech
before some Hollywood bigwigs. Now constable Ray is actor Ray.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

he never took a lesson

■ The door leading to the office of one of the dramatic coaches at Columbia Studio was open about a foot. Inside, a lady stood before a handsome young girl and directed a portion of a scene they were working on. Then the fledgling actress tried it. She turned elegantly, strolled to a large chair, twisted about neatly and sat, being careful to keep the legs straight and the feet in the proper position. Seated, she delivered a line of dialogue, and the coach smiled, pleased.

A young man watched through the space in the doorway, hiding himself from the couple inside. A friend, passing in the hall, slapped him on the back.

"Hi, Aldo," he greeted.

Aldo Ray put his fingers to his lips in a worried shush and tip-toed away from the door.

"What's the matter?" his friend asked when they were out of earshot. "Something wrong?"

"Nah," said Aldo with a grin. "I'm just not supposed to be here, that's all."

"Why not?" asked his friend.

"Well," said Aldo, "they don't want me to take any acting lessons. It's better that nobody should see me looking in there."

And, oddly enough, that's the way it is. Columbia does not want Aldo Ray to take acting lessons, voice coaching or anything else that might change one whit the unique talent that it has uncovered in its newest star. The fellow who waltzed into the co-starring role with Judy Holliday in *The Marrying Kind*, and convinced the critics he was an experienced, accomplished actor, has never taken a lesson in his life. And if the company brass has anything to do with it, he never will.

In order to fathom the lad who acts, naturally, and is good enough to get the critical approval of the poobahs who pass on the screen performances of the stars, you'd have to see more of Aldo Ray than you can in a movie or (Continued on page 88)





the truth about the FORDS

It wasn't only rumor that had the For

■ This is how it happened.

On a Sunday the announcement was released that, after nine years of an idyllic marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ford had decided to call it quits. Glenn was moving out, and Ellie was getting the divorce.

The next day another announcement was made public, explaining that the Glenn



parating. But when Glenn realized he was losing Ellie, he got back in line—quick!

by Steve Cronin

Fords had absolutely no intention of separating. They'd had a little family spat, and that was all. Everything was bright and sunny again.

On Tuesday Mr. Walter Winchell, who usually knows about such things, ran an item in his column to the effect that Glenn Ford was sweet on Lorraine Cugat, the ex-

wife of rhumba band-leader Xavier Cugat.

On Wednesday, Miss Cugat, said in an interview with the press, "It's news to me. I've never met Glenn Ford. We've never even been introduced. We happened to go to Europe on the same boat, the *Liberté*, but I've never even spoken to the guy."

On Thursday another columnist opined

that Winchell had the wrong girl in mind, that, in fact, Mr. Glenn Ford wasn't in love with any eastern beauty; the eastern beauty happened to be in love with him. Her name was Geraldine Brooks, the daughter of the president of Brooks, New York's leading theatrical costumers. Geraldine had been Glenn's leading (*Continued on page 65*)

what Betty Lanza has done for Mario



When Mario got down to 157 lbs. for *Because You're Mine*, Betty persuaded him to stay that way.

Hollywood's talking
about the new Lanza—
a slimmer, trimmer,
more simmered-down
Mario. And they've
got his lovely
wife to thank for it!

BY JIM BURTON

■ Standing there in his producer's office, looking over the preview cards on *Because You're Mine*, his latest film, Mario Lanza was happy . . . but in a restrained, un-Lanzalike way.

There was no full-throated exuberance, no unbridled enthusiasm. Mario merely picked up one card and smiled as he read, "Lanza has never been in better voice." His grin widened at the second card—"I like this picture even better than *Caruso*!" And he chuckled quietly over the third, on which a fan had scribbled, "I thought Lanza was supposed to be as heavy as an elephant. He's surprisingly thin."

Mario thumbed through a few others, put them down, said goodbye to Eleanor, Joe Pasternak's secretary, then ambled down the long MGM corridor and out to his car.

He slid into his Cadillac and, humming contentedly, drove to the house he rents for \$550 a month in Beverly Hills. It's a preposterous-looking structure, half Gothic, half Moorish, and filled with Oriental furniture originally collected by its owner, a Swedish ambassador to the Far East.

As Mario alighted, he spotted Mrs. X, a small, dumpy woman, somewhere in her fifties, who is undoubtedly the most rabid Lanza fan in the world.

Each afternoon, Mrs. X. drives up to Mario's house and patrols it, walking around and around, watching to see who (Continued on next page)



Mario Lanza's Fabulous Diet

(It will reduce you from 3 to 5 lbs. a week.)

For the past several months Mario Lanza has been eating the following scientifically prepared meals. They consist of foods that satisfy his considerable appetite and still keep him trim. Since going on this basic three-day diet, Lanza has reduced his weight from 237 to the 157 lbs. he weighs today.

FIRST DAY

Breakfast

Tomato Juice (½ cup)
Poached eggs and fatless meat, no salt
Coffee (with skim milk)

Lunch

Pineapple-and-cottage cheese salad
Toast (2 slices)
Skim milk (1 glass)

Dinner

Steak
Baked potato
Spinach
Asparagus
Mixed green salad with low calorie dressing
Piece of fruit
Coffee without sugar

SECOND DAY

Breakfast

Orange juice (½ cup)
Ham and eggs
Coffee

Lunch

Tomato salad
Cold roast chicken
Buttermilk

Dinner

Lamb chops (2)
Peas
Potato
Celery
Cookies (2)
Coffee

THIRD DAY

Breakfast

½ Grapefruit
Poached eggs and meat
Coffee

Lunch

Cold cuts, ham and beef
Orange-and-lettuce salad
Skim milk

Dinner

Roast lamb
Salad bowl of carrots, celery, apple
Baked potato
Cake (1 slice)
Coffee

These meals are nutritionally sound, being extremely low in fat and carbohydrate content and high in protein. Mario is a veteran meat-eater, who must have his meat at least two times a day. He tries to keep his diet salt-free, since this aids the body in ridding the tissues of useless water.

Mario doesn't believe in quack reducing remedies or taking off weight too quickly. "A few pounds each week," he says, "and before you know it you're in wonderful shape."

Between pictures Mario's eating habits used to be hit-or-miss. Now, he sticks to the rules.

LANZA'S DIETING RULES

1. Do not diet without first obtaining your doctor's permission.
2. The only practical way to reduce is to control what you eat.
3. Exercise will change your figure, but it rarely will reduce your weight. If you walk 35 miles, you may lose a pound.
4. Go easy on foods containing starch, fat, and sugar, such as breads, cereals, sweets, etc.
5. Instead of whole milk drink skim milk or buttermilk.
6. Don't skip meals.
7. Don't eat between meals.
8. Eat fresh fruit without sugar.
9. Eat plenty of protein-rich meat without fat.
10. Eat plenty of salads but go easy on the dressing.
11. Drink plenty of water.
12. Sweets between meals will undo a whole day of watchful dieting.
13. When you've dropped enough weight, don't return to your old eating habits. Continue to watch what you eat.

(Continued from page 50) goes in and who goes out, waving to the family from time to time and questioning the visitors about her idol's health.

As Mario dashed up the steps to his front door, Mrs. X ran after him, calling his name. Mario stopped, and the fat little woman dug into her handbag and came up with a necktie.

"It's yours," she announced proudly. "Your wife threw it out, but I rescued it from the trash can." She clasped the tie to her breast and closed her eyes in rapture. When she opened them, Mario was gone.

Mrs. X. shook her index finger at the closed door. "You naughty, naughty boy," she said. Then she descended the steps and continued her vigil in front of the Lanza residence, to and fro, up and back like a sentry walking guard duty.

Inside the house, Mario walked through the living room into the den. His wife Betty, a beautiful, wide-faced brunette with brown sparkling eyes, rose from the sofa to meet him. He kissed her on the lips. "You see the doctor?" he asked.

Betty nodded.

"How you feeling?"

"Just so-so," Betty said. "My stomach's still upset."

"Sit down," Mario said, "and take it easy."

He walked to his desk, picked up a pile of letters, and began slitting them open.

Suddenly, Betty got up, strode into the kitchen, then returned with a plate of chopped ice which she began chewing.

Mario looked up from his desk. When he saw his wife chewing ice, he leaped out of his chair.

"Oh, no!" he shouted. "No, I can't believe it! Really, Betty? Tell me, really?" He grabbed her by the shoulders, wrapped his arms around her waist, and pulled her to him. "Tell me, Betty. Really?"

"It's never failed before," Betty said smilingly. "Whenever I get the urge to chew ice, I know I'm pregnant."

Mario's eyes sparkled. "I know it's going to be a boy," he said. "A son. It's gotta be a son. Do you hear that, Betty? It's gotta be a son."

Betty laughed. "I haven't seen you this excited for months."

That last sentence best expresses the general (Continued on page 92)



Lucy Desirée celebrated her first birthday with her famous parents, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. They're expecting another baby.

it's only money...

TV made Lucille and Desi the darlings of 30,000,000 people and rich beyond their wildest dreams. But the payoff for them is that at last they're at home together.

BY JACK WADE

■ One dark night a couple of years ago a persimmon-haired lady gunned her Cad convertible along a lonely stretch of road in the San Fernando Valley and tore on through a stop sign at a deserted intersection. Right at that moment, two lurking speedcops parked on a side road tapped back their kickstands, switched on red lights and roared off in pursuit.

"My, my—what's your hurry, Sis?" asked one, when they'd wailed her down; and the other began, "Right through a stop . . ."

Mrs. Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y De Acha III leaned pugnaciously out over the driver's door, shook her pinkish curls and let them have it.

"Did I?" she asked. "Well, so what! It's a new one, isn't it? I didn't even know it was there. But maybe if I had, I'd (Continued on page 79)



When Kirby first met Joan, she was 16, and he says, "I found myself . . . with a poised, beautiful, mature young lady." At 18, he finds her the same satisfying adult.



Kirby has made a spectacular financial success in the automobile business. He and Joan have waited two years to marry and are eagerly planning their home together.



For two years Joan and Kirby kept the love that blossomed one New Year's Eve a closely guarded secret. For Joan it's been a long wait, but now, at 18, she has her heart's desire.

BY JIM MCCULLA

NOT TOO YOUNG TO LOVE

■ Promptly at 8:30 on the night of May 2nd, 1950, Joan Evans answered the summons of the doorbell at the home she shared with her parents, Katharine Albert and Dale Eunson, high in the Hollywood hills. Joan didn't know it at the time, but this business appointment with Robert Graham Paris, her dramatic coach and long-time friend of the family, was to plunge her into the big romance of her life.

Beside Mr. Paris on this balmy spring evening stood a tall, six-foot, two-inch stranger, tanned, handsome, with dark hair and darker, arresting eyes. As Joan remembers that first meeting in its minute detail, "He was the most striking looking fellow I had ever seen," and Joan had been living for some time in a land where "striking looking fellows" are the rule rather than the exception. "The thought flashed



Although Joan met Kirby Wetherly in May of 1950, they didn't have their first kiss until eight months later at a New Year's Eve party.

through my mind," Joan recalls, "can this be *the* man?"

And as for the handsome stranger, whose name was Kirby Wetherly, he speaks of this initial meeting with something like reverent and shocked surprise, since he had been told by Bob Paris that Joan Evans, with whom he was to rehearse, was still under sixteen. But this electric beauty seemed as completely poised and adult as any girl he'd ever met in his many travels.

Before we hurry on into more details of the truth behind the best-kept romantic secret in Hollywood, it is necessary to identify myself, the writer, for I played a small, but I like to think important, part in this exciting love story. Frankly, as a reporter of police-beat vintage and now dedicated on my daily program to inside stories behind every-

thing from skid row suicides to international intrigue, I look on most Hollywood love making with a jaundiced eye. There are precious few passions in movietown that have a solid foundation.

And that is exactly why I offered to report this story for MODERN SCREEN. Quite by accident, Joan Evans and Kirby Wetherly became friends of mine, and it is important to me that the perennial gossips of Hollywood do not label their romance as a fly-by-night affair between two scatterbrained kids. Instead, it is the remarkable story of a girl, who was wise enough at 16 to pick the man she loved, and to fight through adversity to gain him as a husband. A girl, who at 18, is far better prepared for matrimony than many women ten years her senior.

(Continued on page 68)



The five-day-old little charmer on the left is Rochelle Robertson in her first and only photograph—exclusive to MODERN SCREEN! Though she kept her daddy, Dale, waiting an extra month, she's his No. 2 dreamgirl.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

Relax, Pop, I made it!

■ Ordinarily, Dale Robertson is not a sound sleeper. A basically restless young man, he finds himself thinking at night, sleeps only in fits and starts and usually is up and out of the double bed he shares with his wife by 6:30 A.M.

On the night of July 10th, 1952, however, Robertson was sleeping soundly. He had played a benefit the night before. He'd had a tough day at the studio with Betty Grable in *The Farmer Takes A Wife* and now he was all done in.

He began to snore what is known as the "buzz saw," a whirring persistent drone that sounds like an electric drill.

Lying beside him, his pregnant wife, Jackie, moved her right elbow into his ribs. "Honey," she said softly.

The only answer was: "Z-z-z-z-z."

Jacqueline Wilson Robertson, the green-eyed little brunette who'd accepted Dale's marriage proposal on their second date, looked at her watch. It was five minutes past 5:00 A.M.

She could feel the child moving within her.

She reached over and ran her hand across Dale's face. "Honey," she said persistently. No answer. Another sharp pain. She waited a moment until that pain had subsided. Then in a loud voice and shaking him simultaneously, "I think this is it, Dale, Wake up, Dale!"

Robertson opened his blue-green eyes. The words, "I think this is it," seemed to penetrate his sleep-befogged mind. He awoke with a start and jumped out of bed.

"Really, Honey? You reckon this is the time?" As if he himself could not believe it.

Jackie nodded.

"I'm calling the (Continued on page 70)



Dale proposed to "Jack", his No. 1 dreamgirl, on their second date and they married soon after, on May 19, 1951. Rochelle arrived this July 10th, just four days before Dale's 29th birthday.

Housewarming!



Peggy King showed up toting a housewarming gift for apartment Barbara shares with Jean MacDonald.



Co-hostesses Barbara and Jean got a big bang out of Bob Horton's gift—a set of colored glasses with humorous sayings and drawings painted on them.



Barbara and Peggy make sure the new house is thoroughly warmed by lighting a fire, and keeping it well supplied with logs all evening.

She knew they were coming so she baked a pie!
Hollywood's young set gathered at Barbara's for
an old fashioned party full of fun, frolic and food!

■ It was a very special occasion when Hollywood's brightest young lights gathered together under Barbara Ruick's and Jean MacDonald's new roof. For Barbara and Jean it was a happy ending as well as beginning, because their housewarming might never have come to pass if both girls hadn't been having landlord trouble simultaneously a while back. Barbara was practically evicted when she acquired a long-haired spaniel named Blondie and a piano—her landlord took a pretty strong stand against both types of sound. Jean, who is Pete Lawford's steady flame, was in similar straits, so the two of them decided to team up and find new diggings.

The lease had barely been signed one Saturday when preparations got under way for a party the very next evening. Barbara informed her friends that if they wanted the festivities on Sunday they'd have to pitch in and help put things in order.

First to arrive to do his pre-party time, of course, was scenarist Blake Edwards, who takes turns (*Continued on page 60*)



Dick Anderson picked out a tune on his ukulele, soon got a song fest under way as Barbara and Jean (reflected in the mirror) join in on the chorus.



Barbara's Strawberry-Pineapple Parfait Pie (recipe on next page) made a hit with guests Peggy, Dick, Michael, Mary, Blake, and Bab.



Bob helps his hostess—and co-star—to salad. They became friends on the set of *Apache Trail*, so Barbara invited Bob and his wife.



Everyone—including Blondie (center) Barbara's cocker spaniel—got into the act when supper was served. Blondie was one of the reasons Barbara had to move!

The next day was a working day—so it was off with the lights and straight to bed for Barbara when the party was over.





Barbara sifts flour for pie crust before adding Crisco, milk.



When the shell is ready, she makes the jello. She'll add ice cream next, then pineapple.



As a finishing touch, she tops pie with crushed pineapple. Strawberries add an extra flourish, too.

STRAWBERRY-PINEAPPLE PARFAIT PIE

**Ann Pillsbury's
Flaky Pastry Shell**

sifted together 1 cup sift Pillsbury's
Best Enriched Flour
½ teaspoon Morton's salt.

cut in ⅓ cup Crisco shortening until
particles are the size of small peas.

sprinkle 2 to 3 tablespoons cold milk over
mixture, tossing lightly with fork
until dough is moist enough to hold
together. Form into a ball.

roll out on floured pastry cloth or board
to an 11-inch circle (10-inch circle for 8-inch
pie). Fit pastry loosely into 8 or 9-inch
piepan. Fold edge to form a standing rim;
flute. Prick crust with fork.

bake in hot over (425° F.) 10 to 12 min. Cool.

Strawberry-Pineapple Parfait Filling*

prepare 8 or 9-inch pie shell (as above)

heat 1 cup liquid (pineapple juice drained from
No. 2 can Dole's crushed pineapple plus water) to
boiling in 2-quart saucepan. Do not use fresh
pineapple. Remove from heat.

add 1 pkg. Strawberry Jello; stir until dissolved.

add 1 pint vanilla ice cream, cut into pieces,
to hot liquid; stir immediately until melted.

chill until mixture is thickened but not set,
25 to 30 minutes. Fold in drained crushed pineapple.

turn into cooled, baked pie shell.
Chill until firm, 15 to 20 minutes. Top with
ring of crushed pineapple, if desired.

*There are many variations of this parfait pie, such as:
Apricot Parfait with Orange Jello
Toasted Almond parfait with Orange Jello
Sweet Cherry parfait with Lemon Jello

with Carleton Carpenter squiring Barbara around. Blake was condemned to hard labor among the chairs, tables and sofas. Michael Meshekoff (who produces *Dragnet* on radio and TV) got some playful heckling when he arrived just in time to help hang the last bamboo shade.

The big day dawned with Jean busily washing windows and fussing over last-minute touches, while Barbara took to the kitchen to plan the buffet supper (cold cuts, baked beans, potato salad, tossed greens and assorted tidbits) and prepare her brand new prize recipe for luscious Strawberry-Pineapple Parfait pie—made with ice cream, yet!

The girls just had time to slip out of slacks when the doorbell began ringing. Everyone came bearing gifts for still-empty shelves, and welcome they were. Especially Bob Horton's gaily colored glasses, which went right into service.

While the girls were greeting their guests, though, the nearest thing to catastrophe was taking place in the kitchen. Blondie and Jean's dachshund had latched onto a serving tray and were just about to eliminate supper when Barbara spied them and sent them packing, luckily, with only one ham-on-pumpnickel under their canine belts.

The two hostesses served from the sheet-covered saw-buck table, and everybody spread around on couch and floor with paper plates.

Later, when the dishes were out of the way, the group naturally gravitated to the piano, and just as naturally, David Holt did the honors.

But at eleven, Barbara announced she had a shooting schedule that began at dawn Monday. "Working folks," she said firmly. "Goodnight so soon, know what I mean?"

They did, and went, all with much happy talk about the lucky break that brought Barbara and Jean to such a beautiful apartment.

"Pianos and dogs," Jean pointed out, "are a girl's best friends."

END

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perfectly it covers. And how fresh and natu-
rally lovely it makes your skin look and feel.

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.

THE GOOD MYSTERY

by Jane Powell

■ You often hear someone say, "I like that man's spirit." To me this is the same thing as saying, "I like that man's religion," because my spirit, that which moves me to act this way or that way, is the basis of my personal religion. I believe in God, but I do not follow any institutional approach to Him. I have a *feeling* and this guides me in ways that others may think commonplace but which, to me, place me in harmony with my Maker.

My attitude to my life (and from that to all life) is directed by my character, and my character is the product of my will-power, my ability to govern myself. Since this life was given to me, and may, in a sense, still belong to Him who gave it, I feel an inner responsibility to live honorably and graciously that I may dignify it. If that is religion, I am religious; if it is not, it is as close to religiousness as I can honestly come. I work as best I can in the direction I feel is right; after that I do not worry about it.

This is about as far as I have ever gone toward putting my spiritual attitude into words. It is interesting; I have always liked to discuss religion in contrast to those who so often say they never discuss it, but it is a difficult subject for me. That which so many people take for granted, I often do not understand. What my intelligence prevents me from accepting, I find other people accepting through faith and sometimes through faith and intelligence. Often, I find myself envying those who have a defined religion, one that assures them divine recognition and a form of eternity. I wish I could believe in this way. But one just can't say one believes; in this you cannot be dishonest.

My family was originally Methodist. But, as I remember, my (Continued on page 108)

In order to know God,
Jane believes, you must first
learn to know yourself . . .
And that is why she wants her
children, when they're
old enough, to choose their
own way of life.



she wants a big, tall somebody

(Continued from page 41) and, until she does, sees no point in wasting her time or distracting herself with boys who are obviously not the one. She says she feels she'll know him without any trouble. She indicates she'll know him sooner if he is tall, but tall or not, there won't be any mistake. Listeners get the impression that even if his stature is not imposing, what he does to Debra will give him all the size he'll ever need in her eyes.

And the boy may change some of her ideas. For instance, one afternoon she said, "I will never give up my career for any man." Yet soon afterward, she admitted hoping that the boy she meets and loves will be the kind she'll want to give it up for! Everybody who heard her got the idea right away—Debra is crazy about her career but she is willing to be reasonable if the boy is willing to be wonderful!

But what she is not willing to do is search for him. "I feel it has to happen, it has to hit me—out of the blue," she says. This is why it's easy for her to say "No" to a fellow who wants a date. Each "No" is just another step in building up to a great big "YES" for the right man.

Debra, after all, has already had some practice meeting tall "somebodies." There was an afternoon three years ago, when she was only 15, she will never forget. She was just finishing her school work at the studio (in which she rarely got grades less than "A," incidentally) when a message came through from the front office that she was to play an Indian maiden in *Broken Arrow*. Then came a follow-up message that left her weak-kneed—she was cast opposite Jimmy Stewart (then still a bachelor). While she doesn't contend now that the man she wants must be a ringer for Jimmy Stewart, the chances are that she was definite about it that day. She admits she certainly likes the type. "A quiet, easy going character with a cute sense of humor," is the way she describes it.

She met Jimmy a few days later in the office of Delmar Daves, who was to direct the picture (and who, too, she points out dreamily, "is tall . . . tall and sandy haired"). She remembers that when Jimmy walked in he was full of kindness and understanding. "He made things wonderfully easy," she says. "All I could do was to keep saying 'Yes . . . yes . . . no . . . no . . . yes . . . no . . . I couldn't think of anything else.'"

ABOUT a year later, when Jimmy was marrying Gloria McLean, Debra was meeting Mr. Tall-Dark-and-Handsome himself—Louis Jourdan. Of course, Louis was already married, but that didn't keep her from studying the type so that she might know its points if she ever ran across them in the form of a more eligible someone. There was a day when Debra cried real tears while working with Louis, but not for romantic reasons. Her vanity was hurt. Louis tried to pick her up, as required by the script for one scene in the picture, *Bird Of Paradise*, and complained that he couldn't get her off the floor. The director immediately called for her double and accused Debra of not watching her diet. She ran off the set weeping.

It was all a gag. The night before she had dined with the leading members of the cast and had ordered a steak followed by a banana split for dessert. Everyone warned her, with serious expressions, that this wasn't being fair since she was slated to be carried by Louis the next day. And he was just acting out his part of the gag

when he failed to lift her. Her tears were so real, however, that she spoiled everyone's fun.

When Debra meets a new man at the studio, or at her home, to which he may have been invited by someone in the family, he often, and openly, reveals his astonishment at her ideas (which come out because her mother, or her sisters or brother, sometimes kid her about them).

"Never been out, never been kissed except in your pictures?" he asks, and reveals his full disbelief.

But it is true. The first man ever to kiss Debra, kissed her professionally, on the screen. He was Richard Conte, in a scene from *Cry Of The City*. It was a closeup, and when it was over the cameraman announced that it would have to be shot over again.

"Something went wrong with your eyes," he told Debra. "I've seen girls who kissed eyes open and girls who kissed eyes closed, but yours were jumping open and shut like a yo-yo!"

The way it turned out the scene was left as is. The director decided he liked it. Later on news came that Mr. Zanuck, head of the studio, thought it was a very effective close-up, too. He didn't forget about Debra's kissing during the filming of *Stars And Stripes Forever*, either. Debra had two kissing scenes with Bob Wagner in this picture. After looking at them in the rushes, Mr. Zanuck ordered three more to be written into the script.

So Debra has been kissed . . . but for 20th Century-Fox, not herself. Even so the critics haven't complained about the lack of realism, and Debra says she always thinks of this gratefully when she happens to meet the kind of men who give out with that old line about, "How can you portray life if you haven't lived yourself; how can you show love if you haven't loved?" She now knows it can be done, and any wolf who tries this one on her finds it thrown coldly back at him.

Debra recently had an interview in which she admitted that she is sort of half-way preparing herself for quite an older man. "It may just turn out this way," she said. "My father was 16 years older than my mother when they married. But, on the other hand, my mother and I are



Debra loves her home, where she feels able to be herself. Her sisters think Debbie, who's never had a date, has too many old-fashioned ideas.

not of a completely similar nature by any means. She says she dated as soon as she could. She met my father when she had just turned 15, would have married him the same day she first saw him if it were possible, and actually did marry him less than a year later." Debra smiled. "And Mother always finishes up by saying triumphantly, 'And I've still got him!'"

BUT how does Debra ever expect to meet the boy she wants if she doesn't go out? This, she says, is a question many people ask. One boy even put it to her mother, and her reply was an offhand, "Oh, if she wants to be an old maid, it's up to her." Actually, her mother thinks Debra will change overnight. Debra doesn't. She thinks she makes sense not going out just to go out.

She doesn't advance her ideas as correct for all girls. "I think girls who haven't much chance to meet people have to go out," she says. "But that doesn't describe my situation. I see new faces every day at the studio and new ones as well as familiar ones constantly at my home, which is sometimes like Grand Central Station. Mother is a friendly, gregarious person. Dad in his own way and my sisters in their way are the same. Last Sunday my brother-in-law walked into the house at 7:30 in the morning bringing my sister Teala with him, my brother Frank and his wife Maurice came in soon afterwards, and a dozen other people were in and out during the day. That was a typical week end. I can hardly be classed as a recluse."

Debra loves her home. She feels able to be herself when she meets people there. She says she feels she is learning about people. If she were to go out a lot, she has a hunch she would be so confused about what she was to wear, where she was to go, and what was to happen there, that the boy involved would get lost in the shuffle.

DEBRA had a friend who grew up and studied professionally with her but took a different course altogether when she entered her senior year in high school. She dropped all other interests in order to have time for her school social activities—the proms, parties and other get-togethers. During this same time Debra kept strictly to her studies and her work. By now this other girl has been engaged (and disengaged) four times. Debra hasn't even had a date in her life.

Commenting on this a few months ago, one of her sisters said that Debra had an old-fashioned streak in her. "Maybe," says Debra. "But I think my mind is clearer, my emotional state more stable, and my chances for ultimate happiness much better than if, like my girl friend, I had already known four men well enough to have been promised to them. I mean, how confident could I be in my own seriousness, and in the power of love itself, for that matter, if my heart had already been won that many times? Maybe I confuse easily, but that's just what I would be—as confused as a lot of girls I know who can't imagine being without a boyfriend and seem to go from one to another."

"One thing is peculiar to all these kids, it seems to me. When things are going well I rarely hear from them. But when things go wrong, when they break off, they want a friend and come a-running to talk. Or, I should say, mostly complain. They just can't figure life out. And as sorry as I am for them, I am that much more convinced my course is the right one. Oh, I know, it could happen to me, too. And if it ever does, I'm not the kind to take it lightly. Maybe that's why I want to make sure."

Not long ago one of the girls at the studio asked Debra to go out on a double

date with her and got sore when Debra begged off. She got another girl. Two days later these two both confessed they had a miserable evening—meaningless from start to finish. That's exactly the kind of time Debra says she would expect to have if she went out on a date just to date. It isn't the date she wants—it's the man. "I know you can find out about a man on a date, but the best place for this, I think, is to see him against a familiar background—your own home, for instance," she says.

Perhaps one thing should be made clear. Debra Paget hasn't lived a "protected" kind of existence. She is not fearful of reality or trying to shield herself from it. Her mother, in fact her whole family, was on the stage, and she traveled with them from the time she was a baby. But out of all this, she says, she developed a great longing and respect for the kind of life you can live in a home surrounded by those you love and who love you.

On top of this Debra knows her family has worked hard to make her career possible, and she has worked hard at it, too. She doesn't want to toss all this planning and effort aside lightly for any premature and meaningless involvement. She faces life seriously and she wants the same attitude from the boy she loves. If he talks dates or parties or "having a ball," he is not talking her language at all, she says. The boy she wants, "the big bundle of goodness" she is looking for, will sound off in a different way. And she'll know that sound. Her ear is tuned for it every second of the day.

END

the truth about the fords

(Continued from page 49) lady in *The Green Glove*, a movie shot in Paris last year; and it was there that the 26-year-old actress had, against her better judgment, fallen in love with the tall, dark, moody, Welsh actor from Santa Monica.

On Friday, a friend who has known Mr. Gwellyn Samuel Newton Ford (Glenn's real name) for many years, told this reporter, "I'm going to level with you. My honest opinion, for what it's worth, is that there's trouble in the household—no doubt about it. Ellie and Glenn haven't been getting along too well, but I don't think it's because of another girl."

"Glenn may be temperamental and spoiled, and Ellie may have pampered him too much, but basically he's an intelligent man. I'm sure he realizes that he couldn't possibly find a better wife than the one he has. For my money, Eleanor Powell is the perfect wife, the kind of dame Myrna Loy used to act in those *Thin Man* pictures."

"Whatever you do, don't mention my name, but I think the whole thing is mother-in-law trouble. Glenn's mother is a very wonderful woman, only I don't think she should be living in the same house with Glenn and Ellie."

"I realize that Glenn is an only son and that there's a strong tie between these two, but, after all, Ellie's mother lives in a place of her own. I think Mrs. Newton Ford should do the same. I have a feeling that Ellie doesn't regard the house as belonging to her, that Mrs. Ford has stepped in and is running things."

This explanation tallies with the fact that Glenn sailed to Europe last year with his mother and left his wife and son behind in Hollywood.

A press agent, who was asked to comment, said, "Eleanor doesn't want to leave little Peter during the school term. He's their only (Continued on next page)



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GREYHOUND



Seven-year-old Peter is the main reason Glenn and Ellie have worked hard to patch things up.

(Continued from preceding page) child, and she won't take him out of school. Besides, Glenn's mother has always wanted to go back to England and visit her relatives. While she's doing that, Glenn will be shooting *The Green Glove* in Paris."

During the filming of this picture, while Mrs. Newton Ford was visiting in Britain and Mrs. Glenn Ford was overseeing the household in Hollywood, the rumor was being circulated in Paris that Geraldine Brooks and Glenn Ford had struck a spark.

This canard may have been without an ounce of truth, but when Glenn returned to Europe again this year to do *Time Bomb* in England for MGM, he was again without his wife, and the story was bandied about that Gerry Brooks had called on him in New York.

REGARDLESS of where the trouble lies, the truth is that of late—say the last two years—the once perfect marriage of the Glenn Fords hasn't been running so smoothly.

Choose whatever reason you prefer, the fact remains that the warm poetry that once characterized this *entente* has chilled to cold prose. And in a way it's a good thing, because, for the first time, Glenn has been able to see and feel firsthand what happens in Hollywood when a marriage begins to founder.

The gossipmongers are like birds of prey who fly about, ready to swoop down and pick the bones.

Bing Crosby learned that two years ago. When he took off for Europe without Dixie, all hallelujah broke loose. Dixie felt strongly that if Bing wanted to travel, he should take his wife along. If he didn't want to take his wife with him, if he preferred to make it a stag affair, then it wasn't very much of a marriage, and by gosh, she was going to see her lawyer. And she did, too. And back in a hurry came Bing. Ever since then the Crosbys have been hitting it off in great style.

Glenn seems to be reacting in the same way. When the divorce announcement was made, when its tragic consequences dawned upon Glenn, when he suddenly realized that he was throwing almost nine years of marriage down the drain, he quickly came to his senses. A denial was issued immediately; and for the next month Glenn hung around home, posing for magazine layouts with Ellie and Peter, trying to convince the public and subconsciously himself that nothing had ever happened, that it had all been a ridiculous mistake.

But in his heart Glenn knows the truth, and the truth is that nothing is worth the risk of endangering the security of his marriage, because in Eleanor Powell he has the kind of wife all men dream about and few are ever lucky enough to get.

Glenn first met Ellie in 1942, thanks to Pat O'Brien. He was 25 at the time, young,

insecure, and freshly signed to a Columbia contract. He was making *Flight Lieutenant* with Pat, when the Wisconsin Irishman happened to ask, "What's new in the girl department these days?"

Up until then, Glenn's best girl friend had always been his mother. He merely shrugged his shoulders and said, "Things are slow all over."

"You come out to my place Sunday," Pat countered, "and it won't be so slow. I've got just the girl for you."

O'Brien has always been a frustrated match-maker, so after he got Glenn's okay, he put in a call to Eleanor Powell. "Ellie," he said, "we're having a small swimming party this Sunday. You must come; there's a guy simply nuts to meet you."

So they met and, in a quiet, restrained, refined way, they hit it off.

Two weeks later, Glenn phoned Ellie for a date. "How about having dinner with me?" he asked.

"Love to," Ellie bounced back, "but why don't we do it over here? We've got a wonderful cook and the refrigerator is simply loaded with food."

Right away, Glenn knew he had something special. Under similar circumstances most actresses would dress to the teeth and insist upon making the rounds of all the expensive hot spots. Here was a girl, a star, one of the biggest dancing stars in the history of the cinema, and she wanted to eat at home and enjoy his company, not just use him as an escort.

GLENN fell in love with Ellie, and she with him, but the war was going on, and Glenn had been classified 1A. It was just a question of time before he was called, so they both decided to wait until the hostilities were over before they became man and wife. Only love usually overrules such logical decisions.

Glenn signed up with the Marines, then signed up for life with Ellie.

We had ten days for our honeymoon," Ellie recalls, "then Glenn was transferred to Camp Pendleton near San Diego." It was just about then that Ellie received an offer of \$40,000 for a three weeks' appearance at the Radio City Music Hall in New York.

What would you have done?

This is what Eleanor Powell Ford did. She chucked the \$40,000 out the window. Instead of accepting the offer, she packed her bags and drove down to La Jolla, a seaside town not far from the Marine Corps base, and for \$60 a month she rented the servants' quarters over the garage of a large estate. She did all the cooking, all the washing, all the marketing, and never complained, never griped.

Little Peter was born on February 5, 1945, about the time Glenn was mustered out of service. A son was all that Ellie and Glenn needed to make their marriage perfect. And it was perfect, too, for Ellie had done a remarkable thing.

She had abandoned her motion picture career of her own volition so that Glenn might become the family breadwinner, feel his own importance and occupy the top rung of the ladder.

People said Ellie was crazy to give up a lucrative career in pictures, but Ellie knew what she was doing. "I've been a star," she told friends. "All I want to be now is a wife and mother."

They found a wonderful house, an English-style country home that belonged to musical director Max Steiner. Glenn thought it cost too much. Ellie said she was sure they could swing it. They swung it all right, and Ellie went out on a series of night club engagements to help pay for it. Their first two years in the house were ecstatic, not only because the home

life was enjoyable, but also because Glenn's career was going so well. He had developed from an actor of mediocre ability into the finest actor on the Columbia lot and the studio's top leading man. After *Gilda* with Rita Hayworth, Glenn was in demand by every studio in town.

A FEW years ago, the Fords remodeled their home, and a room was set aside for Glenn's mother, Mrs. Newton Ford. After Mrs. Ford moved in, the rumors of marital discord started. No doubt the timing was pure coincidence.

People started saying that between Ellie's pampering and mother's solicitousness, Glenn was being spoiled rotten.

"Honestly," one friend complained, "I've never seen anything like it. You'd think that Glenn Ford was a King or something. One night a week, you know, is poker night for him. He and Charley Ruggles and a bunch of bachelors get together, and no wives are allowed. Ellie prepares all the hors d'oeuvres and after that she has to beat it for the evening. How do you like that? But she never complains, never a word out of her."


"As for Glenn's mother, well, let's face it. No mother is ever completely happy about giving up her son to another woman. I still think that Glenn hasn't severed the maternal tie. If he were my husband and he went to Europe with his mother and left me behind, I wouldn't be as understanding as Ellie. I'd break a plate over his head and then lay down the law."

In the Ford household at this moment, passion isn't holding sway, but neither is discord the keynote of the marital music. There is rather an air of watchful waiting, of passive serenity, of the battle fought and resolved.

Mr. Gwellyn Samuel Newton Ford, who's nobody's fool, has been smart enough to lay the law down for himself. **END**



Geraldine Brooks, Glenn's co-star in *The Green Glove*, was rumored in love with him.



"My skin is
so much softer!"
says

Anne Baxter


starring in 20th Century-Fox's
"MY WIFE'S BEST FRIEND"

Skin-Tonic Action in LUX Soap care

actually stimulates moisture within your skin
—makes even dry skin fresher, smoother!

Touch it and love it... the smoother, dewier complexion that Skin-Tonic Action in Lux Soap care gives you!

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Lovely Anne Baxter says:
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vital moisture within your skin. And science proves it's moisture from within that makes skin really smoother, fresher! Yes, moisture within your skin is a *beauty-must* . . . and that's exactly what Skin-Tonic Action gives you!

Moisture! For dry skin, too!

Skin-Tonic Action quickly helps smooth even dry skin. It stimulates the vital moisture that helps give dry skin new softness . . . dewy freshness.

A minute a day! Skin-Tonic Action means your Lux Soap facial is a *beauty stimulant!* Just

cream in the rich lather, rinse warm, splash cold. Now see your skin's new satiny beauty!

Try Lux. Tests prove Lux facials can improve any normal skin. With Skin-Tonic Action, just *one* cake of Lux can make your complexion *definitely* smoother, *definitely* fresher.

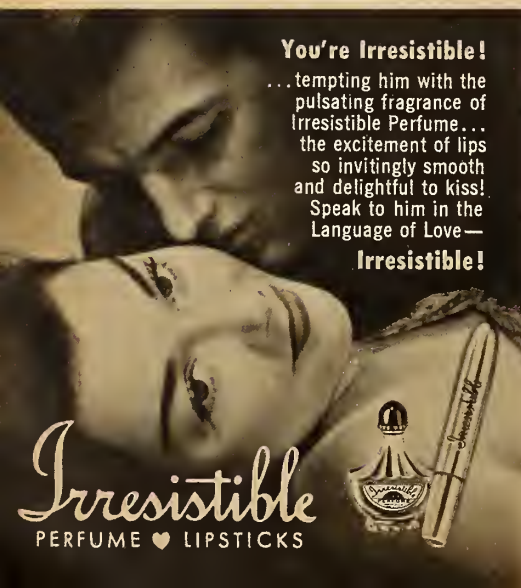
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Use Mavis Talcum lavishly—
feel lovelier...**BE** lovelier...every inch
of you, soft and smooth as an
orchid petal...sweetly, delicately,
bewitchingly fragrant!



You're Irresistible!

...tempting him with the
pulsating fragrance of
Irresistible Perfume...
the excitement of lips
so invitingly smooth
and delightful to kiss!
Speak to him in the
Language of Love—

Irresistible!

not too young to love

(Continued from page 55) Now back to that first evening. Joan ushered the two men into the living room, where Bob Paris introduced Kirby to her parents. Joan says she was amazed to see what she can only describe as "old world courtliness" in Kirby's manner as he acknowledged the introduction. As Joan puts it, "He had a quality that seemed almost out of vogue; about the only manners I'd observed in fellows around Hollywood was the almost complete lack of manners."

At any rate, during that evening, Joan and Kirby went through several dramatic scenes together. Here again Joan got an inkling of what type of character this handsome stranger was. She says, "I was quite bossy. I felt that I had a lot more experience than Kirby, and as a result I took issue with him over his interpretation of the lines, and in particular, his gestures. But to my irritation he only smiled politely and went about his acting in the way he'd been taught. When the scenes were completed, I was well aware that this was one man I couldn't boss!"

For Kirby's part, he felt only confusion. "I confess it now. First of all, I had expected that Joan would be a mere child. Instead, I found myself matching dialogue with a poised, beautiful, mature young lady. Worse than that, my subconscious kept telling me that this girl was going to mean a lot more to me than just another ingenue with whom I practiced acting."

This statement now appears prophetic.

Their romance began slowly enough a week after that first meeting when Kirby came to Joan's home again for another rehearsal session. And then about a week later, Joan's mother, the attractive and understanding Katherine Albert, suggested that Kirby be invited to a beach party the family had planned. Having no particular interest in any boy at the moment, Joan agreed.

It was then that Kirby began to feel that Joan Evans might eventually become more than a casual acting partner. The party took off from Joan's home in several cars, with Joan, Kirby and another young man in Kirby's somewhat dilapidated convertible. During the 30 minute trip to the beach, Kirby remembers that Joan seemed to go out of her way to be attentive to the other boy. He remembers, too, that by the time they reached their destination the other lad was practically "on the ropes." Joan denies that this is so, but the mere fact that neither of them can remember the fellow's name now seems to indicate that they were a bit "on the ropes" themselves.

The following week Kirby called Joan for the first time to invite her to watch a baseball game between the Hollywood Stars and Los Angeles of the Pacific Coast League. Fortified with pop and popcorn, they had their first argument. The game was barely under way when Joan asked, "When will the Hollywood Stars play the New York Yankees?"

Kirby laughed scornfully. "Never, unless maybe in a pre-season exhibition game. Don't you know that we're watching a Coast league game?"

"Huh," Joan retorted. "Why waste our time? I'm only interested in Joe DiMaggio-type ball players."

That did it. For the rest of the evening Kirby, with some heat, tried to explain to this girl of dubious intelligence in such matters the importance of the Hollywood Stars, how the Stars fed future champs to the big leagues, why some day the Stars would be in a top circuit themselves.

Joan yawned, huh-huhed, and the evening ended strictly on the down beat.

Abruptly, then, Joan was sent on tour to publicize the Goldwyn production, *Our Very Own*. She was busy, but not too occupied to realize that she missed Kirby tremendously. This was the first time she had ever missed anyone but her parents, and she kept telling herself that it would be just her luck never to see Kirby again. Then came the high spot of her tour. Not the crowds who packed theaters to see her, or the wonderful notices in the newspapers. The big thrill was a lone and luscious orchid she received from Kirby on her 16th birthday. She was so excited that she can't recall now whether she was in Chicago or Kansas City when the remembrance arrived.

Meantime, Kirby was having important problems of his own. At 24, he had already served three years with the Air Force, a good bit of the time in Europe during World War II. He liked acting, but he was a realist.

And that's another reason your reporter on this story has a particular liking for Kirby Wetherly. He called me one day at my news bureau office at radio station KMPC and we talked over the possibilities of his getting into some facet of the advertising business. This surprised me, because frequently when a young fellow sets out to become an actor, he considers all other means of earning a livelihood as something "for the peasants," and he'll starve, and mooch on friends, before turning in an honest day's work. This Kirby Wetherly was a man of different stripe. By the time Joan Evans returned to Hollywood, he

Steve Cochran's definition of an intellectual snob: Guy who won't start a conversation with a beautiful babe in a club car if he doesn't approve of the book she's reading.

Mike Connolly

was punching away as a classified ad salesman for the Los Angeles *Daily Mirror*, reserving nights and weekends for acting.

It was July, 1950, and Joan was not exactly delighted to discover that she would be home only three days before going back on the road for another six weeks. She wanted to see more of Kirby, and three days seemed like ten minutes.

They made it count, though. Kirby called and picked her up on her second evening at home. They headed for the beach and a seafood restaurant he'd heard about. Oddly enough, they managed to get themselves lost on the way toward Malibu on one of the best four lane highways in California. It wasn't deliberate. It was just that their conversation interfered with the driving and they turned off the highway three times before they found that restaurant.

On the way home, Joan realized for the first time that she was in love. At the same time the determination was born that she wouldn't let Kirby know. If anything was to come of this, he was going to be the aggressor and she would never tell him how she felt unless he spoke first. And all the speaking he did was to promise that he'd write while she was away.

That promise consisted of only three letters in the next six weeks. They were friendly and newsy letters, the kind she'd receive from friends and relatives. This Joan didn't like at all, but there was some hope that he was thinking about her as a "long term situation." One line in his final letter read, "Remember that cute Ford convertible you were so crazy about?"

Well, I bought it, and in the same knock-out red shade you thought was out of this world."

Early in September, Joan was back in Hollywood for good. Kirby was invited to dinner. They went to the movies, to friends' homes for swimming. Or they rode horseback and played tennis. All this without one word about love.

Then came New Year's Eve, 1951. Kirby and Joan attended a small party with another couple. When the New Year was rung in, Kirby sought out Joan, and he kissed her for the first time. Joan says, "I remember that moment more vividly than anything that ever happened to me! I had been watching Kirby as the clock began to strike, and I was wishing with all my might that he would kiss me, and only me. As the clock stopped striking, he turned to me, and we kissed. My heart did a flip-flop, and I remember that the music was not the traditional *Auld Lang Syne*, but Margaret Whiting's recording of *Old Devil Moon*.

The kiss was almost too much for Kirby. As he held Joan in his arms for the first time, he realized that she was *his* girl, that this was a whole lot more than fast friendship, and that sooner or later they'd marry, even if it meant a long wait.

Hardly realizing the important implication of the words, although he meant them sincerely, Kirby told Joan what she'd wanted him to say for so long—"Joan, I love you."

Later, in the early morning hours, Joan awakened her mother and dad to tell them that Kirby loved her. Sleepily, they told her that was fine, and they'd see her in the morning. Like many other parents, they attached little importance to Joan's nocturnal announcement. They expected it might happen more than once in her lifetime.

BUT this casual attitude was short-lived, because Joan wasn't just another girl coming home from a thrilling New Year's eve that would be forgotten in a matter of days. Within two weeks she announced that she and Kirby wanted to be married and they wanted parental approval. Here, for the first time, she met stalwart opposition; the sort of opposition any parent can understand.

Katherine Albert, a keen, discerning writer and an astute student of human nature, was determined that Joan should wait a long time before taking such an important step. And Joan's father, Dale Eunson, who's a playwright, looked on all this as a familiar situation in a young girl's life. Like Joan's mother, with only her daughter's happiness in mind, he was adamant that Joan should wait until some time in the future before entering into marriage.

These reactions were perfectly natural. There was, however, one big fault in their reasoning that Joan was too young to realize exactly what she was doing.

From the time Joan Evans has been old enough to walk and talk, she has been treated by her parents as an absolute equal. As a result, they were not reasoning with an adolescent "going on 17," but with an adult whose wisdom and maturity were far beyond her years.

Suffice it to say that the opposition to this marriage was passive, but it was a conflict of wills in which neither side gave an inch.

Shortly after Joan's 17th birthday, I attended a small party at which Joan and Kirby were also guests, and Joan and I had a quiet talk. Joan was considerably disturbed that her parents would not approve an early wedding, and she asked my advice. I told her that the reaction of her parents was completely normal, although (Continued on next page)



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You'll look lovely in this new, fashion-cued blouse by Sophisticate of Fifth Avenue. Smartly tailored of fine Sanforized cotton broadcloth. Guaranteed color fast . . . launders beautifully. Note the dainty Peter Pan collar and comfortable short set-in cuffed sleeves. You'll find the gay multi-colored pattern will go with everything, suits, skirts, slacks. Perfect for gifts . . . at this amazing low price, why not order several today. Sizes 30 thru 40.

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perhaps somewhat more pronounced because she was an only child. I pointed out that she had a responsibility to them as well as to herself. At first, Joan was not too receptive to my suggestions, but I felt that I had won my point and that an elopement had been averted, even though I personally was convinced that no matter when they married, they'd make each other happy.

Within a couple of weeks I talked to Kirby again. He told me that he felt that Joan's parents deserved every consideration, and that he and Joan had decided to wait until her 18th birthday, at which time they felt her parents would consent to the marriage. In the meantime, Kirby had given up selling advertising and had gone into the used automobile business. He had concluded, finally, that acting was not for him. Kirby's decision has since been proven a wise one, because after a little more than a year in the automobile business, his success has verged on the spectacular, and he is financially in a bracket most young actors are lucky to achieve after five years of hard work.

ALL this time, Kirby and Joan continued to have only one date a week. Joan went out with other young men, and the Hollywood columnists had no inkling at all of the news that was soon to break; all except one, that is. No one knew how she obtained her information, but it was

Louella Parsons who first broke the story that Joan and Kirby might elope on her birthday.

The young couple were aghast, for they felt that this sudden news would make Joan's parents feel that they had not kept faith with their promises. But they immediately went to Katherine and Dale, assuring them that no elopement was intended. All they wanted was parental approval, so they could have a regular wedding. There was no mistaking one fact, however. With or without approval, the marriage would come off.

Sadly enough, although indications at this point were that Joan's parents had reconciled themselves to the marriage, this appeared not to be the case. Joan and Kirby finally went to see Joan's godmother, Joan Crawford, and after talking for several hours, Miss Crawford agreed that they should be married immediately. Miss Crawford arranged for the ceremony in her own home, to be performed by Judge Charles Griffin. Then Miss Crawford called me on the telephone and told me that Joan and Kirby had promised to let me know if there were any change in plans and that she had played an important part in their sudden decision to wed exactly one week after Joan Evans' 18th birthday. Due to a combination of circumstances, family opposition as well as Joan Evans' new picture schedule at Universal to which she had been loaned

by Samuel Goldwyn, the young people felt it was now or never. That is why they said their "I do's" five minutes after midnight on the morning of July 25th.

A happy ending? You bet, at least for Joan and Kirby. But for those of you who still may be dubious about the sudden news of Joan's marriage at 18, even after learning the inside story, let me point out that Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman wed at a time when her mother was violently opposed to the union. They've been more than ordinarily contented, and have a whole house full of children. And there's Janie Powell, who was very young when she married Geary Steffan. Janie is expecting her second child, and they are an ideal couple.

So, thinking over the story of Joan Evans and Kirby Wetherly, their wholesome courtship and their long, persistent wait to survive the odds that were against them, I felt I needed the answer to one more question. I asked Joan, who is every bit as competent a cook and homemaker as she is an actress (and that's really saying something) when and if she hoped to have children.

Joan looked at me gravely for a moment, and then said, "We've thought about that, too, and we have an answer to your question about our family. We want children — when God wills it." **END**
(Joan Evans will soon be seen in Universal-International's *It Grows On Trees*.)

relax, pop, I made it!

(Continued from page 57) doctor this very second," Dale said.

He moved towards the phone.

"Wait a minute," Jackie said. "I want to be sure."

"Want to be sure?" Dale repeated. "Holy cow, Jack! This baby is four weeks late right now. I'm callin' the Doc."

He raced into the living room and phoned Dr. D. S. Mitchelson, one of the crack obstetricians and gynecologists in Los Angeles County.

"Doc," he began. "This is it. This is the time. I know it is. Reckon I better get her there in a hurry, don't you?" The words poured out fast and garbled.

Dr. Mitchelson shook the sleep out of his head. "Who'd you say this was?"

"Holy cow, Man!" Robertson exploded. "This is no time to be horsin' around. This is Dale Robertson. You know, Mrs. Robertson's husband."

"Mr. Robertson," Dr. Mitchelson said calmly. "Fine. How frequent are Mrs. Robertson's pains? Are they coming rhythmically every few minutes?"

Dale began to perspire. He ran the sleeve of his pajamas across his brow. "I don't know anything about those pains, Doc. All I know is I'd better take her to the hospital. After all, that baby's four weeks late. You said yourself the other day it could come any minute."

AN old hand with anxious fathers, Dr. Mitchelson sought to calm Dale down. "You take it easy, Mr. Robertson," he said, "and put Mrs. Robertson on the phone." "I'm tellin' you, Doc," Dale insisted. "We don't have much time to wait. I know that."

"Just let me talk to your wife, please."

Dale put the phone down and sprinted back to the bedroom. "Doc Mitchelson wants to talk to you. I told him everything, but he wants to hear it from you, I reckon."

Jacqueline smiled. "That's as it should be," she said. "Who's having this baby,

anyway?" She shuffled into the living room and picked up the phone. She and the doctor discussed her symptoms. When she recradled the receiver, Jackie was very composed.

In the bedroom, she began to add a few last-minute articles to her overnight bag.

"How you feelin'?" Dale asked. "Now you'd better hurry, honey."

"I'm all right," Jacqueline said. "Don't get so excited."

"Who's excited?"

They both dressed, and Dale ran outside and got the car. The sun was just beginning to come up in Reseda, a small valley town where the Robertsons live.

"Now drive slowly," Jacqueline cautioned. "We've got plenty of time."

Dale shifted into first, jammed his foot on the accelerator, and the 1951 Pontiac convertible took off, leaving Robertson Manor, a three-bedroom stucco tract house, far behind.

"You know how to get to the Good Samaritan?" Mrs. Robertson asked.

"Sure, I know," Dale said. "It's down on Wilshire Boulevard, isn't it? How do you feel, honey?"

"Fine, Dale, but I'd like to stop and get something to eat."

Dale turned and looked at his wife incredulously. "You kidding?"

"No," Jackie insisted. "I'm hungry. I'd like to stop for a bite."

Dale applied pressure to the accelerator. The needle on the speedometer shot up to 60. "You're fooling, baby?"

"Honestly, Dale. I'm hungry. Besides, you're driving too fast."

"He just wouldn't let me stop and eat," Mrs. Robertson said later. "He drives real fast, you know, and this time he drove like he was going home to Oklahoma. I think it was about seven when we got to the hospital. I went into labor right away, and they sent me up to the delivery room."

"The doctor had told Dale that the average first delivery usually takes between 12 and 18 hours. There wasn't any point in his waiting around, so he drove to the studio that morning."

They say Dale camouflaged his nervousness pretty well that Thursday his daughter

was born. "He's the kind of character who takes things in stride," Betty Grable says, "and we managed to get a good day's work out of him."

While Dale and Betty were working out on the set of *The Farmer Takes A Wife*, Jacqueline Robertson was on the delivery table. She was given a routine analgesic and then, after six hours of labor, nitrous oxide gas. When she came out of it, she saw her daughter, a red-faced, blue-eyed, black-haired, bawling little girl.

Dr. Mitchelson walked out to the waiting room while Jackie was being wheeled into her room. The doctor told Jackie's sister the good news. Jackie's sister got on the phone and called the studio.

"It's a girl, Dale," she screamed. "A girl, weighs eight pounds, five ounces."

"How's Jackie?" Dale asked.

"Just fine. Here's Dr. Mitchelson. I'll let him tell you."

Dr. Mitchelson got on the phone. "Congratulations! You've got a wonderful daughter, and Mrs. Robertson's doing very well."

"I don't know why we picked that name Rochelle," Jackie says, "except that it seems to go well with Robertson. Sort of sounds nice. Rochelle Robertson."

Rochelle Robertson was born at 3:42 P.M. on July 10th. Four days later, her dad celebrated his 29th birthday, and on the next morning, five days after she first came into the world, Rochelle went home to her little nursery on Darby Place, a bottle baby.

The effect of her birth on her father was one of profound relief.

"I'm tellin' you," Dale says in his characteristic, Oklahoma drawl. "We had some time with that baby. She was scheduled for June 10th. Just waitin' around for something like that—well, it gets on your nerves. I'm glad I was in a picture. Suppose I was on layoff, had nothin' to do. Would have gone plumb out of my head, just waitin'. Course it's different for a girl. They've got patience. Sure hope the second baby's on schedule. We'll never forget that Rochelle was a ten-month baby." **END**

"I broke the rules at a football game!"

"My favorite way to spend a holiday," Diana Lynn says, "is at a game. But an actress should never break her 'training' rules as I did by exposing my skin to raw winds for hours—'specially as it got colder towards the end.



"All the way home I looked forward to Jergens. It works so *fast*—doesn't leave a greasy film like ordinary lotions, but really penetrates the upper layer of skin. Try it and see: Smooth one hand with Jergens...



DIANA LYNN
Glamorous Star
of Motion Pictures

"I was so excited, I even forgot to put on my gloves, and my hands got dreadfully chapped. You can guess how good it felt to smooth on soothing, pure, white Jergens Lotion.



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



"Back at the studio my hands were smooth—ready for close-ups." It's no wonder Jergens is preferred by screen stars 7 to 1. It's so *effective*!



So try Jergens yourself. See why more women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world. And Jergens is only 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

Keep that \$100 gleam in your hair!

New Lady Wildroot Shampoo



Wildroot gleam girl, Joyce Davidson of Hamilton, Ontario says, "My hair is so easy to manage and to set after a Lady Wildroot Shampoo".

Want your hair to sparkle... to have that \$100 gleam? Then start using new Lady Wildroot Shampoo... the liquid-cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans... cleans as it gleams.

You see, Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than just a liquid... more than just a cream! It's a combination of the *best of both*! It's soapless sudsy for deep-down cleaning! Contains lanolin to soothe and soften hair... leaves it clean, easy to manage... a snap to set!

For soft, gleaming, radiant hair... for a clean, deep-clean scalp insist on the shampoo that's good for your hair... *right* for your hair... insist on new Lady Wildroot Shampoo.

Hurry, Hurry! There's still time to win a \$100— **BE A WILDROOT GLEAM GIRL!**

Want to win \$100. Want to have your picture in a Wildroot advertisement? Just send a snapshot or photograph (not more than 8x10 inches in size) that shows your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, New York. Print your name and address on the back of the picture.

If your photograph is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it for use in a Wildroot advertisement and Wildroot will pay you \$100. Judges will be a New York artist and an art director. Decisions of the judges are final. No photographs will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send your photograph today. And to keep that \$100 gleam in your hair... keep using Lady Wildroot Shampoo.



Wildroot gleam girl, Pinky Parker of Louisville, Kentucky says, "I never need a special rinse when I use Lady Wildroot Shampoo. It leaves my hair so clean it gleams".

Wildroot gleam girl, Susan Joy Collins of New York says, "I love Lady Wildroot Shampoo. It smells good. Mommy says it's good for my hair".



Get New
Lady Wildroot shampoo
gleams as it cleans—cleans as it gleams



Three Sizes 29¢ 59¢ 98¢



Edith Head, Para. designer, discusses sketches for Jane's *Just For You* wardrobe with M.S. Fashion Editor Lillian Farley.

movie
musical
keynotes
new
fashions

■ Bing Crosby and Jane Wyman are together again, and better than ever, in Paramount's new Technicolor musical *Just For You*. It isn't only that these two seem to hit just the right casual, carefree pace together, but also that here's a new Jane—a sleeker, chicer Jane who sings in a warm throaty voice. Pictured on the following pages are clothes designed by Edith Head for Jane's *Just For You* wardrobe; and adaptations that you can buy. Opposite page, Jane and Bing in the number, "Zing A Little Zong."

Jane wears the original Edith Head evening gown in the movie *Just For You*. The adaptation of this original—(see photo page 80) has shimmering satin and sequin trim; the corselet bodice, rayon satin and nylon net; the skirt, nylon net over rayon taffeta. Dream blue, Fireman red, Shell pink, black or white. Sizes 8 to 16 or 7 to 15. Including nylon net stole—about \$40. By Columbia Dance Frocks.

JUST FOR YOU accessories:
Delman—shoes
Gotham Gold Stripe—nylon stockings
Kadin—handbags
Ledo—jewelry
Rex of Beverly Hills—hats

MS JUST FOR YOU FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

modern screen fashion

in hollywood



just for you:

Jane Wyman's wardrobe from her new Paramount picture →



just for you:

dresses, chic

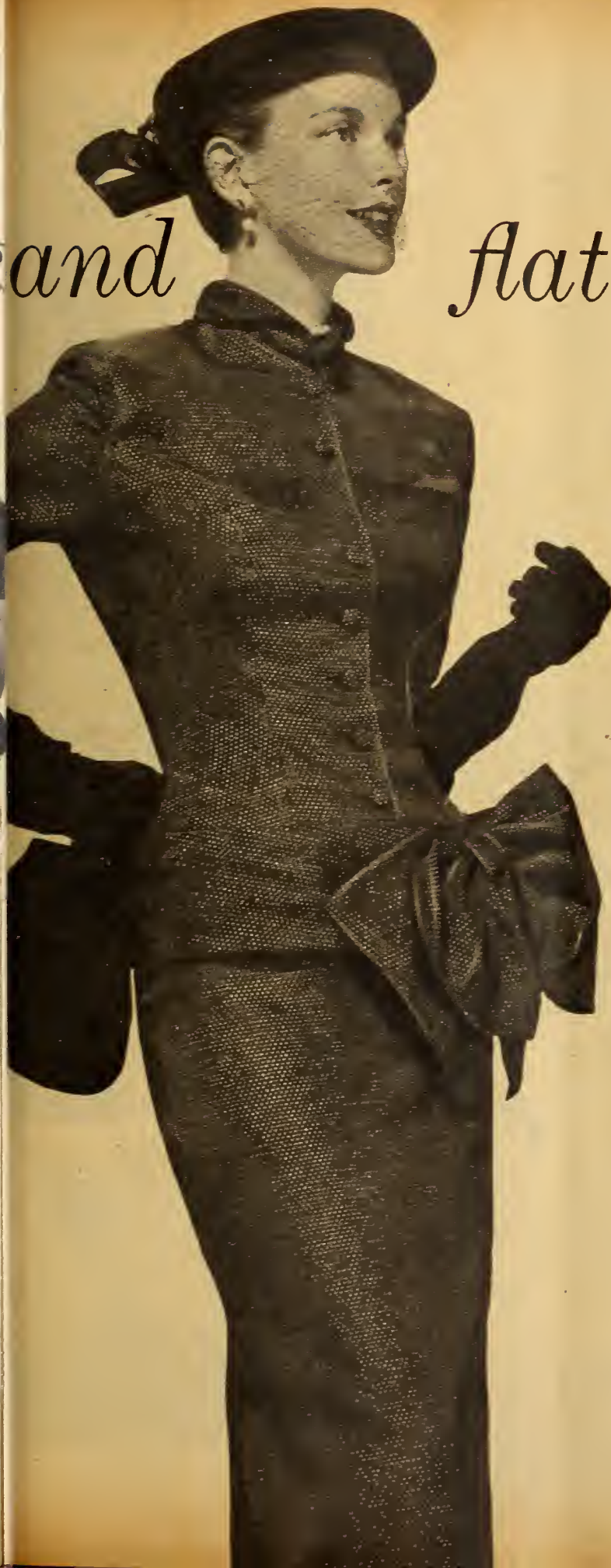
The new slim silhouette
in a one-piece surplice dress
of chrome spun taffeta—
embroidered neckline
and wheat spray shoulder
motif, two side pockets.

Grey, blue or green. Sizes
10 to 18. Under \$18.

By McArthur, Ltd. *Below,*
Jane poses in the original
Edith Head dress made
for her to wear in Para-
mount's *Just For You*.



and *flattering*



The all-important middy dress fashioned of chrome spun nubby-surface taffeta. Two-piece, the jacket is stylized with pleats and highlighted by a lush self-fabric detachable bow—the skirt is sleek and trim. Royal, grey or red. Sizes 10 to 18. Under \$23.
By McArthur, Ltd. *Above*, Jane wears the Edith Head original.

JUST FOR YOU FASHIONS CAN
BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES
LISTED ON PAGE 80;
IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

"I was scared to death of Crosby," says Jane, who'd never had stage fright before. But, with Bing's encouragement, she soon found her voice.

just a perfect blendship

Jane and Bing are what are known as set friends, work well as a team.



Pictures and story describe Jane and Bing



"How's about knocking off this 'Zing' number"



"You take it from here, and I'll . . ."



"All set, plum? Then, let's hit it."



With Jane and Bing, it's that simple.

■ Miss Sarah Jane Folks of St. Joseph, Mo., has never been a timid soul, nor anybody's fool. She's never had a deep-seated inferiority complex to make her a candidate for the psychiatrist's couch. Sarah Jane, before and after she became Jane Wyman, the Hollywood star, is the type variously defined among males as a "luscious doll" and at the same time "a good guy."

And, to top that, she has tackled the tough jobs and the easy ones in movies with a quiet competence, which has been enough to win her all sorts of acting honors, including an Academy Award for *Johnny Belinda*, and nominations for *The Yearling* and *The Blue Veil*.

All of which butters up this girl just about enough. The truth of the matter is that she has one terrible weakness. Her perfect equilibrium is always completely shattered by one man. And that man is Bing Crosby, who drives her right off her rocker!

"I can't exactly explain it," Jane admits. "All the time I have been in movies, I've been able to do such things as walk on a set, and, without previous introduction, fall into the arms of the hero with abandon—so far as the camera is concerned. If a girl can do this, almost nothing should shake her. But with me, it has been Bing Crosby. It was in the beginning; and it still is. The Groaner throws me completely, as in the last five seconds of a well-rehearsed wrestling match."

It happened the first time when Miss Jane Wyman was scheduled to work out in a Floradora sextette number with Bing, Bob Hope and other comics at a charity benefit.

"I am scared to death of Crosby," Jane told her long-time buddy, Pat O'Brien. "I've collected every record he's made for years, and the thought of meeting him makes my little heart palpitate way out of bounds."

"That," O'Brien said, "is the silliest thing I have ever heard, and there is no time like the right now to get acquainted."

So Jane Wyman met Bing Crosby and stifled a sudden inclination to faint dead away. However, she achieved practically the same thing on stage a few minutes later when she completely blew her lines.

"I felt as though the whole world had witnessed my shame," Jane remembers, "but the real truth is that those fellows Hope and Crosby covered for me and the audience never (Continued on page 37)

just for you: *dramatic suits*



A stunning three-piece single breasted suit—jacket and skirt of six-ply faille, halter dickey-type blouse of striped wide-wale cotton cord (jeweled buttons). The jacket has three-quarter Cavalier sleeves, slanted cornucopia pockets—slim skirt with side pockets. Black, charcoal grey or brown. Sizes 10 to 18. Under \$25. By McArthur, Ltd. Above, Jane wears the original Edith Head suit.

JUST FOR YOU FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL

MORE ➤

just for you: *dramatic suits*

'Round the town,
day or night, with or without
a coat! This very feminine
suit has a Norfolk
pleated jacket with shoulder
buckle and belt of leather—
slim, gored skirt, (side
pockets). Yarn-dyed sharkskin
suiting in grey or tan.
Sizes 10 to 18. Under \$23.
By McArthur, Ltd.
Ledo gold nugget and
rhinestone jewelry.
Also see Jane Wyman in
Warners' Technicolor film
The Story Of Will Rogers.

JUST FOR YOU FASHIONS
CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES
LISTED ON PAGE 80;
IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.



Jane Wyman in the original Edith Head suit.



All bound up in his career as a composer-director, Bing puts off asking star of his show (Jane) to marry him.



When Bing's children—he's a widower—complain they've been neglected, Jane tries to help patch things up.



The wise headmistress of a swank girls' school (Ethel Barrymore) also comes to the aid of the hopeless father.



Complications arise when Bing's son falls for Jane. But in the end the relationships are all straightened out.



it's only money . . .

(Continued from page 53) have gone through anyway. Listen—it's late, it's dark, it's lonely and maybe I'm scared. I've been working all day, I'm tired and I want to get home. And say," she warmed up, "if you boys in blue weren't so busy trapping defenseless females, maybe you'd be around when somebody really needs you. Now I tell you what I want: I want a police escort home!"

And that's exactly what she got, believe it or not, instead of a trip to the pokey. What's more, when the abashed cops delivered her to her gate, they tipped their caps politely and promised, with a brace of grins, that they'd mend their wicked ways.

The spunky Mrs. Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y De Acha III—better known as Lucille Ball—undoubtedly had the nerve of six molars to pull such a counter offensive. But the way she figured, she had a right to feel on the sassy side. When the cops flagged her down, she was fed up, sore and brooding about her domestic fate. She had just left Mr. Desiderio Alberto, Etc.—better known as Desi Arnaz—in a bean patch beside the highway on the Hollywood side of the mountain pass, where as too often happened, they had snatched their brief half hour of home life that day. Desi was on his way to beat a drum with his rhumba band at Ciro's, while Lucille was on her way home from work at MGM. He would tiptoe in and fall asleep when she was almost ready to wake up and hustle back to makeup. So they'd rolled their two cars up together, parked to catch up on the events of each other's day. Then they'd rolled on—in different directions. It was, fumed Mrs. D. A. A. y A., Ltd., in her lonely ranch-house, one heck of a way to live a marriage. "There are going to be," she swore grimly that night, "some changes made."

By now there have been—some very important changes. Barely more than a year ago, Lucille stopped making movies one after the other and Desi dropped his baton with the band. Together, as everyone knows, the Arnazs joined up for a family television project, and today, as everyone also knows, *I Love Lucy* is the top show on the video waves and looks like it will be for a long, long time. While Mr. and Mrs. Desiderio A. Arnaz, Inc., are still working, they leave for work together, spend the day together, and come home together to Desilu Ranch—and "home" is the exact word. In fact, it's very appropriate that her great new success brings Lucille Ball, as a housewife, right into the homes of over 35,000,000 people who view her each week. While *I Love Lucy* is making the Arnaz family richer than they ever dreamed they'd be, that's only money. Their greatest reward for the gamble that paid off (by a lot of talent, guts and hard work) is not their astronomically soaring income but the family life these two home-happy people desperately wanted and were denied for ten long years.

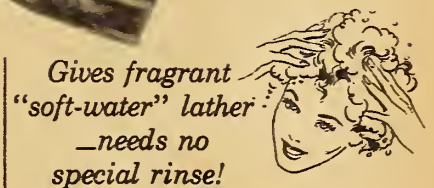
To a whole lot of people, conditioned by Lucille Ball's movie roles (55 in the past 20 years), it may sound slightly out of character to tack a home-sweet-home frame around a star whose wisecracking, hard-cooked screen personality suggests a dame who'd be more likely to pinch your roll in a clip joint. Just as a fireside portrait of Desi Arnaz seems far removed from a frenetic Latin rapping a conga drum in a night club.

But as everyone ought to know by now, in Hollywood things are seldom as they seem. Actually, Lucy Ball has been a frustrated home (Continued on page 81)

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not an oily cream
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dandruff from both
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Page 73—also below

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Columbia Dance Frocks' adaptation of Edith Head's original evening gown designed for Jane Wyman to wear in Paramount's Just For You—description and copy on page 72. Ledo's fabulous Just For You rhinestone jewelry. See Jane in the original Edith Head evening gown in color photo on page 73.



Gotham Gold Stripe interprets the Edith Head designs of Jane's wardrobe for Just For You in a black all-nylon lingerie ensemble made of black over pink net, floral embroidery and opaque tricot. Slip, about \$15; panty, about \$4. Also: Nitie, about \$17; pettiskirt, about \$7. See stores above.

(Continued from page 79) girl and Desi Arnaz, a thwarted householder, and both were painfully postponed parents until just recently. That all of these private blessings finally came to them is one of the nicest happy ending-beginning stories Hollywood has had to tell in years. And it couldn't have happened to two nicer people.

It was one Saturday afternoon back in 1940 that Desi loved Lucy so much that he raced up to a five-and-dime store in Greenwich, Conn., and hammered on the glass so hard that the proprietor, closed for the day, finally opened up to sell him a ten cent "gold" ring with which to make her Mrs. Desiderio Alberto, etc. It was a typical hurried show business wedding in that typical Broadway Gretna Green. No veil, no orange blossoms, no bridesmaids or ushers. Just a justice of the peace reciting the civil ceremony. No honeymoon either, not even to Niagara Falls up the line. You can't get to Niagara and back between shows. "We spent our honeymoon," Lucille recalls, "in Desi's dressing room at the Roxy." When the groom's engagement was over there, the newlyweds flew back to Hollywood, to an apartment that immediately made them both feel restless and cheated every time they rode up in the elevator.

There were good reasons for this. Both Lucille and Desi had been riding in elevators, dressing out of suitcases, hemmed in by hotel and apartment walls too much of their young lives. Both had racketed around without anchors for too long.

Description of a dumb actor: "He's ambidextrous. He can use either head."

Mike Connolly

Lucille Ball was the daughter of a telephone lineman, and as a toddler, traveled all around the country wherever his rambling jobs took him. Henry Ball died when Lucille was four and with her mother Desirée, little brother Fred, and sister Cleo, Lucy grew up in Jamestown, New York. The widow Ball had to work to support her brood. She was often sick and so was Lucille, who spent three years of her girlhood in a wheelchair with rheumatic fever. They moved around from one rented place to another and life was always tough. Lucille left high school at 14, tackled New York for a job a year later. When she finally got one, her life as a chorus girl in Broadway musicals, and sometime fashion model, didn't provide her with any real security. Even in Hollywood, where she first came as a leggy Goldwyn Girl, life for Lucy for a long time was strictly catch-as-catch-can. Its precariousness was impressed on her unforgettably by an incident which occurred when she was still a "starlet."

On an RKO set one day, a fresh makeup man insulted Lucille and she promptly heaved a cup of cold coffee in her hand right at him. It missed, and splattered all over the glamorous person of Miss Katharine Hepburn, then Queen of the RKO lot. Proud Kate huffed immediately off the set, the picture stopped and RKO lost thousands of dollars. This wild pitch dropped Lucille Ball's stock almost out of sight. She was more than in the doghouse, she was practically in Hollywood's death row. In fact, "You might as well leave town, dear," an extra advised her. But Lucy didn't. Ginger Rogers backed her up through the hassle that followed, and she went on to bigger and better things than ever. But even then she never trusted her luck long enough to tie it down to a home. Besides, in Lucy Ball's dreams, what was the use of a home without a husband? Hotels, apartments—that was her shifting life until she met Desi Arnaz. (Continued on next page)

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says Joan Crawford**



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your loveliest**

"You'll look fresher...younger," says Joan Crawford, star of Joseph Kaufman's Production, "SUDDEN FEAR", released by RKO Radio Pictures. Try Woodbury Cold Cream with Penaten, 25¢ to 97¢ plus tax.

(Continued from preceding page) Desi's a Cuban, the son of a distinguished Cuban family. His father was a mayor and his uncle a senator. But they have revolutions in Cuba and in one of those *Senor Arnaz* got tossed in jail, all his wealth was confiscated, and Desi was spirited off to Florida with his mother for safe keeping. Transplanted here, an alien in a foreign land, he too started out early on the restless seas of show business, riding on the wave of a rumba and conga madness that swept the U. S., but never sure just when it would suddenly wash out and dump him flat on the beach. Most of that time he was a hall room boy and a fugitive from bellhops, too. Like his bride, Desi thought that wedded bliss spelled something different.

So, on the rainy Saturday that marked their first month's wedding "anniversary," Lucille and Desi celebrated by driving over Caheunga Pass to the San Fernando Valley. They pulled up before a real estate office bearing the sign, "BOB'S GOOD EARTH." They entered and told the salesman, "We want to look at some land."

The startled realtor, who expected no prospects that sudden day, buttoned on his slicker and drove them to a flat five acres on Devonshire Boulevard in the northern neck of the Valley. "This is for sale," he announced and added bravely, "You could make it a dream place."

It didn't look so dreamy. Except for a tiny house and three drooping trees, all the eager pair could see was a soaked but barren stretch of Bob's good earth. When they stepped out of the car they couldn't see that. The sky suddenly cracked open with a cat-and-dog cloudburst that blotted out what view there was. But they stood there enchanted, until Desi's dark head looked like a seal's and the pink-orange mop of his bride resembled a Raggedy Ann doll drowned in a bathtub.

"We'll take it," they told the amazed salesman and got back in the car. But before they did, Lucy stooped down to the ground.

She was still clenching her fist driving home when her husband asked, "What you got in your hand?" So she opened it. "Why," he exclaimed, "it's just mud!"

"Uh-uh," Lucille corrected. "It isn't just mud. It's *our* mud!"

That's the deeply possessive way Lucille Ball has felt about Desilu Ranch from the beginning—just as she's felt about the "gold" wedding ring, which soon wore as thin as the rim of the dime that bought it, and finally landed sentimentally in cotton batting lest it disintegrate entirely. But the erosion of time didn't affect Desilu Ranch that way. On the contrary, before long their piece of bare earth blossomed into a garden spot.

A famous architect built a rambling ranch house around the tiny shack that was there. A grove of olive trees and 350 orange trees grew to greenery and shade. A heart-shaped pool soon shimmered in the midst of an emerald lawn. Desi built a *bohio* (a Cuban hut) and after that a big rock barbecue, a tea room, a playhouse. Shrubs filled corners, flowers lined walks, vines climbed over trellises. Inside the house, Lucy spotted her grandma's antiques carefully around and furnished the rest with comfortable, colorful things with the suppressed talent for home-making that had been storing up inside her all those homeless years.

Outside she collected a group of titled personages to people their five acres.—The Duchess of Devonshire, a cow; the Duke, a pig; Sir Thomas of Chatsworth, Pinto the Great and Captain Dandy, a trio of cockers; numerous Princes and Princesses Northridge, all cats; and a court of 500

chickens. From the beginning, Desilu Ranch has been the center of the world for Lucy and Desi Arnaz. Yet, until recently, it's not been entirely the dream place the salesman promised. Something was missing, something called home life, a family, kids. And there were reasons for that, too.

For five of the first ten years of their marriage Desi was away on band tours, coming home for too brief stays, then off again for long weeks at hotels, theaters and night clubs. For three and a half years he served in the army. But in all that time, Lucy stuck determinedly by her piece of ground even if it was 22 miles from the studio. Even if she was lonesome and sometimes scared, she never weakened and moved into town. Except for the trips she made entertaining G.I.s, Lucy never left her home, not after she once got one. During the war she held the fort alone, and that's not exactly a figure of speech.

There was the night, for instance, when the spotter she often sat with on a rocky Chatsworth knob at the Valley's gateway woke her up in the middle of the night. "Lucy?" she breathed tensely. "A Jap Zero just passed over, headed right for

and teary goodbyes. Endless projects started and sometimes finished. Happy humming parties—and lonely nights. All in all, the years have forged Desilu Ranch into the symbol of marriage for Desi and Lucille. All the good things have happened when they were there, most of the bad ones when they were away. That's why when Lucy's at the ranch—with Desi—she's living. And that's why the Arnaz's are living there today. They're there—thanks to TV—together at long last, along with the royal descendants of all their livestock, and a certain chubby, black haired princess with sparkling eyes named Lucie Desirée, their daughter.

For ten long years Lucille and Desi Arnaz longed in vain for a baby; although the elementary facts of biology were against them. It's hard to be a mother when your husband's away three-fourths of the time. But Lucy never gave up hope. All those barren years she studied every book she could find on babies, listened with recording ears to the talk of her girl friends who had them until she became an expert. Just the other day her pediatrician called her. "Say," he inquired, "have you changed doctors or something?"

"Why no," she assured him, "of course not. Why?"

"I just wondered," he explained. "You haven't called me for almost a year and most new mothers phone every hour on the hour."

"Well for one thing," Mrs. Arnaz replied, "there's nothing wrong with my little girl. And for another," she added honestly, "I know an awful lot about babies."

AFTER the war, when Desi started hopping around the country again, Lucille cut down her picture schedule and joined up. They played for a while as a vaudeville team—anything to stick together—and one morning in Chicago she woke up feeling woozy. There was a morning rehearsal, though, and she went on to the theatre. But before the evening show, she had an examination, and she learned the news she had been praying for all her life. Lucille Ball was a trouper; that night and all week she went on with the act. It was a strenuous one, with comic belly flops and high kicks. And she lost that baby.

After that Lucille quit travelling and the next time the funny feeling arrived she dropped everything, sat at Desilu Ranch in a big chair by the fireplace for months until she knew her baby was safe. Lucie Desirée wasn't born right on Desilu Ranch, of course. The event occurred at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood, but the same syllables occur in her name and since her arrival, Lucille's roots have spread even deeper into "our mud."

While it's true that the terrific success of *I Love Lucy* has finally permitted the Master and Mistress of Desilu Ranch to spend their free time there in the home grown way they like, Desi and Lucy aren't a couple of vegetables rustivating sluggishly in the soil or anything like that. If you've seen that rib-cracking Desilu TV production on your set Monday nights, you know that with *Ricky* and *Lucy Ricardo* almost anything can happen and invariably does. It's the same with Desi and Lucille on the ranch or wherever they are. In fact, as their script writer, Jess Oppenheimer admits, "We're always raiding the private life of Desi and Lucille for ideas." That's perfectly okay with both parties concerned, because Desilu Productions is a family affair. Besides co-starring as the hectic householders, Desi's the president and Lucille's the veep.

Desi and Lucille in person make a perfect pattern to (Continued on page 111)

everybody loves
jane powell
who will be
modern screen's
cover girl for the
november issue
on sale
october 7

your house!"

Sure enough, there was the queer sounding motor she'd been trained to spot coming right for the ranch house roof. Lucy dived for the light switch and sat up the rest of the night with Desi's rusty .22, the only artillery she could find at the place. In the morning, dozing fitfully with no bombs as yet, she was roused by a jabber of commands in a foreign tongue, looked out the window to see brown skinned, khaki clad men piling out of trucks. That's when Mrs. D. Arnaz raised her cannon and resolved to sell her life dearly in defense of Desilu Ranch. Only—to her surprise and immense relief—the jabbering foreigners headed right into the orange groves across the road and were soon happily plucking golden balls from the limbs. The invading "Japs" were only Mexican fruit pickers, but the Zero was a Zero all right. One the Yanks had captured and were flying home to take apart and study.

That's just a sample of the memories which swirl about Desilu Ranch for Lucille Ball. There are thousands more—gay ones and sad ones. Funny ones and ones not so funny. Festive homecomings



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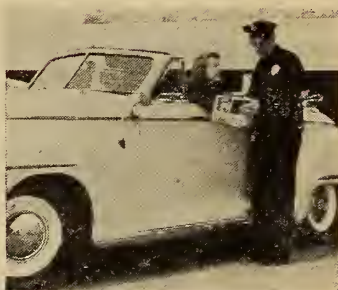
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by JANET LEIGH; star columnist for October



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Blue's my color; I'm a sucker for it.



I know just what I want when we shop.



Love, it's wonderful! Just ask us!

SIGN THAT A GIRL'S in love: her favorite color is blue, yet she gets a kick out of noticing, in every mirror she passes, that she is dressed in black and white. It's a question of preference versus certainty. She *knows* she will please *him*, and isn't that why colors were born? Sign that a boy is in love: he's so pleased with her in black and white that he eats all his vegetables like a good little Tony.

Sign that a girl's a girl: she loves and eats sweets but drinks her coffee black, sans cream, sans sugar, sans saccharine. She likes to drive with her top down, then wraps a bubushka round her head, so that no more of her face is visible than if she wore an Eskimo's parka. When she annoys friends, it's with her good habits—like being too neat. (And *that* she is going to quit. She is tired of friends always insisting that they use their cars for a trip because they know she'll go through the car and clean it like she does a house.) She has never cooked on anything but a gas range, but she can't wait until she can get an electric stove!

I wonder why I'm never in a hurry, or don't think I am, until I find myself behind one of those idle drivers inching along looking for a place to park. Sometimes they're not looking for a place to park—they're just window shopping from the car. I can show you dozens of them in Beverly Hills any afternoon. If it's a woman driver (and I'm sorry to say it invariably is), I can even look ahead and pick the shops where she will slow down for a better look. They tell me the Beverly Hills merchants are thinking of using giant price tags that can be read from the traffic lanes. Oh, well, maybe I'm in a rebellious mood. I have just finished reading two books that stirred my blood—"The Caine Mutiny" and "Catcher In The Rye."

Oh, I shop, too. But I know just what I'm going to get and where I'll look for it and how much I'm prepared to pay and what I'll accept as a substitute if I can't get what I start out to find. If it's a dress I want, there is no trouble. I go right to Amelia Gray's in Beverly Hills; not only because she carries lines I like, Claire McCordle, Ceil Chapman and Carrie Munse dresses, but because she has an understanding head on her shoulders. If I get a certain dress and maybe Liz Taylor, or Cyd Charisse or Janie Powell come in and want the same one, she'll steer them away from it. She'll steer me away from it, if any other girl in the studios has bought the same model. On the other hand, if any of the society group drop in, she *will* sell the same dress because she knows there is little likelihood of a conflict. We all know this and appreciate her thoughtfulness. Once I liked a cocktail dress so much I bought it anyway, even though she warned me



that Nancy Davis had one like it. Mine, though, was in a different color. Just the same, when Amelia heard of an important cocktail party both Nancy and I were very likely to attend, she phoned and reminded me about the similarity and that Nancy might wear her dress. *That's service!* I'm an Amelia Gray patron from now on.

I LIKE TO WEAR SHOES that match my dresses, and since that isn't always easy to accomplish, I buy reasonably priced shoes in linen or chambray that can be dyed to match. Generally, I can find what I want in Chandler shoes, and either they do the dyeing for me or a little man I know does the job. And so . . . when I make my entrance at the party, there I am in blue from head to toe—oh, I beg your pardon! I mean, in black and white from head to toe.

But before the party, there is a lot more to do. My hair, for instance. If I can, I slip down to Saks where Al Paul gives me a mint shampoo, sets it, pins it up in curls, and the sun dries it out on my way home. I like my hair washed twice a week. But it would be too costly to get it done outside both times, so every other time I do it myself. Generally I use a cream shampoo, and I will wash my hair at least every third day if I'm working in a picture in order to keep it fluffy and with good highlights.

But if one is going out, one must worry about more than just face, hair and hands, mustn't one? Still, that isn't much trouble. For my hands I very often use Revlon's Aquamarine Lotion, and then I keep right on going and use the same stuff all over my body. If it is a formal party and I am going to be svelte, I hope, I shall commence with the basic in such cases—just a panty girdle. But if, by chance, I am to wear a straight dress, I will very likely slip into a light girdle. I think it gives one a smoother look, no matter how small one's hips. There are always the bumps that are much better de-bumped.

LIPSTICK: sometimes the plain red, sometimes with the blue in it (after all, I have to get that blue in somewhere!). There will be mascara, too. I will use powder, a little, and if I am not tanned, I will use rouge. If I am tanned, no rouge. Next, my little Glycene bracelet wrist-watch, probably (*Continued on next page*)

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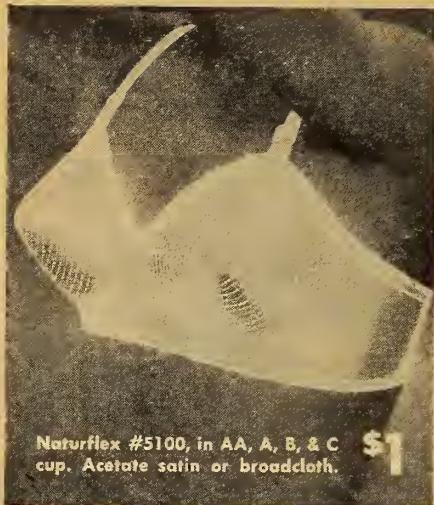
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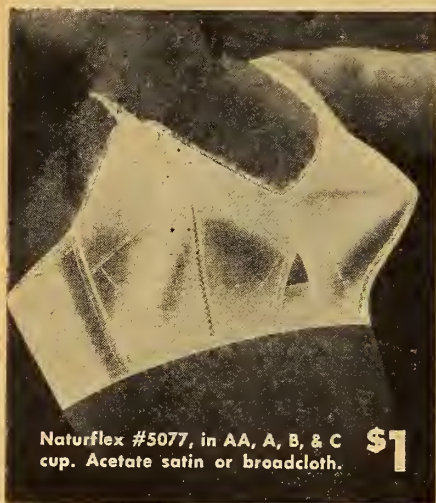
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continued

my little basket of pearls (cultured) that hangs from my neck, and my gold and pearl engagement ring. My platinum-design-over-gold-band wedding ring I already have on, so into the dress and . . . Now, where's that man who's been yelling all this time? He has fallen strangely silent. Has he wandered into the kitchen? Yes. Are all the drawers and cabinet doors hanging half open, or at least not properly closed, showing where he has been snooping around for something to munch on? Yes. Has he found something to his liking and has he got a mouthful of it? You bet. As soon as I pop a bit of it into my own mouth, we'll be all ready to go.

I like small hats—the kind I pick up at Saks' hat bar. I'm not so crazy about small furs, but I do like my ranch mink stole. But what's the difference? I've been just as happy in pedal pushers as in mink.

Steaks are great but one of my nicest dinner memories is of myself reaching a fork into Tony's can of Heinz beans.

ONE OF MY FAVORITE movie roles was the one I had in *Red Danube*, but not for reasons you might guess. I had to go on a diet in order to look properly refugee-ish and drawn; no bread, no potatoes, no desserts, no cream in my coffee, et cetera. What do you know . . . I found I didn't dislike the diet at all, and, with some changes, it has become a habit with me. The biggest change had to do with desserts. I have never lost my love for them. And sweets, I, for instance, just can't enjoy a movie unless I'm nibbling at something. I don't wait for the lights to go on to go to the candy counter—I sneak out in the middle of the picture.

This reminds me of something Tony and I did during the trip we made recently. We had been wined and dined in New York and Washington, and, when we got to Boston, we found a couple of free hours had been allotted to us. It took us two seconds to plan the evening; we got hold of some chocolate-covered raisins and went to a movie! Worse—when the personal appearance tour was over and we were back in Hollywood, we went on a regular movie rampage—movies every night. I guess I'm a pigeon for movies. Tony says I'm the type that even screams when the villain shows up in a Disney cartoon!

It was a nice trip, except when a button came off Tony's overcoat and I tried to sew it on. I sewed it so flat to the cloth that he couldn't get it into the buttonhole. Was I the embarrassed young wife when he had to cut it off and resew it . . . something that he does well. To console myself I went out on a shopping spree. Then I came home with a nice headache, took three aspirins and went to bed.

TO SHOW HOW SILLY A GIRL CAN BE, I have suffered from headaches for several years and never thought to have my eyes looked at. Almost any day which I had to devote to script study or any evening when I went to see a picture I would find my temples begin to throb. The other afternoon I went to an oculist and discovered I had an astigmatic fault. Glasses were made up, which I only have to use while driving or reading or studying, and I have gone several weeks now without head pains. It's such a pleasure not to have to worry about it any more. Why, I used to figure on a headache when I planned my day's activities—where would I be and what would

I be doing when it started up, and should I even go out at all? Was I too vain to think of glasses?

WHEN I HAVE CHILDREN, I am going to teach them the pitfalls of vanity. I won't teach them too much. I don't believe in overtraining children . . . you know, where they figuratively click their heels and say the right things at the right time like little automatons. I want them comfortably between "well trained" and sloppy. I don't want them like a little girl Tony and I once met who peremptorily ordered us, "You move over there! I want to take your picture!"

If I have a little girl, I will tell her that she can go anywhere in the world and move in any company if she can retain a spirit of naturalness. I think I was an average girl when I broke into the movies and found myself in social circles that were a bit over my head. I made the mistake when I first went out of trying to act like a "personality" and flopped. I didn't realize that nobody expects you to be anything but your assured self, and to achieve this you need not say anything or do anything special.

I will tell her that you can win almost anyone's liking with an honest approach. I was dishonest when I attended a smart dinner in a Long Island home one evening and pretended that a weird looking dessert, consisting of fruit-like ice cream in a giant pineapple half, was nothing new to me. So I reached up to the tray the butler held and lifted the whole business onto my plate, instead of just dipping out some of the ice cream. Was I stuck, sitting there with something as big as a football in front of me . . . not to speak of the horror that filled me when I realized that in this monstrosity was everybody else's dessert as well!

Janet Leigh

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Janet Leigh personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, 1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

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just a perfect blendship

(Continued from page 77) knew what happened."

It is well-known in Hollywood that you never know what goes with Bing Crosby. He may act as though no one else is alive, and then he may abruptly do the opposite, as he did with Jane.

One night her telephone rang. It was Mr. Crosby, who said, "How'd you like to do a record for Decca?"

When Jane recovered her breath, she allowed as how she'd like it very much. Uncle Bing, as he is known to quite a few around Hollywood, is likely to call people whose talent he respects and say to them, "Plum (or any name he may think of on the spur of the moment), how's about getting together for a small routine?"

And this means a business routine—not soft lights and sweet music. In this case, Jane dropped around to the Decca studios a few nights later, and in an hour they knocked off that Number One on the Hit Parade called "In The Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening."

Jane still doesn't quite believe it. "I started out as a singer in small clubs," she'll tell you, "and I had a fair voice. I can't read music. I don't know one note from another. If you can figure it out, what I mean is that I can't sing, but I know how to sing."

Now, the truth of the matter is that Jane Wyman and Bing Crosby are what is known as "set friends." Ever since *Here Comes The Groom*, which launched them as occasional singing partners, they have enjoyed frolicking in front of the cameras together.

"The prospect of playing golf with Bing (Jane is a fair to middling feminine club-

ber with a 19 handicap) is something I wouldn't want to face," she says. "And the only time we have seen each other socially is the recent occasion on which I was invited to a surprise party and, by coincidence, arrived at the Crosby home at the same time Bing showed up, fresh from the set of *Road To Bali*."

But no two people could ever be closer, tunelessly speaking, than the harmony that has resulted from their latest picture collision in *Just For You*. There's a great song in that epic, and quite a story behind the song.

Mr. Crosby was not on the set the day that Jane arrived and was told by Paramount's musical genius, Joe Lilley, that the time had come for her to do "a bit of a number" with Bing.

"Then Joe flashed eight yards of sheet music on me," Jane says. "I took one look and the only thing it resembled was the board at the New York stock exchange. Why, thank you very much, Joe, I said. Seeing that I can't read music, I can pick this up as fast as I can learn to speak Portuguese. Why, you musical bone picker, why don't you write a simple song for a change?"

"You got me wrong," Joe retorted. "Warren and Robin wrote this song. I merely arranged it, and if you'll drop over to my office, we'll run through it a couple of times. It's simple, once you get the hang of it."

Sure, it's simple. "Zing A Little Zong" sounds like two crazy people with not a care in the world, harmonizing over a beer in the kitchen at two in the morning. But the truth is that, even to professionals, it's no more simple than the newest Einstein theory.

So Jane went to work on the song that changes keys twice in the middle with no warning, and in a week, she was fairly

well prepared to get even with Crosby for all the tummy fluttering he'd caused every time she stepped up to a mike with the old master.

Bing strolled onto the set one morning and said, "Hiya—how's the golf? Anything great?"

"I gotta learn to putt," Jane said.

"Well," Bing assured her, "it'll come to you. Now, how's for knocking off this 'Zing' number?"

"I'm nervous," Janie replied, "I'll never make it."

"Huh," Bing retorted, "you'll do it. Know anything about it?"

"Nothing," Jane said, "except like you say, it's so simple."

So they adjourned to the music department, where Joe Lilley handed the Groaner his part.

"You should have seen it," Jane says, repressing a chortle. "Just like handing the guy an anvil. 'What's this now?' Bing asked, looking a little confused.

"Why it's nothing," I told him, 'Nothing to a Big Music Man like you.'"

"Let's not overdo it," Bing growled, and retired to a distant corner, with enough sheet music to make costumes for all his kids.

"And that's about the all of it," Jane says. "My ego was almost completely repaired, even though in 15 minutes he mastered what it took me a week to figure out. By the time we recorded to the rhythm of Van Cleave's band, my buck fever had at last disappeared. An hour later, Bing picked up his hat and shuffled out the door.

"We'd knocked the whole thing off in a little over an hour—we'd Zung A Little Zong, and, instead of reveling in a moment of triumph watching the great Crosby break down, they panned to a stuffed owl, which was me."

END

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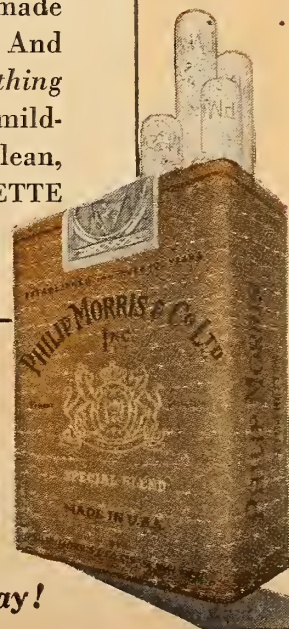


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88 by the Journal of the American Medical Association

he never took a lesson

(Continued from page 47) the photographs that appear in the newspapers and magazines. If you were lucky enough to see him in person on one of the tours he made with the picture, you have an inkling of what makes him look like a veteran. But the best way is to see him in person, off-guard, and observe the most uninhibited fellow ever to come to Hollywood—a lad without a spiked ego, but without a shade of shyness or a shred of a feeling of incompetence.

Aldo Ray is a big man, better than six feet tall, and he nudges 200 pounds. He has hands like hams and arms like a weight lifter. When he wears a suit, he appears to be in constant danger of bursting out of it. And his face, even in repose, is strong, with eyes that can grow cold and a mouth that is thin and determined. His voice is soft, only because it is hoarse, and comes out a whisper, but his speech is strong and his words, on almost any subject, very official. In contrast, he is gentle in his thinking, extremely friendly in his associations, and gives the impression that he would be hard to anger. Although he is blond, he is very Italian. His mannerisms and language are studded with Italian gestures and idiom, and he talks a good deal like a Saroyan or Steinbeck character, simply and straightforwardly.

The course of Aldo Ray's rise to picture stardom is a source of wonder to everyone but Aldo himself. All Hollywood considers his rise phenomenal, a Cinderella story about a guy. But to Aldo, it was just a natural series of events that followed a fluke meeting with a movie director. He sees little that is unusual in what happened, except, possibly, that it was Hollywood that finally got him and not Washington. He always knew he would be a big man—but he figured it would be in politics.

ALDO Ray's background was about as simple as a man's past can be, and purely American. He was born in Pen Argyl, Pennsylvania, in 1926, the oldest of six sons. His father and mother, Silvio and Maria DaRe, are Italian immigrants. The DaRe's moved to Crockett, California, a small town 30 miles north of San Francisco when Aldo was three years old, and his father found a job as a laborer with the C&H Sugar Company, Crockett's only industry. He has worked there ever since.

All of Aldo Ray's life had to do with Crockett. Until he was literally drafted into the movies, he had no idea that he would make his home anywhere else. Though his family were poor, they were well thought of in Crockett. And Aldo, who is at heart a family man and a small town boy, used to dream that he would one day find fame and fortune, but that he'd find it in Crockett, not have to go out and seek it.

The DaRes are a strong family unit. Mario and Silvio DaRe are old-country Italians who speak very little English. Consequently, the family speaks Italian at home. Aldo, who couldn't speak a word of English when he started school, was proud as a peacock at lunch one day recently.

"Look," he crowed. "I just got a letter from my mother. In English!"

As a small boy, Aldo Ray had few of the ordinary luxuries small boys have come to expect. The DaRe family was too busy keeping its head above water. They lived for many years in a small, four-room house, practically sleeping in shifts. Mama was the boss. She ruled with

an iron hand, but with love, and as they grew up, the older children took on the duties of supervising the younger. Papa just earned the money. Aldo says he can't remember him ever raising his voice to any of them.

Just before the war, an old house in Crockett was put up for auction. It was a huge place with many rooms and had at one time years before been the home of a millionaire. Mario and Silvio DaRe went to the auction and bid the place in for \$3,100. Then the entire family went to work on the home as laborers—building partitions, painting, papering, even digging a cellar. One of Aldo's sharpest recollections of his boyhood is the building he did, it seemed for years, until the house was at last completed to Mama's satisfaction.

Twenty-four hours after he finished high school, Aldo was snatched up by the Navy V-5 program and shipped off to Memphis to the Naval Air Station there. Weight, which has been a problem with him all along, was a stumbling block then and he had to take off 13 pounds on the trip to make the entrance requirements. The Navy, however, was not destined to have him as an air ace, for he was promptly transferred to seaman duty.

As Aldo himself tells it, he had little to do in the war. But if you press him for details, he will admit that he was a Frogman, that part of his duty was to swim into enemy harbors ahead of the ships and spot hazards, and then swim back to his ship with this vital information. One of his chores in this dangerous work was to check the waters off Okinawa at the time of the invasion. He spent 23 months in the service and then came back to Crockett and to school.

A trick knee kept Aldo from becoming a great football player, which is what he wanted to be. He had a scholarship to the University of California at Berkeley, but when he learned that the doctors wouldn't let him play football, he transferred to Vallejo Junior College. He promptly became a big man on the Vallejo campus and was elected president of the student body before he was in school a month. As he stood on a rostrum explaining to the fellows and girls why he would be the best man for the job, he got such a thrill that he made up his mind he'd become a public official, maybe a congressman as soon as he got out into the world.

IN June, 1948, Aldo married a girl he had known all of his life. He was in his senior year, back in Berkeley again, and casting about for suitable employment when he learned there was to be an election for constable back in Crockett.

Utilizing all of the tried and true gimmicks, such as street corner speeches, talks before ladies luncheon groups and service clubs and hanging posters on his friends' cars, Aldo pitched into the fray. He promised that he would give clean policing to the community and would have a telephone installed next to his bed, so his constituents could have 24-hour service—something his opponent said couldn't be done by one man. Aldo spent his entire hoard of \$400 on the campaign and waged, according to older politicians in Crockett, a brilliant fight for the office.

If he hadn't been talked into taking a drive down to San Francisco one day by his brother Guido, he might still be the up-and-coming young civic light of his home town.

Guido brought a San Francisco paper to Aldo one day and showed him an ad asking that football players interested in appearing in a movie apply at a local

hotel for interviews that afternoon. Guido wanted to go but had no transportation. Aldo didn't want to make the trip but, possibly with a vote in mind, agreed to if Guido would pay for the gasoline and the bridge toll. They joined a large group of huskies in the living room of the hotel suite some time later, and Aldo settled down to read while his brother was given the once over. He personally thought the whole thing was silly.

When the other lads had been through the mill, a studio man motioned Aldo to go into the other room for his interview. Aldo told him he wasn't interested, something the Hollywood man refused to believe. Rather than argue about it, Aldo went in. Director David Miller sat behind a desk, and an assistant handed Aldo a page of script to read. Aldo took a look at it and refused again, stating that he wasn't an actor, just a chauffeur. This enchanted Miller to the extent that he insisted on Aldo remaining and talking about a part in the picture. When Aldo said he was occupied running for constable at the moment, Miller asked him to deliver a campaign address. This was something Aldo felt he could get his teeth into, and besides he needed the practice, so he stood in the center of the room and made an impassioned plea that the group of Hollywoodites elect him constable of Crockett.

When the speech was over, everyone made a dive for contract forms, trying to be the first to get the young politician's name on paper. The man's personality, husky voice and oddly handsome appearance was not the usual in a movie actor, but Miller and his aides were canny enough to know they'd be appealing. Because the money was good, and the studio people assured him they would not let their schedule interfere with his police

duties if he got elected, Aldo signed. Then he had to walk out into the other room and face his brother, who had not been snapped up so readily. To this day Guido still has a feeling that fate betrayed him.

AFTER Saturday's *Hero* was completed, Aldo Ray was elected constable. He had had his taste of the movies and was now happy to stay at home. While he was constable, juvenile delinquency dropped to zero. The kids of the town didn't want to blacken Aldo's record, so they took their mischief to nearby communities.

Meanwhile there was much conversation at Columbia Studio about Aldo. Some of the executives were very high on him. Others pointed out that there were ob-

Twentieth Century-Fox has photographed Marilyn Monroe in a gunny sack just to prove that she looks perfect in everything.

vious limitations to the activities of an actor who had permanent laryngitis and had had no experience. If it hadn't been for *The Marrying Kind*, the discussions would no doubt have petered out and been forgotten. But somebody brought Aldo to the attention of director George Cukor, who had been assigned to the picture. And soon Max Arnow, the casting director, got Aldo on the phone and asked him to come to Hollywood for a test. Aldo said no. He was a cop, and headed for big things in politics. But Arnow finally won, and Aldo took a couple of days off and showed up at Columbia.

The treatment he got in the next couple of days is more than likely what changed

his mind. He was driven to Cukor's home in a limousine. He was wine and dined and invited to dip into the pool between sessions on the script. He was being considered for one of the minor parts in the picture, but all aspirants were to be tested reading the leading male role. Then, after a few days of high living, he tested and went back home.

Weeks went by and one day Arnow called again.

"You're too fat, Aldo," he said.

"Not for a constable," said Ray.

"Lose some weight," said Arnow, "and you're in the movie."

"I'll think about it," Aldo said.

He thought about it, and then went on one of those diets he specializes in and that only he can stand. He chews celery all day and eats a steak at night. In five days he lost 20 pounds, went back to Columbia, tested again, and returned to Crockett. A week later Arnow called again.

"You looked great, Aldo," said Arnow.

"The only reason I'm interested," said Aldo, "is that I might be able to pick up a little money in a picture once in a while to add to my income here."

"You'll have to forget that, Aldo," said Arnow. "They want you to play the lead—opposite Judy Holliday."

"What does that mean?" Aldo asked.

"It means you'll have to quit up there, sign a contract with Columbia, and come to Hollywood to live."

"I'll think about it," Aldo said.

Aldo thought some more. His marriage was on the rocks. He was discovering that a constable's salary was just a mite less than he needed. He liked acting, and he could always get back into politics if thing went wrong in Hollywood. He called up the city fathers and resigned. (Continued on next page)

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(Continued from preceding page) You saw him in *The Marrying Kind*, and later in *Pat And Mike*. He is being hailed as the freshest thing to hit the films since Harold Lloyd. Columbia, shy on male stars, is planning to star him in its most ambitious movie to date, *From Here To Eternity*.

The life that Aldo Ray lives today is far different from the one he was living—and had planned to live—when Guido asked him to drive to San Francisco, just a couple of years ago. He has a small house above a rocky section of the coast of the Pacific Ocean, where one or more of his family is generally found visiting him. He doesn't go out with girls much because his divorce is not final, something he takes more seriously than most men in the movies. Still, the girls in Hollywood are chasing him as though he were a prize. He wears fine clothes, and buys a lot of presents for his mother.

And Aldo takes his work seriously, now that he is really interested in it. An amusing incident that took place in New York shortly after *The Marrying Kind* was released testifies to that. Aldo was in Manhattan on a personal appearance tour and happened to pick up *Time Magazine* which carried a review he

considered not fair or accurate. Aldo phoned the studio's New York publicity chief.

"I would like," he said, "to have a talk with the guy who wrote that review in *Time*."

"Nobody knows who writes those reviews," said the press agent. "*Time* has a staff of movie men."

"How many?" asked Aldo.

"Three, I think," said the press agent.

"Then I'd like to talk to all of them," said Aldo.

Because he'd never heard of it happening before, the studio man arranged a lunch at the Stork Club. Aldo sat down and pulled a copy of the review from his pocket.

"Okay, you guys," he said, "I'm going to take this thing apart and show you where you're all full of baloney . . ."

And he did. And the *Time* men sat and listened, because Aldo Ray is a determined man and they didn't know what he might do if they didn't.

Constable Aldo Ray is not going very much farther in his political career. But you can take the word of everyone in Hollywood that he's going far in the movies. Farther than a young man who took lessons could ever go.

END

easy money!

Fall is here but don't you be a fall guy and pass up this chance to pick up a quick dollar. All you have to do is read all the stories in this October issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new, one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started—write now, right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Take My Word For It
by Janet Leigh
- ☐ Party Girl Grows Up (Lana Turner)
- ☐ The Lies They Tell About Liz & Mike
(Liz Taylor-Mike Wilding)
- ☐ Disenchanted So Soon? (Shelley
Winters-Vittorio Gassmann)
- ☐ Is June Allyson Really Quitting?
- ☐ Two Wives—Two Lives
(Martin & Lewis)
- ☐ She Wants A Big, Tall Somebody!
(Debra Paget)
- ☐ My Mom by Tony Curtis
- ☐ In The Pink (House, That Is)
(Donald O'Connor)
- ☐ He Never Took A Lesson (Aldo Ray)
- ☐ The Truth About The Fords
(Eleanor Powell-Glenn Ford)
- ☐ What Betty Lanza Has Done For
Mario
- ☐ It's Only Money (Lucille Ball-
Desi Arnaz)
- ☐ Not Too Young To Love (Joan Evans)
- ☐ Relax, Pop, I Made It!
(Dale Robertson)
- ☐ House Warming (Barbara Ruick)
- ☐ The Good Mystery by Jane Powell
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Jon Kilbourn

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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WHY Suave OUTSELLS ALL WOMEN'S HAIRDRESSINGS

is June Allyson really quitting?

(Continued from page 35) family, and children were relegated to the back of her mind.

Joe Pasternak, the MGM producer, recalls Junie's behavior very well before she became Mrs. Richard Powell. "She was a persistent little devil," Joe says. "Wherever I went I'd find myself bumping into her—on the elevator, in the commissary, even in the projection rooms. I remember one time when we were casting *Music For Millions*, a picture Junie wanted a part in very badly. I phoned her that morning and asked her how she was. 'Bad, Joe,' she sniffed. 'I've got a cold in my nose.'

"'Sorry,' I said. 'I was thinking of you in connection with *Music For Millions*.' Next morning, June was in my office before I was."

But, as I say, that was nine or ten years ago, before June Allyson had waded neck-deep in success, getting to know all its glories, responsibilities, and demands.

TODAY, Junie sits back weighing a critical decision, wondering what to do.

Her contract at MGM expires in September of 1953. She loves the studio very much. Except for one serious fight last year when she didn't want to star in *Girl In White*, "because I just didn't think it was right for me," her relationship with MGM has been almost a father-daughter one. The studio is responsible for the enviable position she occupies today, and June is the first to admit it. Yet she is determined to sit out the balance of her contract, unless she can play roles she considers fitting.

Unfortunately, Junie is not a very good judge of scripts. For example, she was chary about starring with Jimmy Stewart in *The Stratton Story*; and yet that picture made a fortune and established her as a dramatic actress of the highest degree.

In reply to the question: "Is there any truth about your retirement?" June's answer was, "No. I'm not retiring at all. I love to act. All I want is a good story. I'm sure the studio is looking and will come up with one. I talk about retiring all the time, and maybe that's how the rumor got started. You see, ever since the children came I've been satisfied to stay at home and look after them. With Richard beside me, I don't need anything else. My career doesn't seem as important as it once did."

"I can remember," I said, "when it seemed like the beginning and the end of



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everything to you."

June nodded. "The best part of the hunt is the chase," she said in that froggy voice of hers. "When you're very young, you set your sights on something. Then when you achieve it, you realize that the enthusiasm is what made it so worthwhile. Sure, I used to be career-crazy. But then I met Richard. Right away my objectives became—what's the word?—diffused. I wanted a career and a husband, too. I've been very lucky. I've been able to blend the two. That's because Richard's been so understanding. He never minded my working, and I loved it, because after all, it's not too much fun hanging around the house when your husband's away all day and you've got someone to do the housework.

"But then Pam and Rickie came along. And I guess it's the maternal instinct in all of us girls that gets us in the end. Honestly, it's not easy to tear yourself away from your babies six days a week."

IT WAS about that time that the studio asked June to star in a few pictures she felt were not for her. There were minor bickerings, protestations, and suddenly the wonderful realization by Junie that she didn't have to work if she didn't want to.

I say this was a wonderful realization because Junie's had to work ever since she was 15 in order to support herself. Working became such an integral part of her life that when it suddenly dawned upon her that she could stop entirely with no drastic result, she was awe-stricken.

"I can stop working tomorrow," she says. "I can go off salary and not work at any other motion picture studio until a year from September. But who wants it? Still, I don't see any point in going to work to be unhappy. The only time I would quit motion pictures would be if I had to do a lot of things I didn't want to. When that day comes, little Junie is quitting, but not before."

"There's a lot of talk," I said, "that after your MGM contract expires, you and Dick will make films for television like Desi and Lucille Ball."

June shook her lovely blonde head. "Actually, I haven't thought very much about it. Richard is the business man in the family, and he knows all about those things. As a matter of fact, he was talking a lot about Desi and Lucille the other night. They own their television films, you know, and I guess they can sell them over and over again to thousands of TV stations. All I know is that I haven't worked since December, and I love it. Yet, years ago it would've driven me crazy. I don't (Continued on next page) 91

new!

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by **CHERAMY**
PERFUMER

(Continued from preceding page) worry about anything. I take care of the children. And oh, yes! I'm playing golf."

I LOOKED back over my notes. They didn't seem to add up. "A funny thing, Junie," I said. "Everytime I interview you, I leave with the feeling that I've gotten a lot of information. Then I go home and read my notes and find it's nothing but the greatest collection of double talk in the world, and I really don't know how you stand about things. Just for the record, let's get this retirement talk straight. You're not quitting and you're not on suspension, but you haven't worked since December? Is that right?"

Junie laughed that throaty laugh everyone has come to love.

"It's really very simple," she explained. "The first three months of this year I was on layoff. (Studio contracts call for employment of a star 40 out of 52 weeks per year.) After that I technically went back to work; that is, I went back on salary. I just haven't made any pictures. Maybe by the time this article comes out, I'll be working. Only," and she giggled again, "I don't think so, because Richard and I are planning a vacation in Europe, and I guess I can do that on my layoff, too. As soon as the studio has a good story for me, I'll come running. I love making pictures."

"The point I was trying to get across, however, is that I no longer have to make them to be happy. My life is full enough without them. Maybe I'm kidding myself, but I honestly think I could quit tomorrow and never miss the business."

That's the way June Allyson talks. Any attempt to pin her down to a definite statement of fact is destined to failure, because Junie herself is never definite or clear in her own mind concerning plans, desires, or intentions. Or, if she is, she's a master at camouflage.

On one point, however, she is fairly clear. She is determined not to act in any film except one that she is completely sold on. She will undoubtedly take a suspension and go off salary before she enacts a role that rubs her the wrong way.

People who know her well say that what she'll probably do when her MGM contract expires next year is sign again for one film a year on a non-exclusive basis.

If Richard deems it advisable, she will go into television or make motion pictures

of her own choosing at other studios on a free lance basis.

In the meantime she is ecstatically happy with her husband, her two children, and her golf, in that order. The direction of her career seems of small interest to her at this moment.

A woman who once worked as June's housekeeper has the best explanation of her attitude. "It's very simple," this woman (who prefers to remain nameless) points out. "Junie's not a child any more. She's a grown woman. She's got a different sense of values. She's looked around town, and mind you, she's learned a few things. Most important of all, she's learned that a career is a very wonderful thing—only you can't kiss it on the lips at night. There are actresses in Hollywood who have the most wonderful careers. Well, Barbara Stanwyck is one. But, what's the good of a career if you don't have a husband and children to share it with? I think Junie knows; she's learned which things come first. The husband and the children. Those are the most important things in a young woman's life."

AN MGM director who's put Junie through her paces in several films, had this to say when I asked him if he thought the Allyson retirement appeared imminent: "Imminent, shimmiment! This girl earns about 125 grand a year. Her husband does just about as well. Under the present tax setup, most of one yearly income is confiscated—so right away, you can dispense with the financial incentive. I mean most of what June earns goes to the government."

"As for other incentives, such as fame and success, well, my opinion is that right now June's getting a great big thrill out of being a mother. It's something new. You can't compare it to making pictures, because for June that's something old."

"Let the kids grow up and start going off to school, and right away June's going to have some time on her hands. All this talk about retirement will evaporate. I have a theory that's been proven many times. When you've had a strong hunger for fame, it never disappears entirely. Ever know a champion who quit at the height of his success and never tried his hand again? Gene Tunney's the only one I can think of offhand."

"Junie can say anything she wants to. But the fame has gotten into her blood. Allyson's gonna be around in this racket for a long time."

END

what betty lanza has done for mario

(Continued from page 52) Hollywood consensus on Mario Lanza: the young man has calmed down, doesn't get so excited any more, doesn't blow his top, seems to have matured to the point where he takes everything in stride—everything, that is, except his wife's latest pregnancy.

Moderation seems the keynote in the new Lanza behavior pattern.

Take food, for example, Lanza's traditional bugaboo. Before Mario hit Hollywood, he used to weigh anywhere from 200 to 287 lbs. Buddies who were with him in the Air Force during the war recall him as "the beer barrel who looked like a man."

"Everything about the poor guy was bloated," one corporal remembers. "His face, his neck, his stomach. He hated the military life, but once he was transferred to Special Services and began singing again, food meant less to him. I think in one month of entertaining at army camps

he dropped more than 40 pounds."

Mario's great trouble has always been his tendency to gain weight between pictures. Before he made *That Midnight Kiss*, he dropped from 225 to 169. When that one was over, he shot back to 215. For *The Toast Of New Orleans*, he cut his weight down to 165. For *Caruso*, he weighed in at 175. After *Caruso*, Mario went on an eating spree, devouring tremendous orders of pizza, ravioli, spaghetti, and steak. His weight shot up to 240, and MGM burst a corporate blood vessel when it couldn't start *Because You're Mine* until Mario reduced to a point where the fans would recognize him.

Mario went up to Oregon and began dieting (you'll find the diet he used on page 50), and in less than three months the pride of Philadelphia was down to 157 pounds.

He returned to Hollywood and raced through the picture without the slightest

trace of trouble or temperament.

When *Because You're Mine* was finished, everyone expected Mario to take off on one of his customary eating sprees, when he's been known to polish off 20 or 30 pieces of fried chicken at one sitting. Only this time they didn't reckon with Betty Lanza. The wife stepped in.

"Look, Mario," she explained, "there's no point in going through this off-again, on-again routine. We've been through it half a dozen times and you know what a job it is. Now that your weight is down, let's keep it that way. You start *Student Prince* in a couple of months, and we don't want a big hassle. So let's just continue with the same eating habits, okay?"

Friends point out that in her sweet, subtle way, Mario's wife is teaching her husband how to exercise self-control.

"She's done a wonderful job," an intimate confides, "and frankly, I don't see how. I remember when Betty and Mario first came out to Hollywood four years ago. Betty was five months pregnant, and she and Mario wanted to rent a house or an apartment in Beverly Hills. Well, that was right after the war. It was disgraceful, but everywhere they went in Beverly, the landlords would take a look at Betty and say, 'Sorry, no dogs or children allowed in these apartments.'"

"You should've heard Mario. He screamed like a stuck pig. He denounced and threatened and swore, but Betty always calmed him down."

Betty herself recalls that period in her married life very well.

"Mario and I," she says, "finally rented a house in North Hollywood. An old-time comedy actor owned it. He was going out on tour. Our rent was \$250 a month, and I'm telling you that's the hottest house we ever lived in. In the summer the temperature went up to 108. After Colleen

was born, I wouldn't go back there. By that time, some of the apartment house owners in Beverly Hills realized that children were people, too. Mario rented a duplex apartment on Spalding Drive. Then we moved to this house."

Frankly, Betty Lanza hates the house she's currently occupying. "It's a sore spot," she says, "and I'm disgusted with it. I'm trying to find another one, but I don't like to bother Mario about it, because when he gets angry he blows his top and you can hear him in Glendale."

"I must say this, and I think it's very important. Mario has learned self-restraint. Nowadays he doesn't blow his top unless he has a good reason. And they've learned

Samuel Goldwyn was persuaded to attend a competitor's picture that starred a dashing young movie hero, the idol of millions of bobby-soxers. "Wasn't it a swashbuckling performance?" the competitor asked at its conclusion.

"Yes," agreed Goldwyn, "but it buckled where it should have swashed."

*Bennett Cerf in
This Week*

that at the studio, too. They used to think that Mario was just being temperamental. But he's not. If he gets angry, he has a reason. If he wants a certain musical conductor, it's because he knows that with that conductor the picture will turn out so much better."

Lanza is the first to admit that he isn't a diplomat. He still believes in speaking his mind, honestly, quickly, and forthrightly, but today you could never get him to say some of the things he said two years ago or even last year.

By way of illustration, he told a reporter last summer that "at my age, Caruso was nowhere, nohow, nothing. I don't think I'm as great a singer as Caruso, because you never think you're as good as your idol, even though others may say you're better. But at 29, Caruso used to crack on a high B-flat, and I have a record to prove it . . . Sure, I haven't sung in the Met (Metropolitan Opera House) yet. But the day I do, all hell will break loose the way it did in pictures. The world hasn't heard from me yet. Wait till I develop."

The Mario Lanza of 1952 doesn't talk that way any more. He's lost none of his confidence, none of his faith in the greatness of his future, but he realizes that he's far from the perfect singer he hopes to be.

"Nobody knows better than I," he says, "how far I have to go. I know I'm not ready yet, and I know all about the different criticisms concerning my voice. They say I punch too much, that I force the tones, that I have a tendency to swallow some of the notes, and that sometimes the tones lack resonance."

"A singer can go nuts listening to all this stuff. What I try to do is follow the advice of musicians I respect, of conductors and great voice teachers."

"After I finish *The Student Prince* I have two more pictures to do. Then I hope to go to Italy to study and tour with an opera company."

The plain truth is that Mario Lanza does not regard himself as a motion picture star. In his own eyes he is a tenor who has had the God-given opportunity of popularizing operatic themes for the masses.

Some of his enemies insist that he places himself above advice, but as Betty says, "He listens every minute, even though he gives the impression that his mind is in Philadelphia" (Continued on next page)

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Last year, Dr. Peter Herman Adler, the conductor of *The Great Caruso* score, was asked how he felt about Lanza.

"Mario went to Hollywood," he said, "and Hollywood has been his Frankenstein. The pressure he is under is tremendous, always having to put up a front. His voice is not settled yet. He knows he has come up too fast, and he feels insecure. For this he overcompensates by boasting and showing off. There is still time. Ten years with the right opera company and no one could compare with him. But who can expect him, after being a star, to go back to learning?"

But Mario Lanza has gone back to learning. Five nights a week you can find him at home, studying and singing the rare and neglected operas of Verdi, Bizet, and Wagner. And always, of course, there's the woman behind his work.

As for the boasting and showing off and battling, those, too, are rapidly disappearing from Mario's conduct. So far this year, the only serious argument he's had has been with Nicky Brodsky, the Hungarian composer of "Be My Love."

Nicky composed some new tunes for *The Student Prince*, one of which is entitled, "I Walk With God." Mario didn't like certain passages and asked Nicky to change them. And though they're old friends, they fought bitterly.

Betty was the peacemaker as usual. "Now this is just childish," she said. "You're both like a couple of stubborn brats. Mario isn't trying to ruin your song, Nicky. You know better than that. And really, Mario, how can you say you won't sing it. Why, it's a beautiful song."

They finally agreed to compromise. When you hear Mario sing "I Walk With God," you'll know that it was Betty's tact that saved the tune.

SINCE Mario has developed this new maturity, there has been much talk that MGM will never let him go, that the studio will dangle such a lucrative contract in front of his pen that Mario will find it irresistible, sign on the dotted line, and never get to Italy.

Mario's original contract, as you probably know, called for him to receive \$15,000 for his first picture, \$25,000 for his second, and \$35,000 for the third, and so on up the ladder until he reached a maximum of \$75,000 per film.

Instead of paying him \$15,000 for his first film, *That Midnight Kiss*, MGM paid him \$25,000. He got \$50,000 for his second, and \$100,000 for *The Great Caruso*, which will probably gross \$19,000,000.

Money doesn't mean very much to Mario. "I love to sing. I would sing if no one ever paid me a red cent. I'm determined to go to Europe and study. When I make my debut at the Met, I want to be prepared."

The Monday-morning quarterbacks, however, still insist, despite Mario's talk, that he will never leave Hollywood.

"When his contract is up," one producer says, "they'll tell Lanza to name his own figure. They'll point out to him that through motion pictures he can make the world more opera-conscious than ever before. They'll tell him that once he leaves the country, his following will taper off. I agree that the guy has settled down of late. But let's face it. It takes will power to give up a million bucks a year. And I don't think that Mario at this point is ready to assume the role of the mature artist who knows where he's headed."

What this producer forgets is that Mario Lanza has a wife who knows very well where her husband is going in life.

"A year or so after our third baby is born," Betty says, "we'll be on our way to Italy. You can count on that."

END

disenchanted so soon?

(Continued from page 33) we're happy, that's not news. They gotta have news, so right away our marriage is on the rocks. Don't you believe a single word of those lies.

"We've had a few disagreements, which to my way of thinking is a very good thing for any marriage. You get to understand your husband that way. He speaks his mind, and I speak mine. Vittorio is no Casper Milquetoast. He says what he feels like saying. So do I. Suppose we don't see eye to eye about something. Right away, does that have to become a Federal case? All right, we did have an argument in a restaurant. So what? Wasn't anything serious. I don't even know what it was all about.

"I think this phony report about our marriage got started because of what took place at MGM before Vittorio left for Mexico.

"I'm going to tell you the truth. So help me! You can check with anyone. This is what happened. The day before Vittorio was scheduled to leave for Cuernavaca with the *Sombrero* company, I came on the lot. I don't have to tell you how anxious I was to go to Mexico with him. I even took a suspension. I turned down *The Number* over at 20th on a loan-out.

"Anyway, I was on the set watching him. Someone came over and told me that Farley Granger was next door, on the set across the street. They were shooting *I Love Melvin* with Farley and Debbie Reynolds. I hadn't seen Farley for some time, so I said to Vittorio, 'I'm going over to say hello to Farley.' And I went.

"I guess Vittorio blew his top. 'I'm going to Mexico tomorrow,' he said, 'and my wife has to visit some other man.' He was angry and that's how the story started that everything was busting up. It's ridiculous."

Not too ridiculous, because deep down Vittorio Gassmann has the feeling that Shelley Winters and Farley Granger once cared for each other. Shelley herself helped foster this impression when she and Farley went together steadily for publicity purposes.

Shelley says now that she and Farley were never even engaged, that the ring Farley gave her while they were making *Behave Yourself* together was only a cock-tail ring, "and let's face it, Jerry Wald announced our engagement. I never said anything except that Farl and I were pals. We're still pals, but certainly, we were never in love with each other."

Lots of people read the newspapers, even in Italy, and when Shelley flew into Rome last year, Vittorio Gassmann, along with thousands of others, was under the impression that she had promised herself to Farley.

As a matter of fact, when Vittorio began dating Shelley, taking her on long automobile rides outside of Rome, sending her three dozen yellow roses at a clip, dining and wining her at famous restaurants along the Tiber, his conscience began to ache like a drilled tooth.

After he brought her home and introduced her to his mother and sister, he knew he was falling in love with the American beauty, and he insisted upon doing what he thought was the honest thing. "Now," he said in his broken English, "I think only one thing to do. We must fly to Paris. Together we explain to your fiancé what has happened between us."

(Continued on next page)

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(Continued from preceding page)

"What fiancé?" Shelley asked.
"Mr. Farley Granger," Vittorio said.
"Are you kidding?" Shelley asked. "He's not my fiancé."

"But in all the newspapers," the puzzled Vittorio continued, "it says that you and Farley. . ."

Because she had by then fallen in love, Shell told Vittorio the truth. She and Farley were friends. Nothing more. They had common interests. They both loved dramatics. But as regards marriage, it was simply out of the question. She was three years older than Farley. He didn't love her, and she didn't love him. Their engagement was a publicity gimmick.

Vittorio didn't understand the meaning of the word, "gimmick."

"A device," Shelley explained, "a method to get publicity."

Vittorio nodded, and Shelley thought he was convinced. Now after the episode at MGM, she's wondering if all the free publicity she garnered with Farley hasn't become a boomerang. Certainly her husband was furious when she walked off his set onto Farley's.

The reason for this is that Vittorio is genuinely in love with Shelley.

Many of Shelley's enemies insist this is an impossibility. "How can anyone be in love with Shelley Winters?" they ask, viciously. "She talks so much that no self-respecting man would put up with her." They imply that Vittorio married her because she could get him into America and serve as his entree into Hollywood.

This is a bare-faced lie born of jealousy and envy. Shelley did not get Vittorio his motion picture contract at MGM, and he married her for only one reason. "I agree she is not a diplomat," Vittorio says, "but she is honest and to my eyes beautiful and she has a wonderful soul and a good heart and I love her; and that is why I make her my wife."

VITTORIO GASSMANN was signed to an MGM contract because he happens to be a fine actor, one of the best actors Italy has turned out in years. As a matter of fact, after *Bitter Rice*, the film he had made in Italy with Sylvana Mangano, was shown in the U. S., Paramount cabled one of its officials in Rome for a report on Vittorio.

The report said: "Vittorio Gassmann, age 29, six feet two, thin, 165 lbs., wavy brown hair, brown eyes, speaks broken English, other Latin languages well; father Enrico Gassmann, mother Luisa Doscana; born in Genoa, is married but separated from daughter of Italian actor Renzo Ricci; has one child, girl Paula age 7; home address # 19 Via Corsica; attended grade and intermediate schools at Tasso, studied at Roman Dramatic Academy; is best known as stage actor; has repertory company; good reputation, to date; involved in no scandals; photographs well; if overcomes language difficulty would make good character actor; opinion as to his sex appeal divided; has been married nine years; can test over here although plenty film footage available."

Once Shelley fell in love with him, Vittorio not only had a fiancée but, in addition, one of the greatest natural press agents in Hollywood. When he arrived on the West Coast to visit Shelley, the Italian actor suddenly found himself catapulted from the position of a comparative unknown to that of a celebrity.

For his part, Vittorio said little. He apologized for his scant knowledge of English—it turned out to be not so scant. He could understand pretty nearly anything he wanted to, and in turn, could always make himself understood.

When Sydney Chaplin invited Shelley to bring Vittorio over to the Chaplin Studios where his father, Charles, was making his latest film, Vittorio was grateful and courteous. He let Shelley do all the talking. At the Tyrone Power party where he was informally presented to Hollywood society, Vittorio was again shy, reserved, and polite.

After they were married and Vittorio flew to New York to star in Maxwell Shane's independent production of *The Glass Wall*, Gassmann, feeling more acclimated to America, more confident in his ability to earn a living here, began to assert himself.

When he felt Shelley was wrong about something, he openly disagreed. Shelley loves to argue if only for argument's sake. These forensic debates immediately gave rise to rumors that these newlyweds were unhappy.

Shelley insists, "It's a lie. What" she asks, "do we have to be unhappy about? We have a few problems. Certainly! All married people have problems. I've been married before, so has Vittorio. We know. Right now, we have two problems. One, we're trying to find a house; and two, Vittorio is afraid that his repertory company in Italy is breaking up."

A FEW months ago, Shelley and Vittorio found what they considered the house of their dreams, a small place not very far from where Betty Grable lives. "We offered \$35,000 for it," Shelley says. "They wanted \$42,000. We couldn't swing the deal. Just didn't have the money. Funny the way people think because you're working in Hollywood, you're making a fortune. I've been working for years, six pictures last year. Who knows how many this year? Where's the fortune?"

"Anyway, let me tell you about this house. Just what we wanted but too much money. Maybe now we can swing it. You know Vittorio has a funny kind of deal over at MGM. Two pictures by the end of October. After that he goes back to Italy and does stage work with his company. Well, while he was down in Mexico on *Sombrero*, the studio told him that for his second picture they were going to star him in *Cry, The Hunted*. It's a wonderful script. I read it myself. He plays a gangster. When he got that notice, he also got notices from these actors and actresses in his Italian stock company. They wrote and said, 'You are now a big Hollywood star. We don't think you are coming back, so I guess we will find other jobs.'

"Poor Vittorio. His first love is the stage, and when he got those letters, he almost went crazy. There I was, sick. You knew, of course, that I flew down to Mexico to be with him. I did a real stupid thing. I drank some water out of a tap. You're not supposed to do that in Mexico unless you've been living there a long time. I got real sick, virus, dysentery, headaches, stomach trouble, everything. Well, there I was, and he was worried over me. Then these notices came, and he said, 'I've just got to fly to Italy. Please tell Benny Thau (MGM executive) that I only want a week off, just enough to get to Rome and back. I have to explain to these actors that I am serious about coming back.' He was all upset. I was all upset. I'm telling you, it was a hassle. I caught the plane and came back a few days ahead of him. He's flying in Tuesday, and then we're going to try to fly to Rome and back."

When Vittorio Gassmann arrived from Mexico City, following the completion of his role in *Sombrero*, I asked him how his marriage was holding up.

"It is in excellent condition," he said flatly. "Anything else you read, well, it is just a publicity gimmick." **END**

(Continued from page 42) Ella Cinders haircut, infectious giggle and an accent you couldn't slice with a bread knife. No wonder Manny thought she was a cute dish.

They'd been married a little more than a year when I was born, and two years later came my brother Julius. Pop couldn't go on acting in the United States as he had in Budapest, because nobody, not even the citizens of Brooklyn, could understand him. So he took up tailoring, and it was a rough road. We moved all the time, and Mom was always in there pitching, helping Manny in the shop. Yet she always had time to talk to us, to explain things the way a mother should.

Because I was the oldest, I was responsible for Julius, and I was all the time losing him. After I'd gone out and found him bawling on some street corner, I'd bring him home and get my hide tanned, but good. Mom was the heavy of the family and always went for the hairbrush when I committed little sins. She couldn't stand it if I didn't obey her, or if I talked back, and she kept at me about manners like she thought I was going to grow up to be president of a bank. Pop took over when I was either dishonest or careless—these were two things he wouldn't tolerate. When I lost my jacket, when I misplaced some money a customer had given me, he whipped me in a pretty manly fashion. And when I threw away the library book rather than pay the dues I owed, I thought I'd never be able to sit down again.

Spanking never bothered me too much, in a physical way. I was too used to getting my head cracked on sidewalks by the neighborhood gangs to let a little thing like a razor strap upset me. But what got me was Mom after she'd slapped me. She used to go off somewhere and cry, and even now, when Mom's talking about some punishment she had ladled out to me, she gets tears in her eyes. "I shouldn't have done it," she laments. "I should never have been so strict with you. You were so good, such a good little boy."

Poor Mom. She never knew. I was the kind of kid every neighbor wanted to kick, and in school I was a regular momzer, or goniff, which politely translated into English means a first-class jerk. Six days a week I was in trouble and on the seventh I was too tired from fighting to move. I never told Mom about the fighting; it was my carefully guarded secret. Somehow my face usually escaped getting scarred, so she didn't notice, but when I got undressed at night, my body was covered with rips and bruises. It was only a couple of years ago that Mom found out about it, when magazines first started printing stories about me. Then she cornered me. "Bernie, what is all this about all this fighting. Why do you tell people these things? You never used to fight. You were such a good boy."

MOM didn't know from nothing about me when I was a kid. If you ask her now, she'll tell you how the teachers used to stop her on the street and tell her what a model pupil I was, and how the neighbors used to remark how obedient I was. I'll tell you what she's thinking of. I'd been at a new school for two days when one teacher, who hadn't had the displeasure of my company for more than that time, met Mom at the market and, probably for lack of something better to say, told her I was a small angel. Once when I was little, Mom called me to follow her. I did it, and Mrs. Shoemaker who ran the (Continued on next page)

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(Continued from preceding page) grocery store asked Mom how she trained me so well. That's Mom for you. She remembers those things, but forgets the bad things.

She doesn't tell about the time (and I've never mentioned it to her since) that she walked into a room when I had just snatched a nickel out of her purse. For a split second I had that awful clammy fear you get when you've been caught, but I decided to play it real innocent. "Hi, Mom," I said, and smiled like a cherub. When she started toward me, I braced myself for a rap across the face, and when, instead, she ran a hand over my hair and smiled at me, I turned to jelly inside. I went out afterward and bought an ice cream cone with the nickel. But I hadn't eaten any more than a couple of licks when it began to taste like acid, and I threw it into the gutter.

She conveniently forgets the times she took me to visit my rich aunt in the Bronx. I used to sit in a straight chair as long as I could stand it, while the women talked about the neighborhood. Then I'd begin whistling. It was only an introduction to my next act—a bit that used to drive Mom nuts. I'd reach out from my chair and finger the expensive ashtrays, the statuettes and the fancy lampshades that Mom thought so elegant, and pretty soon she'd stop in the middle of a sentence about Mrs. Cohen's new baby and look daggers at me. "Go on, go on, get out of here," I'd slip happily out into the streets, which for me had a charm all their own, with the summer sun baking brick and asphalt and adventure always around the corner. Later, at dinner, she'd shake her head when she told Pop what a trouble I was, and then she'd serve me a double stack of potato pancakes and stuffed cabbage.

I THINK Mom always wanted to spoil me but could never quite bring herself to it. She had a humor and a softness that I loved. I used to wake up early in the morning, sneak into their bedroom and jab Mom in the ribs, then jerk my thumb in the direction of the bed. She'd smile and motion me in. And when I jumped up and down on the saggy springs until Pop started to grumble, it was always Mom who laughed like a schoolgirl. My parents' bed in the morning was the warm sanctuary of my childhood. It was a place where no one could reach out to strike me, a place where, for a little while, I was surrounded by love.

I guess I always did have love, at home. When Christmas drew near each year, Manny and Mom split themselves wide open trying to save up enough money to buy Julie and me nice gifts. I remember the year Mom collected green stamps, box tops, orange cards, all sorts of those merchandise credit things, and finally went downtown one day and bought a complete set of electric trains. It turned out on Christmas morning that the trains were AC and our current was DC. When we plugged the cord in and the whole room filled with smoke, Mom was sorrier than we were. She just sat down in Pop's chair and held her hands over her eyes. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she kept saying.

Mom always was affectionate, and I reacted to it like all kids do. I remember one night they took me to a dance at the lodge. When Mom and Pop wanted to dance, I felt a twinge of jealousy. I didn't want them to leave me, but I guess, to be honest, I didn't want Mom off gallivanting around the floor, having a good time without me. I was only about three, but I sounded a lot louder than that when I hung on to her skirts and howled my protest.

MOM was always my champion and would go to any lengths to protect me. I remember when she and Pop came up to camp to visit me one summer when I was a counselor there for the Boy Scouts. Nobody was there to meet them at the railroad station, so they stood around pretty miserable for a while until I got there. I walked all the way into town from camp to meet them, because there was no car available at the time. It was a hot day, and although Mom was wearing high heels, she was game for the long hike back to camp. But before we got through town, which was little more than the railroad station itself, the local cop stopped us. "What're you doing, running around in bathing trunks?" he wanted to know. The trunks I was wearing were a lot more decent than an 1890 bathing suit, but this cop evidently had got out of the wrong side of bed that morning. He soaked me ten bucks, which was one-half of my monthly salary. Mom was standing there livid with rage. She had too much respect for the law to say anything, but if looks could have killed, that cop would have been laid out in his pine box the next day. It hadn't been easy for Mom or Pop all along, and then we began having one trouble after another. First Julie was hit by a car and, although he wasn't hurt

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badly, he got a pretty good crack on the head and his lower lip and eyes were swollen for weeks. Pop's business wasn't good, like everybody else's during those years. We were living on Second Avenue between 72nd and 73rd Streets when we were dispossessed. It isn't pleasant, being dispossessed. You stand there with your mother and father and brother, out on the freezing streets, and one after another your possessions are thrown out on the pavement beside you. The crowd gathers, and your stinging humiliation makes you hate everybody. There we were, lined up on the sidewalk, Pop looking hurt and beaten and Mom's eyes blazing with defiance. I remember Julie was holding our dog and looking bewildered, and I was full of loathing for the staring crowds until somebody—I think it was the woman who ran the store next door—came up to us and said gently, "Would you like something to eat?"

I did a complete flip then, and bawled my eyes out. I hadn't known people were good like that. We were new in the neighborhood, and nobody knew us or had paid any attention to us, but now that we were in trouble, I realized they were all reaching out to us in sympathetic understanding. I remember looking at Mom as I dabbed at my eyes, and she was standing there with a tight little smile around her mouth nodding at me as if to say, "You see, son? You see, my boy?"

AND then we moved into a condemned building down the street. Pop had his shop in the front and we lived in back. Mom and Pop slept on the bed and Julie and I on the couch. One night we were wakened by footsteps coming down the rickety stairs from the top of the building. Pop knew right away what it was. A "protection agency" had been around the week before to get money from him and he'd refused. Now they were after him. He picked up the clopper, the board used for pressing, and shouted at the top of his lungs. The thug went away, but it had us all scared. Mom was almost hysterical.

Then came the very worst. One summer evening Julius and I were vaulting the iron railings when a parade came by. We followed it, like we always did. I remember it turned off on 76th Street. I guess that's when I lost track of Julius. When I got home, Mom wanted to know where he was.

"Isn't he home yet?" I said, and something turned all cold inside me. Pop went looking in one direction and I in another, and one of Pop's friends took off, too. He came back 15 minutes later and told Mom a boy had been hit by a car between 1st and 78th.

I went with a cop to the hospital where they'd taken Julius. They wanted me to identify him, and I knew that Mom and Pop couldn't. They just couldn't. It was Julie—I was able to tell by the tooth that had been chipped when some kid had slammed his face down over the drinking fountain at school a few weeks ago. The next morning I looked after the store while Mom and Pop went to the hospital, and I was standing out in front when I saw them coming down the street. I knew then, before they were close enough to tell me, before they were even close enough for me to see their faces. I knew it from the slump of their shoulders.

From then on Mom was doubly intense in her love for me. Sometimes she'd do funny things. She'd fly off the handle if I was five minutes late. Over little things she'd get upset beyond reason. I'm glad I had sense enough to understand she was tied up inside with baling wires.

I guess if Bobby hadn't come along before I went into the Navy, it would have been just too much for Mom. But then she had another baby to care for, and it wasn't so bad when I came home on my 18th birthday and told her I'd registered. It was bad enough, though. She and Pop and the little guy came to the Simpson Street station in the Bronx to see me off. I looked out the window as long as I could see them, and Mom was still standing there, waving with one hand and stuffing a handkerchief into her mouth with the other. Mom always thought it was bad manners to show emotion in public. She'd have done anything rather than cry in front of strangers.

I WAS away a long time. When we were loading the sub's torpedoes near Guam and the chain snapped and hit me in the back, I couldn't write for five weeks. I didn't mention the incident in my first letter after I got well. Mom was worried enough as it was. I waited until later and then mentioned it sort of casually.

Sometimes kids do awful things to their parents, I guess. Like when I got back to New York and was finally processed out on Long Island. I went into Manhattan and phoned Mom that I was at 48th Street and that I'd be home as soon as I got a haircut. A haircut, yet. I wanted to look decent, but it never occurred to me that Mom was in a frenzy, almost hysterical, and that she wouldn't have cared if my hair was tucked in my shoes. It was a cold morning—December 19th—and it was snowing. When I rounded the corner, there she was, standing outside the store, the snow falling on the shawl over her hair. As soon as she saw me she started to scream, and I ran down the street to her and held her tight. "Mom, take it easy, Mom!" I said. She's so sensitive that sometimes I think she'll snap in two.

Then Bobby and Pop came out, too, and Pop was almost as bad as Mom, but Bobby just stood there and giggled. He was five then and I guess the strain was too much for him. "What's the matter with him?" I said, and we all laughed and felt better. (Continued on next page)



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(Continued from preceding page) Mom couldn't understand it when I took up acting. She and Pop came to see me in some of the shows, and when I'd go home at night, she'd shake her head. "Why this acting?" she used to say. "You work too hard. I don't think it's worth it all."

She almost fell apart when she learned I was going to Hollywood, and 20 times a day would ask to see my contract. She bragged to all the neighbors until I was ashamed to show my face, and she'd have gone on a lot longer if I hadn't insisted that the family come out to Hollywood to live.

They got a big bang out of my being a movie actor, and couldn't get over the fact I was meeting people they'd seen in movies back in New York. Before I met Janet, I was gradually overcoming the idea that girls were for the birds, and once in a while I'd bring one of the Hollywood dolls home with me to meet Mom and Pop.

I remember the day I mentioned to Mom that I was dating Janet. Her eyes grew wide. "Janet Leigh!" she said. "So pretty! I remember her in that picture where Glenn Ford was a doctor. Such a pretty girl. My Bernie taking out Janet Leigh!"

I didn't tell Mom right away how I felt about Janet. I didn't have to. One night Janet and I were there for dinner, and Pop had gone in the other room to take a nap. Mom looked at us for a minute and then she smiled. "Why don't you two get married?" she said.

"Josephine!" I said, and gave her my grim look. Janet made little embarrassed noises, and there was a long silence.

But Mom was undaunted. "I said, why don't you two get married? You'd be good for each other."

Writer to producer: "You're a jerk
—and that's retroactive!"

Mike Connolly

When Janet and I planned to be married back east, I phoned Mom a week before to tell her. "So," she said. "That's good." She sounded like I had interrupted her ironing and that I was wasting my money anyway, as she'd known it all along.

Mom still tells about the time Janet phoned her after the wedding and said, "Mrs. Schwartz? This is Mrs. Schwartz." They get along fine, my wife and my Mom. When Manny had his heart attack not long after we were married, Janet stayed with Mom until I could get back from New York. You might think they were sisters; they're giggling together all the time. Mom insists on telling Janet all about my school crushes, about the night I took out Connie and switched to Sid Schulman's girl. Heaven knows what else she tells her. They went together to see *Flesh And Fury* and had to borrow each other's handkerchiefs. Mom told me they cried not so much because the picture was sad, but because they had to watch me getting belted in the ring. Janet said every time my opponent landed a punch, Mom would exhale a little puff of air along with a grunt.

I understand the only member of my family who was upset about my marrying Janet was Bobby. When Mom told him about it after my phone call from New York, he just glared. Mom tells me he thought if I got married it meant I was gone forever to some far off shore, that my family would never see me again. Fat chance, with Manny and Bobby there, and Mom's stuffed cabbage—and Mom.

END

(Tony can be seen in Universal's *Son of Ali Baba*.)

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

Highly Recommended
Recommended
No Stars:
Average

FROM THE MOVIES

JUST FOR YOU—I'll Si-Si Ya In Bahia by Henry Jerome (MGM).

ONE MINUTE TO ZERO—When I Fall In Love by Doris Day* (Columbia).

Victor Young wrote this melody as the musical theme for the score of the film, and the lyrics are by Eddie Heyman, who set words to *Body And Soul*. It's Doris' first record in collaboration with Percy Faith, that fine conductor and arranger, who does an excellent job of teaming with her both on this side and on the coupling, the 20-year-old hit from Germany *Take Me In Your Arms*.

SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE—Roy Anthony* (Capitol).

This double-sided version of the famous Richard Rodgers composition is an expert, colorful performance. By the way, the MGM album entitled *Slaughter On Tenth Avenue And Other Ballet Music From Motion Pictures* is now available on both 45 r.p.m. and LP discs.

SUDDEN FEAR—Title song by Steve Lawrence* (King)

POPULAR

PEGGY LEE—Just One Of Those Things* (Decca)

Peggy's star is rising again; her collaboration with Gordon Jenkins and the first big hit record that they produced, *Lover*, was followed by the news that she's been signed to play opposite Danny Thomas in *The Jazz Singer*, a role originally set for Doris Day. Chances are that within a year Peggy will be one of the top stars both for Decca and for Warner Bros.

SAUTER-FINEGAN ORCHESTRA—Doodletown Fifers** (Victor).

Here's one of the most original and exciting new bonds in a long time. Bill Finegan has written many of Tommy Dorsey's most popular arrangements, while Eddie Sauter performed similar chores for Benny Goodman. Now they've formed their own band to express some completely new ideas—unusual sounds, such as piccolo, odd percussion and other effects that you don't hear in a regular dance band.

The most striking of their first four tunes is *Doodletown Fifers*, based on a traditional melody (originally called *Kingdom Come*). But you'll probably be delighted with the other side, an unusual and very pretty version of *Azure-Te*.

Another release by the band is *Stop! Sit Down! Relax! Think!*, an odd little ditty, paired with an old song called *Rain*. With more original ideas like those of Sauter and Finegan, perhaps the bands will really come back to the place of eminence now monopolized by the singers.

FRANK SINATRA—Tennessee Newsboy* (Columbia).

This is a fast-tempoed, exciting side by Frankie, one of his best records.

party girl grows up

(Continued from page 29) that marriage can be a very beautiful and wonderful thing—with the right guy, of course."

When Lana arrived on the Nevada side of Lake Tahoe early in July, she said, "Cheryl and I are just up here for a vacation. I have six weeks off between pictures. Then I'm going back to work." And with that she rented the lakeside cottage belonging to Justice of the Peace McCleery.

She said nothing at all about a divorce from Bob Topping, merely moved into the cottage with Cheryl and a maid, and the very next day took off with her daughter for a little fishing.

In order to prevent unwanted visitors and the usual bevy of curiosity-seekers from invading her privacy, Lana had a sign put by the road which read: "Justice of the Peace no longer lives here. Has moved into Zephyr Cove."

This didn't stop the newspaper boys however, from calling on Lana to see if she had actually come to the lake to fish.

"By God!" one reporter recalls. "She was fishing, baiting her own hooks, too. Didn't look like a movie star. In fact, with that haircut, didn't even look like Turner. I asked her who her lawyer was, and she said, 'I don't have any.' I thought she was kidding, but you know what? She was on the level. I checked all the lawyers in Reno, and they said no, they weren't handling her divorce. Of course, she could have some lawyer in Las Vegas. Clark Gable tried that, but we found out about it. No, she was on the level with us. Surprised the devil out of me, too, because we'd been warned that she was very uncooperative with the press."

But that was the old Lana.

Take, for example, the terrible impression the actress created in England a few years ago when she sailed to Europe on her honeymoon trip with Bob Topping.

When the Mauretania docked at Southampton, the British reporters called on Lana, and she came up with such ridiculous remarks as, "I am a woman with a price on my head. You've no idea how ghastly it has all been. I have been the

"Just a few dresses," Lana explained. "That's all. Maybe ten dresses and four suits and perhaps ten pairs of shoes. You see, Mr. Lewin, this is all an exciting holiday for me. I shall just love seeing your England, all the history and all that."

The day after Lana hit London, a press conference was held at the Savoy Hotel. Through no fault of her own, Lana was an hour late. When she finally arrived, she didn't know what to say. "I love the English country," she began. "The grass and trees are wonderfully green, and the tulips particularly. And all the flowers are terribly beautiful."

The following day the British Press Association issued a statement denouncing Lana's interview as "the strangest and most humiliating press conference yet held in Britain."

There was no one to explain to the English reporters that Lana was scared stiff, inwardly terrified, that here was a girl who knew precious little about English history, who, in her own awkward way, was trying to act in a manner she felt was expected of her.

So they took her over the coals. But let Lana return to England in the future, and she'll have the press eating out of her hand. Because, in four years, Mrs. Turner's little girl has come a long, long way.

Up at Tahoe, by way of illustration, she greeted the reporters graciously, said, "What can I do for you, boys?"

When the photographers asked for a few pictures, she posed cooperatively.

When they said, "How about you and this Lamas fellow?" she said frankly and honestly, "We're interested in each other, of course, but he's still married and so am I. I can't talk about wedding dates or anything like that."

"When do you plan to sue for divorce?"

"I don't know. (Continued on next page)"

IT HAPPENED TO ME



My sister and I were shopping in a Pittsburgh department store and I saw an article I liked which had no price tag. So I asked a man (who I thought was a clerk) talking with some girls near the cash register, if he could tell me the price of it. He said, "No, I couldn't, honey," and everyone started laughing. To my surprise, I was addressing Donald O'Connor.

Grace Collins
Monongahela, Pa.

target of malicious gossip. I guess I know why. It is a result of the war and all this talk about Communism. People wanted something else to talk about and so they turned to me. . . I don't see why all this should be the price of fame."

Then David Lewin of The London Daily Express asked Lana if it were true that she had spent \$30,000 on her trousseau.

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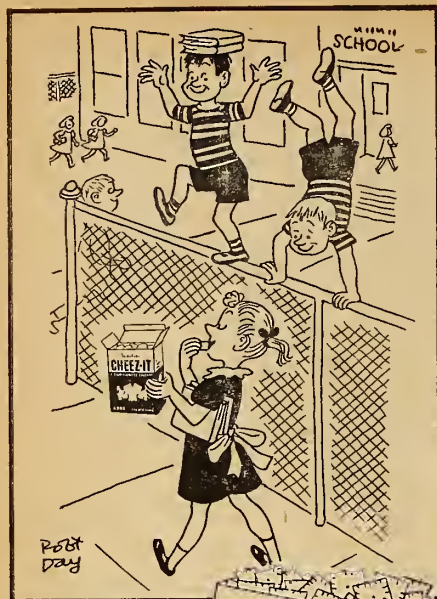
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(Continued from preceding page) My lawyer is attempting to work things out." "Isn't that why you're up here? To get a divorce?"

"No, I came up with my daughter for a vacation. I've been working hard this year, finished *The Merry Widow* and . . ."

"Is that the one with Lamas?"

"Yes, and also *The Bad And The Beautiful*, and then I go back to Culver City in August to start another one."

"Who's your lawyer?"

"Neal McCarthy."

"I mean your lawyer in Reno."

"I don't have one in Reno."

"Is that on the level?"

"On the level, boys."

"But that doesn't mean you can't stay up here at the lake for six weeks, establish your legal Nevada residence, then hire a lawyer to sue for you later. You can do that, can't you? Like Rita Hayworth. She was up here for six weeks. Even though she went back and made a picture, she can come up here again and get her divorce in half an hour. You can do the same thing."

Lana admitted the possibility of killing two birds with one stone, of enjoying a six weeks' vacation and simultaneously establishing a legal Nevada residence.

"There's a story out," one reporter said, "to the effect that your husband Bob Topping got a divorce in Mexico and is secretly married to some model. Any truth to that?"

"Not that I know of," Lana said. "And I'm sure I would have known."

When the interview was over, the newsmen agreed unanimously that Lana was a plain-talking, straight-shooting girl, nothing phony, no affectation, no hedging—a welcome contrast to Maureen O'Hara, another Lake Tahoe visitor who refused to discuss her divorce with any member of the press, a welcome contrast, in fact, to the Lana Turner of the Topping era.

LANA also used her vacation as a time for reflection. Many afternoons, when Cheryl wandered down the beach at Zephyr Cove to the old Dixie Show Boat moored a hundred yards away, Lana flopped down on the porch, looked out at the lake and the scenic snow-capped Sierras beyond and meditated on her past and her future.

One afternoon an old friend dropped by for a visit. He asked the little actress—Lana's not very tall, only five three—to explain her bad luck with men.

Lana has said many times that when she was Hollywood's night club queen, "I liked the boys and the boys liked me. . . I liked Victor Mature and Greg Bautzer and Tony Martin and Peter Lawford and Tyrone Power and Turhan Bey and Howard Hughes and Bob Hutton. I liked dancing with them and partying with them and, sometimes, kissing them."

The friend knew all this, but he wondered why, with all of Lana's experience, she had succumbed to such unstable characters as Artie Shaw, Steve Crane, and Bob Topping.

Lana smiled and shrugged. "Where husbands are concerned," she said, "I just haven't been a very good picker." But as she spoke, a serious look came into her eyes as if to say, "But I'll be darned if I make that same mistake again."

It is strange that after so many millions of words have been written about Lana's marriages, so few people really know the truth. Perhaps it's because the truth is so unbelievable.

Lana, for example, married Artie Shaw, her first husband, because Greg Bautzer, her fiance, broke a date. Lana was only 19 at the time, and Bautzer was supposed to take her out on a birthday party. He

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last year my husband took me to the Puerto Rican legislature to see the ceremony in honor of José Ferrer. José had come to his beloved Puerto Rico to receive from our Governor the Oscar he had been awarded by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for 1951.



The Senate and House of Representatives paid homage to José, interrupting their work to greet him in the name of the Puerto Rican people. The President of the House made a beautiful speech which he dramatically ended with these words:

"José Ferrer: Let me open the doors of the soul of this family and allow me to take your hand and deposit it in the heart of the people of Puerto Rico."

José rose, his features contracted with emotion. As he shook hands with the President, thunderous waves of applause filled the Capitol. The audience rose and clapped for several minutes.

It was a great moment for José. The great actor of America could not act at this moment, nor could he hide his feelings. He burst into tears, covered his face with both hands and dropped into his chair, sobbing like a little boy.

Elsie Alcaraz de Irizarry
Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

broke the date, however, whereupon Artie Shaw who had never been out with Lana in his life, phoned and asked for the pleasure of her company. In a fit of pique, Lana said yes. A few hours later she was Mrs. Artie Shaw. After the ceremony, Shaw kissed her for the first time.

The marriage was a catastrophe. Four months with Artie and Lana wound up in a Santa Monica hospital with an A-number-one nervous breakdown.

You would have thought Lana had learned her lesson. But as she herself says, "I'm lonely unless I have someone to love."

Next, it was Steve Crane with whom she eloped. This was tragic, because at the time Lana married Steve, the tall, dark, wavy-haired lover was still married to a girl named Carol Kurtz, so that his marriage to Lana was illegal.

You all know the story. Lana quickly had the marriage annulled, then found herself pregnant. Six months later she and Crane drove down to Mexico and got remarried in order to legalize the birth of their child.

To date, the only richness Lana has had from her many ill-advised love affairs, the only reward, the only anyone to all her heartbreak has been her nine-year-old daughter, Cheryl, who happens to look very much like her father.

WHATEVER charge may be made against Lana, and many have been made, no one has ever cast any doubt about her ability as a mother. Lana is a wonderful mother, and between her and Cheryl exists an understanding that is rare in the annals of mother-daughter relationships.

Lana never talks down to Cheryl. She treats her as an equal. "Cheryl," she would say up at Tahoe. "What do you think about fishing this afternoon?" or "Cheryl, why don't we just sit around and gab?" or



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"What do you think of this dress, Cheryl?"

Some of Lana's friends say that, unwittingly, the actress is spoiling her daughter by being overly protective and by showering her with affection and gifts.

This is partly true, but it's most understandable when you realize that the chances are very slim that Lana will ever successfully give birth to another child.

She has no RH factor in her bloodstream, or what the doctors call RH negative. Most men are RH positive. A pregnancy under these circumstances nearly always results in a miscarriage. While living with Bob Topping, Lana suffered two miscarriages.

One of the reasons for Lana's breakup with Bob Topping was his inability to get along with Cheryl.

"I'm sure he likes her," she used to explain, "only Bob just doesn't know how to approach the child. They can't seem to find a common level. Bob's a reserved sort of person. Cheryl's like me. She needs love and affection. Bob just can't bring himself to be understanding with her."

There are many other reasons, of course, but one main reason why Lana loves Fernando Lamas is because Fernando and Cheryl manage to hit it off. Lamas has a daughter of his own in South America.

For a while everyone expected that Lana, Fernando and Cheryl would spend the summer vacation together.

Only something very important happened. Nicholas Schenck, president of Loew's Inc., had a talk with Lamas and asked the studio officials why the young man couldn't be cast in the gangster role opposite Elizabeth Taylor in *The Girl Who Had Everything*.

"His English isn't too good," Schenck was told. "He talks with an accent. He comes from Argentina. The gangster in this picture is an American."

Schenck thought for a few minutes. "You fellows ever heard of Frank Costello?" he asked. "He comes from Italy, and he talks with an accent. That's no handicap for someone who's supposed to play a gangster."

Nicholas Schenck is the major domo at MGM. His suggestions carry the weight of law. In a matter of minutes, Fernando Lamas was called and came rushing to the studio.

"Fernando," he was told. "You're off suspension. We're putting you in one of the best dramatic roles of the year. This is a great opportunity. You're going to star with Elizabeth Taylor in *The Girl Who Had Everything*."

Ever since he finished *The Merry Widow*, the film in which he met and fell in love with Lana, Fernando has been afraid that MGM would limit him to musicals. Here was the meaty dramatic role he'd been clamoring for. He couldn't pos-

sibly resist it. He accepted at once. That night he got through to Lana on the phone. He explained what had happened, how he couldn't possibly visit her.

"I understand," Lana said. "And I'm very happy for you, darling." And she meant it, too, because Lana wants Fernando to develop into a movie star of great magnitude. She realizes the very obvious danger to a marriage that exists when the wife is so much more successful than the husband. "The more successful Fernando is," she says, "the happier I will be."

Lana and Fernando planned to get married in September and then honeymoon in South America, where Lana would meet Fernando's folks and his daughter.

These plans were predicated on the assumption that Lamas would be able to secure an annulment—a divorce is difficult since he and his wife are both Catholics—and Lana would be able to shed Topping.

The schedule hasn't run true to form. To begin with, Lana is determined to regain some of the money she claims to have sunk into her marriage with Topping. "I was a patsy for that one," she declares, "but I'm not going to get stuck."

The chances are, of course, that she will. Topping's in no hurry to get a divorce. He can hold out until Doomsday.

Lana, on the other hand, may go ahead with her divorce, should Fernando succeed in obtaining his annulment, regardless of the financial settlement. She is certainly in no position to sue Topping for divorce on any other grounds but mental cruelty.

So, willy-nilly, she finds herself in the embarrassing position of being a victim. She's had to pay over \$100,000 for the doubtful privilege of having a very unhappy marriage. She will also have to pay for the divorce.

GRANTED that Lana somehow secures her freedom from Topping and marries Fernando Lamas, how good are the chances that this marriage—it will be Lana's fifth in 13 years—will succeed?

The chances are even-money, fifty-fifty, which are the best odds Lana has ever had.

Fernando Lamas is a Catholic who regards matrimony as a very holy and lasting institution. Lana has never been married in a church before, so that in the eyes of the Catholic Church she has never been really married. Lana was baptized a Protestant, but as a little girl in Sacramento she was sent to a parochial school run by the Dominican Sisters, and for a while she actually insisted that she wanted to become a nun. "I considered myself a Catholic," she confided to friends.

In all probability, Lana and Fernando will tie the knot in some Catholic rectory after the priest obtains the proper dispensation for the marriage of a Catholic with a non-Catholic.

I predict that such a marriage, if it comes into being, will last, unless the husband wants it to be dissolved. If this marriage goes on the rocks, it will not be Lana's fault. Here's a girl who is determined to make her next marriage her last. She has seen through the folly of being a night club queen, a party girl and a Hedonist. She knows that elopements rarely work out, that marriages have to be carefully planned, that living with a husband calls for tact and understanding.

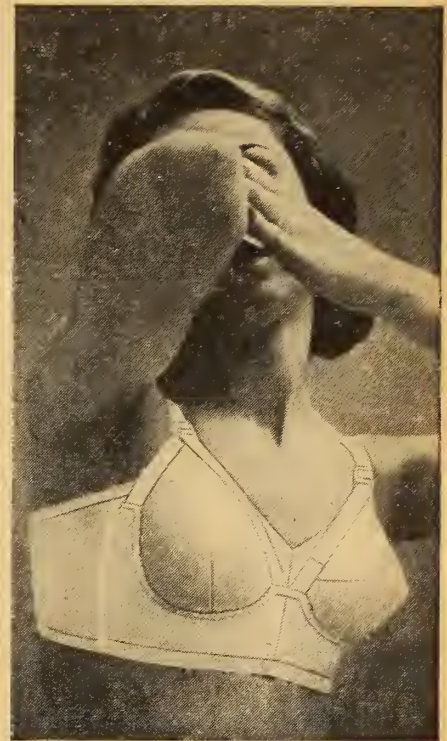
All that Lana wants out of life right now is a happy home. She has a healthy, well-adjusted daughter, a successful, rewarding career. All that's missing is a loving, lasting husband.

In Fernando Lamas, it's even-money that he'll fit the bill. That is, if he and Lana can arrange to get together matrimonially. The odds on that are also even-money.

In Warner's Technicolor film version of *Where's Charley* all the principals take part in a cute routine at the end of which there is what amounts to their coming out for bows, with their names flashing on the screen. Warners years ago used to do something like this at the end of every one of its pictures, and I think the audiences liked it. Very often you take a liking to a particular performer and would go to see him again in another movie, if you knew who he was. This is a simple and satisfying way of building new screen personalities, and it is a definite service to the audience.

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

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so, in order to get into a motion picture studio, he took a job as an extra. That was 19 years ago. The first day on the job he met another extra, a tall, rugged exhibitionist named Jimmy Stewart, who was later to change his name to Stewart Granger. These two became fast friends. "Oh! We used to have a gay time of it," Wilding recalls. "Jimmy was bitten by the acting bug and went off to a drama school in Birmingham. He became a leading man in a repertory company, while I got a job in a chorus in London. Eventually, Jimmy moved to London where we used to play a little poker together. He taught me about hunting and yachting, and I became godfather to his son, Jamie. I was also his best man when he was married to Jean Simmons."

Mike Wilding first came to the serious attention of American movie-goers by virtue of his roles in *Under Capricorn* with Ingrid Bergman and *Stage Fright* with Jane Wyman.

Actually, Wilding had first met Liz when she came over to London to co-star with Robert Taylor in *The Conspirators*. "She was very lovely even back then," Mike says, "and I was shocked to learn that she was only 16. I said to myself, 'That's a pretty precocious girl for 16.' There she was playing marriage scenes and carrying them off magnificently. They must grow up very quickly in America. That's what I thought."

Henny Youngman says a near tragedy befell Dorothy Lamour when she went on a Navy battleship in her sarong. She visited the galley and a near-sighted sailor reached for a dish towel.

Earl Wilson in
The New York Post

Last Summer Liz returned to England to star in *Ivanhoe*. "You've no idea," Wilding says, "how much she'd matured during the interim." Mike, who was separated from his wife, fell in love with the brunette beauty. He kept telling himself that she was much too young for him, but each time he took her out he was startled to discover that Liz was much more profound, had much more erudition, was just as much interested in art (her father is an art dealer) as he was.

When Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle, for whom he'd made *The Lady With The Lamp* in London, asked Mike to exploit the film in the U. S., he grabbed at the chance. He flew to Hollywood, checked in with the Stewart Grangers as a house guest and for the next six weeks paid Liz Taylor ardent court.

Mike Wilding is a man who's made and spent a lot of money in his day. He has a few British pounds salted away for a rainy day, but governmental restrictions limit him to 35 pounds when he leaves Great Britain.

While he was wooing Liz in California, Wilding, by his own admission, was "dead broke." "I could hardly afford," he recalls, "to buy Liz a hot dog and a coke, much less buy her an expensive engagement ring. One evening when we were out somewhere in Bel-Air, I cupped her face in my hands and said, 'You know, darling, you should wear sapphires to match your eyes.' The following day she rang me up and asked me to meet her at the jewelers. She asked me to choose between two sapphire rings. I told her which one I liked best and she bought it. After her divorce became final, she announced our engagement.

"It's a funny thing, you know, but Liz is very much like Jean Simmons. They could be mistaken for sisters. I remember one time, when I was at the Granger

house, I saw a girl I was sure was Liz. I sneaked up behind her and put my hands over her eyes. It wasn't Liz at all. It was Jean. They both have the same kind of girlish beauty, and they're both extremely intelligent."

After Liz and Mike were married, much was made of the fact that Liz who had paid for her engagement ring, had also paid for the honeymoon. Here again, Wilding was limited to 35 pounds by his Government, a little more than \$100, for his Continental honeymoon.

"There's absolutely nothing I can do about Government restrictions," Wilding says. "We used Liz's dollars. When we got back to London, I naturally took care of all the expenses. Yes, I realize that there's been a good deal of talk about our marriage, but I guess that's the case with most show people. Many persons think Liz and I are mis-mated, that I'm an adult and she's a spoiled, self-centered child. Either they don't know or don't realize that Liz has crossed the Atlantic Ocean 32 times. She's a very well-traveled young lady and very worldly, too. I don't see how anyone can hold her youth against her. Most of her life has been spent in the company of adults. Her knowledge of art, for example, is surprising, and she's actually been to places most other girls only read about."

IMEDIATELY after their marriage, it looked very much as if the Wildings had a large problem to face. Liz earned her living in Hollywood, and Mike worked in England. That one was resolved very neatly when MGM signed Liz to a spanking new contract at \$5,000 a week, \$500 of which goes to her mother, and then, because the studio knew that Liz would never leave London without her husband, offered Mike a contract at \$3,000 a week.

When Liz signed her contract, she was two months pregnant. She returned to Hollywood alone because Mike wanted to enter the U. S. as a resident alien with a quota number, which means he can stay here indefinitely.

Mike arrived in Hollywood a few weeks after Liz did and moved into her apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. "Almost immediately," he says, "Liz and I began searching for a house. They're expensive in California, aren't they? Everyone wants \$90,000 or \$100,000. Who has that kind of money? Certainly I don't. Liz and I've been looking everywhere, but then she had to stop when they began shooting her picture. I'm searching around myself, and I do hope I come across a good buy. Liz wants to get into a house and prepare everything before the baby comes. . . . Becoming a father scares me. I mean babies are so small, and they're always gasping and carrying on. I'm sure we'll get used to it though. I haven't signed my contract at the studio yet, but I will any day now. This is a wonderful country and Liz and I hope to live in it for many, many years. We're very happy."

So much for Mike Wilding. As for his bride, she is at the moment of this writing hard at work with Lana Turner's boy, Fernando Lamas, on *The Girl Who Had Everything*. By the time this article appears in print, the picture will have been finished, and Liz will be living in a house of her own.

Undoubtedly her health will be better, too. During the first few months of her pregnancy, Liz was intermittently ill. She has just bought a half dozen maternity dresses, and in her own words, "I've never been happier in my life. Michael and I love each other very much and no matter what anyone says, this marriage will last and last and last."

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two wives—two lives

(Continued from page 39) Once, in a Philadelphia bar, a booze-emboldened character tossed insults at Jerry and finally queried Dean, "How can a nice guy like you team up with such a jerk?" Martin sent him crashing across the bar. In Minneapolis, when a handstand in their act misfired and Jerry cracked down and out on his spine, Dean bawled like a baby. After he'd carried Jerry, unconscious, into the hospital, he never left his side. And when the theatre manager stormed, "What am I gonna do for my next show?" Dean picked him up in a rage and heaved him out into the hall.

By now, it's impossible to imagine Dean Martin working without Jerry Lewis, as impossible as it would be to conceive of—say—a Martini without gin. For eight hours or more out of every day, they are more than a comedy team, they are irrevocably wedded in show business.

Yet every night, when their separate Cadillacs roll away from whatever Hollywood studio is recording their latest antics, Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin get a divorce. They go home to private lives that are as far apart as their professional ones are close. Until they meet again next morning you'd hardly suspect that Jerry and Dean knew each other.

Their homes are only eight miles apart, but there are no ruts worn in the road between. The Martins and the Lewises don't mix socially. When they show up in public, it's such a Hollywood surprise that, as Patti laughs, "You should see the flashbulbs pop!" They have a completely separate circle of friends. In fact, recently when a certain Hollywood couple who liked all four started showing up at both places, Patti Lewis and Jeanne Martin told them frankly, in effect, "One of us or the other."

ALL of this is suspicious and baffling to a town like Hollywood, where studio and social lives are normally as wrapped up together as worms in a can. So naturally, there have been repeated rumors of glacial relations between the Martin and Lewis households, and there probably always will be.

Actually, however, Jerry and Patti Lewis and Dean and Jeanne Martin are all extremely fond of each other. The point is that they want to stay that way. The curtain which separates their personal existence is in part an instinctive reaction to their thick-as-thieves career partnership. Also, it's deliberate, a harkening to advice given them long ago by Olsen and Johnson, the famous Broadway team of zanies. "You boys have a great future," O. and J. promised them, "if you remember just one thing—keep your wives apart!" Luckily, Dean and Jerry remembered that counsel and luckily, too, they married girls with heads level enough to realize its wisdom.

But there's another reason why Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, close as freckles on a redhead's nose at work, lead private lives as far apart as the poles. Outside of the fact that both are family men, and like golf, they have almost nothing in common. In tastes, interests and temperaments, Dean and Jerry are strangers. In every way you can think of, the terrific twins are a study in contrasts. And nowhere are those contrasts so striking as in the two different homes and home lives they head for when the day's funny business is over.

Dean Martin's house is a white modern colonial on the Beverly Hills side of Westwood. The Martin manse could be the residence of a successful banker, lawyer

or business man. Inside, it is formally and somewhat impersonally decorated; there is nothing whatever to suggest that its owner is half of Hollywood's Number One Box-Office team. The lone memento of fame Dean treasures is a worn clipping, which testifies that he and Bob Crosby once won a minor golf tournament at Bel-Air.

On the other hand, the rambling, ranch-type Lewis place, out in Pacific Palisades, could belong to nobody but Jerry. It's cluttered with records and trophies of his career. In his study, on floor-to-ceiling bookcases and in cupboards, is parked a collection of every script, every still, every radio transcription, recording, magazine article, newspaper clipping and ad concerning Martin and Lewis, carefully preserved since they began.

Its main value is a reassuring reminder for Jerry Lewis that what has happened is all actually true. Jerry needs reassurance, every day, every hour. On his desk sits a pen stand, modestly engraved, "To Jerry—the nicest guy I know—Jerry Lewis." And beside that rests a miniature ivory monster, with toad face, lizard arms and shell back. Beneath it the question: "Am I for real?"

DEAN MARTIN has no such agonizing questions, and that is the essential difference between the two screwball partners. Dean, a true Italian, lets life run through him. His motto is, "What's to be will be." Jerry, with all his sensitivity, drive, glooms and elations, is as restless and skittery as a water spider, while Dean's as relaxed as a tabby cat.

When Dean comes home from work, he peels down to his shorts, stretches out on the living room carpet, props his head on a pillow and stares at television until he decides it's time for a leisurely shower. Then he's ready for whatever the evening offers, and that is rarely planned. If it turns out to be an Italian dinner at Guy and Angela Crocetti's, his dad and mom's house, a session of poker with Sheila and Gordon MacRae, Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball, or the Hollywood Legion prizefights, he's not worked up about it or in a rush. To Dean his home is a haven, a place to relax, eat and sleep and enjoy his family.

Jerry, by contrast, never leaves his work. He even keeps a notepad on the dashboard of his Cadillac and busily scribbles memos driving to and from work. At home he's constantly on the phone about this and that studio matter. He writes everything down methodically and worries about it until it gets done. Sometimes he lets Patti stretch him out on the sofa and massage his feet, and that's as near as he ever comes to relaxing while awake. Usually he gulps a handful of vitamin tablets, eats a fast dinner, and plunges into some project. That's what home is to Jerry—a perpetual project. He's forever making something, collecting something or correcting something. And he's fussy as an old maid about it all. Everything around his house has to be in apple pie order.

Jerry's favorite pastime takes place in an elaborate playhouse which, with his swimming pool, swallows up most of his back yard. Over the door hangs a sign, "The Gar-Ron Playhouse" (named after his two sons, Gary and Ronnie). Inside is one of the most completely equipped fun areas in Hollywood—a combination night club, movie theatre and luxury lounge. Deep stuffed chairs and spacious sofas are scattered about a huge fireplace. In one corner there's a glittering cafe-size bar, with every known glass on the shelves and every kind of drink, hard and soft. There's a projection booth with a screen that appears and disappears at . . .

touch of a button. Tucked away in wall cupboards are all sorts of games.

There are television sets, record machines, a piano and full set of drums—even a slot machine. But all of this—except the screen and projector—Jerry himself seldom uses. What he heads for every free hour is a miniature film laboratory behind the play room. There, with the best cameras, the fanciest lenses, cutting and recording machines—\$25,000 worth—he makes movies; he writes, acts, directs, photographs, cuts, splices and dubs. And he's happy as a clam at it.

The Gar-Ron productions have already put out three terrific parodies of Hollywood hits—*The Reinforcer* (*The Enforcer*), *Fairfax Avenue* (*Sunset Boulevard*) and *A Spot In The Shade* (*A Place In The Sun*). They're so good that Hal Wallis wants Jerry to make some for commercial release. Nothing would please him more. He'll make a movie at the drop of a suggestion. For Dean's last birthday, he filmed one called *Happy Birthday To A Beautiful Bambino*.

On this project Jerry has the help of the Gar-Ron group, the hub of the Lewises' social life. It includes Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, Marge and Jeff Chandler, Danny Arnold, Mona Freeman, and a host of studio and business associates. It does not include Dean Martin. He's never been in a Gar-Ron movie, turned a crank, or shifted a stick of scenery.

QUIZZING THE STARS

What are your innermost convictions about women and cosmetics, perfumes, etc.?

SCOTT BRADY: Like perfume—no makeup.

KIRK DOUGLAS: Wonderful in their place. But even a lily can be over-gilded, and this a girl should avoid.

ROBERT STACK: Take these easy, girl.

OBVIOUSLY, opposites like Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin require two different types of wives to keep them happy. Patti Lewis and Jeanne Martin are both smart, attractive women, but hardly sisters under the skin. Jeanne has flaxen hair, alabaster skin and blue eyes, revealing her German-Norwegian ancestry. Her features are cameo-cut and delicate, her manner serene. She looks best in high style, striking clothes. She could step right out of the pages of *Vogue* and, in fact, once was a model.

Patti, on the other hand, is cute, tanned, brown-eyed, with poodle trimmed black hair. She's vivacious, high humored and bubbling. Patti, who has a tomboy figure, looks swell in tennis shorts, blouse and a jaunty cap. On a Westwood street near UCLA you'd spot her for a campus co-ed. Yet she never went to college. Her original name was Esther Calonic and she was the daughter of an Italian coal miner. She grew up in Detroit, sang and strolled with an accordion for ten years before NBC and then Ted Florito spotted her. She was with Ted's band when this crazy, comic kid named Jerry Lewis came to the Fox-Downtown Theatre, too. He courted her by scrawling "I LOVE YOU" all over her mirror with her own lipstick when she was out of her dressing room. He proposed by leaving a pair of carved soap baby shoes on her table with the note, "Let's fill these!"

Besides love, a home and children, Patti Lewis has given and still gives Jerry a vitally needed confidence and assurance of reality. A line from the song, "Patti," which Mack David and Jerry Livingston wrote for Jerry and his best girl, expresses it: "When I take off my grease-paint and put the mark down, I return to

a world that is real . . ." Jerry Lewis' real world is Patti.

Her function as Mrs. Lewis is more than being a wife. Patti is Jerry's chum, sweetheart, sister, mother and coach combined. Without her he'd flop around like a kite without a string. Because, in contrast to Dean, Jerry's dependent. He's a woman's man—or boy, rather.

He calls Patti "Mommy" and she calls him "Booby." She bakes chocolate chip cookies for him to steal. She sends clear back East for air-expressed cartons of "fudgicicles," a frozen confection he can't buy in California. Patti always has to go to the doctor with Jerry, who's a confirmed hypochondriac. She recently held his hand through \$7,000 worth of dental work, a marathon ordeal, because she knew he'd run out of the place without her. Jerry shows off for Patti like a boy does for his mom. When a \$20 bill was big money with him, Jerry used to change it into singles, so he'd have a roll to flash for Patti. He won't sleep in a room alone anywhere and begs pathetically for Patti to accompany him on every trip. Because she knows how much he needs her, she usually goes.

Jeanne Martin has a far less complex role to play as Dean's wife. Jeanne is purely and simply a man's woman, the decorative feminine complement to an uncomplicated man's man. She's only 22, while Dean is 35. Four and a half years ago she was Jeanne Biegger, a Miami, Florida girl. She was attending the University of Miami and was chosen, because of her striking beauty, as Orange Bowl Queen. In fact, it was while celebrating this annual Miami festival that she met Dean, who was singing at the Beach-comber, and their romance began. Jeanne then was barely 18.

UNLIKE the two-babes-in-show-business marriage of Patti and Jerry, Jeanne and Dean's romance was simply the case of a young girl falling head over heels for an older man. At first Dean scared Jeanne, and her family and friends. To them he looked like a "big, suave gangster, even to the slick, black hair and suede shoes." He had a past. He'd been a croupier in gambling palaces, a prizefighter and knockabout crooner. He was still married and the father of four children. But there was no questioning once Jeanne and Dean fell in love. She came to California with her mother and stayed until Dean got his divorce from Betty, his first wife. In those days, when they stepped out on the dance floors around Hollywood, Jeanne well knew gossips were whispering about the cradle-robber with the wife and four kids at home. But it didn't seem to matter. Their love wasn't the moonlight-and-roses kind. And when things were all straightened out amicably all around, they were married.

The Martins entertain in a big way only about twice a year. When they do, all Dean worries about is if there's enough to eat and drink in the house. Where Jerry Lewis makes "a production" of almost everything, Dean makes no fuss about anything. For example, Jeanne found the house they own today and brought Dean around to inspect it. He took a quick look. "You like it?" he asked. Jeanne said she did. "Swell. Buy it," said Dean. That was the week before the Martin's baby boy, Dino, Jr., was born. Jeanne took on all the confusion of moving in the face of that impending ordeal, then calmly entered the hospital.

By now Dino is heading for his first birthday cake and is a husky, relaxed, beautiful bambino, just like his dad. With "Cap," their giant German shepherd, that's the extent of the Martin family, although (Continued on next page)

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(Continued from preceding page) Dean's four children, ten, seven, six and four, live only three blocks away with his ex-wife. Recently they moved there from Hollywood so Dean could see them more often. All four are thriving, perfectly adjusted children, and relations between the two households couldn't be more amicable.

JERRY's every bit as devoted a father as Dean, but, being Jerry, he's a very different type—the anxious, fretting kind of dad. Both his sons, Gary, seven, and Ronald, almost four, are thriving specimens (Gary's a small carbon copy of his pop and Ronnie, their adopted boy, has the map of Ireland in his face). But Jerry always finds something to get anxious about, even if it's only a haircut. Recently Patti had the barber crop. Gary's mop down to a summer butch. It upset Jerry terribly. "I have to wear a crew," he said. "You don't want him to look like me, do you?"

Gary's an honor cadet at Black-Foxe Military Academy, where Jerry now goes every free Friday to watch him in dress parade, nibbling his nails lest Gary fall out of step. Gary also plays a red hot set of drums, sings like a boy Crosby, and idolizes his dad. But a while back he developed a slight nervous facial twitch. That gave Jerry something real to worry about, and one night at dinner, frayed after a hard day's work, Gary twitched and Jerry forgot himself. "Stop that!" he shouted. Gary burst into tears. Jerry turned white as a sheet and ran out of the house.

Four hours later a friend called Patti. Jerry was there, he said, and out like a light on the sofa, exhausted and fast asleep. He stayed all night, ashamed to come home. Next day he called Patti. "Bring Gary to the studio, please," he begged. "I've just got to see him. I could cut my tongue out for what happened last night."

But Jerry was more than just contrite. He went to the doctor and found something he hadn't remotely suspected. His boy was suffering from emotional insecurity. "He idolizes you," said the child expert, "but he's afraid of you. You're too busy with your own affairs. You shut him out. He's got to see more

of his dad, got to pal around with you. Oddly enough, it was almost the exact story of one of Jerry Lewis' pictures. *That's My Boy*.

Since then Jerry has been working hard—at relaxing—for his son's sake. Baseball bats and mitts, boxing gloves, BB guns, and all sorts of things clutter up the once tidy back yard out on Amalfi Drive. The therapy has worked wonders with Gary, and it's making a new man of his old man, too. Jerry's started a softball team with Dean, supported by Tony Curtis, Jeff Chandler and a few other Hollywood diamond flashes, called, of all things, "The Martin and Lewis Aristocrats," and Gary's the mascot.

WHILE professionally Martin and Lewis still loom as indissoluble as Gibraltar's rock, whenever they start to buddy up as a foursome, well...

One weekend last winter Patti and Jerry and Jeanne and Dean tossed caution to the winds and all drove up to Apple Valley. Bright and early Jerry, who'd brought his guns along, talked Dean into a hunting hike in the bleak hills. Jeanne and Patti stayed behind at the inn.

But the sight of two specks scrambling recklessly among the distant rocks made them curious. "Let's go see what the boys are doing," suggested Patti. So they mounted some nags and jolted up the trail. Just as they got there, Jerry cried "What's that?" and pointed his artillery at a rustle in the sage.

"Hey—don't shoot!" yelled Dean, "The horses..." But it was too late. A report like a block-buster shattered the air, and rocks flew in all directions. Patti and Jeanne's horses not only bolted, they bucked all the way downhill to the inn with the girls hanging around their necks for dear life.

Dean couldn't hear for two days and Jerry nursed a sprained shoulder for a whole week. As for the big game? All that remained of him was a spot of grease and a few hairs. It had been only a scared cottontail rabbit.

Something like that always seems to happen whenever the Martins and the Lewises get together. So maybe they're smart to keep strictly apart—if only as a measure of self-defense. **END**

the good mystery

(Continued from page 63) my family felt as I feel now. My own family, the family which I am starting, is a divided one, you might say, yet we are not conscious of it. My husband, Geary Steffen, is a Catholic. A devout Catholic. My little boy, Geary, will be brought up as a Catholic and so will the baby I am now expecting. There was no quarrel about this, not even a lengthy discussion. I reasoned that since I didn't have any particular religion, but rather an attitude towards life and the origin of life, why should I be selfish and deny my husband the satisfaction of having his children brought up in a manner which would give him peace of mind? It does not disturb me at all that they will be Catholics. It would disturb him if they were not. That's all there is to it.

We agreed that when the children are old enough, they could decide for themselves, but actually such an agreement is never necessary. When anyone gets old enough to think and feel in a mature way, he or she must come to many decisions; our children will come to theirs whether Geary and I want them to or not.

I am grateful to Geary for his understanding way with me and I know he appreciates I can only be as I am. Some mornings when he gets up at dawn for an early mass I forget myself and shake my head sleepily as if to ask, "How can you do it?" He laughs and always adds, "I'll say a little prayer for you anyway." And after he leaves, I may lie half-awake and direct inward accusations. "Maybe you just don't like to get up and go to church, that's what your whole philosophy amounts to," I tell myself. And then I may very seriously go over the whole matter again. The answer is always the same. I cannot be a Catholic. I cannot be a Methodist. I cannot be a Hebrew or a Buddhist or a Mohammedan. There is a Someone or a Something working toward an unknown goal, and in this I believe.

It must not be thought that I was kept from religion as a child by my family, or prevented from going to church. On the contrary, I was permitted to go to any church, and I went to a number of them. I went to many different Sunday schools. I found that I liked them all and was really disturbed by only one thing—by any sermon or quotation which tended to indicate that only this or that church was the true one. This would always make me think of the people I had seen in other

churches and fear for them. To this day I cannot bring myself to accept the thesis that *any* people are denied God, no matter how they seek Him.

I have some Catholic friends, and because my children will be Catholics, I was disturbed one evening when these friends held that since Catholicism was the first Christian religion, it represented the only true sacred path. But by luck, I happened to meet their own priest one day and in a discussion with him was happy to learn that he did not feel this way at all. I do not remember his exact words now, but they were roughly these: "If you are a believer, you are a believer. If you believe in only a table, for instance, it is something. And if a table is all you can believe in to the best of your belief, then it is everything. And remember it is as you believe that is important, not only *what* you believe."

I don't know where I am going, but I do believe we can all go, and I do feel that we should act here and now as if there is a place to go . . . and we should try to be good enough to deserve a welcome.

When I was a little girl going to Sunday School I learned to pray, of course. I still pray. My prayer is usually the one everybody knows from childhood, "Now I lay me down to sleep . . ." When I first learned this prayer I was under the delusion that Jesus Christ and God were one "man." Later on I learned that they were "different" men. And still later on (and comparatively recently at that), I finally understood them as they are defined in the Bible. It may be that these changes in identification which I had to keep making may have had something to do with my present thinking. I am not sure. It was disturbing. I never stopped my habit of praying, but I know this about my prayers today: I never pray in a crisis, I just pray every night because I have always done so. Indefinite as such prayers may seem, they mean something to me and I am certain I will never stop praying.

There is a man I have known for some time who used to try to convert me to Catholicism. In a number of talks we came to no conclusion more overwhelming than that I could not take any such step. He knew this when he left me. Shortly afterwards he sent me a beautiful crystal rosary. I was deeply pleased. Whether I was right or wrong about my

beliefs, the sending of this gift indicated that he considered them worthy ones. At least this is how I interpreted the gesture and I feel it was what he meant. By my thoughts I had pleased him; by his thoughts he had pleased me. I might not, to his way of looking at things, have proper faith, but he wanted to show that he, at least, had faith in me.

ONE day I was driving home feeling worried and annoyed about some personal matters, and in order to get my mind off them, turned on the car radio. Five minutes later, as so often happens, I suddenly realized that I was still wrapped up in my troubles and hadn't paid the slightest attention to the radio. Now I listened, and it seemed to me that a minister was delivering a sermon. But he was making no divine references . . . he was talking of people. He was saying that we have it within us to overcome fear and worry and we can overcome it only from within—not by distraction (as I had attempted to do), not by seeking amusement (as I had also attempted to do), nor by turning on a switch (which I had certainly tried to do by flicking on my radio). The puzzle of happiness, he said, is no puzzle; it is solved simply by learning to live with ourselves.

He went on in this quiet and strangely comforting way, and I realized that almost all he said applied directly to me. What had bothered me before was something I could do nothing about; even the slightest brooding about it was not only needless but took up time and thinking that might better be applied to personal questions and situations I *could* do something about. This is no new and startling piece of philosophy, I know. But it is surprising how we can all do with refresher courses on even the most elemental rules of living. And as I thought about this, I was struck by the fact that my help had come from a man who, while dedicated to show people the way to know God, realized that they must first learn the way to know themselves.

This is perhaps what I am doing now—learning to know myself. If I do it, well, maybe I will get to know Him . . . and I am sure that if He is the Good Mystery I sometimes feel He must be, He will forgive my doing it my own way.

(Jane Powell can be seen in MGM's *Small Town Girl*.)

in the pink

(Continued from page 46) back East. On one occasion, when Don went stone broke, Kirk loaned him a few dollars. Aware that Alley was a talented but frustrated decorator, Donald promised that if ever he should hit the big time, one of his first moves would be to hire Kirk as a decorator.

Donald's been true to his word.

A few months ago, for example, he came home from the studio one night and found Gwen and Alley with their heads together in earnest conversation.

"Well, kids," Donald asked with a patience born of experience. "What's it gonna be this time?"

Gwen thought for a moment. "We think we'll keep the furniture," she explained. "But the color scheme in the house just has to go. We're changing it to match my hair."

For the next six weeks, Gwen supervised the redecoration while Alley contributed his professional help.

As usual it was a question of mind over

mess. Donald did his best to ignore the painters and upholsterers who swarmed through his little six-room house. He overlooked the fact that chairs had been moved, draperies pulled down, whole rooms re-arranged. When Gwen and Alley started yacking about valences and louver, the conversation got too enigmatic for the versatile song-and-dance man, and he spent the rest of the afternoon swimming in the pool that he and his brother, Jack, built.

"It's rough while they're redecorating," O'Connor admits, "but once the job is done, I can breathe easily—at least for a few weeks."

"That's an exaggeration," Gwen protests, "and you know it. We've only changed the decor in this house five times in the last six years."

To friends, however, Gwen O'Connor confides, "our poor piano's been stripped down and refinished so many times that it behaves like a jalopy." She also admits that both piano and dining room table have passed through four phases. They were mahogany first, then natural, then antique white. Now they're a grey wash that shows the (Continued on next page)



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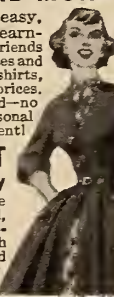
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(Continued from preceding page) grain.

Gwen is extremely honest and straightforward when it comes to explaining why she likes to re-do her house at least once a year or so.

"I'm young," she says, "and I have a restless nature, a lot of curiosity and boundless energy. What I'd love to do best is to travel around the world with Donald, but he simply can't relax on a trip. Last year we made a tour of England and Scotland. Don lost 20 pounds. He just doesn't like foreign living. His idea of a vacation is to run ten full-length movies at home or go up to the mountains with a few decks of canasta cards. Put him on a boat or a plane, and he starts losing weight. That experience with him on tour in Britain taught me a very valuable lesson. Instead of going away for a change of surroundings, I now change the surroundings at home. It keeps me busy and Don happy."

PRACTICALLY the only thing about the Donald O'Connor house that's remained the same since they bought the place is the exterior. It's been painted, of course, but the essential structure has never been altered, except for the addition of a master bedroom which became necessary when Donna was born.

The house resembles a British cottage with its high-gabled roof and neatly shuttered windows. As of this moment, it's painted coral with a white trim. Coral and green are Gwen's favorite colors. That's why she planted so many lush tropical flora out front. The total effect of the exterior with its bright contrasting colors is that here's a house that might well be used on a travel poster inviting tourists to visit Bermuda.

The interior, subject to change, of course, is currently furnished in modified French contemporary with great accent on color. "The last time I did the house," Gwen says, "everything was in antique white. Mother came to visit us and said, 'Why, Gwen, you look washed out against that background. It doesn't go with your auburn coloring.' Mother was right, which was why I had to correct things."

Gwen's correction this year consists of strong greens, purple, coral, and royal blue, all tastefully applied.

The ceiling in the living room, for example, is painted coral. The walls are purple. A fabric made up in this same color combination covers the enormous sectional couch and is repeated in the swag of the draperies. The remainder of the furniture in the room is off-white or antiqued-mirrored so as not to compete with the dominant tones.

The den, the dining room, and Donna's nursery are all predominantly green, while the O'Connor's master bedroom is done in royal blue with accents of red corduroy.

Occupying a small home, Gwen is always faced with the problem of making the house appear larger than it really is. She also must find additional storage place for Donald's constantly increasing possessions. (At one time the master of the house had a collection of 400 guns.)

Gwen and decorator-friend Alley employ a number of clever tricks in the solution of their space problem. For one thing, they extend the same grey carpeting from the dining room, through the foyer, the living room, and right into the master bedroom. This creates an optical illusion of expanse, since the eye travels from one end of the house to the other without a break. That's a good tip, should you want to make your apartment look larger than it really is. Use the same color and kind of floor covering in most of the rooms.

Gwen O'Connor's use of mirrors is also

deft and smart. Their judicious location can give a room depth as well as a feeling of space. One wall of the master bedroom is lined with Donald's wardrobe closets. (He has enough clothes to outfit an army.) The three double doors of these closets are mirrored so that when they're closed they provide one solidly mirrored wall. When opened, they serve as utilitarian full-length dressing room mirrors.

Similarly, the wall that surrounds the living room fireplace is mirrored. The rest of the room is reflected in it and looks twice as wide as it actually is.

In order not to cut up her limited floor space, Gwen has stuck to a few large simple pieces of furniture rather than a flock of small cluttered ones. She's painted some of her furniture the same color as the walls so that they give the impression of merging with the background. In their bedroom, for example, she had the nightstands and two bulky chests of drawers finished in royal blue.

THE storage problem has always been an acute one in the O'Connor household. When Donna was two years old and began to need a closet for her own things, Gwen had to move her dresses out of her daughter's room. She had no place to put them, so she and Donald agreed to add a walk-in closet. It's a model of neatness and organization, at least on Gwen's part. Her clothes hang on racks two feet deep, and each type of article has a different rack. Blouses hang in one line, slacks in another, and so on. Gwen's shoes are arranged in neat rows, with her hats placed in plastic boxes above eye level. Deep drawers hold lingerie, sweaters, belts, bras, and pocket-books.

As for Don's clothes, he has some strange habits. When he undresses at night, he folds his pants neatly on the floor and leaves them there, in the middle of the room, along with the rest of his things. He objects to anyone touching them. When the pile looms so large that he can't walk around it, he hangs his clothes in his closet. This is a habit left over from his vaudeville touring days.

"I know it's a funny kind of idiosyncrasy," Donald admits, "but Gwen has some funny habits, too. She's so darn clean that she won't prepare food in a kitchen unless it looks as sanitary as a hospital. All our kitchens must be white."

Gwen admits this, but, to take the clinical look away from glaring white kitchen tile, she's papered the ceiling and walls in a red and green Americana wallpaper and replaced a modernistic breakfast nook with a Pennsylvania Dutch table and pine bench. To go with her early American antiques, she then had a cabinet man build some hanging apothecary drawers in which she files her household bills. The total effect is warm and homey.

For Donald's money, however, the best room in the house is the bathroom, and for that he gives all due credit to his wife. Gwen has some very decided opinions about bathrooms. She feels they should be small, warm, friendly, and intimate. This is why she had the one O'Connor bathroom carpeted with an old-fashioned rag rug and furnished with a hamper, washstand, and wastepaper basket made of early American pine. The traditional toilet fixtures of porcelain, chrome, and marble are conspicuous by their absence.

"The next time Gwen does the house over," Donald says, "I'm gonna request another bathroom. The one we have now is just too good to share with anyone."

The way Donald O'Connor is going these days, both on screen and TV, he should be able to afford seven different bathrooms, one for each day of the week. **END**

it's only money . . .

(Continued from page 82) springboard a Lucy script, because both are positive, colorful characters, domestically harmonious (their rift back in '44 was the result of career separations and lasted barely long enough for them to make a date and make up), but rugged individualists and very human indeed. In fact, it was Desi's dashing Latin recklessness that stunned Lucille when she first saw him and her own round-eyed, calm, Nordic look that made Dez's tropical heart soar out of sight.

Lucille Ball is half French, half Irish and nobody ever accused either nationality of being dumb, dull or demure. In person Lucy looks and usually acts as calm as a turtle, but actually she packs the spunk of a terrier. From the first time she served that impromptu cup of coffee to Katie Hepburn, through the day she quit a lush MGM contract cold because she didn't like an agent's deal. Yes, even to her bold plunge into TV when "television" was still a dirty word around Hollywood studios, Lucy has proved her spirit. Desi's a carefree cavalier too, from the word go. So in smaller ways around Desilu Ranch there are constant tugs of war going on, the funny kind that grow into TV shows if they don't watch out.

Mostly Lucy and Desi's clashes represent differences of latitude. He's a warm weather boy and Lucy's a snowbird—the essential difference between Santiago, Cuba, and Jamestown, New York. As a result, most family hassles revolve about such meteorological matters as heat and cold, sunshine and shade. Any visitor to Desilu Ranch can spot the determined battle of thermostats that goes on. Lucy flips it to cold and Desi back to hot until the heating system breaks down.

THE California sun that Desi worships absolutely shrivels Lucille. While Dez tans as dark as a grand piano, Lucille's one of those baby-skinned posies to whom an actinic ray is deadly. She never tans, only turns painfully as pink as her hair and swells like a circus balloon. She's had two sunstrokes already, and once, when she first came to Hollywood and tried to acquire a fashionable tan on her apartment house roof, she wound up being delirious for two days.

This sun touchiness and a decided tendency toward *mal de mer* cramps the Arnazes' family fun aboard *The Desilu*, Desi's 34-foot cabin cruiser where, next to the ranch, he'd rather be than anywhere. They keep that family yacht down at Newport Harbor where already Desi, a terrific rod and reel man, has snagged six marlin out of the blue water. But when Lucy walks aboard the *Desilu*, all she does is head for the rail, and as for fish.

First time she ever dropped a line into the gulf stream off Florida, where Desi bought his boat, Lucy snagged a big one and pulled him right in. "This fish is real cute," she bubbled, calling Desi, "nice and big, too."

Desi took a look, grabbed his knife and cut the line fast. The nice, big cute fish Lucy had pulled up between her bare knees was a 70 pound shark!

Lucy's greatest maritime adventure, however, took place in Pacific waters and that's a whale of a story. She was snoozing peacefully below on a bunk one afternoon as Desi chugged back from Catalina Island when a bump from below raised her, boat and all, right up in the air. Scrambling on the careening deck she saw a mammoth bull whale pleasantly rubbing his back on the *Desilu's* keel,

and a hundred other Moby Dicks spouting around the boat. Desi gunned the motor and finally escaped, although since then he's had to talk fast to get Lucille on any *Desilu* cruises. When they go to the harbor, she stays in an apartment with Lucie Dee-Dee at the Villa Marina, on terra firma.

But no matter where they are or what they're doing, something with a comedy-drama family twist always seems to fasten on to Lucy and Desi Arnaz. They're just that kind of a pair. Once, for instance, when Desi played an engagement at the famous Flamingo in Las Vegas, Lucy trotted along to keep Desi, who loves to gamble, away from the gaming tables. With wifely fervor she decided to demonstrate at the dice table how you always lose. The lesson wasn't very convincing. In six passes of the bones, Lucy won \$18,000.

Even at the great and long-prayed-for event of Lucy Desirée's birth, Lucy got wheeled off at the wrong floor and prepared for the wrong kind of operation before she could convince the nurses there was some kind of mistake. And Desi got lost in the hospital halls and couldn't find out what was going on or where until it was all over. So you can see, whipping out an *I Love Lucy* idea once a week is easy. But playing the show is not.

Lucille and Desi work hard, far harder together than they ever did apart. What they actually do is make a two-reel movie for 38 straight weeks of the year. Each Tuesday morning they tackle a new show, walking through it with script in hand. By that evening they have memorized all the lines. The next day they rehearse and the

Nathaniel Benchley writes that Alfred Hitchcock wants to make a pic involving a chase across the sculptured faces at Mt. Rushmore, with the heavy hiding in Lincoln's beard while the hero scrambles across Washington's schnoz . . .

Mike Connolly

next they shoot it—in one session, without a stop. Cutting, editing, dubbing and printing by technicians take up the rest of the time until you see *I Love Lucy* on your TV screen. Lucy's and Dez's biggest problem at the weekend is wiping the last playlet out of their minds so they'll be fresh to begin a brand new one the next Tuesday morning. That's where life on the ranch comes in.

SHOW talk is strictly barred at Desilu Ranch. To relax and clear their noggin, Desi and Lucille switch abruptly to a concentrated session of home life, although you can't honestly call it relaxing.

Desi calms down by pounding something together. With all those out buildings already constructed, there's really little left that the old home place needs for comfort. Yet Desi can always find something. Last year some lumber strips were left over from the new nursery wing for Lucie Dee-Dee. In no time at all Desi had raised a lath house.

"What's that thing?" his wife inquired.

"A lath house."

"What's it for?"

"I don't know," answered Dez.

Lucille is just as furious a weekend housekeeper. Her letdown therapy is to scrub everything inside the house like a *Deutscher hausfrau*. As a result, everything is so spic and span that recently when some workmen came to install a new all-steel kitchen, they had a rough time telling which was the new equipment and which (Continued on next page)

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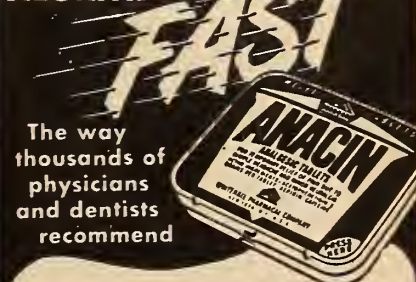
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(Continued from preceding page) the old. Despite her official v.p. title at Desilu Productions, Lucy has no idea about the business end of their TV project; Desi handles all that. But around the house she's the supervising major domo, by force of habit from the years when she held the place together. Today Lucille can't go to sleep at night until she's made the rounds, checked all the windows and doors, put out the cats and seen every pup safely bedded in his box.

The Arnazes play every bit as hard as they work, but practically always at home. Their idea of a good time is to invite everybody they know—and they know hundreds—to swarm over the place for some kind of a feast and fiesta, usually a riotous costume party. "Western Costume would go out of business if it wasn't for us," Lucille grins. Not long ago, they sent out invitations far and wide to show up at Desilu Ranch dressed "as you dreamed you were after a chop-suey dinner at midnight." People arrived as geisha girls, Hong-Kong street walkers, hatchet men, opium slaves and all kinds of things for as weird a pipe dream as a poppy ever produced. Some of the guests went authentic, dyed their bodies yellow and couldn't whiten out for weeks. But everyone had a good time, you can bet, as they have at the Gay Nineties balls, Barn Dances, Baby Parties, Hawaiian Luau's, etc., etc., that Desi and Lucille have organized to keep the fun ball rolling.

Dorothy Lamour is a fast girl with the noblesse oblige, as costume designer Miles White would be quick to testify. White wheeled onto the set one day aboard a bright red scooter with "The Dottie L" boldly lettered across it in white paint. Dottie seized the first opportunity to return the compliment; the other day she bought a brand new Cadillac, and had lettered on its door, in elegant script, "The Miles W."

Dorothy Kilgallen in The Journal-American

At these rallies Desi, in chef's cap and apron, presides happily at one of the cooking spots which, like telephones, are scattered all over Desilu Ranch. He's a frustrated chef and the only Hollywood husband in captivity who actually had a kitchen shower given in his honor. Some of the Arnazes' very special friends—Kurt and Ketti Frings, Gordon and Sheila MacRae, Dean and Jeanne Martin, Ed Sedgwick, Eve Arden and many more—collaborated on this event and it's been well worth it. On every kind of elevator grill, electric rotisserie, charcoal pit and barbecue Desi forks up or ladles out some kind of ambrosia whenever he gets the chance.

Both Desi and Lucille are ardent family lovers and there are enough kissing kin around to make it interesting. Lucille's mother, Desirée, her sister Cleo and family, brother Fred and his and Desi's mom, Lolita, all live reasonably near and Desilu Ranch is the rallying point. Birthdays, anniversaries, Easter, Thanksgiving and Fourth of July bring them out to Northridge for the pig, turkey and general festivities of the season.

"When Desi builds a fleet of motels on the ranch and all the family moves in for keeps, that's when I'll be happy," says Lucille, and she's not far from meaning it.

With all this going on right on their favorite five acres, it's small wonder that the Arnazes aren't spotted very often at Hollywood's glamor mills, or buzzing around in its social whirl. Partly, this is because they're both too wrapped up in

their all out jobs with *I Love Lucy*, partly because neither is the Hollywood "society" type and partly because both Lucille and Desi have certainly had their fill of night clubs, show places and cases. Their private New Deal has no place for them now. From force of habit, stemming back to her glamor girl days, Lucille is still a sucker for new evening gowns, but they're strictly for the moths. Actually she prefers to dress in casual clothes. After the last Academy Award banquet she buzzed the doorbell of her director friend, Ed Sedgwick, who's been like her pop since she was a Goldwyn Girl.

"Can I come in and fry a chop?" Lucy asked. "I'm hungry." Ed said to help herself in the kitchen and complimented her on the sleek creation which Mitchell Leisen had designed specially for the occasion. "Pretty isn't it?" agreed Lucille and then zipped open a small beach bag she had carried in the car. In it were slacks, a sweater and a pair of bedroom mules. She walked into the bedroom and changed. "Whew," she grinned. "I'm glad that's over!"

Oddly enough, too, although she's usually seen in a bandanna, clamdiggers, blouses and barefeet around the ranch house, Lucille collects glamor jewelry, aquamarines of stunning shapes and mammoth sizes. In a way it's a sentimental kick, however, since aquamarines were the first gifts Desi gave her.

Before very long, it looks like Lucie Dee-Dee will have a sister or brother, Master Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y De Acha IV, if it's a boy. Early last summer, after winding up those 38 straight *Lucy* shows, Lucille and Desi got off the hook for a well deserved vacation. They planned a cruise to Hawaii and Lucy even went for a thousand dollars worth of sports clothes to keep the tropical sun off her tender skin.

But just before they packed to board the *Lurline*, Lucy had that woozy feeling again and the doc said uh-huh, she could officially slip on her halo again. So the Arnazes had to settle for a fast week at Sun Valley, where Desi happily snagged rainbow trout, while Lucy sat around the hotel feeling green and goose pimply, and happier than ever to get back home.

When the stork pecked their vacation plans to pieces, a certain girl friend of Lucille's heard the news and called her up to console. "You poor, poor thing," she began, "you've worked so hard and now just when you start on the trip of your dreams you get pregnant! It just isn't right!"

"Oh, isn't it?" came back Mrs. Desiderio Alberto & Co., with the red-headed emphasis she usually reserves for traffic cops and other menaces to her home life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. "So I need a dream trip, do I? Listen, this year all my dreams are right here on the ranch, and they're dreams I've waited for years to come true. Now tell me, what's poor about that?"

Well, practically nothing, when you level down on it. And besides all this and Heaven too, there are Hollywood movies when Lucille and Desi care to make them, or can tear themselves away from television long enough.

By now *I Love Lucy* is back on the air waves, and so is little What's-It's-Name Arnaz—although strictly under wraps, of course. Unless plans have been changed at the very last minute, Lucy Ball's blessed event is being written right into her TV show, week by week. It's still a little early to say just how the thirty million customers feel about this. But as far as Mr. and Mrs. Desiderio Alberto Arnaz, Consolidated, are concerned, it's by far the best script idea that's come out of Desilu Rancho so far.

END

movie reviews

(Continued from page 24) nor affair are a careful production and some real casting imagination. Both dancer Bettis herself (who does no dancing but makes worldly comments on the passing scene with telling effects) and Alexander Scourby (as one of the most restrained slick and intelligent scoundrels of recent films) help made *Affair In Trinidad* sometimes seem more important than it really is. Cast: Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, Valerie Bettis, Alexander Scourby—Columbia.

THE FOURPOSTER

Stanley Kramer continues to build his reputation as a producer of unusual pictures with *The Fourposter*, one of the most unusual he has presented. It has only one set and only two characters. The bed of the title symbolizes the married life of the Emersons, a Manhattan couple played by the real-life husband-and-wife team of Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer. It remains in their room from the 1890s through the '30s—through love, laughter, sorrow and the sometimes subtle in-between relationship that the expression "husband and wife" implies. To get away from the static quality that would usually result from the use of only one set, there are a number of animated "bridges"—clever and often lovely drawings that explain what has happened between live-action scenes. Best of all, the novelty of these unusual factors never interferes with the story line. They have all been integrated so beautifully under Irving Reis's smooth direction that while one realizes the story is being told in a different way, one's attention is still held more to the story itself than to the mechanics of how it is being shown. Unfortunately, that story is often over-melodramatic where it could have been effectively dramatic; it is sometimes untrue to its characters (at least to Abby, the wife, whose temporary decision to leave her Johnny is just not believable of the woman she has earlier been shown to be). But if the film is not the great one it might have been, it is still something to see—a motion picture that shows again that movie-makers can find and conquer new frontiers if they are imaginative enough. And in the playing of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison it proves that it's the quality, not the quantity, of the cast that counts. Cast: Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer.—Columbia.

THE MERRY WIDOW

If there is little that is really merry about this remake of Franz Lehár's famous operetta, at least it is mostly light-hearted. Not taking the classic status of the original too seriously, the scenarists have up-dated the libretto a bit, substituting a farcical touch here and there for some of the romance. Most of these liberties help justify the casting of Lana Turner in the title part, for the emphasis is now on "light" rather than on "opera." She plays the American Widow Radek, whose husband made millions in the U.S. after emigrating from Marshovia, a mythical nation in the Balkans. Marshovia is on the verge of national bankruptcy when the story begins, and the country's king plots to persuade the widow to pay a visit and so to impress her with hospitality that she will pay his treasury's bills in return. His little scheme succeeds initially, and when Lana arrives the king forces one of his courtiers, a wide-ranging romantic named Count Danilo (Fernando Lamas), to pay her court. A comedy of errors ensues. Danilo mistakes Lana's

friend and paid companion, Una Merkel, for her, and Lana in turn gets hep to the plot. Angered especially because she was particularly taken with the gentleman, Lana packs up and sets off for Paris with her friend. Naturally Danilo follows (the king tells him to, under penalty of death). Taken with the lady himself, he is still mistaken about which is which; one appeals to his heart, one to his and his country's pocketbook. While Miss Turner is believable enough as the widowed 19th century belle, singing and dancing are not her forte, so the memorable melodies suffer somewhat on the feminine side. Lamas, however, is such a dashing Danilo and sings and dances with such verve that he more than makes up for her shortcomings. The light touch, the tongue-in-cheek approach do the same for the show. Cast: Lana Turner, Fernando Lamas, Una Merkel, Richard Haydn.—MGM.


ONE MINUTE TO ZERO


One Minute To Zero makes the audience a front-seat observer at the Korean fighting front, and that in turn makes the movie much more harrowing than most battle films. All this, one realizes, is going on today. Not only are actual shots of the Korean war incorporated into the picture, but they are well integrated with the staged action, so that the net effect is often that of a documentary telling the story of the problems faced in the Far East by soldier and civilian alike. Two colonels, Robert Mitchum, representing the Infantry, and William Tallman, representing the Air Force, are military observers at Seoul when the invasion from the North begins. They team up to help evacuate American civilians to Japan, and naturally that leads to the beginning of a love story—a situation, in this case, less artificially arrived at than most. Ann Blyth, as a United Nations representative, refuses to leave; Col. Bob lifts her bodily into a plane piloted by his pal. Later Bob, too, is shipped to Japan after he has been wounded while fighting off an early North Korean attack. In Japan he asks her to marry him and is refused. She is a war widow already and can't face having it happen again. But both are soon back at the front, Bob as a regimental commander, Ann as part of a U.N. refugee team, and their paths cross again, this time in a dramatic wartime scene. Mitchum, having used all other means and failed, is forced to order shots at a milling mass of refugees, at least half of whom are Reds in disguise. Ann mistakes his order for sheer slaughter and fails to understand the agony he went through in reaching his decision. Gradually, as the fighting continues, she comes to understand, but what will happen to her colonel is left a question. The love story of One Minute To Zero is of minor importance, however, as are its numerous minor faults. Most of this motion-picture has the impact of a dramatized newsreel and should be looked at as such. Cast: Robert Mitchum, Ann Blyth, William Tallman.—RKO.

QUIZZING THE STARS

What do you notice about a girl when you first meet her? SCOTT BRADY: Her figure, of course. KIRK DOUGLAS: Her eyes. They are the most expressive thing about a woman's face. And then her mouth, to see what kind of disposition and temperament she has. ROBERT STACK: Her, uh. Okay—eyes and mouth.


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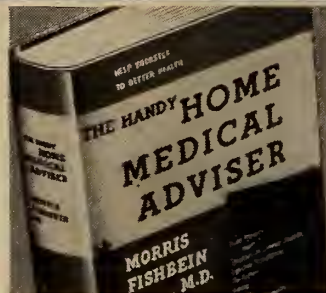


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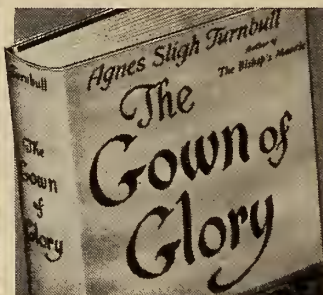
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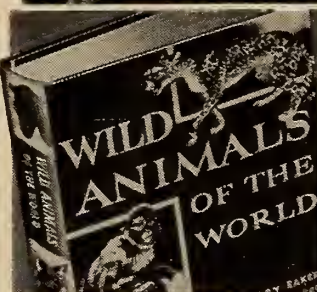
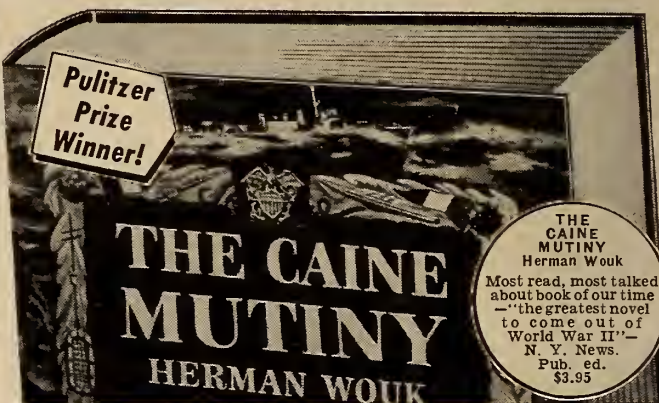
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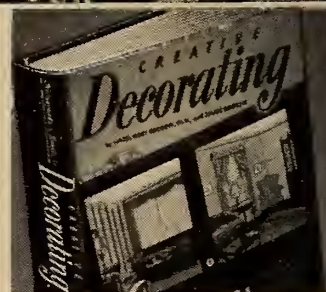
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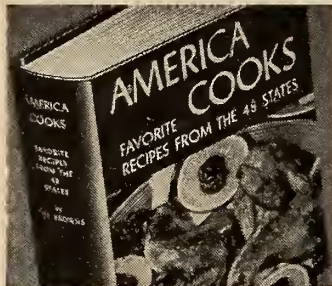
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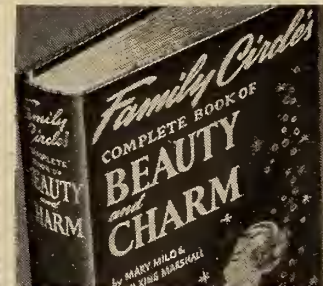
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