Summer "Daves"

Double Threats—K Davalos, M. D. Dean, E. B. C. Hudson's Heaway

JANE POWELL

Thalia's Story
Now—be a Pin-up Girl with the Pin-up Curl!

**PIN-IT**

**WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT**

Perfect for new, softer hair styles...gives you that lovely picture-pretty look!

In hairdos, today’s look is the soft look, and Procter & Gamble’s wonderful new pin-curl home permanent is especially designed to give it to you. A PIN-IT wave is soft and lovely as a pin-curl set, never tight and kinky. PIN-IT is so wonderfully different. There's no strong ammonia odor while you use it or left in your hair afterwards. It's easy on your hair, too, so you can use it more often. And PIN-IT is far easier to give. You can do it all by yourself. Just put your hair up in pin curls and apply PIN-IT’s Waving Lotion. Later, rinse and let dry. With self-neutralizing PIN-IT, you get waves and curls where you want them...no resetting needed...a permanent and a set in one step. For a wave that looks soft and lovely from the very first day and lasts weeks and weeks—try PIN-IT!

$1.50 plus tax

**PIN-IT** by Procter & Gamble...for the curl of your dreams—look for it in the smart gold-foil package.
Small-fry experts at work...testing NEW IPANA -the best-tasting way to fight decay

Here's a break for the sub-sub deb set: the tooth paste that's so wonderful for their teeth now has a brand-new flavor! It's minty and marvelous—in-vites pint-size experts to brush often (the best way to save pretty teeth).

And new Ipana with bacteria-fighter WD-9 gives extra protection to precious teeth. This new formula destroys decay bacteria measurably better than any other leading tooth paste...even better than fluoride!

So with every happy brushing, your family's teeth get Ipana's extra protection...the pleasantest way—good reason to change to Ipana today! It's at all toiletry counters in the yellow and red-striped carton.

New-Formula IPANA®
WITH BACTERIA-DESTRROYER WD-9

Ipana A/C Tooth Paste (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains bacteria-destroyer WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulphate).
Harsh shampoos “dry” your hair!

Halo
Glorifies it!

No other leading shampoo leaves your hair so sparkling clean — so shining bright — yet is so mild as Halo!

Yes, tests in hardest water prove no other leading shampoo leaves your hair so sparkling clean — so shining bright — yet is so mild as Halo!

No wonder you’ll see a beautiful difference in your hair... when you change to mild, gentle Halo!

The reason — there are no drying, irritating chemicals, sticky oils or harsh soaps in Halo! Milder, gentler Halo’s exclusive “glorifying” ingredient removes dull film and loose dandruff... leaves your hair cleaner, softer, more sparkling — never dry! Halo is so effective, just one Halo shampoo brings out all the natural brilliance of even dull hair... makes it more fragrant, much easier-to-manage. All without special rinsing!

So change from harsh shampoos to Halo — and see the shining difference! Try the 29¢ size — or get an average three months supply 89¢.

Halo
glorifies dry, oily or normal hair
FROM
DIME-A-DANCE
TO ZIEGFELD
FOLLIES!

THE STRANGEST
LOVE STORY
EVER LIVED
FLARES OUT
OF LURID
CHICAGO
IN THE
MOB-RULE
DAYS!

M-G-M's LIFE-INSPIRED DRAMATIC MUSICAL!

DORIS DAY · JAMES CAGNEY

"Love Me Or Leave Me"

AN M-G-M PICTURE
No other deodorant gives you so much...

- STOPS PERSPIRATION ODOR.... instantly
- HANDY STICK FORM.... no mess, no waste
- SURE PROTECTION, all day long
- THRIFTY.... big stick lasts for months
- GENTLE, HARMLESS to skin or clothes
- DAINTY.... greaseless, never sticky
- FRAGRANT and luxurious as a lipstick

JUMBO SIZE

25¢ plus tax
At all 5 & 10 cent stores

...for so little!

LANDER
CHLOROPHYLL STICK DEODORANT

“For the sake of our daughters,” Tita Purdom begged Judge Burke of the conciliation court to help her effect a reunion with husband, Edmund. Solemnly, both entered the court and, after two hours, Edmund agreed to hold up on his divorce suit for 90 days. As Tita and her lawyer left, it was agreed. She had tried. But when Edmund made no effort to reconcile, Tita filed

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS
BY FLORABEL MUIR

Are getting louder over the Linda Christian-Edmund Purdom romance. Few think that it was purely coincidental that Linda filed suit against Ty Power the same day she knew Edmund was due to appear in conference in Superior Judge Louis H. Burke’s conciliation court.

Everybody knows Linda waited around, in no haste for a divorce from Ty, for six months before she took the step. Why, ‘tis asked, did she decide to sue on the very day that Tita Purdom had finally arranged to meet with Edmund in an attempt to patch up their difficulties? Pronto wise wags were betting the 90-day holdup on his divorce suit, which Edmund agreed to, was no more than a passing gesture on Mr. Purdom’s part. He seemed more interested in squiring the party-loving Miss Christian around to local gait than in living up to his promise to try to reconcile his marital problems for the sake of his two daughters. Tita felt same way. Finally filed.

About Mario Lanza’s problems in his future in show business, with nobody being able to get from Mr. “the facts.” Mario did himself no good when he walked out on his contract with the New Frontier in Las Vegas. He was disinterested in rehearsing the Venus Room and his only excuse for not performing was that he was

Continued
Bob Hope
as Eddie Foy in
The SEVEN LITTLE
FOYS
Color by
TECHNICOLOR

Co-starring
MILLY
VITALE
with
GEORGE TOBIAS
ANGELA CLARKE
Produced by
JACK ROSE
Directed by
MELVILLE SHAVELSON
Written for the Screen by
MELVILLE SHAVELSON
and JACK ROSE
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

THE STORY OF
A Husband Who Never Had
Time To Come Home!

Here's the wonderfully funny, richly
human story of the most famous pop
in show business... EDDIE FOY...
who vowed he'd do a single all
the way... on stage and off but
wound up mothering his seven wild
hooligans the only way he knew... by putting them in the act!
feeling well. If Mario's really sick, all he has to do is explain! He owes this much to those who put their trust in him—and that means both his employers and his fans. . . . About the Piper Laurie—David Shire romance and the general mix-up about when, where, how and if ever they will marry, with many insisting that Pfc. G. David Schine is still hanging onto that Anchorage, Alaska, marriage-license application, in case Piper flies up there.

About the apparently flourishing romance of Bing Crosby and his little Texas brunette Kathryn Grant and the smart way she's playing her hand, saying nothing and insisting that all her pals keep it tight-lipped as she is. Though no Hollywood private life is kept so private as Bing's, the fact that he's smitten is no secret. And about how pert Kathryn has no trouble at all keeping on palsy terms with all the Crosby boys. . . . Also about the budding comradeship of Mona Freeman, who once had the inside track to Bing, and Bob Wagner, who are being seen around a lot together. And how it was Mona's divorce from Pat Nerney that made her ineligible on religious grounds to become Mrs. Crosby.

About the growing probability that Leigh Snowden and Dick Contino really mean it since she has the wolf pack just about discouraged from trying for dates, devoting herself almost exclusively to Dick. . . . About the way Oleg Cassini unobtrustively dropped out of the life of Grace Kelly, with religion the impediment to romance in that case, too, but no other swim has come along to claim Oscar-winning Grace's preference, a romantic vacuum which nature will sooner or later fill. And about how Oleg seems to have latched onto Claudette Thornton who, in her Hollywood heyday, was briefly Bob Stack's best gal. . . . About Paramount's new excitement, a lovely starlet named Carol Ohmart, a discovery of Michael Curtiz, who has cast her prominently in his next, "Too Late, My Love." The whispers about her sure stellar destiny have penetrated everywhere.

Forthcoming wedding bells for Bobby Troup and Julie London, his divorce final in August. . . . Sterling Hayden and Helen O'Connell, who grow more devoted by the moment, while his ex, Betty, is getting around mostly with Tony Travis.

About the way John Huston has become more Irish than the Irish since spending so much time in Ireland on "Moby Dick," what with his wearing Irish tweeds and talking with a brogue. And John's recent purchase of an Irish thoroughbred which won its first race, carrying three hundred pounds of John's money on its nose. And how John sent word to Gregory Peck, his star in "Moby Dick," who added a hundred pounds of his own to the wager, Greg telling friends in Hollywood that the horse will cross the ocean in time for the next Santa Anita.

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Even claiming. Sterling the have. About getting apparently lovely. • ABOUT. discovery Longer. ASK Leading Brushing YOUR CAY-FIGHTER, longer! Cream reduction or in. While the. ALL reduction or in. To ONLY Day! ASK TOOTH GUARDS BRUSH YOUR ONLY TOOTHBRUSH GUARDS.YOUR CLEANS! For Clinical the decay out. The decay! originate Day! HOW Bad teeth! won't rinse off or wear off all day! And Colgate's stops bad breath instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! Clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in decay in toothpaste history!

ASK YOUR DENTIST HOW OFTEN YOU SHOULD BRUSH YOUR TEETH! But remember! Even if you brush only once a day, Colgate Dental Cream gives the surest protection all day long! Gardol, Colgate’s wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth that won’t rinse off or wear off all day! And Colgate’s stops bad breath instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! Clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in decay in toothpaste history!

COlGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM. COlGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM. IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH While It GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

Colgate's Trade Mark for Sodium N-Lauryl Sarcosinate.
Hi, Mister Roberts!

The Most-loved, Most Laughed-with Play of Our Day

"Mister Roberts" is on the screen!

Warner Bros. present it in Cinemascope and WarnerColor

Starring Henry Fonda as the original Mister Roberts and James Cagney as the captain

William Powell as Doc and Jack Lemmon as Ensign Pulver

Also starring Betsy Palmer, Ward Bond, Phil Carey

Screenplay by Frank Nugent and Joshua Logan, produced by Leland Hayward

Based on the play by Thomas Heggen and Joshua Logan, directed by John Ford and Mervyn LeRoy

Music composed and conducted by Frank Nogent
Let's Go to the Movies

With Janet Graves

Excellence | Very Good | Good | Fair

Love Me or Leave Me
M-G-M; Cinemascope, Eastman Color

One of the most unusual music dramas ever made gives Doris Day and James Cagney roles as startling as the picture. Doris, typed as a sunny-natured soul, showed real daring in choosing this strongly dramatic part. Suggested by the story of Ruth Etting, popular singer of the Twenties and early Thirties, the movie takes Doris from the hostess line in a cheap night spot to stardom in the Ziegfeld Follies and in Hollywood. It is Cagney, as a petty racketeer, who gives her career its start and becomes her manager. She accepts his sponsorship, but holds him at arm’s length. Pianist Cameron Mitchell, with personal interests in the matter, warns that her dishonesty will catch up with her. And it does. The atmosphere of the Twenties is sharply recreated, thanks in part to Doris’ versatile song-selling.

Adult

Jimmy’s strong-arm tactics have won Doris her first break.

Strange Lady in Town
Warner; Cinemascope, Warnercolor

Here’s an offbeat Western, with leisurely charm and an unconventional accent on feminine characters. Greer Garson’s a doctor battling 19th century prejudice against female M. D.’s. Giving up the fight in Boston, she comes to New Mexico to set up a practice. Her skill and her sympathetic manner quickly win the townspeople, but she can’t overcome the antagonism of Dana Andrews, up till now the town’s only doctor. A brusque widower, he obviously regards his red-headed rival with mixed emotions. Lois Smith (the bedraggled slavery in “East of Eden”) gives a winning performance as Dana’s hoydenish daughter. A secondary love story teams her with Cameron Mitchell, as Greer’s younger brother. But Mitchell, it’s revealed, is a scoundrel, and his misdeeds abruptly switch the story onto an actionful tack.

Family

With Dana’s help, Greer opposes a mob of would-be Lynchers.

Strategic Air Command
Paramount; Vistavision, Technicolor

On the big VistaVision screen, the majesty of this country’s air defense practically steals the show from stars James Stewart and June Allyson. As a reserve officer, Jimmy is recalled to active duty just as he is getting firmly established in a baseball career. At first resentful, he is soon overcome by awe and pride, realizing the full might of the bomber forces that stand ready at any moment to strike long-range counterblows if the U. S. is attacked. June, as his wife, waits out each of his trial missions and longs for the day when they can again have a settled home life. Effective portrayals are contributed by Frank Lovejoy, as the commanding general, and Barry Sullivan, as one of Jimmy’s superiors. Throughout, the human element is dwarfed by the huge planes, cloud peaks and endless air vistas.

Family

For June and Jimmy, married life is a series of goodbyes.

More reviews on page 16
Brief reviews of current films on page 102
For complete casts of new films see page 103
"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Joan Crawford. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

**It never dries** your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin...foams into rich lather, even in hardest water...leaves hair so easy to manage.

**It beautifies!** For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

*Joan Crawford*

starring in

"FEMALE ON THE BEACH"

A Universal-International Picture
Be a sire in the surf... with a Kleinert's Sava-Wave Swim Cap

The Magic Inner Rim keeps your hair REALLY dry!

They're sturdy, light, GUARANTEED watertight! Left to right: Strapless SAVA-WAVE with real rhinestones! White with pink, blue, red, yellow, aqua, black band. $2.98. For tods, "Squeaky"...the squeaking clown cap! White with pink and blue, red and blue, or yellow and aqua. $1.50. Pom-pom topped SAVA-WAVE! White with pink and red, yellow and orange, light and dark blue. $1.50. Other gay Kleinert's caps from 79¢ to $7.

Kleinert's
Bill's wife, Judy, gave up her acting ambitions on marriage, now plays audience as he rehearses.

She helps with his scrapbook, too. Once pretty lean, it's growing fat with good reviews, photos.

"I want to be the boss," Bill says, "to protect her, to open doors for her." And Judy loves it!

Bill Campbell has nerve! And he needed it to keep from quitting during the hard years. Now they're over.

SASSY, BUT SUCCESSFUL

BY HILDEGARDE JOHNSON

For six years, Bill Campbell was just the kid with the engaging grin, doing one small role after another — now you see him, now you don't. There were times when he himself thought he'd never get any further. And the idea hurt because he was filled with driving ambition. This is the boy who once had the sheer, brassry nerve to try stealing a scene from Spencer Tracy, of all people. Tracy got back at him by becoming his ardent patron. It was this actors' actor who told a discouraged William Campbell, "You quit and I'll spank you!"

Bill didn't quit. Now, after six uneasy years, he has had two excellent parts in succession: the naive farm boy of U-I's "Man Without a Star"; the depraved young criminal of Columbia's "Cell 2455, Death Row." He has contracts with Wayne-Fellows and with Kirk Douglas' producing unit. Best of all, he has a wife who, in his own words, "looks like Ursula Thiess or Elizabeth Taylor, but with the spiritual quality of Ann Blyth. To think," he exclaims, "that this beautiful woman would marry me, when she could have had some beautiful guy."

Attractive as Bill is, he could hardly be described as beautiful. He has alert hazel eyes under quizzically arched brows, black hair often worn at a length that makes Tony Curtis' usual coiffure look like a crew cut. But a couple of fortunate accidents during Bill's childhood (a fall and a blow from a misaimed hockey stick) broke his nose twice and gave his profile an interesting irregularity that takes him safely out of the pretty-boy class. Born in Newark, New Jersey (on October 30, 1926), he still has a pleasant tang of Greater New York in his voice.

As a youngster, Bill sometimes dreamed of an act—
SASSY,
BUT SUCCESSFUL

continued
Seldom has the screen captured such passion and emotion...fierce human hungers that probe deep into the very heart of life itself!

stands alone!
first as a book...
now as a motion picture!

STANLEY KRAMER Presents
NOT AS A STRANGER

with MYRON McCORMICK • LON CHANEY • JESSE WHITE • Written for the Screen by Edna and Edward Anhalt
Based on the Novel by MORTON THOMPSON • Music by George Antheil • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Produced and Directed by STANLEY KRAMER

Coming! – Watch for it at your favorite theatre!
Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave needed for this new "Soft Talk" hairdo. No nightly settings necessary.

**NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS HERE!**

These hairdos were made with Bobbi—the special pin-curl permanent for softly feminine hairstyles.

Now your hair can be as soft and natural-looking as the hairdos shown here. Just give yourself a Bobbi—the easy pin-curl permanent specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hairstyles.

A Bobbi looks soft and natural from the very first day. Curls and waves are exactly where you want them—wonderfully carefree for weeks. Pin-curl your hair just once. Apply Bobbi's special lotion. A little later rinse with water. Let dry, brush out. Right away your hair has the beauty, the body of naturally wavy hair.


Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. $1.50 plus tax.

Soft, natural right from the start...that's the "Miss Manhattan" hairstyle after an easy Bobbi. A Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is so easy, no help is needed.

With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, the way you want them. Notice the easy, gentle look of this bewitching new "La Femme" hairdo.

Bobbi's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi gives you the kind of carefree curls needed for this gay "Satin Sweep" hairdo.

Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Honeycomb" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay—in all kinds of weather.
the building, no studio limousine was waiting for the baffled young actor; he had to walk all the way back to the gate.

At Warners, he was luckier—at first. Beginning with “The Breaking Point,” he made four pictures. After seven months, Warners let him go. “I was really in a fright then,” Bill admits, “despairing and unhappy.” Then M-G-M offered him a role in “The People Against O’Hara,” a Spencer Tracy vehicle.

“I was afraid of Mr. Tracy,” Bill says. “Every time I saw him on the set I’d hide behind a camera. But eventually the two had to do a scene together, and Bill recklessly planned to steal it from the star.

The scene cast Bill as a stubborn witness, being furiously cross-examined by Tracy. Bill was shaking and dry-mouthed. But his purpose was unchanged, and he did manage to get the first line out. “Then I felt I was starting to move. Mr. Tracy was really getting mad, and I knew I had him.”

When the cameras stopped rolling, Bill saw Tracy walking slowly toward him, slowly clapping. Stopping in front of Bill, Tracy said softly, “You ... little ... sound-so! ... Are you under contract?”

“No,” Bill stammered. “You will be by tonight.” Promptly, Tracy put in a call to Dore Schary, head of production at Metro. And the prediction came true. But, in spite of Tracy’s backing, leading roles proved elusive, and again Bill was dropped.

At U-I, Bill tested for “Six Bridges to Cross,” which, of course, went to Tony Curtis. But Kirk Douglas, planning “Man Without a Star,” saw Bill’s test and said, “I want him!”

As soon as Bill felt that he had a real foothold in movies, his first thought was of his parents; “Now I can repay them.” His father, whose roots are in Newark (according to Bill), wouldn’t come to California, though he may make a visit after his retirement from the Water Department. So Bill resolved to give his mother a real vacation whirl in Hollywood. At the airport, he slipped up and put his hands over her eyes. Her first words were: “Bill, don’t you dare tell your father how much that airplane ticket cost!”

The newest member of the Campbell family is beauty the former Judith Inmore. Bill first met Judy six years ago. They began going steady immediately, but with no marriage plans, for Judy was interested in a movie career of her own. Bill eventually found that the career was less Judy’s idea than her mother’s. “I saw myself as a knight on a white charger,” he laughs, “riding to her rescue, ordering, ‘No career!’”

However, Judy’s mother gave in gracefully, and Bill and Judy were married on October 25, 1952. In the young Campbells’ circle of friends are many people outside show business, some dating back to Bill’s Newark days.

“When I was little,” he says, “I never knew there were different sets or groups.” Bill realizes that now it may not be so easy to keep his balance. But one fact makes it extremely unlikely that he’ll ever have a case of swollen ego. “I’m afraid of my father. If I didn’t keep a level head, he’d let me have it right in the kissers!”
Moonfleet

A vigorous, richly colorful adventure yarn of 18th century England presents Stewart Granger with a juicy role. He's a gentleman smuggler, an elegant and thoroughly rogue, Towheaded Jon Whiteley, who was the older of "The Little Kidnappers," is again utterly engaging, as a small boy who trustfully puts himself in Granger's care. The boy's "friend" shows no enthusiasm, but that doesn't shake Jon's loyalty—nor does the discovery that Granger leads a gang of murderous ruffians. As a titled and totally unscrupulous couple, George Sanders and Joan Greenwood capture the feeling of a cynical age. Equally striking are Viveca Lindfors, as Granger's unhappy mistress, and Liliane Montevecchi, as a gypsy dancer who takes his fancy.

This Island Earth

Spectacular visual effects make this science-fiction thriller continuously absorbing, though the plot and characters are hardly subtle. Lofty-browed invaders from another planet, led by Jeff Morrow, draft scientists of earth to help devise new methods of warfare. The visitors are civilized but dictatorial, so scientists Rex Reason and Faith Domergue attempt escape from the laboratory. But they are captured and whisked off to Morrow's home planet, where they witness a terrifying space war.

Daddy Long Legs

Audie Murphy and Leslie Caron make an irresistible dance-romance team in this new version of the beloved story. As a wealthy American, Audie provides a college education in the U.S. for Leslie, an eighteen-year-old French orphan. She isn't told who her benefactor is and she knows Audie only as the uncle of her roommate (Terry Moore). But the two fall in love, in touching May-October style. It's a movie happily removed from reality, with Fred Clark and Thelma Ritter arousing chuckles as the sorely tried pair who handle Audie's business affairs. Dance numbers are plentiful, the liveliest being the "Bluefoot" routine at a college prom.

The Eternal Sea

Done with admirable simplicity and straightforwardness, this saga of heroism takes its inspiration from the true story of Rear Admiral John M. Hoskins, U.S.N., portrayed here by Sterling Hayden. Hayden loses a leg in World War II action, but stubbornly refuses to be retired from active duty, though he must fight Navy regulations. As his wife, Alexis Smith has the usual role assigned to the heroine in service films. Dean Jagger's excellent as Hayden's superior and friend, and Ben Cooper does a nice job in a brief appearance as a young sailor.

5 Against the House

Putting the emphasis more on tension than on plausibility, this film will hardly advance the careers of Guy Madison and Kim Novak. As Guy and three fellow college students are returning from vacation, a stop in Reno gives one of them a mad idea. Kerwin Matthews (a capable and attractive newcomer) decides to rob a "bobby-proof" gambling house just for laughs—and then return the money. Alvy Moore, a clownish type, and Brian Keith, an unstable war vet, go along with the scheme; Guy and Kim, his singer sweetheart, are drawn in on it only by accident.

A Prize of Gold

A similar plot doesn't fare too well on this other side of the Atlantic, either. Shot on location in Germany, this action film stars Richard Widmark as a GI who falls in with the plans of an English soldier (George Cole) to steal a shipment of gold bullion going by air from Berlin to London. Widmark wants the proceeds of the theft to help a group of war orphans cared for by his German sweetheart (Mai Zetterling). Nigel Patrick livens up the picture as a jaunty, homicidal R.A.F. corporal hired to fly robbers and loot to England.
DOCTORS PROVE A ONE-MINUTE MASSAGE WITH PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE Cleans Deeper, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember... only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. And Palmolive's mildness lets you massage a full minute without irritation.

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!
HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE
BY EDITH GWYNN

There were lots of afterdark doings at which Hollywood glamour-pusses had fun, ranging from the offbeat to the crazy.

On the legit side was the exciting opening of "Anniversary Waltz," with Howard Duff and Marsha Hunt. Ida Lupino, looking lovely, was as nervous as all get-out, finally calmed down before the final curtain when her hubby got so much applause for his fine performance. Saw Leigh Snowden with Dick Contino; Eleanor Parker, Jane Withers with Kurt Hirsch, the Edmund O'Briens to name a few.

When Estelle Allardale opened her new Beverly Hills salon with a fashion show and party, Jack Dempsey, her best b.f. acted as host! Ogling the all pink and white decor, sipping and supping a lavish buffet, were the Jack Webbs, Eleanor Powell, Cesar Romero, Sonja Henie, James Dean (!) Jeff Donnell and Aldo Ray, Gaylord Hauser and a bunch of local socialites. And if that isn't a mixed crowd.

But you ain't heard nothing yet. There have been many crazy offbeat reasons for staging parties, but the one given by the Villa Capri (an Italian food cafe that gets a big play from the film crowd) takes the cake—or should I say pizza? Anyway, owners of the Capri tossed a big cocktail and dinner party (strictly invitational) to celebrate its completion of two new washrooms. James Dean was there with Lili Kardell; Bob Stack brought purty Rosemarie Bowe, Bob Francis and May Wynn were a two. Ditto Gary Crosby and Barbara Drake. The Bob Mitchums, author Herman Wouk were among those having fun.

A different sort of party was given by author Danny Blum who jammed his place with old and young to honor old-time stars. Some of the kids there who already have their names in lights never even heard of the guests of honor: Mary Pickford, Kathryn Williams, Queenie Smith, Alice Joyce, Anita Stewart. Mingling among them were Bob Stack with ever-lovin' Rosemarie Bowe, the John Lunds, the Hestons; James Dean, George Nader, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman.

Mickey Rooney, that talented bundle of dynamite, found time to whip up a night-club act and have himself an exciting opening night at the Cocoanut.

When Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis discovered Rory Calhoun was doing a one-hour live tv drama "The Champion," they sent wires to about 200 of their friends saying: "Such courage deserves recognition so we're giving Rory a party." And they did—at Romanoff's. On hand were Julie Adams and Ray Danton, Kim Novak with Mack Krim, Virginia Gray, Bob Wagner, Rita Moreno with Jeff Hunter, Joan Weldon with Alfre de la Vega, the Guy Madisons, the Andy Devines, the Bob Mitchums, Jayne Mansfield and Hugh O'Brian, the Jack Lemmons, May Wynn and Bob Francis, the Groucho Marxes, Pat Crowley, the Kirk Douglas—to name only a few!
For the Easiest Permanent of Your Life...

New Easier-Faster CASUAL PIN-CURL PERMANENT

SET IT!
Set your pin-curls just as you always do. No need for anyone to help.

WET IT!
Apply CASUAL lotion just once. 15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!
That's all there is to it! CASUAL is self-neutralizing. There's no resetting. Your work is finished!

Naturally lovely, carefree curls that last for weeks...
CASUAL is the word for it... soft, carefree waves and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable, perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer, natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!

takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!
$1.50 PLUS TAX
Be an adorable BLONDE

Be the girl with “sun in her hair!” If time has darkened your hair, bring back blonde glamour with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. Safely, easily, at home. Or you can lighten just a bit . . . add golden highlights, gleam dark hair with bronze, Golden Hair Wash, the complete-in-one-package safe home hair lightener, has been a favorite for 50 years. Use to lighten arm and leg hair, too. It is sold at fine drugstores everywhere. 60c and 90c plus tax.

MARCHAND’S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

If you’re not going to lighten . . .

Another famous MARCHAND product

Marchand’s Hair Rinse after each shampoo blend in aging gray streaks . . . adds sparkling light and richer color to your natural hair shade. Govt. approved color, wash out easily. 12 smart shades. At all drug and variety stores.

6 Rinses 25c 2 Rinses 10c

SOAP BOX:

I think it’s a shame the way Hollywood producers are neglecting Lana Turner. Can it be that Calendar Girls have become such a Hollywood fad today that unique emotional depth, such as Lana possesses, is no longer of value? Or is it that Lana’s stature as an actress has actually been forgotten? If this is so, producers need only look at any of her 1940 films.

Lana is being forgotten?

In the past month alone, I have read of at least six big dramatic productions (in which Lana would no doubt be great) being prepared at her own studio for other actresses, and most of these actresses are being borrowed from other studios.

Lana is a truly beautiful and accomplished actress and, no longer, as she was recently quoted as saying to a disrespectful director, “a fifty-dollar-a-week stock girl!”

CHARLES WILLIAMS
Wichita, Kansas

There is nothing more aggravating than to realize that a child actor of the past, who still has a great deal of talent at the present, has been apparently forgotten. Roddy McDowall has been painfully neglected as an actor on the screen.

When he was young, his natural and heartwarming performances not only won one of his pictures an Academy Award but placed his subsequent pictures among the ten best each year.

If more Hollywood producers and critics would open their eyes, ears and hearts, and stop looking for the tall, dark, handsome man with no acting ability, Roddy McDowall could become one of the best actors on film and stage, and we could enjoy his acting once again.

IRENE GOODSELL
Oakland, California

I enjoyed the current issue of Photoplay for its up-to-date and interesting news. I should have liked it even better, however, had it included that popular actor Preston Foster, a star who’s been popular twenty years.

How about an interview with Mr. Foster? He’d make wonderful copy and you’d have the gratitude of all his fans.

SOPHIE FREEMAN
Roslyn, Long Island, New York

I have enjoyed Ralph Edwards’ radio programs for years. Now I am enjoying his tv shows and his Photoplay series of “This Is Your Life,” as well.

Would you sometime soon feature Charlton Heston in your Photoplay series? He is such an excellent actor and would make a good subject for Mr. Edwards’ article.

RENA ELLIOTT
Parsons, Kansas

Because his schedule is full, Mr. Edwards is no longer by-lining “This Is Your Life” stories for Photoplay. We continue, of course, life stories of the stars.—ED.

After seeing Tyrone Power recently in the picture “The Long Gray Line,” I just had to write a few words of praise about him. I never seem to read about Mr. Power, who has been my favorite for many years. He was simply terrific in this film, what with his Irish brogue and large mustache. He helped to bring to moviemakers everywhere moments of sadness and humor with every hit of perfection and reality that any actor could. I understand that Jerry Wald started research on the picture more than ten years ago and that when ex-Sergeant Marty Maher published his autobiography, “Bringing Up the Brass,” Wald was assured that he had the model for his long-desired ambition to do the story of the United States Military Academy.

Tyrone played the part of Marty Maher splendidly, in a role which carried him from a hoy of twenty-three to an old man of seventy-five.

Please print more about this handsome actor who deserves much more publicity.

AGNES McCARTHY
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Ty reminiscences for Photoplay on page 34 of this issue.—ED.

Keith Larsen rates a place

I think your magazine has done a fine job with newcomers, but you have overlooked one Keith Larsen.

Keith has more appeal and is much more handsome than George Nader, Robert Francis and Lance Fuller combined.

Keith Larsen takes time to write to his fans, autograph pictures and has a wonderful fan club, of which I am a member. Wouldn’t you please give him some place in your magazine? I and all the rest of the
The naked truth about the girl in the locker room!

She's the belle of the beach... even the waves seem to snuggle closer. She's the girl with the eye-stopping figure, slim waist, smooth hips, flat tummy. She's the girl you think it's impossible to be... (you're wrong!) She's the girl who never slips into a bathing suit or summer dress, pair of slacks or shorts, without first slipping into a Playtex Panty Brief!

Introducing the New Playtex High Style Panty Brief

And now, newer than new, and waiting for you is the Playtex High Style Panty Brief! Magically slimming latex outside, cloud-soft fabric inside, and a lovely non-roll top. Comfortable, flexible... and not a seam, stitch or bone to show through—anywhere! Washes in seconds, dries quickly, and works miracles—no matter what your size.

Look for Playtex High Style Panty Brief in the slim tube in department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

And for extra control, the famous Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Brief with hidden “finger” panels. Only $6.95. The bra on the wall is the new Playtex Living! Bra...“custom-contoured” of elastic and nylon. $3.95

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.
How to make your life a bed of roses...

Relax to the satiny feel of flowers
on your skin, the heady scent
of flowers in the air... the sheer luxury
of having every inch of you
soothed and sweetened with

cashmere bouquet
Talcum Powder

59¢ 29¢
Plus Tax

enthusiastic Larsen admirers thank you,
DIXIE ANN OWEN
Shawano, Wisconsin

CASTING:

The other evening while rearranging my
back copies of the magazine Theatre Arts,
I came across a play that I reread and
enjoyed as much as the first time I read it
through. That play was a play which won
superlative critical acclaim on Broadway
and had a substantial run—the dramatiza-
tion by Louis Coxe and Robert Chapman
of Herman Melville’s “Billy Budd.”

I seem to have a faint remembrance of
reading somewhere that Paramount had
bought the play for a possible vehicle for
Bill Holden. Holden is an accomplished
actor and always does a superb job with
the roles handed him, but he is just a bit
too old for the lead role. “Billy Budd” calls
for a young man, blond, between the ages
of sixteen and twenty. There is only one
of the younger actors in Hollywood who
could possibly do that role—and do it to
perfection. He’s Republic’s accomplished
new star, Ben Cooper, who did such an
excellent job in the role of Turkey in
Johnny Guitar.” “Billy Budd” would again
give Ben a dramatic hanging scene at the
end of the film. If there is ever a film
version of this play made, it will be a
shame to award the role to anybody except
Ben Cooper.

BOB ADAMS
Niagara Falls, New York

I think that Howard Keel’s rendition of
“Your Land and My Land,” which he sang
in “Deep in My Heart,” is excellent.
He should be starred in a movie version
of the Romberg operetta “My Maryland,”
with Joan Weldoe, the girl who sang
“Lover Come Back to Me.”

ARTHUR STOCKMAN
Longmont, Colorado

I have just read Rocky Graziano’s auto-
bio graphy, “Somebody Up There Likes
Me,” and M-G-M announced it will be
made into a movie.

I think it would make a great picture
with Tony Curtis in the leading role, Elia
Kazan directing and Janet Leigh as Grazi-
ano’s wife.

L. MORABITO
San Francisco, California

When I saw the letter printed in the
March issue of Readers Inc., sent in by
Edith Lippman of New York, proclaiming
John Derek Danny Fisher, I had to write.
I have read “A Stone for Danny Fisher”
three times and loved it more with each
reading, since I was better able to really
know the characters depicted each time.
Because of that, I think I know Danny,
and to think of this fine novel being made into a picture is only to think of Tony Curtis. There is no other Danny.

This is not meant to imply that John Derek is not a fine actor, for he is, and also one of my favorites. But Miss Lippman has only to see Curtis in “Six Bridges to Cross,” to know that he is the only one who could possibly play Danny. Not just that one picture either. Tony Curtis’ life, up to the time he entered acting, almost exactly parallels Danny Fisher’s, except for the criminal tendencies. But in “Bridges,” he proved to us he could handle that as if he had really lived that part, too.

So please, Miss Lippman, and also the casting directors, look around you—maybe even confer with Janet Leigh—but find the real Danny—Tony Curtis.

Mrs. Charles L. Miller
Lawton, Oklahoma

Something that I will never understand is why E. E. Hull’s immortal love story “The Sheik” has not been filmed since the days of Valentino. My generation has never had the opportunity to see it on the screen and few to even get a chance to read it, as it is certainly difficult to lay hands on a volume. The one copy that floated around my high school, five years ago, became dog-eared that it finally had to be discarded.

Another copy showed up in college and received the same treatment. I can remember many discussions in those days concerning, “When are they going to get around to making a movie out of it?” At that time, I couldn’t think of anybody who really had the “equipment” to play “The Sheik,” but now Hollywood has the cast.

I certainly would like to see “The Sheik” on film, with Fernando Lamas and Susan Hayward in the leading roles. I think Elizabeth Taylor’s riding ability and English accent (if that’s what it) could also make her a sure contender for the lead. However it was cast, I believe the boxoffice take would be tremendous.

Shirley Crittenden
Santa Ana, California

Bob Stack: Home run for Boston

I think it would be wonderful if they would make a movie on the life of the great baseball player Ted Williams. If they can’t get him, perhaps the actor Robert Stack would be the one to do it. I have noticed a resemblance between them several times.

Jane Painter
Davis, California

I’ve been reading various reports on the casting of “South Pacific.” The only person for the part of the Frenchman, Emile de Becque, would be Fernando Lamas.

Mary Ellen Stone
New City, New York

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No other hair spray holds a wave in place so softly yet so surely . . . no other hair spray manages your hair so naturally. And now laboratory tests show that Helene Curtis spray net is one hair spray that’s never, never sticky.

No wonder so many millions of women insist on genuine Helene Curtis spray net.

Now when you need spray net most (remember summer’s wilting weather is all but here) Helene Curtis brings you a spray net Special that takes care of all your hair care problems. Both hair spray and shampoo for only $1.25, plus tax. Don’t wait another minute for your Bonus Package.

**Get ready for summer with this***

**extra special offer**

Helene Curtis spray net

---

**America's most popular hair spray with a bonus bottle of Shampoo Plus Egg**

No other hair spray holds a wave in place so softly yet so surely . . . no other hair spray manages your hair so naturally. And now laboratory tests show that Helene Curtis spray net is one hair spray that’s never, never sticky.

No wonder so many millions of women insist on genuine Helene Curtis spray net.

Now when you need spray net most (remember summer’s wilting weather is all but here) Helene Curtis brings you a spray net Special that takes care of all your hair care problems. Both hair spray and shampoo for only $1.25, plus tax. Don’t wait another minute for your Bonus Package.

**NOW IN TWO FABULOUS FORMULAS**

NEW SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET without lacquer, for gentle control. Created especially for baby-fine hair, casual hair-dos.

REGULAR SPRAY NET, for thick, harder to manage hair, for more elaborate hair styles. The favorite of millions of women.

---

**CHOOSE THE ONE THAT'S RIGHT FOR YOU DURING THIS SPECIAL OFFER**

BUT DO IT NOW... STOCKS ARE LIMITED!
Recently I finished reading Russell Janney's tender love story "So Long as Love Remembers." As I read each wonderful chapter, I thought to myself: "What a great motion picture this story would make." There is a close similarity between "So Long as Love Remembers" and Mr. Janney's previous novel, "The Miracle of the Bells," which was made into a picture of great beauty. If this moving story should be filmed, I sincerely hope Valli is chosen to play the part of Olga. Valli gave an excellent performance in "The Miracle of the Bells," and only she could give the role that spiritual touch.

CHARLES T. ROBINSON
Eureka, Utah


She would get her deserved Oscar for playing the beautiful blind, deaf and mute girl who captured the hearts of America. Co-starring Robert Wagner as her young lover and Fredric March and Barbara Stanwyck as the Bannisters would make this film a classic like "Gone with the Wind" or "From Here to Eternity."

Here in Latin America, Liz Taylor is tops, and so are Elaine Stewart, Lana Turner, Ava Gardner, Ursula Thiess and Jean Simmons. Robert Taylor, Robert Wagner, Edmund Purdom, Stewart Granger, Clark Gable and Michael Wilding make the pretty señoritas' hearts beat.

DANIEL R. CAMPO
Trujillo City, Dominican Republic

QUESTION BOX:

I read recently that United Artists plans to make the movie "Alexander the Great," starring Richard Burton and Fredric March. Is this true?

JEAN LIPPERS
Winston Salem, North Carolina

United Artists will release this film, in which Claire Bloom and Danielle Darrieux also star.—ED.

Could you please tell me what has happened to Ruth Roman? Is she still married? How many children does she have? Is she still in pictures? What is her latest picture?

MARGIE ANGUS
Junction City, Oregon

Ruth Roman and radio station manager Mortimer Hall were married in 1950, have son Richard. Ruth's latest film is U.T.S.'s "The Far Country," and U.T.S.'s "Down Three Dark Streets."—ED.
Could you please tell me who played Amy and Alex in the movie "Young at Heart"?

Miss Patricia Weneshheimer
Sacramento 19, California
Elizabeth Frazer played Amy, Gig Young played Alex.—ED.

Is it true that James Mason is retiring from acting to become a producer? If this is true, I feel it will be one of the greatest losses Hollywood will have ever experienced. For my money, he is one of the greatest actors Hollywood has ever had.

James Mason says he has retired from motion-picture acting. He adds, "I've become a television master-of-ceremonies by profession and a film producer by inclination."—ED.

I would like to know if William Reynolds is Debbie Reynolds' brother?

A friend says Ann Blyth at one time played Jane in one of the Tarzan pictures. I do not recall this. True or False?

Jean Simmons' next picture will be Columbia's "Re-bound" and Goldwyn's "Guys and Dolls," for M-G-M.—ED.

We'd like nothing better than to answer every single letter we receive asking for information and addresses of the stars. We can't! Each week hundreds of letters are received. We can only answer a limited number in Readers Inc. each month. We suggest, therefore, that if you want to start a fan club or write your favorite stars, address them at their studios. And if you're collecting photographs, a good bet is to investigate the commercial organizations that have pictures for sale. For a list of studios turn to page 101. ED.
I'd like Grace Kelly to play a character who isn't a lady to see if she could really act! . . . Also, Hollywood is on a lady kick and too many actresses are trying to act like ladies both off-screen and on. . . . One event that gave me much satisfaction was Marlon Brando winning the Oscar. I'd like to see Marlon and Clark Gable teamed together in a movie. . . . Paramount should release Shirley MacLaine's screen test as a trailer. You couldn't help but hurry to see her in any movie. . . . Jack Webb did a good deed for everyone when he put Ella Fitzgerald in "Pete Kelly's Blues." Ella sings the songs and the singers listen. . . . No man should marry an actress without being prepared to listen to monologues about her career. . . . Dale Robertson completely eludes me. Sorry.

Jean Simmons is the friendly type. She makes you feel as if you're an intimate friend, although you know darn well you're not. . . . Suggestion to Frank Sinatra: Take the time to explain to people why you're going to act the way you do. They'll not only understand you but in most instances be with you. . . . Met Terry Moore at Schwab's without any make-up on. "Hi," I said. "I hardly recognized you." Terry smiled: "I'm disguised as myself." I must ask Joan Crawford why she wears dark glasses when she sits in a booth at Chasen's. . . . Is Montgomery Clift trying to prove how long you can stay out of pictures and still be a popular movie star? . . . Sheree North has less clue about her than any actress trying to make it as a movie star. . . . I'm looking forward to seeing Katharine Hepburn in the movie "Summertime." This Hepburn fascinates me. . . . The two best male performances to date are Ernest Borgnine in "Marty" and James Dean in "East of Eden." At this writing, I haven't seen an exciting performance by a female. . . . It seems that the best TV shows are good movies ("Marty") and the best movies are good TV shows ("Disneyland"). . . . By the way, Tab Hunter told me this definition of a panelist: A man who can think on his seat. . . . Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers seem to have drifted so far apart that it's difficult to recall that they were once the most popular and successful team in pictures. . . . I don't know of any actress who has remained as sexy as long as Lana Turner. It seems like only yesterday when she had only a sweater to her name, which wasn't famous. . . . I don't side with the businessman who divorces an actress. A man who wants his wife to behave like a school teacher should marry a school teacher. . . . Our favorite character, Mike Curtiz, told an interviewer: "I've been looking for a 17-year-old with 20 years' acting experience." Rita Hayworth better make a movie and get on the screen. . . . Wouldn't you think that the success of Doris Day and Rosemary Clooney in pictures would make some producer smart enough to sign Patti Page? . . . Here's a short short story in itself: Ava Gardner: "It's the first time I felt like a movie star." Dissolve to a few years later. Ava Gardner: "I'm a movie star and I'm the unhappiest person I know." . . . But you don't have to be, Ava. I know some guys who love you!

I'd say Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh were the best example of cheesecake and beefcake married. . . . I prefer cheesecake. . . . It's difficult to accept the fact that Ann Blyth is not only a wife but also a mother. . . . Maturity has helped Robert Taylor. He was too young and too pretty in "Camille." Taylor now has to shave twice a day; then he didn't have to shave once a day. . . . Mitzi Gaynor and Donald O'Connor could become one of the most popular teams in pictures today. . . . There are many people who don't believe actresses should be like the girl next door. Clifton Webb once said: "I don't have to go to a movie to see the girl next door. I go next door." . . . But you can't object to the girl next door if she is Elaine Stewart or Debra Paget. And they are the girl next door to fellows I know. That's Hollywood for you.
she's got

(you can have it, too!)

It's not so much beauty as it is personal vibrancy and sparkle, and all those indefinable qualities that make everyone instantly aware of her.

For now there's a new lipstick that brings out all the vividness and sparkle of the real you with exciting colors that make you look and feel vividly alive. It's the new VIV lipstick by Toni. VIV's new High-Chroma Formula gives you the most vivid colors any woman has ever worn. Choose from six bright shades, each as sparkling as the Vivid Coral you see here. Try VIV, that vivid new lipstick by Toni. Comfortable, long-lasting and very, very vivid.
at last!

A LIQUID SHAMPOO
that's EXTRA RICH!

IT'S LIQUID PRELL
for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair

Something wonderful has happened—it's fabulous new Liquid Prell! The only shampoo in the world with this exciting, extra-rich formula! It bursts instantly into luxurious lather... rinses like lightning... is so mild you could shampoo every day. And, oh, the look and feel of your hair after just one shampoo! So satiny soft, so shiny bright, so obedient—why, it falls into place with just a flick of your comb! Shouldn't your hair have that 'Radiantly Alive' look? Try Liquid Prell this very night!

JUST POUR IT...
and you'll see the glorious difference!

Some liquid shampoos are too thin and watery... some too heavy, and contain an ingredient that leaves a dulling film. But Prell has a "just-right" consistency—it won't run and never leaves a dulling film.

PRELL—for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair...
now available 2 ways:
The exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!
And the famous, handy tube that's ideal for children and the whole family... won't spill, drip, or break. It's concentrated—ounce for ounce it goes further!
Rory Calhoun, June Allyson and her husband, Dick Powell, Alan Ladd and his wife, Sue, Burt Lancaster, Lana Turner and her husband, Lex Barker, Van Johnson, to name only a few of the stars, are being subjected to vicious attacks. Photoplay has received hundreds of letters begging to know the “truth.” In some instances, these stories have dealt with marital difficulties, implying infidelity, in others, the scandal-mongering has implied the worst in human behavior.

“Please tell me what I should say to my teenage daughter,” writes Mrs. Margaret Leiper in a typical letter. “She read your excellent article in Photoplay telling about Burt Lancaster’s wonderful home life. Now she brings into our house an article that makes Mr. Lancaster appear to be a man of little principle. And he has five children! I think it is terrible to disillusion our teenagers this way. I’ve told her not to believe the article, but the disillusionment still stands. Teenagers should at least be able to grow up with ideals, able to keep their admiration for the people they look up to.” Burt Lancaster is a man of principle.

We must all admit the existence of good and bad persons, even the coexistence of good and bad in individuals. Motion-picture stars are no exception, for they are a part of the common run of humanity. However, stars who are attempting to lead decent lives should be protected. Much has been written that is pure speculation. Much has been written that has little or no foundation in fact. Even more has been written revealing scandal, dug from the archives of the past, which has no bearing on the person the star has become.

Photoplay can only reply to Mrs. Leiper—if you seek to believe the worst of human beings, motion-picture stars not excluded, you can find something bad in everyone. But there is more good than bad in most everyone, and on this truth Photoplay stands.

Ann Haggard
Editor
How to keep a good figure? Ask Ann Miller —her measurements have never changed!

No hole-in-the-ground for Elaine Stewart —she prefers the ocean as swimming pool.

**INSIDE STUFF**

*Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood*

**In the Swim**: Back in the latish Thirties, Lucille Ball discovered Ann Miller hoofing her head off in a San Diego night spot. Today, Annie's fabulous figure measurements are exactly the same and preview audiences applauded it throughout “Hit the Deck.” Romantically speaking, her friends still wonder if Ann will eventually become Mrs. Bill O'Connor. He's California's Assistant Attorney General and they've been dating off and on for years. . . . Until Viveca Lindfors returned to Hollywood to play Jean Hersholt's daughter in “Run for Cover,” no studio ever requested cheesecake art; “I'm no Marilyn Monroe,” Viveca laughingly warned Paramount, “so remember, you asked for it!” . . . But Mitzi Gaynor who has posed in many a bathing suit (for obvious reason!) is dragging the body beautiful home from dance rehearsals for “You're the Top.” Bing Crosby is too weak to work from that kidney stone removal, but not too weak to come to the studio to watch Mitzi work out. “Whenever Bing walks in,” beams the new Mrs. Bean, “it's just like opening night and I knock myself out!” . . . Cool, calm, Oscar-winner Grace Kelly has a new and offbeat feather in her famous cap. Since seeing that community bathing pool scene in “Bridges at Toko-Ri,” a group of GI's elected her “The girl we'd like most to dunk-in a pool with!” . . . Taina Elg (pronounced Tie-nah), who hails from Helsinki and landed in Culver City, always (Continued on page 94)

Mitzi Gaynor finds rehearsing dances by pool is fun. Apartment neighbors agree! Mitzi's next in "You're the Top"
Viveca is in "Moonfleet," "Run for Cover"
Viveca Lindfors. Nobody ever asked for cheesecake art!

Taina's in "The Prodigal"
Taina Elg. For exercise, 12 pirouettes on the beach daily
Grace Kelly. GI's voted her girl they'd like to dunk with
Grace is in "To Catch a Thief!"
When a guy meets an old-fashioned doll

BY PIPER LAURIE

This is for every girl who has ever tried to understand the inner workings of the minds of men in general. It’s for every girl who has ever attempted to read the thoughts of one man in particular and wonder how these thoughts applied to her—or, perhaps, why they weren’t being applied to her.

If my guess is right, this is for every girl, period! Quite frankly, I’m writing it because I’m a girl and I believe that we all owe it to one another to pass along whatever helpful information we may have gathered. And as far as men—the understanding and the captivating of same—are concerned, I’ve learned that a girl of today can be her own worst enemy. The pity of it is that she rarely realizes it. As my grandmother says: “We may be past the horse and buggy age, but girls would do well to remember that an old-fashioned girl is never out of style.”

This is something we fail to remember as often as we should. And why? Perhaps it’s because we girls of today grow up believing that we’re expected to be as independent as possible. We have a multitude of equal rights that our grandmothers never (Continued on page 75)

You may think you’re modern and hep to the boys—but
did you ever watch the girl with the ladylike line?
Sometimes a man must stop and look back to find out where he's going.

Today, Ty Power is standing at the crossroads—but the way ahead is clear.

"If I had a chance to remedy the mistakes I've made in my life, I think I'd choose the same mistakes. The new ones might turn out worse!" It was Tyrone Power speaking, as he grinned across the lunch table. To me, facing him now, it seemed incredible to believe that some eighteen years had raced by since we first met—years in which fame, fortune, marriage, divorce, parenthood, war, travel and his development from a pretty boy juvenile to an actor of rich maturity, had made their
imprint. And yet, he, himself, had remained the same Ty-rific guy I'd always known.

Not many people are given the privilege of really knowing Ty. He has acquaintances throughout the world, but among them are only nine close friends—and he's glad there are so many. The list is typical of Ty's fondness for people, not Names. It includes his loyal and devoted secretary, Bill Gallagher, who has been with him eighteen years; (Continued on page 86)
Add a cast, bandages and arm-sling to a guy, and you have all June, a frustrated nurse, needed. Dick broke his arm when ski struck an ice patch.

In "The Shrike," with Jose Ferrer, June plays an offbeat role for her—as the cruel, selfish wife

June is in "Strategic Air Command," "It Happened One Night," "The McConnell Story," Dick produced and directed "It Happened One Night" and "The Conqueror"

So you think Vacations are fun?

- Usually "vacation" is a magic word, suggesting freedom from responsibility and worry, release from ordinary routine and surroundings. It has been lent sparkle by travel posters and resort folders showing glamorous people swimming, dancing, surfing, skiing, and playing various games which require that a stick of some kind be held firmly in hand.

  For two people in love, "vacation" means a second, fourth, seventh or tenth honeymoon—which automatically brings us to June Allyson and Dick Powell.

  Let's peel back the calendar to August 1945, when June and Dick were applying for their marriage license. As the documents were signed, June studied her fiance's signature and chortled "Richard E-wing Powell! What an (Continued on page 100)

  All June did was pack and unpack. All Dick did was break his arm.

  But guess what those crazy Powells are saying? They had a wonderful time!

  BY

  FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING
Scene: Early in the morning at Googie's, a low-priced restaurant. The young crowd gather here after Schwab's (next door) closes at midnight. I'm sitting with a group in the booth in the rear. Between coffee and hot cakes and hot chocolate, I listen to talk about acting. Then a young fellow approaches. He is wearing a black leather jacket, a pair of old-fashioned steel-framed glasses. Jimmy Dean. I can tell by the way they greet him that they respect him. The talk continues. Jimmy slumps in the booth, seldom opens his mouth. When he does join in, all listen, and he says something like this: "All neurotic people have the necessity to express themselves. For me, acting is the most logical."

The discussion continued until about three in the morning. Jimmy interrupted the debate (discussions between actors always turn into debates), asking: "Any you cats (Continued on page 77)"
Determined Davalos

In “East of Eden” he was the boy who belonged, who had a place of his own. But in real life, it was the need for these things that drove Dick Davalos to be a success.

As a boy, Dick was boarded out, found refuge from loneliness in movies. “What other kids got from parents, I got from the movies. They gave me a sense of values.”
BY FAITH SERVICE

- Every evening last fall at a quarter past five, a neat, well-built young man would rush past the ticket booth of the Trans-Lux Theatre on 85th Street and Lexington Avenue, throw a quick hello to the girl behind the glass window and slip into the side entrance of the theatre. Fifteen minutes later, in his usher's uniform, he was as indistinguishable to the patrons whose stubs he collected as any other dark-suited New York usher.

Yet, six months later, these same patrons, plus a few million more, were plunking down money to see this young man, Richard Davalos, in a dramatic movie hit called "East of Eden." As for ex-usher Davalos, he was still counting movie stubs, but with lots more personal interest. For as "East of Eden" made boxoffice thunder, he saw each ticket sweep him nearer and nearer to stardom—and to a lifelong dream.

Dick's dream began years ago in the apartment-crowded Bronx, where he was "boarded out" with strangers. He was six years old. Times were hard and words like "depression," "out of work," "tough break," were all too often heard (Continued on page 89)

Dick and Tab Hunter met when both tested for "Battle Cry." Now they're in "Sea Chase," above

Dick first read for Jimmy Dean's role of Cal in "Eden" (with Julie Harris) but was drawn to Aron

Dick and Lori are in "Jagged Edge"

He finds girls like Lori Nelson warm and friendly. But he doesn't date much. When he marries, he wants children—hopes to adopt a couple. "It's tough being left parentless"

Dick's no stranger to soda fountains! During his determined struggle to become an actor, he worked at various odd jobs—one of them as a soda jerk at Schrafft's
Coming back by boat, Jeanne and Paul felt like second honeymooners. But misadventures weren't over—as they learned later, on the last lap of journey home by car!

From California to London
To
BEDLAM

Take four children and a growing collection of antiques, add mumps, a blizzard and a sandstorm and you have what Jeanne and Paul called—a family honeymoon!

BY ALJEAN MELTSIR

- The earth was covered with a thin blanket of gray snow and even the buildings of the London airport were half hidden by the heavy mist; the sky was the color of lead.
  Jeanne Crain shivered and put her hands in the pockets of her heavy coat as she waited for the New York to London plane. She was waiting for her husband, Paul Brinkman, and their four children to begin a three-month European jaunt.
  Blowing on her hands to keep them warm, Jeanne watched the sky carefully.
  “Cup of tea, ma’am?” the airport attendant asked her.
  “No, thank you,” Jeanne said, not (Continued on page 95)

Bedlam began when Jeanne, making “Gentlemen Marry Brunettes,” with Jane Russell, asked Paul to bring children to London Besides Paul Jr., Mike, Jeanine and Timmy, the Brinkmans traveled with eight suitcase, eleven trunks, twenty-two crates! Jeanine's Mom says she never wants to see another trunk! But she knows she'd take same trip again
Hudson's Hideaway

What does a man need to settle down? Says Rock, four walls and a place to call his own!

"As far back as I can remember," says Rock, "I've lived in other people's houses—never in a place I could call my own."

He turned thumbs down on a decorator. "I want to do it my own way. Maybe it won't match, but it will be comfortable."

"As far back as I can remember," Rock says seriously, "I have lived in other people's houses. When I was a kid, during the bad times when money was scarce, we lived with our relatives. Then later, there was a succession of landlords with rented houses and rented apartments and never a place I could call my own.

"But now, at last, I have my own house with a hearth and a latchstring and a winding garden path. And it gives me a nice comfortable feeling, a real feeling of belonging. I like it.

"To me, having my own (Continued on page 79)"

BY DON ALLEN
TERRY MOORE:

It's wise to take time to make sure it's love. But when love is real, I don't think you have to weigh it.

"When it's real love," says Terry, here with Nick Hilton, "it gives you a lift."

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WHAT IS THIS THING

- You don't know exactly how it began. He was just another date until... you looked across your chocolate malted, caught him staring fondly at you and you both began to smile, then laugh, and your heart did a double flip. On the way home, he held your hand; the walk seemed much too short, you both agreed, and reluctantly you said good night. The next day you could hardly wait until he called. It all began as simply as that—and before you knew it, you were daydreaming during English, writing his initials on the corner of your notebook and wearing his class ring. Sometimes now, you feel like skipping; other times you can hardly eat. Folks wink and say you're in love. But how can you tell?

"Is there a way of making sure?" you ask. Are there tests to take, any questions to ask to help you distinguish between love and infatuation? Love gives companionship, peace, security. Infatuation leaves you with nothing but a scorched and heavy heart.

We posed this question to Donna Reed and Terry Moore, and both girls believe there are ways of making sure it's love. While Donna and Terry are temperamentally unlike, they have one important thing in common. They've both had youthful marriages.
DONNA REED:

Before you can determine you’re in love for keeps you’d better think— are you right for each other?

During courtship, Donna and Tony Owen learned to enjoy each other’s interests.

CALLED LOVE?

By Gladys Hall

that did not last. Donna has since remarried, happily, and is the mother of three children. Terry’s being cautious. But from their first marital mistakes, they feel they’ve learned something that may help you.

“When you’re young—sixteen or seventeen—love seems so overwhelming,” Donna said. “You’re so vulnerable then, so wanting to be loved and so idealistic that it’s difficult to analyze the heavenly state you’re in. But it can be done.

“Love is a word that has been highly abused. Today it’s almost impossible to define. But before you can understand love, you must know what it means.

“If you’ve suddenly been swept off your feet by the curly-haired boy who just transferred to your school, you’re not in love. For infatuation comes suddenly, while love takes more time.

“Perhaps you’re in a state of bliss when you gaze into the dark brown eyes of your date and murmur to yourself, ‘This is it.’ Then when you don’t see him for a week you forget he ever existed. This isn’t love. For infatuation may change quickly, but love doesn’t.

“And if you feel that your attraction to him is all (Continued on page 104)
MITCHUM REVEALED:

"Not as a Stranger"

Behind those reckless headlines is the real Bob—a warm, many-sided human being, reaching out for release from his self-imposed loneliness.

BY DEE PHILLIPS

For years Bob Mitchum has shrewdly kept the monster Mitchum, top boxoffice movie star, as far removed from Mitchum the man as possible. He has purposely permitted his publicized exploits to be used to add color to the already colorful complex character most people believe him to be. What's more, he has made absolutely no attempt at his own defense. Yet behind the headlines is a man of brilliance, generosity, sensitivity, rebellion and great loneliness.

In the past year, the cardboard actor and the real man have started blending. There are good reasons. His friends, co-workers and enemies can tell you in part of the real man. Mitchum himself, inadvertently, helps give a first in the untold story of a misunderstood (Continued on page 69)
Just an everyday guy, Tom Ewell fancies himself as a ladies' man. He pictures a touching hospital scene, with a nurse (Carolyn Jones) who—of course—falls madly in love with him. But when he's in his apartment with a very real Marilyn, what do they do? Eat potato chips.

In daydreams, Tom has seen himself playing a brilliant concerto for Marilyn, softening her heart with music, sweeping her into a passionate embrace. But, in actuality, Marilyn plays "chopsticks," and Tom finds that piano benches aren't really designed for passionate embraces.

As an editor of pocket-size books, Tom specializes in giving lurid, sexy titles to scholarly works—like a serious study written by the outraged Oscar Homolka. But when Tom's off the job, he's a bashful character; it takes him two-thirds of the picture to work up to a kiss.
Something in the shape of Marilyn Monroe is likely to haunt the daydreams of the average American male, and in 20th's "The Seven Year Itch" those dreams hilariously come true. Tom Ewell, who created the role in the original Broadway hit, is the lucky dreamer. A devoted husband, a solid citizen, he wistfully imagines himself as a dashing fellow, irresistible to women. When his wife of seven years goes out of town, he develops an urge to stray off the reservation. Suddenly, there's Marilyn—an upstairs neighbor who seems awfully available. But when Tom tries to turn himself into the Don Juan of his fantasies, the outcome in real life isn't especially romantic—it's riotous!
The way Betty Grable stacks up she can afford to make that challenge to girls of twenty-five.

Mamie's next is "Ain't Misbehavin'" - Betty's in "How to Be Very, Very Popular".

Mamie capitalized on Monroe walk with Van Doren version. Now she counts on another look.

**Figure Foibles**

**BY SHEILAH GRAHAM**
Even Hollywood's famous figures have their problems. Here's what they do to correct the shape they're in!

Anne Baxter won Oscar for way she delivered her lines, rates another for what she did to her own

When Shelley Winters wants something she goes after it. But it plays havoc with her diet!

- A friend of mine, a photographer, whose business it is to accentuate the positive and eliminate the negative of some of Hollywood's most famous beauties, quoted me this little jingle when I asked him to describe the figures of the fabulous females on the screen: "They're either too thin or too flat. They're either too big or too flat."

He was kidding, of course, but the perfect figure is as hard to come by as a sure-fire formula for the proper way to react to a kiss in the dark. But when either is achieved, the results can be devastatingly rewarding.

As for instance—and I can't think of a better for instance—let's look at Marilyn Monroe. Mmmmonroe chose to emphasize her assets all down the line, and though Marilyn's figure isn't perfect by any means, she handles her torso as though it were—more so, than even her famous calendar.

Marilyn believes that the human derriere is the handsomest thing in the whole wide, wide world. This is her figure foible. And while everyone else was concentrating on the front, Marilyn attacked from the rear and made it pay—big dividends. No matter if her gowns are high-necked or plunging, they all have one thing in common. They hug her lower region with an almost frenzied grip. When Marilyn walks, her dresses walk right with her, and the wiggles they leave behind are calculated to attract the attention of any male within 20-20 seeing radius. Even when she

Continued
**Figure Foibles**

Continued

Janet Leigh dieted to the proportions she wanted—except in one place. Now she's trying to bring the rest of her to match

doesn't walk, her dresses seem to move.

Mamie Van Doren, another blond with the wherewithal to provoke wolf whistles even when only sheep are around, was smart enough to make capital of Monroe's "way back here" method of reaching success and reaping publicity. Mamie developed her own crazy, up-and-down sidle that was almost, but not quite, a carbon copy of her more famous sister under wraps. Having achieved her purpose, which was to attract notice, Mamie is now changing tactics and stressing the forward look rather than the backward glance.

Practically every femme star in town has a figure problem—or thinks she has, which can be the same thing—but which she succeeds in hiding, usually by the oblique method of clever camouflage, or the equally effective means of drawing attention to her most outstanding attributes, leaving the fault in the boudoir or bedroom, to be discovered by her husband.

Eva Gabor, who describes herself as "the youngest of the Gabor sisters" and "the Gabor who can act," has a very beautiful upper torso but her lower limbs don't quite measure up to the waist and up. Sister Zsa Zsa is the first to call this fact to your attention. Not long ago she called me to a party at her house (this was between feuds). She ended the invitation with this sweet little reminder:

"Sheilah, darling, we are changing from short dinner dresses to long formal dresses. Eva prefers long dresses, so I'm asking all the women to wear them so she won't be embarrassed."

Eva isn't the only one with something she thinks she has to hide. Of the oldtimers, Myrna Loy and Norma Shearer were practically never photographed below their waists, and of the younger stars today, Jean Simmons takes extreme care to hide her legs from view. That's the reason she prefers long blue jeans for daytime wear whenever she can get away with them, and full-skirted evening dresses for nighttime gambling. I'm sure they are all exaggerating a mild figure imperfection, but you can't convince them.

Weight is (Continued on page 92)
When Jan Sterling went on that diet, she not only gained a sleek new figure—but a trim new nose!

You can't take even a perfect figure for granted, as Liz Taylor learned from a previous experience.

Liz will be in "Giant," "Mary Anne" • Jan will be in "The Deadly Peacemaker"

Debra Paget is strong-willed. That's why what she had and has now—are two different figures!

Jean's in "Rebound," "Guys and Dolls"

Jean Simmons looks cute in those blue jeans—but that's not the reason she insists on wearing 'em.
The marriage the whole world waited for...

WHEN Eddie gave Debbie her ring, a sentimental sigh went around the world. Youngsters hoped that one day they'd find a love like this. For in spite of the spotlight, Debbie and Eddie remained always the simple boy and girl. Debbie's staunch refusal to be rushed into marriage—"We've got problems!"

Eddie's "Gee, I must be in love," when he missed a line at a broadcast—were the sort of things the world could understand and share. Four hundred people attended Debbie's and Eddie's engagement party. Everyone breathlessly followed their trips to entertain soldiers, to have Eddie meet the Queen of England, to Hollywood where they

Deb, Eddie went to London to meet the Queen—got royal welcome
Debbie Reynolds is next in "The Tender Trap." Started the search for their honeymoon home. Then, followed the rumors. Rumor that hardly seemed believable—Eddie was fighting with Debbie, the engagement was being broken, Debbie was appearing at her studio without her beautiful square-cut diamond on the third finger, left hand. The blue-print was laid out for both Debbie and Eddie. The persons involved in his TV show were demanding that he postpone his wedding until after July 1 (Debbie had counted on being married in June, even if it meant a ceremony at midnight on June 30). It seemed hardly likely that Debbie could stand still another disappointment at this stage of the game.

Her first disappointment had come when she had to put aside her plans for a thousand persons at a giant wedding. Other disappointments followed, but Debbie took them as any intelligent young woman would—the conferences, the mobs, the never-ending attempt to escape for just a moment to be alone with Eddie. She might have been a wise young lady to have taken her mother's advice and been married in a quiet town in England—but Debbie didn't want life that way. Realistically, Debbie had lived in the spotlight for years and so had Eddie. This was the way life was always to be lived by them and to begin marriage by trying to avoid it, was pretty silly. Said Debbie to one of her closest friends in Hollywood, "I'm not expecting the first year of my marriage to be one long blur of romantic bliss. I'll have so much to do to make this a perfect marriage. I'll have so much to do to make it a lasting marriage. But what wonderful work for any girl to look forward to." To the engagement period, Debbie attempted to bring the same philosophy. She worked to make it the most perfect engagement in the world. Debbie has shown great sensitivity and sensibility in dealing with every phase of her personal life. We're counting on Debbie to handle intelligently any joys or sorrows now in store.
“Call it a power, God, or anything you wish,” says Susan Hayward.

“But always there is something to sustain us in time of need.”

BROOKLYN’S CHILD
The twins, Timmy and Gregg, are happy, healthy boys. Susan hopes they will believe as she does. "Already they have great faith"

Susan Hayward is in "The Conqueror," "Soldier of Fortune"

Those who know the real truth, know that it was largely Susan's faith, her belief that marriage would work, which kept it together long before it failed.

There have been times, Susan confesses, when her faith faltered. "Whenever I gave way to doubts, did things to hurt, as all of us do, then I was really in trouble"

IS FULL OF FAITH

- It was a cool gray afternoon and the rain was softly falling and splattering against the windowpane. Susan Hayward turned on the small table lamp near the sofa and started a slow fire burning in the great brick fireplace, which brought a touch of added warmth to the lovely gray and yellow living room.

Sitting down slowly on the sofa near the fire, she started to talk. Halting and pensive words. "Ever since I was a little girl," she said quietly, "I have always believed what my father had told me. 'Susan,' he would say, 'as long as you believe, an angel sits on your shoulder and looks after you.' As I grew older, that angel became less real, it became more a symbol of God, of a beneficent power, whatever you want to call it.

As long as I believed in it, no problem seemed too big for me to meet, no day seemed without hope. Only when I forgot to believe, when I failed to trust, did I despair and permit the problems of career, of maintaining a home for my sons, of personal frustrations to overcome me."

What Susan didn't have to add was that even on that terrible day, three months ago, when life seemed too tragic for her to continue, even then, a power pulled her through, helped sustain her. (Continued on page 83)

BY DOROTHY MANNING
So happy she can’t stand it!

If you’ve known what it’s like to be walking on air—get dizzy when you breathe—hear music when there’s no one there, you know what’s happened to Janie Powell!

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

- Flying home from a benefit performance in Portland, Oregon, Janie Powell looked down below as the plane neared Hollywood. Somewhere down there, her heart sang, they are waiting for you. Somewhere down there is a house. Just a brown dot on green patchwork from up here in the air but the happy ending to all your dreams.

For Jane Powell today that one brown house represents Mrs. Pat Nerney’s whole world. Inside there lives a man. An exciting man, full-Irish, with red hair and twinkling eyes, and whose “I love you” made life begin for her. There’s a boy. A little boy named Ga (Jay) three and a half, who fearlessly stalks the neighborhood “jungle” of fieldstone and ivy, his little Ramar pith helmet on head and gun in hand, stalking wild game. And there lives Sissy, aged two, a little girl so gay of heart, who lights up the whole world, her mother’s world, when she smiles.

The plane flew out of the clouds into the sun, with Jane Powell’s own heartbeat hurrying along with it. On to her husband and the two little earth angels waiting so lovingly, so anxiously, and so conspiringly.

As the plane landed, Jane looked out the window.

Continued
Then she looked again. "Oh, no!" she cried aloud. With Pat and Ga and Sissy stood a harp of flowers four feet high, made of blue delphiniums with roses for the base and pale yellow flowers for the strings and flying a banner reading, "Welcome Home, Moms!"

She'd only been gone three days. But three days in Jane Powell's life today—without these three—is too long. "Oh, no!" She said again, as she ran to meet them, laughing and crying at the same time, and tried valiantly to clasp to heart one handsome redhead, two smaller blond heads and a four-foot-high harp of blue delphiniums.

Jane always cries when she's happy, and today hers are happy tears. The blue days, all of them, gone. Today, happiness has come home to Janie to stay. "I'm happier than I ever thought I could be," Janie says. "I never expected—I never even hoped life would be this good." Today, she knows love in all the fullness and richness of its meaning. An adult love such as Jane had never before known.

Today is a heavenly thing. And Janie's living it up joyously. She's traveling, seeing exciting places that were just names and rhythms and arias to her. Paris, Venice, Rome, Naples, Monte Carlo, Madrid—and recently Haiti. To a girl growing up in motion pictures, a girl married so young, and a mother so soon after, confined by all the demands of growing stardom, these places were once just backdrops on a sound stage. Just sets made of papier-mâché. But now they're coming alive for her.

When she was playing the Copa City club in Miami Beach recently, Pat joined her and, in an adventurous mood, they added the Caribbean tour. And Jane came home with another vaccination. "We're collecting them," she laughs. "This trip wasn't planned at all. It was just an impulse, but trips are much more fun that way. We had no passports or medical certificates with us. So when we came back into the states, we had to be vaccinated all over again.

"We went to Nassau, Haiti and Jamaica," she sparkles. "We did the usual tourist things. We window-shopped. We sunned on the beaches. And we saw the sights—as much of the islands as we could in the time we had."

She was enchanted with the quaint Old World flavor, the West Indians with their clipped British accents, riding around the island in the moonlight in the surreys with the fringe on top, the Calypsos and dancing in open-air clubs under star-splashed skies. "The way the women carry all those things in baskets on top of their heads. And the food! We were really impressed with the creole cooking. That's what impressed us most; we like to eat so much.

"In Jamaica we stayed at Half Moon Bay. It's very picturesque and romantic, too. The whole hotel—the lobby and dining room—is all open. Just a roof. No sides. In Haiti on Saturday evenings they have Voodoo dances all night, but we couldn't stay.

"I'd always wanted to go to Haiti. Now I've been there. Now I'd like to go to Tahiti and to India and China someday. I've seen more the last year than I've ever seen and been more places than I've ever been the rest of my life put together. There's only one thing—I don't like to be away from the children for a very long time. We were in Europe a month on our honeymoon, but that's the longest I've ever been away from them." They brought Sissy and Ga a few "little clothes—and little straw hats—and they love them." Her own souvenirs? "A big straw hat and a fresh vaccination," Janie laughs. "And, of course, more romantic and exciting memories."

But then, today, even a safari to the sausage counter of the Farmers Market would be exciting for Janie if her husband were along. Ask her what she most admires about him and she says slowly, "His kindness and consideration for others. With Pat, everyone else comes first. And his wife particularly.

About Pat's thoughtfulness and attentiveness with Janie, there's no doubt. As her father says laughingly and approvingly, "Any man who meets his wife with a harp of flowers when she's only been away three days isn't going to leave much of anything undone."

Jane's father and close friends like Barbara Thompson are sure fate couldn't have produced a more perfect life-companion than Pat. Pat, who merits so much respect as a successful young dynamo in his own field, is equally appreciative of Jane's, and he shares her own deep devotion to home and family. As Barbara says, "Janie's a homebody and Pat's a family man. He's so attentive and thoughtful, so interested in everything about her. And theirs is an intellectual meeting, too."

Pat openly adores her. As he puts it, "Janie's the living end!"

He shares her own appreciation for music, too—his wife's, particularly. His vast and valuable record collection includes every record Jane's ever made, and (Continued on page 72)

Smart approach to cool sleeping—Joanne Woodward's shirt and bloomer teamed in print 'n' plain cotton. Pretty Baby by Tommies. 32-38. Under $6


Mala in Maud's iron-shunning nylon tricot Tone Poem pajamas with slick, bow-tied toreador pants. 32-40. Matching coat. Each about $7. Capezio slippers

PHOTOPLAY
STAR
FASHIONS

SMART CUTS TO
Left, Malo’s enchantingly smocked and dotted breezelight cotton shortie. It’s underscored with its own bloomer. S, M, L. By Tempo. About $6

Joanne Woodward’s floating short sleeper in ruffled acetate tricot. Its piped, split skirt relaxes over matching panties. S, M, L. Luxite. $3.95. Honeybugs slippers

Little frosty dots enhance Joanne Gilbert’s cotton knit romperette, brief and bow-tied. 32-36. By Carter’s. Under $4

SWEET DREAMS


Look for Mala Powers starring in RKO’s “Rage at Dawn”
BEWITCHING BEACH EFFECTS

A The Islander, perfect summer playshoe of ruggedly smart, lastex-backed nubby cotton mesh. Non-slip sole. Blue, natural. By U. S. Kedettes. $4.95

B For a seaside siren, black plastic-framed, fine-lensed sun goggles ablaze with sun-catching rhinestones on a snowy bead trim. By Lugene. About $20

C Tote your stuff in a diamond-paned harlequin tambourine beachbag, new in contour, startling in sunny colors. All rubber-lined. By Kleinert. $3.95

D Crazy, man, crazyl Joanne Gilbert's red beach hat of color-dyed wood chips, hand-woven in a dashing thatched roof shape. Veaumont. $2.95

E Long on whimsy, white linen Turkish toe shells, their black whisker straw trim bedecked with flowers and a very perky bee. Capezio. About $12.95

F Real beach treat, a thirsty terry toss-on beach jacket, protectively hooded, and closed for fun with puffy pompons. Small, Medium, Large. Loungees. $5.95

G Wild wave witchery in a flower-appliquéd cloche cap insuring snug, water-tight protection. White with colored pearl clusters. By Kleinert. About $7

H Gem for the water bug, U. S. Howland swimcap with embossed violet pattern. Inner water-sealing construction. With comb in plastic case, $1.50
You'll have a fit! Superb, figure-sleeking fit... as only a bra maker can give you!

Three ways to whistle up a pretty cool summer, for barely noticeable prices.

Center: "Bloomer Girl". Checked gingham. Padded cups, lightly boned waist, lastex back, 5.00.
Right: "Good Sports". Cotton twill. Scoop halter bra and little boy shorts, 2.95. Bra alone 1.00.

All in summer carnival colors!

Feel like a cool million-airess... let lovable support you!"
America's favorite hair grooming aids

AT YOUR LOCAL

BEN FRANKLIN STORE

Hollywood's favorite
Lustre-Creme Shampoo...
Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

★ The favorite beauty shampoo of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!
★ Blessed with lanolin—never dries your hair...it beautifies it!
★ Foams into rich lather, even in hardest water!
★ Always leaves hair star-bright, satin soft, wonderfully easy to manage!

Your hair won't go wild when it's washed with Halo!

Have lustrous, easy-to-manage hair right after shampooing!

When you “just can’t do anything” with your hair—use Halo! Whether your hair is dry, oily or normal, Halo’s exclusive glorifying ingredient leaves it softer, silkier, easier to comb and set. What's more, Halo whisks away loose dandruff, removes dull film, lets your hair shine with far brighter sparkle!

For dry, oily, normal hair

Halo—the shampoo that glorifies your hair!
10c, 29c 57c, 89c
Mitchum Revealed: Not as a Stranger

(Continued from page 49)

...it has much to say about his beautiful speech, his deep soul and his inner perception. Mitchum is an exacting artist who permits himself to be seen his soul. He is a stubborn young man and has always been a bit of a troublemaker. He has a strong passion. He forgets important dates when he finds some distraught soul in need of talk or money. If it's a little guy with a problem, there will be Mitch. He will be like theanswer to a prayer. Mitchum is a rather direct individual, bluntly direct. He

They became integral parts of his personality. From state to state and job to job by his own recreation, Mitchum's energies recurred, some he could appease, others continued to gnaw. The hunger of loneliness drove him further into restless wandering. Countless jobs also became the cloak to hide his creative soul. And under this nonchalance, his brilliance and sensitivity was growing through constant reading. Reading became an opiate. His retentive memory began storing bits and pieces and big hunks of knowledge. His creative talents began to stir and he started writing. He wrote night-club material for his sister, Julie, and radio scripts. Quietly and for himself he started writing prose and poetry. There are two publishers with standing offers to publish his works when and if he says yes. But publishing his real writing would show the real Mitchum and he's not ready for that yet. However, his intellectual and emotional fineness show when he doesn't realize it. And his amazing memory and well-rounded education in reading quite often lets him go to bat with an authority on a subject and win.

His memory also shines when he gets a guitar in his hand and a small group of friends and lets loose with his rich baritone. He can sing old ballads for hours.

They had a remarkable ability for self-preservation. With a quick wit, a wry smile and a bit of charm, Mitchum could extract hims...
stay overnight and do a show at Camp Pendleton the next day to raise funds. They agreed, so Jane and her traveling companion and Bob and his studio representative booked in at the local hotel and ran into Herb Jeffries. He was doing a stint at a local club to help out the owner who had befriended him when he needed it. They made a deal. Herb would appear on their show the next day and they would appear at the small night club that night and give the place a boost. That night the place was full of smoke, on-leave Marines and their dates. Jane and her companion left. Bob and his studio friend stayed on. Pretty soon, all the girls were running over to Bob asking for his autograph and frankly flirting. The Marines, suddenly bereft of dates, started muttering and looking decidedly dangerous. Mitch cared the situation and said in a very loud voice, "Look, girls, this is very flattering, but these boys could tear me apart. Now you go back to your tables and when you get a Marine to come over here with you, I'll do anything you want me to." The girls went back to their dates, the Marines subsided and eventually Herb Jeffries sang.

Mitch is completely aware of the people around him all times. While changing into a new individual, he probes, pulls back, makes tentative verbal passes at communication and finally, having the individual pegged, he becomes available for surface friendship. Every leading lady he has ever had speaks with respect and admiration for Mitch. Whatever the personality of the leading lady, Mitch makes himself compatible for the length of the picture. Jane Russell, who turned into a close friend, feels that Mitch's vision and intellect is way beyond that which is comfortable to the average man. Ann Blyth, indeed a perfect lady, met only a perfect gentleman on the set of their picture. Ava Gardner was grateful that Mitch looked immediately past the glamour girl and saw her as a person and treated her that way. Olivia de Havilland had a ball with Mitch on the set of "Not as a Stranger." A good sport herself, she and Mitch and Frank Sinatra kept constant gang songs going. One day, Mitch was standing with an almost empty tin of beer in his hand. Olivia came up straight-faced and opined, "Robert, you will drink beer. Don't you realize you will become fat and dissi-
pated and ruin your career?" With which she grandly swept the can from his hand.

The next day a columnist reported a hot and heavy feud going on between Olivia and Mitch. Something about tossing beer at each other. It made juicy reading, but it didn't dampen the fun on the set.

Karen Sharpe, recently working with Mitch and Jan Sterling on Sam Goldwyn, Jr.'s "The Deadly Peacemaker," appreciates him very much. Her first day of shooting also happened to be her big dramatic scene. She was working on her uncle's degree, when Mitch suddenly pulled her down on his knee and started gently massaging the back of her neck. He relaxed her completely without one admonition of "Relax, pull yourself together," or "You'll be great, kid."

There was great excitement on the set of Stanley Kramer's "Not as a Stranger." The cast and crew knew they were putting together a great motion picture. Mitch was there as the doctor because Stanley Kramer believed he was right for the role. He had many opinions offered to the contrary. The challenge of creating the very best touched them all. There are performances in this picture which will make a lasting impression. Mitch centered the performances to turn the picture on Stanley Kramer. He said, "Bob, in my opinion, is one of the finest actors in the motion-picture business and perfect in 'Not as a Stranger.' This will prove beyond any doubt his capabilities. I cannot praise too highly Bob's talents. He is an asset to any picture."

When "Night of the Hunter" was still on the book form, Paul Gregory, producer, and Charles Laughton, great actor turned director, rang the doorbell of Mitch's home, book in hand. As far as they were concerned he was the only actor to play Preacher, the piano-sing-

hypocrite. Mitch read the book and became so enthusiastic that he cornered friend after friend to read excerpts from it. For a time he read the entire book. He wanted to do Preacher. Four weeks be-

fore the picture started he knew every line of the script.

Charles Laughton was greatly affected by the performance. "Bob is one of the two finest actors I've every been around. His was an extraordinarily brilliant tech-
nique. It was his own performance—not mine—his own interpretation. We under-
stood each other from the start. He is

extremely shy and he knew from the first that he could relax with me. Directory-
ly, I didn't try to pull it out of him. It came round him like a wave, and he just sat there without saying anything. I've seen the picture now a dozen times in various stages of cutting and mixing sound, and I'm never bored with the performance. It's exciting and brilliant."

Two of the finest men in motion picture pictures have made unqualified statements about Bob and his directors and actors will tell you the same. And yet Bob, without blinking an eye, will say glilyly, "This is a job, like any other. The better I get at my craft, the more money I'll make."

The product has to be even better. Recently I started on a participation percentage deal. That means my initial investment—me—has got to be good or the product won't sell. It may sound right at first glance, but Bob is not a busi-

nessman.

This matter-of-fact business approach is one of the reasons the spotlight away from his true feelings. In "Night of the Hunter," he played the hyp-
ocrite, praying to the Lord and dealing out hell on earth with an enthusiasm that makes one realize that the man who is so risy, he poured out all of his venom in the role. Perhaps it helped him spend some of his inner suspicion, distrust and rebellion.

Lately, Bob has begun a painful struggle to put his publicized personality on hold, even keen with himself. Perhaps his inner knowledge of his success for great-

predictions is being fulfilled by the run of excellent pictures, which will once and for all stamp him a great actor. At any rate he is beginning to conform. He has ac-
cepted the part of the Commie leader to go with acting. He will lunch and dis-
cuss business with an agent, go to parties that are semi-social but really strictly business, and appear at events he feels are a part of his profession. He is less apt to throw a verbal haymaker at direct and personal question. Thoug-

habit is strong, he has not torn off into the distance to find himself. He feels the need for that devastating aloneness lessening. After the "Deadly Peacemaker," he was working out a quick vacation. He vacated a Las Vegas and Lake Mead, but there was a difference. Dorothy and the kids were going along for the Easter vacation. The restlessness is changing to real wanderlust. He has always had a few people just the motivation is changing.

There's little doubt that some of th-
old Mitchum will always remain. There will be moments of intense depression and fevered violent action. But the turmoil within this sensitive, brilliant, brush rebel is lessening. His inner fight for peace is slowly taking shape. To get away from the sound of Loneliness that raps away with a six-year-old boy is being filled. He is feeding his own children the love and attention and belief in ma-
that he rarely got the forty-eight hours to find. His own hunger is being ap-
peased in the teaching. And slowly he is learning to give of himself.

Robert Mitchum will be one of the greatest men in our industry. Many peo-
ple today think of him as a near-genius. It's time the many people who do not know him are let in on the secret. This is the to-date untold story of the misunderstood and misunderstood man named Bob Mitchum. A story we think you'll agree should be known.

The END
Antibiotics in Your Daily Life

by William I. Fishbein, M.D.

The antibiotics are responsible for saving untold numbers of human lives. Infections, once fatal, have been brought under almost complete control. Illnesses formerly causing long periods of hospitalization are now quickly relieved and convalescence materially shortened.

Many ailments, while not responsible for loss of life, nevertheless are responsible for much loss of time from work, are nagging, productive of much discomfort, disfiguring, and in general interfere with normal happy existence. Among such illnesses are colds, sinus infections, ear infections, sore throat, ulcers of the skin, and acne or pimples, particularly when small abscesses are present in the latter disorder.

Tyrothricin, the antibiotic which has been incorporated in a number of products adapted for application to the skin and mucous membrane by McKesson and Robbins, is especially effective against many of these disorders. These preparations have been subjected to prolonged clinical and laboratory studies to demonstrate their usefulness.

They showed particularly low toxicity with extremely rare reactions to usage, thus increasing their range of possible utility. Preparations have been formulated specifically for treatment of naso-pharyngeal infections, especially purulent acne or pimples, for long continuing slow healing ulcers of the skin, such as may occur in those with varicose or dilated veins in the skin.

Drugs have been formulated for many purposes—pain relief, muscle relaxation, soothing action and stimulation. Tyrothricin preparations, including those limited to cosmetic fields are welcome additions to modern treatment.

Imagine...A Deodorant Recommended for Shaving!

1. Apply soft, antibiotic New Yodora—rub gently into skin.
2. Shave underarms with slow, downward strokes.
3. Remove excess with tissue—smooth remainder well into skin.

That's all you need do to stop perspiration odors! Whether you shave or not, one application daily of New Yodora is the new, sure answer to your deodorant problem.

NEW YODORA
The First...the Only Deodorant with Miracle Antibiotic Pertexol® for Sensitive Skin!

SCIENTIFIC FACTS ABOUT HARSH,IRRITATING CHEMICALS FOR UNDERARM USE

Laboratory tests show that these dangerous chemicals often invite trouble in sensitive underarm area. This is why you may have noticed redness, roughness of underarm skin.

NEW ANTIBIOTIC YODORA

New Yodora contains no harsh, dangerous chemicals. Antibiotic Pertexol® in New Yodora protects your underarm skin—checks underarm irritations before they start! New Yodora not only gives you safer, longer lasting protection from perspiration odor, but its light, creamy base also keeps your underarm area softer—smoother—lovelier! No other deodorant ever gave you safer protection from perspiration odor!

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Try at our risk for one week; if you are not amazed—entirely delighted—return and get your money back! At all cosmetic counters.

Tube 39¢ Large size jar 43¢ Economy size jar 69¢

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Gentlemen: Please rush me liberal introductory sample of antibiotic New Yodora. I enclose 10¢ to help defray handling and shipping costs.

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Address __________________________
City: ____________________ Zone ______
State: ____________________________

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French chefs' recipes, too. And, true to type, her husband is her most satisfied customer. "Well, he just enjoys eating. He seems to enjoy anything I fix," Janie says modestly. His taste buds are her constant companion, and her husband shares her enthusiasm for culinary delights. They often cook together, and Janie is always eager to prepare a meal that will please him. Her husband's approval is a constant source of satisfaction for her, and she takes pride in feeding him well.

The couple's love for cooking and their shared enthusiasm for food has led them to open a small restaurant in their hometown. They enjoy the challenge of creating new dishes and experimenting with different ingredients. The restaurant has become quite popular, and Janie and her husband are often too busy to spend much time together. But when they do, they make the most of it, enjoying each other's company and the simple pleasures of life.

The couple's happiness is not limited to their professional life. They have a very close friendship with a group of friends who share their passion for cooking and dining. They often host dinner parties at their home, and Janie takes pride in preparing a meal that will impress her guests. She enjoys the company of her friends and the joy of sharing a meal with them.

The couple's happiness is a reflection of their love for each other and their shared love for good food. They have found a way to combine their passions and create a life that is both fulfilling and joyful. They are a true inspiration to those who know them, and their story is one of love, commitment, and the simple pleasures of life.
The Towle Touch

From our drawing boards... sterling design that is authentic, elegant, correct.

From the traditional charm of Towle's Old Colonial to the contemporary grace of Towle's Contour, Towle designers overlook no detail that can enhance a pattern's beauty. Special treatment of fork tines and bowls is a typical Towle Touch. We call it "tip-to-toe" design. Note how the unusual fluted bowl of the Old Colonial spoon, and the bowl of Towle's modern classic, Contour, are part of the pattern. Towle "tip-to-toe" design adds subtle individuality to every pattern piece...and table.

There are many Towle Touches...practical touches such as the Towle Solid Metal Seal on knives—that make Towle Sterling so very usable...artistic touches—like the Towle "deep burnish" finish—that make Towle so beautiful, so distinctively, sterling on your table.

Pieces illustrated: Craftsman cream ladle. Rambler Rose lemon fork. Rose Saladaree nut spoon. Smallestain batter serving knife. Old Master jelly server. 6-piece place settings from $29.75. Towle Sterling is sold only at selected stores best qualified to serve you.

See the Towle craftsmen at work and The Towle Gallery exhibits of antique American silver in historic Newburyport—just 35 miles north of Boston. Towle Silversmiths of Newburyport, Massachusetts.
Start now to follow radiant Virginia Mayo's tips on tanning. With a summer of sun days just around the next weekend, you'll be sure of a glow of your own.

Virginia protects her blond locks from sun and sea with liberal applications of hair dressing, a really watertight bathing cap and frequent cream treatments; is extra faithful about brushing.

Never risking the sizzle and fry approach to tanning, Virginia uses a good suntan lotion to screen out sun's "burning" rays, stays cool, calm and collects compliments on her smooth tan.

A golden girl from top to toe, Virginia puts a coral shade of lipstick and nail polish to up her tan; uses hand lotion all over her body to keep skin soft and smooth while the heat...
When a Guy Meets An Old-fashioned Doll

(Continued from page 32)

... knew when they were young women. We modern girls know that no one is being shocked when we announce our intentions of pursuing careers. We know that no one is going to laugh when a fly sits down at an office desk to do a man's job. We bask in the praise of educational authorities. Politicians woo our votes. Marriage-wise, we know that we no longer are considered a household ornament or a drudge. We're partners.

These days, girls have every opportunity to be well-educated, competent, ambitious, surprising. And, above all, we can be independent. Yes, indeed. Sounds fine, doesn't it? Yet there are considerations that can send our Utopia crumbling. I can sum them up in a word. Men. It happens every day.

A present-day girl is expected to express her views. We no longer retire to the floor while the gentlemen settle back for tab and conversation. It's considered mirror for a woman to be well-form and able to participate in a spirited discussion. However, we should stop thinking before we go treading on masculine toes.

Some girls seem to have the idea that charm is always in style. That it's a phallicated sort of patter. But name me member of our opposite sex who likes to constantly hit on the head with hammer and words.

Not long ago, I did hear a man put his thoughts about modern women into words. A crowd of us had been to see a movie, put the Old South, and afterward the pup stopped by the house for coffee. One of the boys began to elaborate on the graces of the Southern belle—the enquiring and endearing charm of the old-fashioned girl, be she Northern, Southern, stern, or Western. "You don't hardly see them around any more," he concluded sadly, in a 1955 George Gobel tone. "I don't wonder." I grumbled his date. "Aren't you heard? Chivalry is dead!"

Well, now, tell me... who killed valour?" he inquired.

"Don't look at me," she smiled grimly, the boy leaning forward in his chair, "and what happens when you come to a man?" he asked.

"Open it, of course," she retorted.

"Of course," he repeated, "You go right ahead. There I am with an arm full of muscle and I'm trailing you in a egg on my face."

I'm not exactly helpless," she exploded, I shuddered, well recalling when I'd the same thing.

"You're not all helpless," came his swer. "You're terribly self-sufficient in respects. And you don't let me forget it for a minute." He shook his head. "Modern women are getting entirely too modern, and I don't know where they latched the idea that man like them that way!"

Now these two had been dating for many months, yet the girl had never dared to realize how he felt about such. He expressed his views in an identical outburst. Why hadn't he told her before? Possibly because he believed she shouldn't have to be told, that she would already instinctively know.

"A little thing," you say? I'm not so certain.

Several days later, I happened to re-rehearse the incident to Rory Callahoun, between nes of "Ain't Misbehavin'!" He grinned a broad grin. "To a woman, a door may be a door," he said, "but to a man, it's a principle."

Truer words were never spoken. As
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FROM HEAD TO TOE...

Your skin...satin-smooth, gloriously fragrant - soothed, cooled, pampered by DJER-KISS—finest of imported talcs. Djer-Kiss Talcum helps prevent chafing, absorbs perspiration...keeps you exquisitely feminine all day long!

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SPACE

children, we’re all taught that little girls should grow up to be perfect ladies and little boys should grow up to be perfect gentlemen. “You mustn’t be fierce, the strain so thick, knock Janie’s teeth down her throat, son,” a mother will admonish. More than likely adding by way of explanation, “She’s a girl.”

Mother is saying, in effect, that a girl is a fragile, precious thing—to be admired and protected and shown every consideration. All the while, poor Junior may be rushing the house door, with his wide grin, wanting to kick in Janie’s teeth and be the one to knock the strain out of her throat.

Why is it that many girls will be no more rather than accept the courtesies that are so important to men? Why do so many step forward on two left feet in an attempt to win a man’s approval? Again, I’ll hark back to our early days, for I believe that’s when we acquire a secret fear of being labeled “old-fashioned.” It might as well be poison... the connotation is that we just aren’t Hep. And that would set us apart exactly where we don’t want to be. Consequently, the reaction is to shy away from any and all qualities that might be even remotely reminiscent of the dreads term which supposedly refers only to Grandma’s era.

For instance, take the matter of curfew, against which there is much rebellion. It isn’t that a girl objects to the proper amount of sleep. Or that she doesn’t tire when the hour grows late. More often, it’s, “What will Jim and his crowd think when I say I have to be home at eleven-thirty? Nobody goes home so early. He’ll never ask me for another date!”

Won’t he? Speaking from my own experience, I’ve never lost a date that way. Not one that I cared about. My family imposed no curfew. However, they led me to understand that they expected me to be in at a reasonable hour. I was grateful for their faith in me and never took advantage of it for fear I might lose it.

Early in my dating days I discovered if you have to leave a party before it ends your departure is far less complicated if you discuss it with your date beforehand, so he may be prepared. Reasonable hours are matters of old-fashioned good health and good sense. And a boy is perfectly capable of understanding and appreciating this theory, providing he’s given the opportunity.

When a girl continues through her life with the idea that it’s smart to be as modern as possible, she’s simply outstanding herself. I’ve no intention of contending that a girl must resort to a clinging vine routine either. It would be foolish to pretend that we’re completely helpless, that were too dependent, and men would be the first to agree. However, I do think that we should keep in mind that such old-fashioned qualities as femininity, graciousness, modern and some modesty shouldn’t be allowed to get lost in our present-day whirl.

Since World War I, women have been accepted in business. Men admire a good business woman, providing she still remembers that she is a woman. However, I believe that all girls feel, though perhaps subconsciously, that we’re invading what used to be considered a man’s world. And once too often do we too quickly jump to the conclusion that she must prove herself. In actions and in words. There’s nothing wrong with this attitude, if it doesn’t get out of hand. But often it does. Then the girl sits alone and wonders why. “What have I done?” she’ll ask and she’ll really want to know. However, by that time the man’s too far away to tell her.

And then there’s the dedicated kind, the girl who seems to live for her career as if there were nothing else in this world. To her, this is somehow most commendable that she finds little time to relax and enjoy life. Having learned to fight her own battles, she’s become completely self-sufficient and seems to need no one. I suppose we’re all wondered whether girl can be a successful career girl and successful woman, too. The answer, of course, is yes! Take an example by the Hollywood starlet Ann Blyth. A child of Universal-International, she was a star there, and one noon in the commissary I overheard a conversation which I took to my heart. “Ann is a wonder,” the producer said, “and she arrives at the office the morning to talk about the script.”

“Understand she’s going to be a blon in the picture,” said his companion.

“That’s what she wanted to talk about,” replied the producer. “She didn’t want to dye.”

“And that means trouble,” his friend began.

“Ann never means trouble,” said the studio bigwig, “I don’t believe I’ve ever heard her raise her voice.”

“So she’s going to dye her hair?”

“Well, no,” smiled the producer. “We’re going to change the script!”

Ann Blyth has worked since she was child. Yet she’s never lost the old-fashioned qualities that have made her one of the most respected and beloved stars in Hollywood. Her career means to her—just as it does to her—it always has—still, from the first she let it be known that a husband, a home, and a family would mean just as much to her. She worked hard—at learning the skills of homemaking as well as those of picture making.

Some career girls I’ve met would have it known that they’d just as soon avoid the kitchen stove at all costs. “If a man like a helpless type, I can be as helpless as anyone, around the house,” they’d grily.

There’s no room for a disinterested wife—in the kitchen or in a man’s life.

These days women are hearing of the vast numbers of American men who are marrying European girls. And many of us may be wondering why. Well, recently I heard one fellow who was a German say flatly over the subject: “She seems to anticipate my every thought,” he said.

“She makes me feel as if I’m the center of her world.”

He said it smugly and he had every right. According to this fellow, his wife was a far cry from a clinging-vine type. She’s perfectly capable of making a bed, fetching her own glasses of water, whipping up delectable meals. She has interests outside the home, yet her husband comes first. And she doubts it for a minute. Including his American girls of today may say, “Of course, men come first with us.” But why? What about the distortions of a career type? What about the time we spend understanding these activities make for a well-rounded person and there’s a place in every life to them. However, the trick is not to become too preoccupied, too self-centered. A girl should be the time to understand a man.

Perhaps our grandmothers were fortunate in avoiding our present-day distractions. They got to know their men. The men could look to them for understanding. We, however, are too preoccupied. Our grandmothers never faced the frequent battles of the sexes. But I bet almost as a of them will say with a twinkle, “In my day we won things—though perhaps we never got the satisfaction of letting men know it!”

Well, this is our day. So what are you waiting for? To arms, girls!
(Continued from page 38) know where I can play the drums? (bongo) I got the urge." A young actress said she lived up in the hills; it should be safe there. "Wait till I go to the house and get the drums," said Jimmy. "I won't be long. I've got my motorcycle outside."

I couldn't resist saying: "What's he doing? Playing Marlon Brando?"

This was six months before Jimmy clicked in "East of Eden." Since then, a lot of people have compared him with Brando. "Is Dean deliberately doing a Brando" is good for discussion-to-debate at Schwab's and Googie's with the young set anytime. They believe an actor's popularity is definitely related to the social complexion of an era. As Binky Doyle put it one night at Googie's: "Shakespeare said, 'actors are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time.' Get it?"

Well, what I got from all this talk is that Dean resembles Brando because they both represent today. That's why so many actors today work like Brando. As Brad Jackson, one of the gang, said: "If all actors who work like Marlon voted, no wonder he won the Academy Award."

There's a point here. Dean represents one of a whole new heap cat school of acting. I didn't attend the music session that night. I went home to get some much needed sleep. Now stay with me. We're going to play it again—only some months later.

Scene: Googie's. The important point is that it's months later.

Jimmy Dean has finished his first movie, "East of Eden." It had been sneak-previewed. Word was in the Hollywood air and smog that James Dean was "great," "a new star," "He'll be up for an Oscar."

Well, Dean walked in the same manner, wearing the same outfit, to the same booth. He was the same Dean. But to the customers and the waitresses he was movie star Dean.

The youngsters who sit around Googie's with Jimmy are, in the main, ambitious actors and actresses. They respect talent. They admired Dean before he hit the jackpot. These aspiring actors, and this is important, don't resent Dean's success. They don't say, as others do: "He got the break. If Kazan had his eye on me I'd be as good, maybe better."

This is a sample of the Hollywood revolution. The new style of serious young actor believes that an unknown like Dean, getting to star in a first picture, might make it equal to them. Maybe Hollywood producers will learn another lesson. Therefore the newcomers keep studying, talking, breathing acting. They want to be ready when their big chance comes. They know it takes nights and nights of work to become an overnight sensation.

Jack Simmons and Binky Doyle and Jack Kramer and Tony Lee and Mila Nurm, who sit around Googie's, know it was this way with their boy Dean.

Look at some of those other nights quickly. The lonely nights on a Fairmont, Indiana farm. The nights at UCLA where Jimmy had to make room for the campus and college play. The serious talks about acting with James Whitmore, who lived only a few blocks from the University. Later, the nights Jimmy left his Broadway hotel only to go to a movie, trying to throw off the bad feeling of being rejected by Broadway producers. The nights of studying at the Actors Theatre under the guidance of Lee Strasberg. These were nights to stay with Jimmy Dean forever.

Jimmy, you must understand, has character and integrity. He is also undisciplined and irresponsible. Anyone who really knows him is aware that he seldom save the party from bogging down. You can save yourself many an anxious moment at calendar time, as well. For when you choose Kotex*, you're getting the softness, safety, complete absorbency you need—to maintain your poise, your peace of mind.

One man's politics (or ball club or disc collection) can often be another man's poison ivy! So before either arguer blows his stack, take over, Shatter the chatter—tautly. Maybe with music; or a funny story; anything to change the subject and

Quick way out of your hero's heart?

- Confess you can't cook
- Kiss and tell
- Be a movie maniac

All those sweet nothings he whispered in her ear, last night . . . all cancelled, in nothing flat! Why? Because today a complete playback reached his blushing ears! Only a chrome dome babbles to her cronies. It's a fatal mistake. On certain days, you need make no mistakes about sanitary protection —not with Kotex. For this napkin can be worn on either side, safely; and you get special softness that holds its shape.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Made for each other—Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic, they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight! And Kotex belts stay flat even after many washings. Buy two . . . for a change!
reacts the way he feels; only when bored. Then he doesn't bother with his defenses. I'd say that the best way to describe Jimmy Dean quickly is to say he is Marilyn Brando seven years ago. There's the refusal to conform to accepted patterns, right to the motorcycle. Yet, somehow, this comparison is unfair.

I'll start at the beginning. James Dean was born on February 8, 1931. He was raised on a farm by an uncle and aunt. His mother died while he was still a baby. His father was a farmer. The farm background and the knowledge of this type of people were useful to him when playing the farm boy in "East of Eden." Jimmy could fall back on his own experiences. He could give the words and Kazan's direction a genuine and individual interpretation. By the way, Dean has yet to read Steinbeck's "East of Eden." He read only Paul Osborn's screenplay. "This was all Kazan intended to put on the screen," he says.

Dean attended Fairmont High School. He is athletic and was a member of the baseball, track and football teams. During his senior year he won a medal as the school's top athlete. He is still athletic; in fact, too much for his studio. The day before starting "Rebel Without a Cause," Jimmy went to Palm Springs for the Sunday automobile races. He entered his Porsche car in two events. He placed third in a race against veteran drivers and he won first prize in the race for novices. He couldn't understand why the studio told him he can't do this.

"It was on a Sunday," said Jimmy. "There wasn't any shooting." The studio couldn't handle the quantity of men who had come to see Jimmy Dean fall back on his own experiences. To him, it isn't, and they shouldn't interfere with his individuality.

Jimmy became interested in acting while at high school. I learned this during a number of coffee sessions with Binky Brad Jackson, Mila Nurni (Vampira) all asked each other what made them become an actor.

Dean said one of his high school teachers was a frustrated actress. Through her he entered and won a state oratorial contest, reciting something dramatic by Dickens. "Of course," continued Jimmy, "this only provided the incident. A neurotic person has the necessity to express himself and my neuroticism manifests itself in the dramatic." Dean and his friends were searching for the true reason. There were complaints (Vampira) as to how his face, the analytic and the idiom of the youngsters. He is certainly in tune with the times. He uses whatever words get there first to best express his thoughts.

After graduation from high school, there came two years of pre-law at UCLA followed by some TV work and the enrollment in the Actors Studio. This is acknowledged to be the finest school for young actors. Elia Kazan is in charge, but the main coaching is done by Lee Strassberg, who has great insight about talent. It's my personal belief, I haven't any proof, that Kazan spotted Dean, trained him, and had Strassberg work with him for months and months. Almost secretly, as is done with a horse, grooming him for the big race. He wanted Dean to be ready and he wanted the right picture. Kazan waited patiently. Dean and "East of Eden" were made for each other. Kazan rode another wild horse.

"East of Eden" had its world premiere at the New York Paramount Theatre. It was a gala premiere. There was no doubt. It was James Dean's big night. All the boasts and rumors that had been rolled into the night of triumph. But Jimmy couldn't face his Big Night in person. Two days before, he left New York and was on his way back to Hollywood. Jimmy refused to be there on the opening night. A few critics and patrons commented on the similarity of Dean to Brando. One movie reviewer hit hard and panned Jimmy for trying to act like Brando. Jimmy is sensitive. He was deeply hurt. But only a few knew this.

Dean has a unique personality, an individual quality which comes through. He has his own fine talent which shines when he allows it to be catalogued by himself.

Dean weighs 150 pounds; photographs thinner. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, but appears slighter on the screen, because of the way he stands. Dean represents the Montgomery Clift type: a woman wants to take care of Jimmy because he looks as if he needs help and kindness. Brando has authority. He commands the situation and the scene.

These are some of the vital differences between Dean and Brando, according to the young performers who know actors best. However, it's a matter of record that Jimmy appeared in two plays on Broadway: "See the Jaguar" and "The Immoralist." The last named won Jimmy the Donaldson and Perry award acting awards. None of the alert New York drama reviewers made a single reference to the fact that James Dean reminded them of Marlon Brando. Therefore, between these plays and "East of Eden," a change took place.

Dean doesn't like being compared to Brando, so close to him confide. However, Jimmy's public comment is: "I am not disturbed by the comparison nor am I flattered."

Brando's only comment, as far as I know, was made at a party attended by both. Marlon said to Jimmy: "Don't you think you're going a little too far to attract attention?"

For his own crowd, Jimmy will give his impersonation of Brando imitating Charlie Chaplin; then he'll do Chaplin impersonating Marlon Brando. He's a very talented young man. He is an excellent cartoonist. He can play the bongo drums "like the living end." He is okay on the piano and on a flute-like instrument. Jimmy is interested in music, and he can write when it comes to true jazz. He knows the names of "obscure cats who are artists on their particular instrument. Jimmy is responsible for the author Googie's writing the musical score for "East of Eden." He appreciates fine music and is sent by pure jazz.

When Jimmy first came here, he had a house at the beach. He didn't have a phone. No one, girl or studio, could get in touch with him unless they made the trip to the beach. Later he moved into town and rented a small apartment over a garage. Brando even has a place somewhere. He's frank about himself. "I'm intense. I'm so tense," he says, "I don't see how people stay in the same room with me. I wouldn't tolerate myself." He hates a reel and a half from Google's and Schwab's.

Jimmy is disorderly. To step into his apartment is like arriving at the scene of ahurst. There are Botox, Benzedrine and every kind of drug you can think of wherever. He's frank about himself. "I'm intense. I'm so tense," he says, "I don't see how people stay in the same room with me. I wouldn't tolerate myself." He hates a reel and a half from Google's and Schwab's.
Hudson's Hideaway

(Continued from page 44)

House means being able to turn on the record player full blast or let the water run for a bath at three in the morning,”

He paused, pulling at one ear lobe reflectively. “Now don’t read anything deep and psychological in my wanting to do this. It’s nothing like that. Just a simple matter of letting off steam. You know how a colt kicks up its heels when it’s let out of the barn. Well, that’s me. Just kicking up my heels in this wonderful new freedom of my own home.”

Rock's house stands on a hillside, at the end of a little canyon, high above the Sunset Strip. Behind it, the steep hill is a lush tangle of vines and ivy. At the sides and across the front, tall evergreen trees provide quiet and privacy.

Rock had been looking for.

“I wanted to be within fairly short driving distance of the studio,” he says, “and at the same time I was looking for a sort of peaceful rural atmosphere. This combination wasn’t too easy to find.”

Rock had started looking for it nearly four years ago. He searched through the ads in newspapers. On Sundays, or when he had a day off from the studio, he hopped in his car and drove for miles on a constant house hunt. He talked to a number of real-estate dealers.

“Just what do you have in mind?” the realtors asked him.

Rock scratched the back of his neck. “Well, something not too big and not too small.”


Rock spread his hands. “It doesn’t matter about that. I want a friendly, comfortable house—a house to live in and be happy.”

The realtors looked a trifle exasperated. “You don’t give us much to go on,” they complained.

“I guess not,” Rock agreed cheerfully. “But one thing I’m sure of.”

“What’s that?”

“I’ll know it when I see it.”

The search went on, month after month, at every available opportunity. And then one day, just when he was at the point of being discouraged, Rock drove up the side of the hill and looked in through the spiky-needled trees and there it was.

The driveway was steeply curved. The house clung serenely to the hillside, looking weathered and mellowed as though it had always been there. The realtor said, “It was designed and built that way. Actually it is only four years old.”

The roof was built of split redwood shakes, and the house was long and low. It was flanked with a barn-type double garage at one end and a secluded tree-sheltered patio at the other. Paths made of bricks and cushioned with pine needles led all around from front to back.

When Rock opened the front door and walked into the living room, he experienced a curious feeling of coming home. He felt like a kid who has run away and been cold and tired and hungry and then has come home again.

The room was just the right size, small enough to be cozy but spacious enough to entertain his circle of friends. It had a hand-rubbed beamed ceiling and a fireplace and a wallpapered dining alcove. The floor was made of pegged and polished wood cut into random widths and lengths. Rock knelt down and ran his fingers over the boards.

“This wood looks hard enough and solid enough to be teak,” he said.

The owner beamed proudly. “Why that’s exactly what it is,” he declared. “And it’s plenty hard all right. I know because

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I tried one evening to saw a piece of it.

In the kitchen there were rubbed fruitwood cabinets and a complete barbecue with an electric revolving spit. There was a breakfast nook and a walk-in bar with clever push-out shutters that opened into the living room. The bathroom had a glass-in shower and a marble-top wash basin. There were two bedrooms, and one of them had a Dutch door leading onto the patio which was paved with redwood rounds.

When Rock saw all this, he knew he wanted it. But having known poverty, he was aware of the value of a dollar. Aware, too, that sometimes prices are jacked up plenty for movie stars. So he said to the real-estate agent, "Let's see if we can make a dicker."

Rock made a low offer and the owner came down some. Then Rock went up a little and the owner came down a little. After a couple of weeks they agreed on a figure that seemed fair and equitable to both; they signed the papers and they shook hands on the deal. Only then did it occur to Rock. He had a house but didn't own a stick of furniture—not a chair or a table or even a bed to sleep in. Nothing but a record player and some books and clothes and a few stacks of records.

The former owner sympathized with him. Taking Rock out to the garage, he pointed to a set of redwood patio furniture. "Maybe this will do for a while."

Rock dug out his checkbook again and bought the garden furniture on the spot. There was a dining table with benches, a double chaise lounge and a couple of other pieces. These solved part of his problem. Then he went out to buy a bed. He told the clerk he wanted a great big one.

The clerk eyed Rock's two-hundred-pound bulk and his towering six foot four inches. The clerk said, "Man, you need a great big one."

Rock stretched out on several display beds, just trying them on for size. Each time he shook his head. Too snug. The clerk brooded a while and shrugged his shoulders. Then he said brightly, "Guess the only thing to do is build one special."

So Rock settled for a hand-built job that measures eight feet long and six feet wide. When the bed was delivered, the men had trouble getting it through the doors. But after it was finally set up and Rock had a chance to try it, he was pleased with it. "It sleeps real good," he says. "Gives me plenty of room to flail around if I want to."

He thought he was temporarily set, but Truitt told him different. Truitt "does" for Rock, and has for a couple of years. She comes two or three times a week to clean and scrub, cook if necessary, and wash his shirts. Truitt took one look at the new house and raptured into a spell. "Mister Rock, it's beautiful!" Truitt said. "We goin' to be awful happy here for sure."

But when she walked out to the kitchen Truitt had a shock. There were big empty spaces where the stove and refrigerator ought to be. "Mister Rock!" she fussed at him. "What have you been havin' for breakfast?"

"Pshaw!" Truitt said. "You ought to have eggs and bacon and hot bread, some-thin' solid to put in your stomach. Now you go out and get yourself a stove and a refrigerator right away. You hear me?"

It was a sound suggestion. Every home ought to have a stove and a refrigerator, Rock decided. But he was busy from morning till night in "All That Heaven Allows," in which he was co-starring again with Jane Wyman. Besides, he had never bought a stove or refrigerator before.

Where do you start?

"No problem at all," Jane told him on the set. "Just put your inexperienced hand in mine the next time we have a couple of hours off and I'll show you how it's done."

Two days later Jane and Rock pilled into his convertible and drove to an appliance store on San Fernando Boulevard. Rock parked about halfway down the block. Walking back, they passed a record shop and Rock grabbed Jane's arm and steered her inside.

"Hey!" Jane yelped. "We want to buy a stove. Not rec—"

"Won't take a minute," Rock said. "I want to show you this dance called the Baiato. It's the big thing in Europe this year. Especially in Italy."

Rock asked the clerk for the record Baiato. The clerk dug one out and put it on the turntable. Rock showed Jane the step and then held out his arms.

"For heaven's sakes," Jane said. "Not right here."

"Relax," Rock said, and put his arm around her. "Now listen to that rhythm. It's sort of a slow mambo."

Jane grinned an Oh, well. The music had a strong beat, and they danced the Baiato up the small aisle.

When the record ended, Rock paid for it and presented it to Jane. Then he led her out into the sunshine again.

"Well, now," Jane said, "I guess we better buy that stove—"

"Wait a minute!" Rock interrupted, pointing. "Look at this wonderful antique store!"

"Oh, no!"

"Some friends of mine," Rock said, "have their whole house furnished with Early American antiques. It's very effective. He took Jane firmly by the arm, lifting her a couple of inches off the sidewalk. "Let's go in, just to look around."

Jane said, "But—" and futilely tried to drag her feet, but Rock didn't seem to notice. They browsed among the cobblers' benches and the rockers and other antique-bellum items. After a while Jane nudged Rock with her elbow.

"Have you forgotten that we are supposed to be shooting a picture over at Uni-
versal-International today? This afternoon."

"True, true," Rock said, sighing deeply.

"Well, lackaday. Back we go to the old treadmills."

Outside, Rock turned toward the car, but Jane dragged him on his arm and skidded to a stop.

"Now hold on," she protested. "We started out to buy a stove and a refrigerator. Remember?" Jane led him into the appliance store. She gave the clerk exact instructions about a stove with a top griddle, adjustable broiler, warming oven and a deep well cook. The clerk showed them a dandy finished in metallic copper.

Rock said, "That's fine. We'll take it."

While the clerk wrote out the order, Rock's eye was caught by a white gadget with a glass front. The clerk said it was not a new-type television set but an automatic washer with unique pulsator action that releases all the cleansing power in your soap or detergent.

"Well, how about that!" Rock said admiringly. "Now what'll they think of next!"

Jane kicked him on the ankle.

Rock said, "Fine. We'll take one of these, too. Fruit'll be crazy about the unique pulsator action."

Back at the studio Rock said, "Gee, Janie, thanks a lot for going with me. I never knew shopping could be so much fun. You were a big help."

Janie gave him an oblique look. "Think nothing of it," she said. "I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

When the new stove was delivered, Rock couldn't wait before he cooked something on it. He thought something exotic and complicated would be just the thing. Something like Beef à la Stroganoff or maybe a good rich stew so he could use the deep well cook. But he finally settled on a seven-rib beef roast. Then he telephoned Phyllis Gates.

Phyllis and Rock share a lot of dates these days. Some of the town gossips have this pegged as a hot romance item. One close friend says, "They're a cute couple and they certainly enjoy each other's company. You just can't tell what will happen. Phyllis and Rock are completely mum on the subject. They don't act like they're ready to make any announcements...yet. But they are fairly steady company, and they do have a lot of fun together."

"I'm giving a party," Rock said, "and you're invited. Also George Nader and Martha Hyer."

"Wonderful," Phyllis said. "I'll do the shopping."

When George and Martha walked in the front door, Martha threw a penny into a corner. "It's an old Swedish custom," Martha said. "It's supposed to bring good luck and wealth and happiness."

The roast was a large success, crispy brown on the outside and pink in the center. And Rock served a bottle of Beaujolais, which is his favorite of all the wines he sampled while in Europe last year.

"A toast. A toast," George said. And they raised their glasses and drank to all the good things friends drink to. Later they sprawled on their stomachs and looked at the plans for the new pool.

"I really wanted a pool," Rock said, "because swimming is about my favorite form of fun and exercise. At first I wasn't sure that I could afford to have one put in. Then after I got several bids I decided the budget would be able to take it."

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He spread the plans out in the center of the floor. "This is where they'll excavate," he said, "right here at the top of the drive. It was too steep anyway. Sort of a hazard when it rained. We'll make the garage over into a playroom, with an adjoining shower and dressing rooms. And the pool will be right there in front of it. Then we'll build a new garage down at the bottom of the hill close to the street."

Some of Rock's friends suggested that he have an interior decorator furnish and decorate his house, but Rock turned thumbs down on that.

"I don't want that at all," he says. "Some decorators do a wonderful job, but they're a little too perfect for me. When they've finished with a house it's nice to look at, but not always so much fun to live in.

"No, I want to do it my own way, even if I make some mistakes. I'll do it gradually, just buy a piece at a time. Maybe all of it won't make perfectly, but it'll be my own. And I know it'll be comfortable and livable."

Rock brought back some beautiful things from Europe. He bought a fine pair of antique porcelain whiskey barrels in London. He will have these wired and made into lamps. In Florence he picked up some antique leather cigarette boxes and several of the ancient maps of Italy he purchased there will frame. He also ran across some excellent water colors and pen sketches in Venice. In an old hideaway shop he found two equestrian pieces of bronze on marble. And if these are an indication of the way he will decorate his house, you can rest assured that it will be done in excellent taste.

Inevitably, an inquiring reporter asked him the sixty-four-dollar question. "Now that you have a house, how about a wife to share it with you? Are you planning to get married and settled down?"

"No," he said, "I don't think I'm quite ready for marriage just yet. I'm still pretty footloose. I like to do what I want to do when I want to do it. As long as I feel that way, I don't think it would be fair or sensible to consider marriage."

"My European trips have been a revelation to me. I know I have learned a lot over there. And I grew up some, too. I traveled all the way from Ireland and England down through France and Italy. I visited all the famous historic spots. I even went swimming in the Blue Grotto in Capri. But most of all I enjoyed meeting and talking to the people of Europe.

"Their way of life is so different over there. There's less talk about business and making money. The Europeans are more relaxed. They are happy and content with much less. They enjoy the little things in life. They have a sort of candlelight-and-wine attitude that is very pleasant. I was terribly impressed with this. I'd like to go back there for a while at least."

"This summer I'm making 'Giant,'" with George Stevens directing, and I'm very excited about it. But after that, I'd like to take a long cruise on a slow freighter. Maybe to South America, and maybe back to Europe again. At any rate, I want to keep moving around, seeing new places and learning new things.

"Of course, like everyone else, I'm looking for happiness. And I know one way to achieve this is to love and be loved. I'm thinking of the day I will get married and begin raising a family."

"But right now... well, my feet are pretty itchy. There's a great big world out there, and I'm mighty curious about it. That's one reason I'm so happy about this new house. It's like putting down some roots. No matter where I travel, this will be a great house to come home to."

The End

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pulsively decided to read a speech from the second book of Samuel, the one about David and Bathsheba. He was already beginning to plan the filming of
that story, but no one as yet had been
announced for the leading roles. As Susan read on, she was possessed by an over-
powering presentment that it would be she
who would play Bathsheba.

"I had the strangest feeling that I would be the one," said Susan. "Perhaps it was
because I so much wanted to do it. Then
a few days later—this was while we were
still working on 'I'd Climb the Highest
Mountain'—I had a very early call for an
upcoming scene. An assistant director came
to my cottage to wake me. He knocked on the door, made sure I was up, then said:

"Susan, I’ve got some news for you. The
word just came through from Darryl
Zanuck that you’re going to do Bathsheba."

"The assistant director," Susan went on,
"thought he was softening the blow of
having to wake me so early by bringing me
the good news. But for me, that message
was something more—it was proof again
of the magic of believing."

Faith has always been a part of Susan’s
home life, even as a child. Always, from
her father and mother, she learned the
lesson that as a man thinketh, so shall he
be. "My father," said Susan, "taught me
from childhood to fight for whatever I
believed in. He was always, ‘You must be
like a rubber ball. The harder they hit you,
the higher you’ll bounce. That is, if you’re a
good ball to start with. And if you’re not,
you might as well give up anyway."

"And mother—it was she who believed I
could do anything I set my mind to. It
was she, too, who always fought our in-
clation as young girls to say, ‘I can’t do
this, or I can’t do that,’ by telling us not
to say we can’t do a thing, because of
course we could do anything anyone else
could.

"My grandmother," laughed Susan, "came
from County Cork, and she once told me
she had actually dreamed about the man
she was going to marry. She just knew it
was he. Well, she met him and married
him—that’s how much faith she had. I re-
member, too, the stories my mother used to
tell me about my brother Wally’s illness.

As an infant he had a serious abdominal
condition—an obstruction that made it all
but impossible for him to retain food. My
mother took care of him herself, virtually
breathed life into him again. At two he
weighed only seven pounds. The illness
had left his legs weak and he had to wear
braces. One day it was time to get new
braces, so she took Wally in her arms and
got on a streetcar to go downtown. On the
streetcar Mother noticed a woman in the
seat opposite glancing over sympathetic-
ly. ‘You look troubled,’ said the woman
to my mother. ‘I am indeed,’ said my
mother, and poured out her heart about
Wally’s illness.

"Then the stranger said, ‘Take off the
braces; he will be all right.’ And you know
something? He was. My mother knew then
that the ‘woman’ who noticed was a strong and
wise woman, and she was going to be
well again. Do you see now why we have
always felt that for us the omens were
right?"

There was the time, too, when the six-
year-old Susan was run over by a car and
suffered such severe injuries that she
spent the next seven months in a waist-
high cast, and a year and a half after that
one, said Susan.

"The doctors said I’d never walk again.
But I walked. And later, some of my drama
school teachers said I’d never be an actress.
But I kept heart and didn’t believe them.
The thought of failure never entered my
mind."

Most of her life, Susan has based her de-
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asked me what I thought, 'Killing anybody would be murder,' I explained, 'no matter how just be the cause.' He had tried to tell him something about why men make war, how differences in ambitions and desires and languages can cause so much hatred. He wanted me to understand. Then he said, 'But Mother, don't they all speak the same language in their hearts?'

There have been times, as Susan confesses, when her own faith faltered—when, as she says, "I got off the beam. I've made mistakes, felt discouragement as everyone has. Sometimes I ignored that angel on my shoulder, or did to-do lists for par- ty selfishness, did things to hurt, as all of us do. Then I was really in trouble—until I was shown the right path again."

As Susan has learned, every devout mars faith's perfection, and our fear thoughts are just as creative or just as magnetic in attracting troubles to us as are the constructive and positive thoughts in attracting prosperity. She remembers what happened in Georgia once, when she was on location, and how it took the faith of friends to restore her own faith in herself. We were working deep in the heart of the South, in some of the most remote and friendliest areas of the state. The townspeople were some of the friendliest and kindest people I'd ever met. They were like kins to me, because some of my own family had come from that part of the South. The towns-people were in for a shock when they got their first glimpse of the picture, which had gone out of their way to be nice to me. I counted many of them among my warmest friends.

Then, just when I felt the happiest, some event that seemed to me to be a cruel thing happened. I had run a story saying I had criticized the town folk. I was horrified; I hadn't even talked to the person who by-lined the story, and I couldn't believe that any paper would say such things when they were so untrue. I couldn't believe that the paper had picked up the story, I really exploded. I rushed, screaming, to the director. I even phoned the studio in Holly- wood. Then I went back to the location and cried. I was sure nothing I could say or do would repair the horrible dam- age or regain the affections of the people I had betrayed. That was just one story, you might think, but it's the whole story of my life, which was approximately twenty years long, as I've just described it.

"That was when I learned that my friends, the townspeople, had shown more faith in me than I myself had had. They had seen the story, yes, and they'd been hurt. But they still trusted me. I was even afraid to show me the newspaper for fear they'd make me miserable.

When they discovered that I'd actually seen the paper, they came to me, some even with tears in their eyes. We know it isn't true, Susan," they said. 'We know you well enough to realize you wouldn't say such things.'

"I thought that I had shown so little faith in the good will of my friends, and I thought to myself of a line I'd read somewhere: 'How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise!' Well, I learned how wise my friends were. I didn't cry together and cried, and wiped our eyes and smiled again, grateful that nothing had really changed between us."

The thing that happened to Susan's nine-year-old daughter, Katharine, was being an idyllic union, was not a lack of faith. Not, at least, on Susan's part. Those who know the real truth are aware that it was largely Susan's fault, the fault of the marriage that the marriage would work—which kept it to-gether as long as it did. When the mar- riage finally failed, Susan could only take refuge in her own philosophy: that what is supposed to happen, happens—and hope ever more strongly for a brighter future.

Because she is also realistic and, above all, frank, Susan is not a girl to depend upon faith alone. As she herself says, hazel eyes sparkling, "Hayward will get into the act somehow, no matter what."

She does not rely merely on indulging in a period of watchful waiting; she believes in a muscular faith, in going to work, al- ways, to keep it in line. For instance, in driving to the studio for the first day of a new picture, Susan has a lit- tle ritual she likes to follow. If she turns on the car radio and gets a happy song or cheery news item on the air, she feels the day will be a good one. But Susan, being Susan, is also not averse to helping fate along a little.

"If I don't get the right tone right away," she chuckles, "I sort of keep turning the little knob until I do. Sometimes, you know, you have to make your own luck."

It's like something Susan read about the Chinese. In a book called A Many-Splendoured Thing. When the cloud threatens the moon on the first day of the New Year," said Susan, "all the fishermen shout, beat cymbals and cry out, 'It's to come true that next year they must make a great noise to frighten the cloud away or the year will be unfavorable. When the narrator, who is a Buru- sian girl, explains this curious custom to a friend, she laughs. 'I don't really believe that, do you?'

'Of course,' says the girl. 'If we didn't believe the unbelievable, what would happen?'

As for Susan, Brooklyn's child is full of faith.

The Power and the Glory

(Continued from page 35)
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"I remember meeting up with a smart fellow named Ted Richmond who produced one of my biggest money-makers, in 'Mississippi Gambler,' and we decided to form our own independent company. We called it Copa Productions and started off with Van Heflin in 'Count Three and Pray,' and bought three properties as future vehicles for me—Lorenzo the Magnificent,' to be made in Italy—'The Stalk,' in South America—and 'The Warrior Saint,' in Africa. Join the movies and see the world has always been my motto!"

"I remember a wire that arrived at my Brentwood home a few months ago and opening it as casually as an invitation to a Cobina Wright party—until I saw the signature: Katharine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic. They have always been the epitome of everything that is fine and distinguished in the theatre, and they have a very sentimental memory for me, too. It was under their prestige management that twenty years ago, I started my stage career as Burgess Meredith's understudy in 'Flowers of the Forest.' My salary was thirty dollars a week. (The other day, Bill Gallagher sent me a photocopy of this understudy contract, and my pay envelope in which I had still kept my first dollar all these years. With it, he attached the following cryptic note, 'Since this is obviously the first and last dollar you have ever saved, will you please return it to me for safeguarding?') Now Miss Cornell wanted me to be her co-star in Christopher Fry's winter comedy, 'The Dark is Light Enough,' directed by Guthrie McClintic—at a 'slight' increase in salary!

"If you saw this in a movie, you’d say it was too contrived to be convincing, wouldn’t you? But, since truth is stranger than fiction, I found myself back on Broadway, sharing co-starring billing with—or of the First Ladies of the American stage, while a block away, at the New York City Opera, 'The Long Gray Line' was the future attraction, and a block farther south, on the Roxey marquee, 'Untamed,' which is the picture that would up my nineteen-year stay at Roxy.

"So, now you see, Radie darling, why I can look back at the past with pleasure; but if you were to ask me to name the high spot of all these memories, my answer would be 'Today!' Because today I have achieved what I hoped to attain after being tied down to one studio for so long. At long last, I have the freedom to pursue my career—to travel and move about as I want.

"And he who travels fastest, travels alone," I added pointedly. "Does this mean that you are going to continue to enjoy your bachelor freedom for a while?"

"Definitely," was his quick retort. "Remember, I was married to Annabella for nine years, then I had what is laughingly referred to as a 'private life' in the Navy for four years, and then I was married to Linda for six. So, actually, I've never really been single! Besides, it's slightly premature to discuss any matrimonial future when I'm only legally separated and not as yet divorced."

When his final decree comes through (and Linda's settlement doesn't include his front teeth and that dollar he saved in his pay envelope!), I'm willing to wager my new spring bonnet that, if he marries again, his third bride won't be an actress. He wants his next helpmate to be just that, someone interested in his career, not trying to compete with him, someone who won't be afraid of giving up something of herself in loving him, someone who isn't a party girl, but who knows that two people really in love can find contentment in themselves, someone to satisfy his greatest desire to have a Tyrone IV to carry on his theatrical heritage.

In the meantime, I can make a prophecy I know will come true. Ty, who will win his first Academy Award nomination for his many-faceted characterization of Marty Malick in 'The Long Gray Line,' has his most brilliant acting years ahead. By an amazing coincidence, in 1913, the year that Ty was born, the renowned drama critic, William Winter, wrote a biography of Ty- rone, in which, to any reader today, he might have been talking about Tyrone, Jr. in 1955:

"Power's physical advantages are extraordinary. His eyes, dark and brilliant, are communicative equally of tenderness and fire. His voice is deep and strong, and of a rarely melodious resonant tone. In his demeanor there is a singular engaging union of grace and courtly dignity. In him are combined dramatic talent, sensitive temperament, enthusiastic spirit, devoted love of acting, the knowledge that is gained by experience, a noble ambition and that great saving, correcting, guilting attribute—a keen sense of humor. He is not yet 44 years old. Much as I esteem him as an actor, I value him even more highly as a man."

This is the mantle that Tyrone has inherited. No father ever had a son wearing it with more grace or honor.

The End

New!
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Plus
Special Exciting Features about
JOHNNY DESMOND
PEGGY KING
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Determined Davalos
(Continued from page 41)
in this home and others which he visited. He knew, too, that one day in the past, when he was still too young to remember, his father left home and never came back. This left its mark and, even today, Dick cannot bring himself to discuss his father. "I don't remember him," is all that he'll say.

His mother, searching for a means to feed herself and her child, took a job as a hairdresser in a New York beauty parlor. Her hours were long, so Dick was boarded out. Shy, sometimes rebellious, more often frightened, the little boy reached out for comfort against the fears he felt in the small, strange room which was now his home. His prayers were not for boyish fears, like overcoming a fear of the dark. At six, Dick Davalos had man-sized nightmares—of being unlived, unwanted, of being nobody, of insecurity. For a boy with no choice for the present, he looked to the future. One day he discovered a world into which he could escape. A world in which fear and loneliness seemed hardly to exist. It was the world of make-believe.

"I was six years old when I played the Prince and the Magic Mirror in 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs' in a class play at the Cresta School I went to," says Dick today. "But from that day—except for a brief time in the Navy—I knew what I wanted. I had a blind faith in myself—I had to, no one else did. And somehow, through all those years, I held onto the dream that some day I would be a good actor. A pretty big dream, you'll have to admit, for a kid born in the Bronx."

But while the Bronx was a long three thousand miles away from the nearest Hollywood set, it had certain advantages to a stage-struck kid. It was near Broadway and the theatres, the big movie houses. And it was also a place where a kid could pick up a couple of extra pennies if he was enterprising. Dick ran errands, delivered grocery packages and collected old soda-pop bottles for the one day in the week in which he lived—Saturday afternoon. Jingling ten hard-earned pennies in his pocket, he'd run down Tremont Avenue and escape into the movie house that promised the longest show—or Greer Garson. And there, for Dick, began his education.

"What other kids found in their homes, I learned from the actors I watched on the screen," Dick says. "They taught me how to dress, a way to behave, how to talk and act. They helped me pick out the more valuable things in life, which without their influence I might never have sought or found. I spent hours listening to Ronald Colman speak, and I would try to improve my speech by copying his."

"I guess I could say movies gave me a sense of values, too. I was a kind of rebellious kid. I suppose being boarded out did it. I could have easily mimicked the older, tougher kids in the neighborhood. I would have, too, if it weren't for the movies."

"And the film magazines helped me, too. I read Photoplay regularly, all about how the movie stars lived, the kind of homes they had, their hobbies and sports, their problems and about their children and adopted children. I read how they reached the top. From these stories, I drew inspiration and a belief that I, too, had a chance. These actors I read about in the magazines gave me a form of selection, I guess you'd call it. They gave me ideals and a goal, which are the greatest things a kid could have."

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ask for: fairness, bravery, gentleness. I went through a storm when I loved Greer Garson. When I saw her in 'Mrs. Miniver' and in 'Blossoms in the Dust she gave me an ideal of womanhood that is still vivid. I feel that when I marry I'll know what I want, which will include a complete home of my own, something I've never had. One thing is certain; I'll never marry an actress. I want a girl who is natural and simple without many dresses. A girl who knows her to cook, who wants a home life, too. I want to be able to come home to my wife and my family at night. I'd like to have many children and I hope to be able to adopt a couple of kids, too. It's tough being left parentless.

"I realize the insecurity I felt in my childhood is, in part, responsible for my wanting to set. I think, even as a young child I realized that through acting I hoped to find an identification—to be someone, who belonged somewhere because of some one thing I could do well. And I wanted to do it. When you have a family to give, if you understand what I mean." Dick suddenly stopped and looked anxious. "Like any normal kid, I had love to offer, a desire to please. I had few outlets for these feelings. In church, when I was an altar boy and a choirboy, I had a feeling of belonging. Summers, too, when Mom sent me up to my uncle's farm in Connecticut. I worked on the farm and was happy there. I remember one year when I was about eight my uncle let me name all the cows. I can still remember the thrill I got when I'd call the cow at milking time by her funny names I gave them. While there on the farm, I felt like I did in church. I belonged and, in little ways, I was giving. Acting, I thought, must be like this. For actors had given so much to our country and to the American people through numerous dramatic roles on tv to "East of Eden." All during this time, while acting, Dick continued to hold down part-time jobs. The summer of '54 he was a stock boy in a store, and incidentally, where Kirk Douglas once worked.

When he tested for "Eden," he worked at the Trans-Lux ("I didn't take off my shirt, but I signed a contract in hand and said Mr. Kazan in person," he says).

Knowing the background of Dick's life, it seems paradoxical that he should play the beloved, respected Aron in "Eden," instead of the unloved, rebellious Cal. Yet, this is the way Dick wanted it.

"I first read for the part James Dean played. I was able to get the part. "But I'd read the book and all the time I was reading for Cal I kept thinking, 'I'm not Cal, I'm Aron.' I could understand and feel my identification with Aron. I believe I knew how to adjust to the situation. I believe he really tried (as he have) what he was searching for. When I got the opportunity to test for the part of Aron—I made the test with Aron. It's not necessary to ask Richard Davalos. Usually Dick's smiles come half-redundantly. He's mostly serious with a trigger-fast sensitivity and a facility for holding his composure, but when he talks about Hollywood his reserve gives way to a smile that is contagiously enthusiastic.

"Hollywood, I find, is pretty wonderful," he candidly admits without any attempt to give the impression that it hasn't treated me fine, everybody's been more than kind and considerate. The actors I work with have helped me enormously. Jimmy Dean and I roomed together for a while and I got to know him pretty well and to like him.

Tab Hunter's been swell, too. Tab and I both tested for 'Battle Cry,' but Tab got..."
the part. Then, funny thing, after Eden, I'm cast in 'The Sea Chase.' And who's there with me? Tab! When we were on location in Honolulu, we stayed in the same house (remember Tab's Hawaiian Diary, in the March Photoplay) and went on live TV together.

"It's kind of interesting to go to a Hollywood party before your picture is released and nobody knows you," Dick rambled on happily. "Kind of like asking for it. I've been told. But I didn't find it that way. At my first, and only, Hollywood party to date, I met Debbie Reynolds. She just sat down to talk to me. Certainly she didn't know who I was and didn't much care. Debbie's great attraction is that she's so alive. Lori Nelson's another warm and friendly person."

Dick finds the girls in Hollywood very nice, but so far he hasn't done much dating. "I don't have a car," he explains. "I couldn't even pick up a girl at her house and take her home. Besides, I like life simple—a movie with a cup of coffee and talk afterwards. Louise De Carlo, who had a small part in 'Eden,' is the only girl I've dated out here. We have simple dates."

Even under cross-examination, Dick will never admit he's been in love—"not what you'd call completely in love." However, it's rumored that twenty-four-year-old Mr. Davalos does have a special girl in New York, the girl he took to the New York premiere of "East of Eden." But Dick, who shuns no questions regarding his career, admits to discussing his personal life. "Let's just say, this is a subject too close to me to discuss for publication," he says firmly.

Has Hollywood changed his personal life? Not much. He still lives in a boarding house, although he says that he and Perry Lopez, who was also in "Battle Cry" and showed him the Hollywood ropes and know-how, are thinking of renting a house together. "I can't see spending that money. I can get to work by bus." He still hasn't bought himself a suit ("Rented my Tux for the premiere of 'Eden'"). In fact, Dick's one personal extravagance as a result of fame has been a tweed jacket, which he speaks about with loving pride, happily shows its plaid lining.

"Perry Lopez sat in the store with me for nearly an hour while I tried to decide whether I should spend the money on the jacket. We finally walked out without it, but a week later we went back. I put down the money and walked out with the jacket on."

"You know, when you've made a picture, two pictures, it's assumed," Dick said, "that you're in the money. This is a kind of a big assumption, but I have money. And I had a big dentist bill—I had to take care of my teeth. This was one thing that was long overdue. I'm not complaining, understand. Honestly, I'm so grateful I don't know how to explain it. I'm grateful to the people who fed me and gave me my clothes, to the waiters in the cheap restaurants I patronized who let me pay my bill myself, to the school treasurer who waited for the tuition money I couldn't pay, to all the people who really didn't know whether I was going to be a success but had faith in me. Thanks to them, I have what I enjoy today."

And what Richard Davalos has today is the assurance that the dream he so determinedly hung onto since he was six was a real one. "East of Eden" proves he can act. His is a success story, a dream with a happy ending. But for Dick the ending is just the beginning with many more exciting installments to come.

**The End**
Figure Foibles

(Continued from page 34)
probably the most bothersome problem of "the most beautiful girl in the world." They either have too much of it or not enough. The constant shifting of poundage entails a complete overhaul of physical equipment and even personality.

Anne Baxter is a prime example of this. Anne used to be plump and dowdy. In fact she was definitely on the matronly side, even though she was only in her early twenties.

When Anne was twenty, she finally decided to go on a diet. She used to be so full of life that she ignored the fact that she was a bit heavy. She decided to lose weight and acquire a cigar instead. What a murderous diet poor Anne suffered through. But today, Anne's figure is as sleek and slim as any glamour queen could hope for and she's acquired the personality to match it. I have to admit that the change makes for a much more exciting woman.

When Janet Leigh arrived in Hollywood as the protege of Norma Shearer, she was a ball of fluff and a bit of fat. Janet soon gave up peanut butter sandwiches (a particular passion with her), pastry and soft drinks, and reduced her figure down to where the camera said it should be. She learned how to do her hair so that it flattered rather than fattened her face, and because her upper lip is a little thin, she chose to wear it as thin as possible. She changed the tone of her make-up to better highlight her cheekbones and put emphasis on her eyes.

Then, with all of this accomplished, Janet went to the other extreme. For no discernible reason, she dieted too strenuously and lost an alarming amount of weight, weight that she could use today. However, unlike most of us gals, Janet managed to lose weight in every place but her bust, which remains a formidable 37. Now she is trying to bring the rest of her to match.

Jan Sterling's attempt to achieve what she considered the proper figure dimensions for a glamour girl caused her to have her nose bobbed. And she makes no secret of the schnoz surgery.

"I weighed one hundred forty pounds, in over-round figures, when I first started acting," Jan told me. "I took stock of myself and decided that something had to be done. So I went on a diet. I finally got down to a good weight for me—one hundred fifteen pounds, only to find that the nose that went so well with a full-cheeked face looked big and out of proportion on a face that was now thin and slightly hollow. So I had it bobbed to proper size. Now I can't afford to put on weight again, or my nose will look ridiculous."

Incidentally, Jan is a girl who believes that every woman should make the most of what she has, and if what she has gets a little bigger than she thinks—look good while they're lasting. Shelley Winters has always had a weight problem, and with only a little help from a mashed potato or two, can add pounds by the minute. "But I don't order mashed potatoes," Shelley protested. "Whenever I eat out, I order the rarest minimum that's on the menu. I eat things like cottage cheese and hard-boiled eggs."

What Shelley fails to add, though, is that she eats exactly as I do. She pays no attention to the food on her own plate, but takes it from other plates around her. She's a confirmed "food snatcher." Before the end of a meal, Shelley will have cleaned up every plate within fork reaching distance, while scarcely touching what's on her own plate. She really makes me feel uncomfortable!"

"But I've finally discovered a foolproof method for losing weight," she bubbled. "I go out and buy dresses that are two sizes too small for me, then diet like mad until they fit."

On the opposite side of the table is Vera-Ellen. Everything she eats turns to thin. No matter how she tries, she can't seem to gain an ounce. Fortunately for her, she has lovely full breasts, and full high-necked, full-sleeved dresses that successfully cover any bones that might look too thin uncovered.

"It's my dancing that does it,"

complained Vera. "I've been in practice every day, and I use up all my food for energy. It's a vicious circle that I can't seem to get out of."

She's out of it now, though only momentarily. Since she married Vic Rothchild, Vera's given up her daily dance practice, but she still uses her energy in playing tennis and swimming. And with each stroke, oops, there goes another ounce. But I believe that in time as Vera gets more relaxed, she'll be able to wear what she eats in nice firm flesh on her quite gorgeous shape.

When it comes to all-time near-perfect figures, Betty Grable's is my choice to head the list. Oddly enough, what's bad for Vera is good for Betty. "I've never had any trouble keeping in shape," Betty told me recently on the set of her 20th Century-Fox picture, "How to Be Very, Very Popular." "Dancing and exercise do it. My measurements haven't changed during the years." Then she added, "I'm thirty-nine, and I'd like to see any girl of twenty-five come up and stand next to me and look better." None of the girls look up her challenge, because the shape that Betty's in should happen to all of us.

For years, June Allyson considered herself too skinny to wear evening gowns that flatter the female figure. She's always been slender, though not sensationally, curved. And her attractiveness to moviegoers has been proven by the fact that June is now the National Association of Movie Star at the box-office. It has only been recently, though, that she's felt brave enough to wear off-the-shoulder, bare-topped dresses, and I think she looks wonderful in them.

"I can never get down where a good curve is the shortest distance to the front page, Kathryn Grayson is a non-conformist, Katie, who has been abundantly blessed by nature with what makes the body look down, but to almost ignore it completely.

At one time Katie told me: "I think I have a better figure than Lana Turner's and yet nobody realizes it." But, when realizing that she wouldn't have a lot of luck anything to be done about it. "I don't want my bosom to be the focal point of interest, she'd tell photographers who were always asking for her to show her down, but to almost ignore it completely."

One of the most fantastic figures in all of Hollywood history still belongs to the original hour-glass girl, Mae West, and she makes every minute of it count. I have it on good authority from a man who dressed her, Mae's lingerie, Angel Park, that she has the figure of a twenty-year-old girl, and believe me, Mae isn't twenty, or even three times twenty. I asked her how she does it, and she said, "I eat two or three times a day with bar-bells." If I can do it, I can too. One-two-three-four, one-two-three-four. (I'm exhausted already!)

Elizabeth Taylor is considered to be the ultimate in natural beauty. She has a figure that matches her face, and you can't do better than that," a male friend of mine exclaimed. "Everything about her is just right. How can you beat that?" I asked. "She never builds up and builds up and builds up."

I admitted I couldn't, but Liz almost did. After she married Mike Wilding and became pregnant, she gained and gained and gained. She put on thirty-five pounds, twenty of which were gained after her baby was born. Under normal conditions, Liz could have gotten back into proper shape within six months, but her studio didn't give her that much time. They gave her a week to rest before the cameras and she decided to use the week. Consequently, Elizabeth had to plunge into steam baths, massage, and corpuscular pills. Finally the fat melted away and her figure came back even more. More."

When Liz had her second baby recently, she didn't have the same problem. She had watched her calories, and it was just a matter of days until she had her figure lines down pat. Even beautiful Liz has to learn the hard way that perfection doesn't come naturally. It needs some help.

Terry Moore and Mitzi Gaynor are two

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feels fit because she dashes down to the beach for her daily dozen pirouettes. The internationally known ballerina was so charming in "The Fredericks," Lana Turner suggested her for "Diane" (Lana's next picture). Taina's husband, who imports glass from Finland, plans to build an all-glass house here when they become American citizens.

Today in Hollywood: William Holden has another new and enthusiastic admirer on his long list. They met backstage when Marlon Brando won an Oscar for that great performance in "On the Waterfront." Bill has deep interest in world conditions, especially in the Far East. So has Marlon, which is why he was fascinated with Bill's intelligent on-the-spot reports . . . Gene Tierney's friends think she's fighting off a nervous breakdown, resulting from her broken romance with Aly Khan . . . And some say Green Gables would be wise to forsake her career, because Buddy Fogelson is growing weary of playing second fiddle . . . But Lana Turner (weighing in at 109 lbs.) is still as sensational as she may kiss the close-ups goodbye and never miss 'em. Those three oil wells in Texas that belong to her and Lex Barker are spouting liquid money and lots of it!

Hollywood's Worried About: Rock Hudson's low spirits. Warners postponed "Giant" just long enough for U-I to insist upon their big boxoffice star giving them a third consecutive picture. There are those who think Rock should have taken a suspension, but he can't forget his studio gambled on him when he was unknown. However, the poor exhausted guy is praying his acting won't suffer when he reports for the biggest challenge of his career.

First Aid: Beautiful and talented, Lori Nelson is. Overconfident and aggressive, she ain't! So her role of the nightclub girl in "Jagged Edge" was quite a challenge. Following an important dramatic scene, lovely Lori was miserable. Shelley Winters wanted to tell her, "I know I should have played it so much better," Lori said discouraged. "Then tell the director you want to try it again," Shelley insisted. "Oh, I tried hard, was the answer. "Oh yes you would!" exploded Shelley. So Lori was forced into it, thanks to you know who, and after the take the entire set applauded!

Funnies: A group of Hollywood stars who pay ninety cents on every dollar to the government, were lamenting the situation. "Here's what really gripes me," cracked Bob Hope. "Why should Rubirosa and I pay the same amusement tax!" . . . And Bob's arch "enemy" broke up the set doing a love scene with Jeanmaire in "Anything Goes." He called the ballerina: "Would they kiss like this in Akron, Ohio?" Bing Crosby deadpanned: "Honey, if you were there—they'd kiss like this is Cucamonga!"

Away We Go: Since "Six Bridges to Cross," George Nader's fan mail leaped to second place at U-I. (Rock Hudson's first.) So a new deal is pending and, before he left for that "Away All Boats" location in the Virgin Islands, the actor had called him into the front office. They plan to give him zee be-eg build-up if he promises to stay single for a few years. George promised! And now wait till his fans see what happened to that handsome head of hair they go for. George wears it butch style for his new role and we can hear those squeals of protest already!

(Continued from page 30)

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Inside Stuff

Reunions: It's all arranged for Jeff Chandler's wife to fly on and be waiting in New York when he returns from shooting "Away All Boats" in the Virgin Islands. To celebrate their reconciliation, Jeff's buying Marge a new wardrobe in the big city that will top any trousseau! . . . And Jean Simmons, who finishes "Guys and Dolls" before Stewart Granger returns from making "Bhownani Junction" in India, won't accept an immediate picture. "Even if I take a suspension," she affirm, I'm determined that Jimmy and I have an uninterrupted time to get acquainted again!"

Helping Hand: You'd better remember the name of Perry Smith! Why? Well, for one reason, because Alan Ladd won't let you forget it! The Ladds saw the Latin-looking young actor in "Battle Cry" and were so impressed with his talent, Alan got Perry into "The McConnell Story." And now his next and best break comes in "Darkest Hour," thanks to Alan again. The Ladds are going to guide Perry's career and with such kindly, qualified sponsors, how can the lucky guy miss?

Col Salutes: Jeff Hunter for his good taste and dignity in refusing to contest the unnecessary charges made by Barbara Russell, who won her divorce and custody of son Christopher. Jeff did get one break, however: Barbara asked for no alimony . . . Ann Blyth for volunteering to assist singing, actor Dick Stewart, who's future for his wife and kiddie depends on that M-G-M test he's making for "Kismet." . . . Pier Angeli for her unwavering faith in the power of prayer. She didn't lose Vic Damone's baby following a fall during a rough plane flight to Palm Springs. And Pier will be well and strong again.

Real-life Saints: Like Jeff Richards and the entire "Bar Sinister" company, Cal is very touched over this untold story of beloved Edmund Gwenn. Unfortunately the kindly old character actor is suffering from recurrent arthritis. So to save him painful operations, M-G-M offered to use a double for his walking shots. "Oh, I couldn't permit that," he gently exclaimed, "people pay to see me and I wouldn't want to cheat them!"

Giffies: When Debbie Reynolds (chaperoned by her mother) accompanied Eddie Fisher to London's Palladium, Eddie gave her an owl, fanned by the "he needed and loved. Lipstick red luggage that matches the Thunderbird the boy friend gave Deb, too . . . And speaking of Thunderbirds, the gear knob on Bob Wagner's is imbued with a Christopher, patron saint of travel. Bob "forgets" the name of the lovely lady who presented it! . . . And Janet Leigh was the first customer to buy Tony Curtis one of those new orange sport shirts from his favorite "Gifts for Men."

Acid Test: By the time they finished "Battle Cry," Tab Hunter and Aldo Ray were virtual buddies. So when Columbia sent Aldo to Japan to make "Sergeant O'Reilly," good ol' Taberoo called Jeff Donnell who's so madly in love with his husband, she was pining away with loneliness. So Bob said, "I'd like to take you out for the evening," said thoughtful Tab. "Please tell me where you would like to go." Mrs. Aldo Ray immediately answered: "To see any movie as long as it's "Battle Cry"!"

Gina Tani with a sly wink: "So I was forced to look at myself again, too, which, under the circumstances, wasn't so difficult!"

The End
From California, to London, to Bedlam

(Continued from page 43) wanting for one minute to miss the plane.

Meanwhile, on the New York to London plane, Paul Brinkman mumbled under his breath as he tried to dress his three youngest children—a feat that can only be accomplished in the lower berth of an airplane if both parties are lying on their backs. But Paul—who had bravely volunteered to bring all four children from California to London by himself—refused to be daunted by a few buttons.

“Daddy,” Michael asked, “where’s Paul?”

“What do you mean?” Paul asked, but-toning the last button on Michael’s sweater and reaching for his comb.

Michael is six years old and casual about most things. “He went to the bath-room last night and he didn’t come back.”

Paul sat up quickly, hitting his head for the third time against the top of the berth. He looked into the aisle of the plane. Two-and-a-half-year-old Jeanne and four-and-a-half-year-old Timothy were sitting in the middle of the aisle rolling marbles at each other. They were a hazard to traffic, but at least they were there.

Paul Brinkman Junior, who is tall for his seven-and-a-half years and quite conspicuous, was nowhere. He was not in the children’s lounge, nor in the galley, not sitting with any of the other passengers. The escape hatches were still bolted. No one could have left the plane, and yet Paul was not in the map room, not up front with the crew, not in the rear with the baggage.

Paul ironically remembered his last words to his wife over the long-distance telephone wires a few nights before. “Don’t worry, darling,” he had said. “One good thing about a plane. The children can’t get out.”

The plane was checked and double-checked. The other passengers looked under their seats and their suitcases. No Paul. And all the berths had been made up except one.

“Maybe he’s in there,” Paul suggested to the stewardess. “Well,” she answered doubtfully, “it’s occupied.”

“I’m going to look,” Paul said and reached for the curtains.

The stewardess stopped him. “It’s occupied by a woman.”

Paul took his hand away. “Maybe you’d better look then,” he said.

The stewardess looked—and found Paul and the original occupant sleeping contentedly at opposite ends of the berth. In the dark, half-asleep, Paul had missed his own berth and crawled into the next one, and neither he nor the woman had been awakened by the search in the aisle outside.

Finally, Paul, too, was dressed, and the five Brinkmans sat restlessly in their seats. In a few minutes, the plane would be landing in London; in a few minutes, Paul thought, he would be seeing Jeanne again. Nothing could happen now.

“Daddy,” Michael said, “I feel awfully sick.”

“Daddy,” Timothy said, “I think I do, too.”

Paul and Jeanne didn’t know it then, but it was an apt beginning for this trip. The necessity for this family honeymoon came about after Jeanne finished “Man Without a Star” at Universal-International. She dyed her red hair black and went to Europe for “Gentlemen Marry Brunettes,” expecting to return home by Thanksgiving. She didn’t, and the shooting dragged on into December. Suddenly she realized that they would not be finished by Christmas. And Christmas without the family was impossible. So on that gray December day she waited at the airport. If she could not go home for Christmas, her family would come to her.

The plane landed and the first thing Michael said was, “This isn’t London.”

“Well, of course it is, darling,” Jeanne said.

“Can’t be,” joined in Timothy. “The people look like us.”

When this slight misconception was straightened out, they drove to their rooms at the Dorchester Hotel. Paul and Jeanne thought it would be nice to have an early dinner and go to bed. They were exhausted. But the children, being normal and healthy, were still living on California time. They could not be convinced that just because it was 8:30 in London, it was time to go to bed. For two weeks they stayed on California time and went to bed at one a.m. And, of course, for two weeks they stayed on California mealtime. According to Big Ben, they had breakfast at eleven, lunch at 4:30, dinner at eleven.

The first night, just before he went to sleep, Paul called to his mother. “We still get bicycles for Christmas,” he asked, “don’t we?”

Jeanne thought of crating, uncrating,

I learned about MY OWN DAUGHTER!

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□ Scarlet Rose red
□ Tropic sunny red
□ Siren darkest red

Miss

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P

Gay

95
transporting and caring for two bicycles on various stages of the journey from London to California and shuddered. But Michael and Paul had been promised bicycles for Christmas. “We’ll see, dear,” she said. “We’ll look in the toy shops tomorrow.”

The toy shoes were crowded with things. “Here’s something,” Paul showed a beautiful—light—erector set to his old son. “You can make three hundred things with it.”

“Nice,” Paul Jr. said. “Where are the bicycles?”

“Look, Michael,” Jeanne said. “Here’s a punching bag.”

“Swell,” Michael said. “But let’s see the bicycles.”

Timothy ran down the store aisle. Three crates full of bicycle parts from the basement of the Dorchester Hotel to their suite. They carried them upstairs. He and Jeanne sat on the floor and assembled the pieces. By three A.M. Christmas morning they had two beautiful English bikes, a tricycle for Timothy and a sidecar that fitted for the two of them.

Paul Brinkman kissed his wife. “Merry Christmas,” he said—and stumbled against the handlebar of Michael’s bike. “Honey,” he said, “are we crazy?”

They had decided it is a nice sort of amiable insanity—the kind that made them take four children to Europe without a nurse or maid, that made them buy antiques and put together with the thought of how they would get them home, that allowed them to entrap recklessly for the United States with eleven trunks, eight suitcases, twenty-two crates and four children.

During the weeks in London, Anglo-American relations proceeded quite well. Of course, Timothy and Michael wondered why the English spoke French.

Paul Brinkman said, “It’s English.”

“You can’t fool me,” Michael said.

The Brinkmans spent most of their days in Hyde Park, the beautiful flat, green park that is seven-eighths long and that luckily for Paul—is just across the boulevard from the Dorchester. Luckily, because part of his job as a father was the daily call on the bicycles, the sidecar and sidecar over to the park and back.

The park had lakes with white swans that go fat on the remains of children’s breakfasts and teas. Soon the Brinkmans began strolling through the parks to get the feel of the swans. All expect Jeanne. She stuffed the bits of egg and rolls and squashy jam cakes into her pockets all right, but she forgot what she was supposed to do. On one of the days she wore the same sweater for three days, all the animals in London followed her home.

The evenings, at least, were for Paul and Jeanne. They walked through Hyde Park, under the trees and Ben sound the voice of the wind blowing against their faces, danced in small clubs and, often, just stood for a moment on the streets around them—the streets that had in their past so much of history.

It was, as Jeanne had said, almost like a honeymoon—except for the few problems that cropped up, notably the custom of calling people in the room, feeling the warmth of the fire on her e-ek.

“Ten more days in London,” Paul said. “And maybe we weren’t so crazy after all. We haven’t lost any children.”

He paused, and Jeanne nodded sleepily. “They haven’t gotten sick.”

Jeanne nodded again.

“I . . . and their noise hasn’t even gotten us evicted from the hotel.

The doctor was called and said it was probably mild tonsillitis aggravated by the London weather. Timothy would be all right in a day or two, he said. Then Timothy was put back to bed. Paul and Jeanne left the next morning. Through their blanket of sleep came sounds of laughter from the boys’ room.

“What’s wrong?” Paul asked sleepily. “Are they playing?” Jeanne said, “It’s not nice?” She pulled the blanket over her ears.

Fifteen minutes later, Michael came into the bedroom and jumped thoughtfully up on the bed.

“Morning,” he said. “Gee, Timmy looks funny.”

Timmy’s parents bounded like deer from the room. Fifteen minutes later, it was obvious to them that Timmy had the mumps. The other boys were quickly shuffled off to other rooms.

“Not,” Paul said, with resignation, “that it’s the end of the world.”

Day by day the time of leaving came closer. Timothy recovered and still the other children felt fine. Jeanne and Paul had to think of the others. The children breaking out with the mumps in the train to Southampton. They had nightmares about the inspectors examining the children and then quarantining the whole family. Paul thought of the child.

“Don’t,” they told the children, “say that Timmy’s had the mumps. It’s in our papers. We just don’t want to remind the inspectors.”

The packing of eleven trunks, eight suitcases, two bicycles, one tricycle with sidecar, an antique dresser, copper for fifty antique lamps and a few assorted odds and ends did not help their nightmare.

Paul hammered his thumb for the third time and put it in his mouth to ease the pain. “You must be crazy,” he mumbled, “asleep already? It’s four o’clock in the morning.”

“Me?” Jeanne tried to repair the fingernail she had torn on Michael’s bicycle seat. “Me? Who said there’d be nothing to do?”

“Any sane man—” Paul began.

“Any sane man,” Jeanne said, “would have kept his child from playing with someone who had the mumps.”

“Any sane man,” Paul continued, “there’s no one in the whole city who’s got the mumps except Timothy. He must have caught them out of nowhere.”

There was silence for a moment.

“And how do you explain it?” asked Paul, “are we stupid to have room for fifty copper lamps in our house?”

“I’ll find room,” she said defiantly.

Then she thought about the house with copper lamps suspended from the ceilings and lights leaping out of the floors and copper lamps strategically sunk in the swimming pool, and she started to laugh.

Paul looked at her angrily for another minute, and then he started to laugh, too. They sat on the floor of their Dorchester apartment surrounded by half-closed packing cases and pieces of straw and laughed until the laughter was too painful for these two sane adults to stand.

Paul reached for her hand. “We don’t even have enough sense,” he said, choking on his own laughter, “to fly back. No, we’re going to take a five-day boat trip so that . . .”

She said the words together, “. . . so that Michael and Timothy can see the whales.”

Jeanne was helpless against the laughter. “You had to take them to see ‘Pinocchio.”’

“How was I to know they’d fall in love with a whale? And anyway, you were the one to say we’d seen whales when we came to Chicago.”

“You had to buy them bicycles.”

“You had to buy enough antiques to fill eight packing cases.”

“And you had to decide to drive the rest of the way back from Chicago.”

“Why was that?” Paul asked firmly.

“Because I wanted a new car. Thank you, darling,” and in the same breath, “I’m—”

“What for?” Paul was serious for a moment. “The people who aren’t crazy miss an awful lot.” He held out his arms to his wife.

She rested her head against his shoulder. “We are idiots,” she said thoughtfully.

“But happy?” Paul asked.

“Happy,” she said, as the staid old Dorchester浪潮ed a little at the sound of laughter before settling back to normal.

Eventually the packing cases were all nailed and the trunks packed and the suitcases closed, and as they crossed the Dorchester lobby. Attached to Jeanne’s left hand was Jeanine, dressed completely in red; attached to Jeanne’s right hand was Michael, dressed in green. The Paul Brinkman Jr. in blue and Timothy in yellow.

“It was the only way,” Jeanne has said, “that we were able to put the right cap on our lost childhood.”

Strung out behind like a native safari in darkest Africa were a group of porters. They got aboard the boat train all right. The real troubles began at Southampton. The tender which was to carry them from shore out to their ship, the Liberté, was broad, and it lacked rails. It was flat and ugly, and it looked like a disreputable ferry boat in Calcutta. One of the lowest pails in the ship looked at the stormy Atlantic and held tighter to the two children.

A voice approached out of the fog. “We just had to see you off. Have a good trip.”

The porters stopped. He gave a large smile. His bulky basket of fruit descend on her. She let go of Michael and Jeanine just long enough to tuck the basket under her left hip and smiled weakly at their friends. Then she crossed her fingers and hoped for the best.

The best, however, was not to come. The last minute gifts placed at the shrine of the departing warriors included two large corsages (one of which Jeanne pinned to her coat, the other of which perched limply on her hat); six novels (“to read on the trip; you’ll be frightfully bored, I’m sure”); a box of chocolate (“which at least kept the children interested in something besides the Atlantic for a few minutes”); and a large bunch of flowers for their stateroom. Jeanne thought they were just the icing on the delicious Liberté in much the same fashion a traveler lost in the Sahara thinks of water.

Timothy wandered over. “Daddy’s talking to the men,” he said, pointing out the customs officer.

“Fine,” said Jeanne absently, pulling Jeanine down from the packing case she had started to climb.

“Where’s Paul?” Michael asked in the tone of voice someone else is getting privileges unfairly denied to himself.
“Looking over the edge,” Timothy said, seating himself on a packing case. Jeanné caught her eldest son before he plunged into the Atlantic and brought him back to their home by way from home on deck.

“I was looking for whales,” he said.

Paul and the customs inspectors came over to examine the cases and Michael decided to get friendly. “We’re going home,” he said to the nearest uniform. “We’ve been in London. Lots of things happened. We went to the circus, and Tommy caught...”


His heart did not quite stop at the thought of losing his chance of caramels.

Then the crisis was over. The inspectors departed, and the tender rolled mournfully out of the bay.

The five-day trip to America on the Libéralité was disturbed only by the necessity for firing up a customs report on the eleven trunks, eight suitcases and twenty-two packing cases. All antiquities, duty-free, but they still were to lose them. Jeanne and Paul were afraid they would miss some Georgian agate or pewter mug in their list and be accused of smuggling. And when the time came, they were unable to buy. But that wasn’t over the antiques. It was over bicycles.

“Hrm,” the inspector said suspiciously.

“English bicycles. Why did you go over to England to buy bicycles?”

Jeanne assured him that they hadn’t—as he thought—gone to England for the express purpose of buying bicycles.

“Why’d you buy them then?” he asked patriotically.

“Christmas,” she said, keeping both eyes on Michael who was trying to pick the lock on someone’s trunk.

“American bikes aren’t good enough for Christmas?”

“No. Yes. But we were in Eng...” she pulled Timothy away from a shipment of Asian snakes. Paul did a better job of explaining, and in the end, they were allowed to go.

And for once they were lucky. The boat docked on time. Two hours after landing, they were aboard the train to Chicago: the train was on time. The trunks and packing cases rolled safely to California via the Southern Pacific. Only the six Brinkmans and eight suitcases were foolish enough to leave the train. Paul picked up Jeanne and white Oldsmobile in Chicago and they started the three-day drive west.

As if to impress them, the weather was doing something to the most peculiar things it had done in fifty years. After a blizzard in Chicago a blizzard (“Ain’t never seen a blizzard this late in the year,” a filling station attendant said with awe) welcomed them to the midwest.

“Snow,” Paul Jr. said. “Real snow.”

“Snow,” Michael shouted, putting his hand out the window to catch some.

“Icy, it’s all wet,” Timothy said, wiping his snow off the face.

Jeanne began to cry.

The blizzard was followed by a spring flood. Paul turned on his windshield wipers and struggled desperately to see the road.

“It’s rain,” Paul Jr. said.

“Raining hard rain,” Michael offered, opening his window.

“The rain hit Jeanine in the face and she started to cry.

The rain was followed by washed out bridges, a rockslide, three detours and a roadblock. Finally, an hour late and fifty miles out, they limped up to a motel for the night.

The next day dawned cool and clear. “Thank God,” Paul said, looking at the sunlight shining on the highway. “No trouble today.”

He was slightly mistaken. Around noon, Paul Jr. complained of a sore throat, Jeanine began to cry and Michael said his head ached. By three o’clock it was obvious that three more children had the mumps.

“Everything’s happened on this trip except a sandstorm,” Paul said to Jeanine as he stopped for orange juice for his feverish children.

He hadn’t learned—even yet—to be silent about his good fortune. There was a large desert between him and California and while driving through the middle of it there occurred a genuine sandstorm.

The children were over most of their fever by that time, and they sat, happy and swollen-cheeked, in the near seat.

“Great,” Michael said. “Look at that dust.”

“That’s not dust, dopey,” Paul said. “That’s sand. Isn’t it, Daddy?”

Timothy merely sat and sang contentedly to himself, “You’ve got the mumps. You’ve got the mumps.”

But all things—even the wrath of the gods—must come to an end and, at approximately 11:45 p.m., that evening, the Brinkmans drove up the winding road to their canyon home. All of them—even Jeanine—stood quietly for a moment, leaning at the six-inch rockslide.

“Hey, Mommy, we’re home,” Michael said, and there was a note of awe in his voice. And Jeanne knew exactly what he meant.

After the children were put to bed, Jeanne and Paul raidied their own kitchen. Jeanne’s mother had stocked the house with eggs and bread and milk, so they made hot chocolate and an omelet. They were pretty excited, and sang—completely which the Southern Pacific had left in the middle of the floor, and took their food out to the porch, to sit and look at the city dropping away beneath them, lighting up the bottom of the hill.

For a while they sat quietly, listening to the crickets and the rustle of leaves.

“Well, it’s over,” Paul said. “We’re home. We’ll sleep in our own room, and no one will wake us with a cup of tea. Are you glad?”

“Yeah,” she said. “I never want to see another lower berth or another stateroom or another trunk—not for a while anyway.”

They walked among the packing cases in their living room.

“Just a job left,” he said. “Tomorrow we’ll have to open these.”

“Tomorrow?” Jeanne asked hesitantly.

“Well, I’m not going to open them tonight. And besides, I thought you never wanted to another—”

“Just one,” Jeanne said. “The captain’s table and the fireplace seat. To see if they really fit here—at home.”

“All right,” he said. “Just one.”

The clock struck one, and the Brinkmans sat in the middle of their own beds and began to open packing cases. The hammer slipped and hit Paul’s thumb. He looked at his finger thoughtfully for a minute and then smiled.

“It’s going to be home,” he said, bending over and kissing his wife. “Welcome home, THE END

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Demure Dynamo

By Toni Noel

From the day Lori Nelson was born Dixie Kay Nelson, in Santa Fe, New Mexico, on August 15, 1933, destiny has pointed toward eventual stardom. At the age of two and a half, she made her public debut dancing in a local stage show; when her family moved to Hollywood, she was four then, the lovely little girl continued to attract attention. At seven she won the coveted role of Cassandra in Warners’ “King’s Row” but, stricken with rheumatic fever on the eve of shooting, she was forced to bow out reluctantly and for the next four years remained bedded, an almost complete invalid.

When she was well enough to return to her school studies, Lori felt strong enough to take part in small, modest school productions. She was on her way again and, by the time she was signed to her first contract by U-I on her seventeenth birthday, no trace of ill health remained.

Today, Lori is the healthiest young beauty in Hollywood, an expert on roller skates, horseback or in a pool. She can and does jitterbug with the best of them, is an Annie Oakley with a pistol and sees every movie she can squeeze into her busy life. Her mother says she’s always been a tomboy, but can change on moments’ notice to an elegant lady of utmost refinement. She has the appetite of a young horse and can eat anything without putting on an extra ounce. Although she hasn’t a steady beau at present, Tab Hunter stands the best chance of getting a date when he calls.

Her career is the thing for Lori that is all important (she’s in “The Jagged Edge”), but she wouldn’t turn a cold shoulder to a pleasant distraction like romance. It adds appreciably to the well-rounded life, she believes. “I’d hate to try to count the crushes I’ve had.”

“And I’d hate to guess at the number she’ll have before she really falls in love,” says her mother. “There’ll be dozens—and every one fatal!”
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Gentle Ex-Lax Helps
Your Child Toward
His Normal Regularity

(Continued from page 37)
odd middle name that one is, E-wing!”

“Even though I have a bit of respect from you for the
fine old Welsh name,” grinned Dick. “And
for your information it is pronounced You-
ing, not E-wing.”

“E-wing,” mused the bride-to-be.
“Sounds like e-gad, meaning zounds, or
e-lude, meaning baffle. Must have some
significance, see.”

Check off an elapse of four years and the Powells
are found enjoying a fourth honey-
moon at Sun Valley where both are on the
ski slopes from sunup until sundown.
Skiing for a blissful month they went and June, for each other and the fun of
sliding the slopes, riding in sleighs, dipping
into the glass-enclosed pool, and dancing
at night.

Back at the film foundries they
were able to console themselves with staring
at the snow-covered San Bernardino Moun-
tains glistening above Los Angeles until
the end of a three-foot fall of snow. The
Idaho, whereupon they hooked to Sun
Valley for a third stanza of skiing in the
same winter.

"You know, named E-wing,” explained
June to the name’s owner, “because you
like the sensation of flying somewhere, on
a sailboat, on a plane, or on a pair of skis.”

"Right,” admitted E-wing. "We’ll have
to make this trip at least once each win-
ter.

Seems that he was going as into a frosted
crystal ball at the time because not until
the pre-spirit of the sixth story of the last
were the Powells able to find time for the
trip to Idaho. Even then, plans had to be
made very carefully.

June, they calculated, would have completed
"the Air Command," "The Shrike" and "The McConnell Story" by the
time Dick had finished "The Conqueror" for RKO. Miraculously, both
would be released during the midst of the ski
season; even as some people hearken to the
sound of meadow larks returning to the
California countryside, the Powells could hear the sing and waxed bedsheets over the
white of Idaho.

They made their plans excitedly. The passage of six eventful years had made it
necessary for Dick to have his ski pants
left out of consideration. June had made
it necessary for June to have hers
taken in. They also bought new equip-
ment.

In addition to the elemental equipment for
the sport of slings, June set about packing
such trappings as stockin caps, dark
glasses, belts, long-handled lingerie,
wool socks, fleece-lined after-ski shoes,
and various changes of underwear.

Because Dick is a shutterbug, June also
packed "equipment enough to have filmed
a Miss America contest," and all the para-
phermda necessary for painting the Great
American Picture, Sun Valley. During some
months Dick has been trying to in-
terest June in a hobby so engrossing that
she will devote her hours to it with
the result that they have made only one
film, at most two, per year.

So into the luggage went a palette, the
chromatic scale of color tubes, a set of
pastel crayons, a brush, representing the
major colors of a herd of camels and other
motifs of Van Gogh’s biography, "Lust for Life"
(Aperture.)

June also took along a few afternoon
dresses, in the event of a number or two in
this most roccoco of resorts, joy
reigned well refined. Dick let out a cry of
anguish when he realized that the heap in
the entry hall was not a new grand piano
in its crate but merely luggage to be loaded
into their drawing room on the train.

Twenty-four hours later, shins bruised
from running into rutted paths and fingers
broken from moving six boxes to get
the one needed, the Powells checked
in the Sun Valley Lodge, had dinner followed
by a pair of hot showers and tumble
into bed by ten o’clock in the morning," was
June’s last words.

Wednesday morning dawned bright ar-
clear. Scanning the scene from the win-
down, Dick could almost hear the sno-
melt. "We’d better get breakfast and go
onto the slopes right away," he said. "Gol-
skiing isn’t going to last long at this rate

June said that of course she couldn’t ski
without her husband and so dressed the
same as him. Apparently it’s a compulsion
of some kind.

So, after breakfast, Dick made his way
through the lobby, carefully avoiding skis
or skates, in casts and in sling and assaulted the slopes. Sky blue, a
bright, snow dazzling—and treacherous.
There had been enough mutterings during
each day for nearly a week, followed I
even. But there was a fair chance that the
patch of ice in random pattern all over the hill
Ice is a hazard of skiing just as kelp is a
hazard of coastal swimming and the ad-
ler, too. Dick decided he was a man to
learn to use evasive tactics in coping with
such things: sometimes adding to the
t zest of the sport.

Over the luncheon table, Dick asked
little about how she was coming along with
her unpacking.

She assured him a glassy stare con-
bined with a question: "How long will
we be here, honey?"

"It isn’t that bad, is it?" parried Dick.
"I guess not," sighed his wife. "We didn’t
bring along a 1956 calendar."

Dick spent most of the afternoon out
on the slopes. The hotel ruddy checked and replete with the joy of living.

He found June slightly less bur-
ning with high spirits. She had unpacked
all her clothes. She filled the closets with her wardrobe as camera equipment. She had crammed
to the waters with her soul—when—own
known and used in order to be fit to be
in. Her ingenuity had been taxed to the
line and her nerves were frazzled. "Guess
have to turn this afternoon—back with a
glint in her eye. "There’s no room here for me at
my shadow, say nothing of a few pieces of
luggage and their contents."

Dick laughed. "It’s always a funny jo
and the telephone. Secured
spontaneous change of reservations at t
the height of the Sun Valley season is a
roughly equivalent to persuading Rus
persuasion over a department store and
drawing—on Friday morning.

June began to return various articles
male wearing apparel to suitcases to faci-
tate the Friday transfer.

He said, "You can start your vac-
ation tomorrow," said his husband.

Giving him a sidelong glance and a
tight-lipped smile of one in possession
of a poisson secret, June inquired if he
had forgotten their promise to allot one day
a team of photographers who were be-


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DADDY LONG-LEGS—20th. Directed by Jean Negulesco: Jertsa Pendleton, Fred Astaire, Julie, Leslie Caron; Linda, Terry Moore; Miss Printchak, Thelma Ritter; Griggs, Frank Clark, Sally, Charlotte Austin; Alexander William, Larry Keating; Gertrude, Kathryn Crosby; Kitty Gove, Jimmy McBride, Kelly Brown; Ray Anthony (and his Orchestra), Themselves; Pat, Sara Shane; Jean, Numa Lapeyre; Madame Suzanne; Ann Cocks; Emile, Steven Geray; Professor, Percival Vivian; Giselle, Joseph Kears; Butler, Larry Kent; Hotel Manager, Charles Anthony Hughes; Mr. Bronson, Ralph Dunke; Larry Hamilton, Danton O'Flynn; Mrs. Carrington, Kathryn Cardi; Belthop, Tim Johnson; Cab Driver, Harry Seymour; Axl, Hotel Manager, olan Sonle; College Dean, Helen Van Tuyll; Deliveryman, J. Anthony Hughes; Chauffeur, George Dunn.


AGAINST THE HOUSE—Columbia. Directed by Phil Karlson: Al McRae, Guy Madison; Kay Greyk, Kim Novak; Bricks, Brian Keith; Roy, Aly Moore; Eric Berg, William Conrad; Ronne, Kerwin Matthews; Francis Speigelhuber, Jack Diamond; Virginia, Jean Willes.

LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Vidor: Ruth Etting, Doris Day; Martin Snyder, James Cagney; Johnny Alderman, Cameron Mitchell; Bernard F. Lonhore, Robert Keith; Froebel, Tom Tully.

MOONFLEET—M-G-M. Directed by Fritz Lang: Jeremy Fox, Stewart Granger; Laura Ashleywood, George Sanders; Lady Ashwood, Joan Greenwood; Mrs. Weston, Viveca Lindfors; Felie Retay, Melville Cooper; Elvihem Block, Sean McClory; Parson Glumtree, Alan Naper; Magistrate Maxweel, John Hoyt; Grace, Donn Corcoran; Damen, Jack Elam; Hull, Dan Seymour; Tawkebury, Ian Wolfe; Major Knishman, Lesta Matthews; Jacob, Skelton Knaggs; Sturridge, Richard Hale; Greening, John Alderson; Tomasa, Ashley Cowan; Coachman, Frank Ferguson; Capt. Stanhope, Booth Colman.

PRIZE OF GOLD, A—Columbia. Directed by Mark Robson: Joe Lawrence, Richard Widmark, Maria, Mai Zetterling; Brian, Nigel Patrick; Reyer, George Cole; Alfe Stratton, Donald Wolfit; Uncle Dan, Joseph Tomely; Conrad, Andrew Ray; Dr. Zachman, Karei Stepanek; Tex, Robert Ayres; Hans Fischel, Eric Pohlmman; Marie, Olive Sloane; Major Brachen, Alan Gifford; British Major, Ivan Craig; Benny, Harry Towb; Pole, Leslie Lindler, Lisa, Monika Kossman; Girl on Plane, Edelweiss Malbin; Canal Foreman, Eric Dunski; German Landlady, Nelly Arno; Police-Detective, Arnold Bell; British Officer, John Witty; GI's, Joel Rordan, Marvin Kane.

STRANGE LADY IN TOWN—Warners Directed by Mervyn LeRoy: Julia, Greer Garson, O'Brien, Dana Andrews; David, Cameron Mitchell; Sports, Lois Smith; Father Gabriel, Walter Hampden; Martinez, Gonzales Gonzales; Sarah, Joan Camden; Tomasto, Anthony Nunzena; Bartolo, Joe Torry, Bella Brown, Adele Jergens; Karg, Bob Wilcox; Hatto, Frank de Kova; Shadduck, Russell Johnson; Scallon, Gregory Walcott; Wickstrum, Douglas Kennedy; Gen. Lew Wallace, Ralph Moody; Billy the Kid, Nick Adams; Reebstock, Jack Williams; Dance Specialty, The Triams.

STRAIGHT AIR COMMAND—Paramount. Directed by Anthony Mann: Lt. Col. Robert "Dutch" Holland, James Stewart; Sally Holland, June Allyson; Gen. Ennis C. Herberg, Frank Lovejoy; Lt. Col. Rocky Soundford, Barry Sullivan; The Knooland, Alex Nicol; Gen. Espy, Bruce Bennett; Doyle, Kay C. Flippen; Gen. Castle, James Millican; Rev. Thorne, James Bell; Mrs. Thorne, Rosemary De Camp; Aircraft Commander, Richard Shannon; Capt. Symington, John R. McKee; Sgt. Bible, Henry Morgan; Major Patrol Commander, Don Haggerty; Radio Operator, Glenn Denning; Colonel, Anthony Warder; Airman, Struther Martin; Nurse, Helen Brown; Forecaster, Wm. Hudson; Capt. Brown, David Vaile; Capt. Johnson, Vernon Rich; Deputy Officer, Harlan Warder; Air Force Captain, Robert House Peters, Jr.; Lt. Commander, Henry Richard Lupino; Controller, William August Pullen; Tech Sgt., Stephen E. Wyman.

THIS ISLAND EARTH—U-I. Directed by Joseph Newman: Exeter, Jeff Morrow; Rudi Adams, Faith Domergue; Cal Meacham, Rex Reason; Bruck, Lance Fuller; Steve Carlson, Russell Johnson, Joe Wilson, Robert Nichols; Adolf Engelberg, Karl Lundt; Monitor, Douglas Spencer; Mutant, Regis Parrot.

VIOLENT SATURDAY—20th. Directed by Richard Fleischer: Shelley Martin, Victor Mature; Boyd Fairchild, Richard Egan; Harper, Stephen McNally; Linda, Virginia Leith; Harry Reeves, Tommy Noonan; Dill, Lee Marvin; Emily, Margaret Hayes; Chapman, J. Carroll Naish; Elsa, Sylvia Sidney; Elston, Ernest Borgnine; Helen, Dorothy Patrick; Steve Martin, Billy Chapin; Gli Clayton, Brad Dexter; Mr. Fairchild, Raymond Greenleaf; Bobby, Donald Gamble; Georgie, Rickey Murphy; Stan, Robert Adler; But, Harry Carter, Mrs. Stodd, Ann Morrison; David Stodd, Kevin Corcoran; Anna Stodd, Donna Corcoran; Mary Stodd, Noreen Corcoran.
physical—his big broad shoulders, the way he walks and talks or combs his hair—you be looking at a guy. You’re mesmerized.

While physical attraction is essential to love, you will find that there are many more traits that are equally important. When you’re merely infatuated, physical attraction is the focus of your interest.

“Which brings me to an important point.

In order to love, you must know yourself. Sometimes you can be in love with love. Good companionship with a guy you idolize (along with a dozen other girls) is an accomplishment, a build-up for your ego. But if you look closely at your affections, you often will find that you’re searching for a solution to a personal problem. You may be unhappy at home, undecided about a career or feel unwanted and unloved—even bored. Such ailments lead not to love but to infatuation.

“If you look up the word infatuate in the dictionary, you’ll find that it means ‘to make foolish, to affect with folly...’ to deprive of sound judgment to inspire with...travagant passion.’

Under love, you’ll see: ‘a feeling of strong personal attachment induced by...sym pathetic understanding.’

“Time is the big difference between the two—the infatuation test. I have known some love—at-first-sight marriages that have turned out happily, but these are rare. Love at first sight usually happens, psychologists say, because you identify your loved one with a dream image. He may be a little like your favorite movie star or remind you of a hero uncle. Then, bang! Without any more thought, you’re won over by a glance or a first look.

“Psychologists say that marriage counselors insist there are thousands of persons you could fall in love with and be happy. (Words of wisdom if you’re toting a torch.) The only problem, they explain, is that there may not be a choice in your circle of friends. But don’t let the absence of other men in your life show you into marriage. For marriage means the merging of two separate identities, the building together of a future, the developing of both individuals.

“Before saying any rash, ‘I do’s,’ you’d better each ask yourself: What are my goals, my interests? What do I want to be like? What do I want to do with my life? These are difficult questions to answer, but before you can determine whether you’re in love for keeps, you’ll have to work through. If you find you don’t agree, you may be happier staying single.

“But suppose, you say, we do. Then what? The next step is getting to know his family, his friends. And what you’ll need is time. Time to discover his habits and faults, his quirks and quibals.

“For instance, suppose he is never punctual, never arrives when he’s expected, and yet is your problem? Or he bothers you or perhaps he lacks a personal fastidiousness that may not annoy his friends but drives you to distraction. Or he may be critical of your mother or have patience with your younger sister, which inwardly makes you cry. He may be smart-alecky, lean toward telling a lie instead of the truth when he’s late for a date or have no interest in your favorite charity work. You’re making a mistake if you say, ‘Oh, well, I guess we can straighten these things out later—they’re not really important.’ For they are! Just as it is important that you be honest with him. Straighten things out first.

“Tony, my husband, loves sports, all sports. I wasn’t even a good spectator. I had never possessed any interest in sports to the other boys I dated previously to Tony. But as time went on, and Tony and I went out together more often, I realized that sports were an important pleasure to him. I began to want to understand enough about them to be a good companion. And I did learn to enjoy football and really enjoy them today. On the other hand, the theatre and ballet had been, and still are, my greatest pleasure. To Tony, they used to represent a big evening. He shares my enthusiasm for both of them as I share his for sports. We both grew a little, developed new interests by our desire to please. If you have a sincere desire to please your guy—and not just a passing desire, either—you can chalk up one more point for love.

“Another important question to ask yourself is: ‘Can we really talk things through?’ Feelings, worries, gripes, misunderstandings, problems and desires need an outlet, otherwise they boil inside and explode into permanent damage.

“’Tony’ is another question girls often ask, without realizing that this is one question that should never be necessary to ask. Throughout our courtship, there was never a problem in my mind that Tony loved me. He told me often. This is very important, because if a man isn’t capable of making you feel loved before marriage he won’t give you this security afterwards.

“One of the surest tests you can make to judge his capacity for giving you the kind of love that insures a good and lasting marriage is to find out what his relations are with his family—with his father, his mother and his brothers and sisters. For a man ends up treating his wife just the same way he treats his mother.

“If he makes a great demand on his mother, he would demand of you. If he’s lacking in respect for her, chances are he’ll treat you the same. And if he displays little affection for his family, you can expect he’ll show you little. If he’s domineering with his sisters or brothers, refuses to give and take, this may be a danger signal for you. In short, observe his role in his family; you’ll have a pointer as to what your own family future will be like.

“Tony has a sister and some nieces and nephews, and his devotion to them impressed me during the course of our courtship. And the children’s father was in the service, Tony spent time with them each week. Never once, no matter how busy, did Tony insist on doing the tasks he promised, ‘On Tuesday, we’ll go to the zoo. I’ll pick you up at three,’ he was on the spot on the dot. Now that we’re married and have children of our own, he takes a hand in planning excursions and treats.

“It may seem like a little thing, but it’s important for, after all, children gain faith from the little things.

“To sum up my feelings,” Donna stopped for a moment to collect her thoughts, “I think that if you’ve known your guy for a year or more and you still feel that you like him, respect him, trust and enjoy him, then your enchantment is real. And I’d say your possibilities for living happily ever after, together, are pretty secure.”

Because Terry learned from experience that a rose garden and postcard of a tropical flower in moonlight from Hawaii can “affect with folly,” she’s in agreement with Donna that it’s wise to take time to make sure it’s love.

But Terry does have reservations. “Because,” she explains, “I think when love is real, you don’t feel you have to weigh it.

“I believe there are many different kinds of love, many different degrees and levels. But the one, great overwhelming love comes only once. Because love is rare, it is so important not to compromise. The trouble is (and it’s trouble we bring on ourselves) we do compromise. We overlook little faults or differences instead of holding out for the real thing. And when we compromise, it’s difficult to recognize the real love.

“The way you can tell you’re compromising, I think, is when you feel you are making a mistake or are nagged by misgivings and then, to your astonishment, you’ve heard girls say when they were practically at the altar, ‘I think it will work out.’

‘Think! If you can say things like this, or even think them, I wouldn’t call it love you feel.

“Also I think love should be happy. When a girl is unhappy in love, there’s something in her relationship that is not the kind of love, unhappiness and inner disturbance, you’re not in love.

“Some people bring out the good in you some bring out the bad. Love should bring out the good, it should change you for the better. If you find you’re a nice person because of him, it’s love. But if you feel within yourself that you’re not as interesting or as enthusiastic or as nice as you are before you began thing—what you have isn’t love.

“One of thing I’m sure. Love can inspire—it should inspire you to do better things, to work harder, to be more sincere. Where does love come from? Why does it give you a lift on an added confidence, it’s constructive. Whereas infatuation saps your energy undermines your health and ambition.

“I think you can both, too,” Terry explained. “You can both, but you must look at one angle, but very searching question: ’How do I feel?’ If the answer is, ‘Happy, good, a better person than I was before,’ then you need question it further. When love is real, it gives you a lift on an added confidence, it’s constructive Whereas infatuation saps your energy undermines your health and ambition.

“Still wondering what this thing calls love? Let’s leave it at—something pretty wonderful.

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Cover: Color Portfolio of Elizabeth Taylor by Apple. Liz stirs next in MGM’s “Mary Anne” and Warners’ “Giant.” Pellegrin and given by Juel Park. Other picture credits on page 18

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Caught in the Cobweb of Human Emotions!

This is an unusual picture. It goes where no story has ever gone before—down the twisting corridors of its characters' desires, behind the doors where psychiatrists share the secrets of their patients—and sometimes are victims of the same strange loves and hates!

Presented by M-G-M in CINEMASCOPE and in COLOR!

Richard Widmark • Lauren Bacall • Boyer • Grahame • Gish

The Doctor learned secrets
The Nurse was love-starved
The Director liked women
The neglected Wife found trouble
Despot of the Mansion

And introducing John Kerr and Susan Strasberg with Oscar Levant • Tommy Rettig

Screen Play by John Paxton • Additional dialogue by William Gibson • From the Novel by William Gibson

Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR • Directed by Vincenzo Minnelli • Produced by John Houseman • An M-G-M Picture
How Fess Parker and sweetie Marcie Reinhart have been playing hide-and-seek with the professional gossipers and the grapevine that theirs may be the first wedding ceremony at Disneyland after the first novelty of that kids' fairytale wears off . . . With Marcie dolled up like a squaw . . . Whether pretty Lorri Thomas will be able to lure John Bromfield to the hitching post . . . And the same for Josanne Mariani and Marlone Brando, with the French fisherman's daughter seemingly settled down in Hollywood for the duration . . . About the special air-conditioning unit built into the new Clark Gable mansion in Palm Springs with speculation rife that this will be a honeymoon cottage for Clark and Kay Spreckels come next season at the desert Spa . . . The way Rock Hudson keeps draining diamonds on Phyllis Gates, even though he hasn't fitted one to her third finger, left hand.

. . . About the springtime budding of what may be James Dean's first serious romance—with Marilyn Monroe, who only smiles wisely now when anyone mentions the floundering about of her ex, Johnnie Ray, whose press agents find him a new sweetheart for each new singing engagement in foreign parts. . . And the biggest publicity bubble of them all, the purported love-at-first-sight flare-up between Grace Kelly and Jean Pierre Aumont at Cannes and in Paris, a total phony according to Grace's chums . . . That it looks somewhat serious between Sterling Hayden and Bunny Cooper, who's Ben's pretty sister. But no more than somewhat . . . The skyrocketing of Jack Palance, who parlayed a not-so-pretty mug from his coal miner's wage of $35 a week to $150,000 per picture, plus percentages.

While Lori Nelson seems to be playing the field, friends of hers and Tab Hunter await anxiously to see if they will name a Date or wait until their careers jell a bit more solidly . . . Linda Christian's last word to pals in Hollywood before taking off for Mexico, that she'd joyfully toss out of the window the cool million settled on her by Tyrone Power if she could only persuade him to come back to her. Meanwhile Edmund Purdom seems to have fallen heir not only to the richly gadgeted British Bentley, a $12,000 gift from Ty to Linda, but also to the use of the Power mansion whenever he listeth . . . About how Frankie Sinatra and his newest flame Robin Raymond appear to have Reached an Understanding . . . And the possibility of a fall wedding for Piper Laurie and David Schine, who's settling down to operate his father's Los Angeles Ambassador right after his Army release in late August . . . Jack Webb's flat assertion that Peggy Lee will be a top-running Oscar candidate for her portrayal of the femme lush in "Pete Kelly's Blues," . . . A fast-approaching altar march for Leigh Snowden and Dick Contino.

About how Sheree North, whose agents now have lofted her figure for each televiision appearance at $5,000, still lugs her dainties to a laundromat and does them herself . . . George Nader's sponsoring a Hollywood career for Linda Francis, a singer whom he met while on location at the Virgin Islands making "Away All Boats." This one has the earmarks . . . The courage of Bob Mitchum in filing suit against that muckraking publication and Hollywood's fond hope that its people may no longer be lambs led to slaughter.
THE HILARIOUS STORY OF THREE CAPTIVATING CONVICTS!

They've got bad names to live up to... but they can't keep their good deeds down!

HUMPHREY BOGART

ALDO RAY

PETER USTINOV

in

WE'RE NO ANGELS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

JOAN BENVETT • RATHBONE • CARROLL

Produced by PAT DUGGAN • Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ • Screenplay by RANALD MACDOUGALL

Based on a play by Albert Husson • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
9 OUT OF 10 NURSES SUGGEST DOUCHING WITH ZONITE FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Greater Assurance Can a Bride-to-be or Married Woman Have

Women who value true married happiness and physical charm know how essential a cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods.

Douching has become such a part of the modern way of life an additional survey showed that of the married women who replied:
83.3% douche after monthly periods, 86.5% at other times.

So many women are benefiting by this sanitary practice—why deny yourself? What greater “peace of mind” can a woman have than to know ZONITE is so highly regarded among nurses for the douche?

ZONITE’S Many Advantages

Scientific tests proved no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerfully effective yet safe to body tissues as ZONITE. It’s positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away odor-causing deposits. It completely deodorizes. Leaves you with a sense of well-being and confidence. Inexpensive. Costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.

If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

TURN OF A CAREER

By BEVERLY OTT

I had just finished a practice session on the bar when one of my studio friends came by. I was hot and tired and my hands were blistered, “You’re a real living wreck,” he grinned. “Why in the world do you work so hard?” “It’s a long story,” I said. And it is. It began one day at the turn of a career. Mine. But to best explain it, perhaps I’d better begin with the events which led up to that day.

It’s always been my theory that if you’re going to do something, you might as well do it wholeheartedly and try to do it well. There’s no holding back. When I was in high school, I wanted to be a gun teacher. I was working toward that goal. Then along came the Miss Burbank contest. I worked up a routine, pantomiming my way through a Betty Hutton record. I had a ball. And lo and behold, I almost fell over—I Won.

I also won a contract at Warners. At first my folks were kind of skeptical about the idea of my entering show business.

I figured it would be a lark while it lasted—and surely it couldn’t last long. Meanwhile, I’d have some fun and earn some money. As it turned out, Warners did drop my option. And my age took me over to M-G-M to audition for a specialty number in “Three Little Words.” M-G-M offered me a seven-year contract.

The turn of my career came the day I sat down, all by myself, and thought over. Did I really want to be a movie star? Did I want to be a star badly enough to work hard for my stardom? Up to this point, things had gone so easily for me. I’d just breezed through. But watching other stars piling everything they had into the work, learning the requirements of obtaining stardom and holding onto what I knew I’d have to work as I’d never worked before.

At this point, I gave a lot of thought to my previous ambition. If I decided to become a teacher, I would have forgotten movies completely. I knew what going ahead with my picture career would mean from then on: long hours of hard work, practice sessions until I was ready to drop, endless rehearsals, lessons, and more lessons.

I made my decision that day. I never regretted it. And I’ve never worked so hard in my life as since. But I love every minute of it.
Warner Bros. take pride in presenting the mightiest motion picture-making in entertainment history

Howard Hawks' Land of the Pharaohs

The story of the barbarous love that left Egypt's Great Pyramid as its Landmark!

CINemascope

WarnerColor and Stereophonic Sound

Starring
Jack Hawkins - Joan Collins
Dewey Martin - Alexis Minotis

Written by William Faulkner
Harry Kurnitz - Harold Jack Bloom

Produced and directed by Howard Hawks

Music composed and conducted by Academy Award Winner Dimitri Tiomkin

Who went to the Land of the Nile and captured it in haunting melody

Filmed in Egypt with a cast of thousands by the largest location crew ever sent abroad from Hollywood!

Her treachery stained every stone of the Pyramid!
I have seen Glenn Ford’s magnificent portrayal, in “Blackboard Jungle,” of the school teacher plagued by vocational-school hoodlums and felt there must be a carry-over into Glenn’s personal life—that it couldn’t all be play-acting.

Glenn Ford is a very modest person. It was like pulling a tooth to get the story. But I finally wrung an admission from him that his acting of the beleaguered teacher was a heartfelt sort of thing, as I had guessed, that reached into his own private life. His admission, plus his work as writer and director of his wife’s inspirational TV show, “The Faith of Our Children,” gave me the lead I needed.

Ellie Powell and Glenn Ford, in their own quiet way, have been doing something about the juvenile delinquency problem every Sunday at 1:30 p.m., over television station KRCA in Los Angeles. Ellie, who has taught Sunday school at the Presbyterian Church in Beverly Hills for the past seven years, is also the Sunday-school teacher on the show. Glenn writes the show during the week, between his acting chores at M-G-M, and it’s rehearsed on Saturday, with Glenn directing. Then, after church every Sunday, Ellie goes on the air with “Faith of Our Children.” It has turned into such a good show, with such a high local rating that it may go out over the entire NBC-TV network this coming fall.

“We try not to make it preachy,” Glenn says, “because we’ve found that nobody—and especially a child—likes to be preached at.”

Scene of the show is a typical Sunday school, with Ellie as teacher. The cast includes children of every denomination. The Ford’s son, Peter, sits in with the other children—without any billing. The main theme is brotherly love. There is, as Glenn stresses, no preaching. This is usually accomplished by bringing in top sports figures as guest stars: Henry Armstrong, the great Negro boxer who holds crowns in three different weight divisions; Bob Richards, the pole vault champ; Los Angeles Rams football star, “Deacon Dan” Towler, the great fullback; and Jack Dempsey. Many movie stars have appeared as guests.

“We try to bring out the fact that all men are brothers and that all are in the image and likeness of God,” Glenn says. “We deplore racial discrimination, as did ‘Blackboard Jungle.’ We try to put the fact religion is not for sissies, that to be seen coming out of Sunday school is not a sign of weakness but a sign of strength.

“It’s inspiring to hear men like Armstrong, Richards, Towler and the rest, tell how important religion is to them and to see how impressed some of the little boys are when their big ‘heroes’ talk to them.”

“When Bob Richards guested on the show, he told me how he prays during the last few inches of every pole vault he makes. He says, ‘Every time I vault I pray to God to please let me make it, and my prayer is strongest during the last four inches.’

“We try to make the show appeal to adult viewers, too,” Glenn said.

That they appeal to adults is indicated by the 300 letters a week from Los Angeles viewers and that’s a lot of mail for a loc show. These letters are mostly from parents. They don’t ask for anything; they write in to thank the Fords for the show. Louis B. Mayer, Ellie’s old boss at M-G-M, who hired her because he considered her the world’s greatest tap-dance doll, is one of her regular Sunday viewers.

In addition to the TV show, Ellie a Glenn make live appearances at church and around Los Angeles whenever the busy schedules permit. After they get the TV show in high gear this fall, they think it means on a national network, they plan visiting the children’s hospitals and conducting their show from the bedside.

For the ten months the show has been on the air it has been unsponsored. Gle has been paying all the expenses out of their own pocket. And I asked Glenn Ford if they were doing anything about delinquent...
NEW! For today's softer hair styles—gives that picture-pretty look!

NEW! No ammonia odor!

NEW! Exclusive hair styles in every kit!

In hairdos, today's look is the soft look, and Procter & Gamble's wonderful new pin-curl home permanent is especially designed to give it to you. A PIN-IT wave is soft and lovely as a pin-curl set, never tight and kinky. PIN-IT is so wonderfully different. You can tell the minute you open the bottle. It contains absolutely no ammonia. It's easy on your hair, too, so you can use it more often. And PIN-IT is far easier to use. Just put your hair up in pin curls and apply PIN-IT'S Waving Lotion. Later, rinse and let dry. With self-neutralizing PIN-IT, no resetting is needed. You get a permanent and a set in one step. For a wave that looks soft and lovely from the very first day and lasts weeks and weeks—try PIN-IT!
"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"

"Countless Conover Students have proved this wholesome beauty care!

"The Conover School teaches ambitious girls how to improve their personal appearance for top careers in every field," says Candy Jones. "Since an eye-catching complexion is a 'must', I urge our students to use gentle Cashmere Bouquet Soap. I know from years of experience that any kind of skin—dry, normal or oily—thrive on this wholesome beauty care. The 'beauty-wash' method we teach at Conover's can produce the same exciting results for you that it does for Conover Career girls. Twice a day cream Cashmere Bouquet's fluffy, fragrant lather over your face with your fingertips. Rinse and pat dry. Then see how quickly this regular care brings you that fresh, glowing Conover-Girl Complexion!"

Getting your picture taken? Make the most of your Cashmere Bouquet complexion by using medium—never dark—lipstick, slightly darker powder than normal, and moderate eye make-up.

PS

Beauty Director of New York's Noted Conover School

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Red" on your local TV station.*
FRESH FACES:

SUSAN STRASBERG

Glowing youth, sensitive talent, solid theatrical background — Susan Strasberg and John Kerr begin their film careers with all three. These are the youngsters who touch your heart in M-G-M's "The Cobweb," scoring strong personal hits even against such high-powered acting competition. Daughter of stage director Lee Strasberg, Susan took her first acting role at fourteen, later charmed TV audiences as Shakespeare's fourteen-year-old heroine in "Romeo and Juliet." The petite and delicate-featured Susan has another important part in Columbia's "Picnic."

Also a native New Yorker, John is the son of two players famous in yesterday's theatre, June Walker and the late Geoffrey Kerr. Unlike Susan, who fell in love with show business as a child, John took his time deciding on his future. But once he got under way, he moved fast. He went from Harvard to Broadway, hit the top in his second play, "Tea and Sympathy," with Deborah Kerr (no relation). Though John's only in his mid-twenties, he's a devoted husband and father. In May, he and the former Priscilla Smith staged a first-birthday celebration for twin daughters Jocelyn and Rebecca. But teammate Susan's fancy-free—Hollywood young set, take note!

JOHN KERR

When invited to a formal tea, should you —

- Be punctual
- Go formal
- Talk about people

Sooner or later comes the bid to your first formal tea. Must you dress formally? Stay the full two hours? What should you say to the V.I.P.s you meet? Answers: Wear your best daytime outfit. Arrive and leave when you like. As for the Very Important People: a word from you about their interests and your what-to-say worries are phffft! No problems! That goes for calendar worries, as well—with Kotex* to keep you comfortable. For Kotex gives softness that holds its shape. Doesn't chafe! Made to stay soft!

Do you think the lady in the limelight is —

- Devastating
- Obnoxious
- Dramatics coach

Her captive audience—they've had it! But Cora the Cube "must" act out the merest trivia she tells. Overworked gestures mar your word power, your poise. Practice describing a spiral, a dance step, a circle without demonstration. Poise on "those" days, too, is a matter of being self-confident. So, you choose Kotex—assured no revealing outlines show, thanks to flat pressed ends.

Which gives your sports outfit a new "ladylike" look?

- Bermuda shorts
- Bermuda skirt
- Ruffles

If you like shorts, but find they de-flatter your figure—the Bermuda walking skirt is for you. It's the feminine, flattering version of Bermuda shorts—but newer, smarter! On certain days, why not be smart about getting the right-for-you size of Kotex? Try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super; each gives the complete absorbency you need. See which suits you exactly.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Have you tried new Delsey? It's the 2-ply toilet tissue with Kleenex* softness. Only Delsey is clean-cut to tear evenly. It ends waste — saves money — because it can't shred like ordinary toilet tissues. And Delsey* comes in your favorite toilet colors: pink, yellow, blue and green, as well as white. Be thrifty — buy quality — buy Delsey.
BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 24.

☆☆☆☆☆ EXCELLENT  ☆☆☆☆☆ VERY GOOD ☆☆☆☆☆ GOOD ☆☆☆☆☆ FAIR ☆☆☆☆☆ A—ADULTS  ☆☆☆☆☆ F—FAMILY

☆☆☆☆☆ ANNAPOLIS STORY, AN—A.A., Technicolor: Interesting picture of the Naval Academy, with a climax in Korea. Brothers John Derek and Kevin McCarthy, midshipmen, then jet pilots, quarrel over Diana Lynn. (F) June


☆☆☆☆☆ CELL 2455, DEATH ROW—Columbia: Coolly detached, fact-based story of a youthful criminal, William Campbell's fine as the delinquent who becomes an incorrigible. (A) June

☆☆☆☆☆ CHIEF CRAZY HORSE—U—1; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Victor Mature's the great Sioux warrior, Susan Ball, his wife. The story's substance and Dakota's weirdly beautiful Black Hills counterbalance routine handling. (F) April

☆☆☆☆☆ DADDY LONG LEGS—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Magical musical romance. Millionaire Fred Astaire's the unknown benefactor who puts French orphan Leslie Caron through college in the U. S. (F) July

☆☆☆☆☆ EAST OF EDEN—Warners: CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Brilliant drama, charged with emotion, Moody, youthful James Dean hangers for the love of his father (Raymond Massey), cavets his brother's sweetheart (Jill Harris). (A) May

☆☆☆☆☆ END OF THE AFFAIR, THE—Columbia: Thoughtful movie set in wartime London. Deborah Kerr's illicit, unhappy romance with Van Johnson leads her to examine her beliefs. (A) June

☆☆☆☆☆ ETERNAL SEA, THE—Republic: Simply told saga of real-life heroine, Admiral Sterling Hayden, crippled in World War II, demands active duty. Alexis Smith is his wife. (F) July

☆☆☆☆☆ 5 AGAINST THE HOUSE—Columbia: In a tense but implausible story, three college students plot a gambling-house holdup, drawing Guy Madison, Kim Novak into the scheme. (F) July

☆☆☆☆☆ GLASS SLIPPER, THE—M—G—M, Eastman Color: Charming musical version of the Cinderella story, with Leslie Caron as the slavey, Michael Wilding as her prince. (F) May

☆☆☆☆☆ JUMP INTO HELL—Warners: Well-intended but not too forceful tribute to Dienbienphu's defenders. Jack Sernas, Kurt Kasznar are Frenchmen fighting in Indochina. (F) June

☆☆☆☆☆ LIFE IN THE BALANCE, A—20th: Distinctive suspense movie, filmed in Mexico. Ricardo Montalban, unemployed musician, fights a murder charge, romances Anne Bancroft. (F) May

☆☆☆☆☆ LOOTERS, THE—U—1: After a mountain plane crash, survivors and rescuers (including Rory Calhoun, Julie Adams) brawl over cash in the cargo. Not always believable. (F) June

☆☆☆☆☆ LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME—M—G—M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Unusual music drama casts Doris Day as Ruth Eting, singer of the Twenties. James Cagney's first-rate as a rakeetee who backs her, wants her love. Cameron Mitchell also loves her. (A) July

☆☆☆☆☆ MAN CALLED PETER, A—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Affecting inspirations drama. Richard Todd is magnificent as a Scot. born minister who attains fame in the U. S. Jean Peters is sympathetic as his wife. (F) June

☆☆☆☆☆ MAN WITHOUT A STAR—U—1; Technicolor: Lusty Western. Drifter Kirk Douglas a protege William Campbell get embroiled in racket or Jeanne Crain's battle to rule the range. (F) May

☆☆☆☆☆ MARTY—U.—A.: Wonderfully warm, funny and sympathetic big-city love story, A loneom bachelor (Ernest Borgnine) and a drab school teacher (Betsy Blair) find each other—but family problems come up. (F) May

☆☆☆☆☆ MOONFLEET—M—G—M; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Richly colorful adventure yarn of 18th century England. Little Jon Whiteley adopt gentleman smuggler Stewart Granger as a guardian. With Viveca Lindfors. (F) June

☆☆☆☆☆ PRIZE OF GOLD, A—Columbia, Technicolor: Vague suspense film, shot in Germany, GI Richard Widmark, for Mai Zetterling's sake, tries to steal a shipment of gold bullion. (F) July

☆☆☆☆☆ PRODIGAL, THE—M—G—M; CinemaScope Eastman Color: Spectacular melodrama of ancient times. As the Prodigal Son, Edmund Purdom for sakes sweetheart Andrey Dalton, is led to rapin pagan priestess Luna Turner. (A) July


☆☆☆☆☆ RUN FOR COVER—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Engaging horse opera abo the results of a near-lynching. James Cagney's old hand; John Derek, a bitter youngster. (F) May

☆☆☆☆☆ SEVEN ANGRY MEN—A.A.: Powerful idel unimaginatively presented, Raymond Massey plus John Brown, trying to end slavery by force, who the aid of son Jeffrey Hunter. (F) June

☆☆☆☆☆ STRANGE LADY IN TOWN—Warner CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Nice offbeat We rian. Rival doctors Greer Garson and Dana Andrews compete vigorously in a frontier town, the finish face danger together. (F) June

☆☆☆☆☆ STRATEGY COMMAND—Pa mount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Imposing p ture of our air defenses, with Jimmy Stewart as pilot, June Allyson as the waiting wife. (F) June

☆☆☆☆☆ THIS ISLAND EARTH—U—1, Technicol o Visually exciting science-fiction. Jeff Morrow lea loltish-browed aliens who draft Earth scientists into planetary war. (F) June

☆☆☆☆☆ TIGHT SPOT—Columbia: Nest, big crime film. Attorney Edward G. Robinson, det ective Brian Keith try to persuade Ginger Rogers testify against a vengeful gang boss. (F) June

☆☆☆☆☆ TO PARIS WITH LOVE—Rank, Tech color: Airy farce with lovely locales, Dinig A Alec Guinness and son Vernon Gray try to arra Paris romances for each other. (A) June

☆☆☆☆☆ VIOLENT SATURDAY—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Taut thriller, A well planned bank robbery affects modern citizens, including Victor Mature. (A) June

So can you! You can learn to bring a new sparkle to your personality, just as the famous Powers Models have. Yes, the secrets of romance and beauty, taught to the Powers Models, are now offered to you on an exclusive doubleface RCA record by the world's leading beauty authority, John Robert Powers. Listen and have lovely, lustrous hair...achieve the most attractive hair styling. You cannot buy this record anywhere, but Gayla can send it to you.

Remember, Gayla HOLD-BOB is theobby pin preferred by the Powers Models...and by millions of women everywhere. Gayla's many patented features enable them to open easier, glide into the hair more smoothly, hold more securely, retain their springiness and holding power longer.

It costs no more to get the best...so insist on Gayla HOLD-BOBobby pins...and send for YOUR record today.

offered only by Gayla

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GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED 1918 Prairie Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois P-8

Yes, I want the record telling Beauty Secrets of the famous Powers Models. Here's the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOBobby pin card or a Gayla Hair Net envelope plus 25c (for handling).

Name
City
State

USE EXCITING GAYLAMIST SPRAY HAIR NET FOR THE PROFESSIONAL LOOK. IT'S NEW!
And who would blame her? After all, is there anything worse than to be stuck with a man who has halitosis (unpleasant breath)? So, this joker is already on the way out... and he had dreamed of this date for weeks.

How dumb can you be? How dare anyone assume that his breath is always okay? Halitosis comes and goes... absent one day, present the next. You may be guilty without realizing it. And even your best friend won't tell you. Men are all-too-common offenders.

Why risk bad breath needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is such a quick, delightful, and efficient precaution against it?

No tooth paste kills odor germs like this... instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills germs... by millions... and germ reduction is the answer to sweeter breath.

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the fermentation, produced by germs, of proteins which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

Listerine clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills them by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic, in recent clinical tests, averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the tooth pastes it was tested against?

With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning... every night... before every date, make it a habit to always gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.
CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?
$35.00 IS YOURS
for selling only 50 boxes of our 300 Christmas card line.
This can be done in a single day.
Free samples. Other leading boxes on approval.
Mail coupon below today.

It costs you nothing to try.

Last year some folks made $250-$500-$1,000 and more this very way.
Church groups and organizations can do this, too, No experience necessary.

ADVENTURES OF SATIE, THE—20th. Directed by Noel Langley; Sadie Patch, Joan Collins; Jimmy Carroll, George Color; Mortimer Cobb, Roberton Harre; Pat Plunkett, Kenneth More; Mr. Patch, Felix Felton; Mrs. Patch, Hattie Jacques; Spinney, Hermione Gingold.

AINT MISBEHAVIN'—U. Directed by Edward Burruss; Kenneth Post, Rory Calhoun; Sarah Hatfield, Parris Laurie; Hal North, Jack Carson; Jackie Vaut, Barton Pierangs, Reginald Gardiner; Pat Beaton, Barbara Britton; Millie, Dan Crazay; Randall, Harris Brown.

CHICAGO SYNDICATE—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears; Barry Amsterdam, Dennis O'Keefe; Nilly Curtis, Keenan Wynn; Eddie Foy, Jr.; Frank Cady, Paul Langton; Jack Oakie, Rollie Totheroh; Charles Kemper, Robert E. Lottman; John Marley; Jack Langer; George Brandl; Brad Lachen; Mark Adams; Susan Strasberg; Pat Winter, Hugo Sanders.

CONVER, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Viacinti Minnelli; Dr. Stewart Melvile, Richard Widmark; Meg Fashioner Richeart, Lauren Bacall; Dr. Douglas R. Devan; Charles Brier; Karen McVeigh, Gloria Gravame; Patricia Juch, Lillian Gish; Steven W. Judd, Robert Walker; John Hendry, Susan Strasburg; Mr. Cap, Oscar Levant; Mar, Tommy Rettig; Dr. Otto Wolf, Paul Stewart; Lois L. Demuth, James Cagney; Christina; Miss Cohn; John Breck, Susan Sarandon; Miss Stebbi; Rosanna, Sandra Divers; Abe Irvine, Larry Keating, Jack Albertson; Edna Devoine, Fay Wray; Curly, Oliver Blake; Mrs. O'Bryan, Oliver Curtis; Shirley, Eve McVeagh; Sally, Virginia Christine; Mr. Alphonse, Paul Muni; Mrs. Jenkins, Ruth Clifford; Miss Gauvey, Myra Marx; Jett, James J. Westfield, Sadie; Marjorie Bennett; Mr. Wiete, Stuart Holmes.

DAVY CROCKETT—Disney. Directed by Norman Foster; Davy Crockett, Fess Parker; George Russel, Buddy Ebsen; Andrew Jackson, Basil Ruudweld; Tom Mapother, George Bancroft; Noah Nell, William Bakwell; Col, Jim Beene, Kenneth Tobey; Chief Red Stick, Pat Hogan; Polly Crockett, Helene Stanley; Bustedheads, Billie Bracken, John W технологии; Miss Megowan, Bigfoot Mason, Mike Mazurki; Chuck Two, Tom Skor; Jeff Thompson; Swacey, Henry Joynes; Henderson, Benjamin Hornbuckle; Opponent Polititical, Hal Stannafond; 1st Congressman, Jim Maddux; 2nd Congressman, Robert Booth, Billy; Eugene Brindel; Johnny, Ray Whittemore; Bruno, Col. Campbell Brown.

EY HORIZONS, THE—Paramount. Directed by Randolph Mate; Merriweather Lewis, Fred MacMurray; Hamilton Luske, on Ike Germoni, Wilted Jackson; Julia Hance, Barbara Hale; Sergeant Gass, William Bendix; Miss Benton, Hubbell; Simon Hume, John Pullen; Chief Hagedorn, Myron Heidennson; Benjamin Hornbuckle; Opponent Polititical, Hal Stannafond; 1st Congressman, Jim Maddux; 2nd Congressman, Robert Booth, Billy; Eugene Brindel; Johnny, Ray Whittemore; Bruno, Col. Campbell Brown.

FOXY—U-I. Directed by Joseph Pevney; Andy, Jerome Moross; Peter Bond; Rosalind Russell; Lawrence, Fredric Inescort; Jim Maitland, Barton MacLane; Ivan, Richard Carle; Stanley, Charles Wynter; Old Harry, Ted C. Williams; Sam, Arthurs; Mr. Money; Mr. Hance, Helen Hume; Miss Benton, Hubbell; Simon Hume, John Pullen; Chief Hagedorn, Myron Heidennson; Benjamin Hornbuckle; Opponent Polititical, Hal Stannafond; 1st Congressman, Jim Maddux; 2nd Congressman, Robert Booth, Billy; Eugene Brindel; Johnny, Ray Whittemore; Bruno, Col. Campbell Brown.

LADY AND THE TRAMP—Disney. Directed by Clyde Geronimi, Clyde Germoni; Voices: Darling, Peg, Si and Am, Peggy Lee; Lady, Barbara Lloyd; Tramp, Larry Roberts; Jock, Eduaro Norieg; I'llot Eagle, Larry Pennel; Old Crow, Artemis Brunetti, Crow Woman, Julia Montoya, Mutt and Jeff, Hubbell; Simon Hume, John Pullen; Chief Hagedorn, Myron Heidennson; Benjamin Hornbuckle; Opponent Polititical, Hal Stannafond; 1st Congressman, Jim Maddux; 2nd Congressman, Robert Booth, Billy; Eugene Brindel; Johnny, Ray Whittemore; Bruno, Col. Campbell Brown.

MAGNIFICENT MATAHARI, THE—20th. Directed by Bud Boettcher; Karen Alber; Helen O'Hara; Luis Sante, Anthony Quinn; Rafael Reyes, Ramon Novarro; Bob Garring, Robert Mitchum; Termine, Tanna; Rashid, Mark Russell, Richard Denning; Mona Wilson, Lola Albright; Judy Wilson, William Brooks Ching; Mataro, Xavier, John Sebastian, Lenne Chao, Wimbledon, Anthony Caruso.

NOT AS A STRANGER—U.A. Directed by Stanley Kramer. Kristina Hedqvist, Oliva de Havil-land; Lucas March, Robert Mitchum; Alfred Boone, Frank Cady, Paul Langton; Jack Oakie, Rollie Totheroh; Charles Kemper, Robert E. Lottman; John Marley; Jack Langer; George Brandl; Brad Lachen; Mark Adams; Susan Strasberg; Pat Winter, Hugo Sanders.

PURPLE MASK, THE—U-I. Directed by Bruce Humberstone; Rene, Tony Curtis; Laurence, Colleen Miller; Biski, Daniel O'Helly; Lavrene, Gene Barry; Jo, Valentine, Angela Lansbury; Cadence, George Oelen; Fanche, John Hoyt; Constance, Myrna Loy; Eva De Lauro, Paul Cavanagh; Irene, Allison Hayes; Yvonne, Betty Jane Howarth; Malcolm, Donald Randolph; De Marianne, Gene Darcy, Napoleon, Robert Carharttone.

SEA CHASE, THE—Warner. Directed by John Farrow; Terry, Donna Reed, Billie Elliot; John Linda Turner; Commander Nagler, David Farrar; Kiernan, Lyle Bettger; Cadet Winters, Tab Hunter; Schlemmer, James Arness, Cadet Wolfe, Sheree, Richard Davolos; Chief Schmidt, John Qualen; Max Henk, Paul Fix, Yolanda Gampp, Kate, Luis Van Rooten; Wentz, Alan Hale; Hepke, Wilton Grad; Buchman, Peter Whitney, Vanya, Claude Akin; Bob's, John DuCasse; Bronson, Alan Lee.

SEVEN LITTLE FOYS, THE—Paramount. Directed by Melville Shavelson; Eddie Foy, Bob Hope; Madeleine Morano, Milly Vitalis; Barney Green, George Tobias; Clara, Amanda Clarke, Judge; Herbert Hayes; Stage Manager, Richard Shinny; Benny, Billy, Cy Fine, Charlie, Lee Kibrick; Richard, Myron Heidennson; French, Paul Depelt, Mary Fox, Lydia Reed; Little Madelein Foy, Linda Bennett, Eddie, Jr., Jimmy Bard, Irene, Tommy Duran, George M. Cohen, James Cagney.

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE—20th. Directed by Edward Dmytryk; Hank Lee, Clark Gable; Jane Hoyt, Susan Hayward; Inspector Mercurewright, Michael Rennie, Lunts Host, Gene Barry; Leith, Ray; Abe, Alan Alda; Skelton, Robert J. Steadman, Hal Gifford; Po-Lin, Richard Lou, Dali, Lou, Soy, Sung, Yang Fat, Taffy, Taffy, Ava, Jack Kruschen, Rocha, Met Wells, Major Lepp, Jack Raine; Crane, George Wallace; Australian Airman, Alex Finlay; Louis, Noel Yet, Chinese Crier, Beal Wong; Father Xavier, Robert Burton; Frank Stewart, Robert Quarby; Hotel Desk Clerk, Charles Davis; Goldie, Victor Sen Yung, Maxine, Frances Fong, Billy Lee, Danny Chang.

SVENGALI—M-G-M. Directed by Noel Langley; Tilly, Hildegard Neff; Svengali, Donald Wolfe; Bells, Terry, Donald Wolfit; Taffy, Paul Rogers; Geko, David Koffoss; Dumit, Howard, O. Berke, Olga; Taffy, Taffy; Cat, Lindsey Carrel, Alfiss Bass; Barzel, Harry Secombe; Police Inspector, Peter Illing; Mrs. Bagol, Joan Haythorne; Durante, Lou, Mr. Hance, Helen Hume; Miss Benton, Hubbell; Simon Hume, John Pullen; Chief Hagedorn, Myron Heidennson; Benjamin Hornbuckle; Opponent Polititical, Hal Stannafond; 1st Congressman, Jim Maddux; 2nd Congressman, Robert Booth, Billy; Eugene Brindel; Johnny, Ray Whittemore; Bruno, Col. Campbell Brown.

SUMMERTIME—U.A. Directed by David Lean; Jane Hewson, Katharine Hepburn; Renato Di Rosa, Rosanna, Brazzi, Simona Florio, Tuller; Eddie Jaeger, Darren McGavin; Phil Jaeger, Mar Ahl, Mr. McEachen, Jane Gaze; Mr. McEherey, MacDonald Farhe, Mr. Gatoaio Aueroed, Mr. Andre Morel, Pilo, Jerry Spencer, Guesan, Guvena, Virginia Simeon.
SOAP BOX:

We're two teenagers who finally got to see "On the Waterfront." To say this picture was terrific would be doing it an injustice. Marlon Brando and his sensational acting left such a strong impression on us that we just had to write a poem about him. You see, we sort of thrive on writing poems—that is, whenever we're in the mood—and Marlon sure put us in the mood. Please read our little poem, we think it describes that terrific man to a "T."

There may be many imitators
But really no originators.
Six feet tall, minus two
Eyes are gray with specks of blue.

He laughs, he cries, smiles and screams
But whatever he does, his public beams.
As Napoleon, Zapata, or even a bum
He's terrific, colossal, as great as they come.

The Oscar he won has brought him fame
And on everyone's lips you'll hear his name.
He's the answer to the teenage call
We'll take him, broken nose and all.
For we, the fans, think he's just grand.
From the pick of the tops, Marlon's our brand.

CAROLE BROWNE
SPHIE CONSTANTINE
Toronto, Canada

After reading Photoplay's article on Maggie McNamara in the April issue, I now have a high-felt admiration for Maggie. She has great talent and certainly knows how to apply herself. And even though she supposedly hates to be referred to as "cute," no word fits her better. Those five candid shots of her reveal her ebullient personality!

PHOTOPLAY does such fine jobs on its features that I would like to read one on Mr. Dan Dailey. I enjoyed Dan in "No Business Like Show Business." Just watching him dance with his natural grace and litheness makes one want to go into dancing. It had that effect on me. I am learning to tap dance and love it! It's wonder-

ful when a star has such strong appeal fire ambition in others, don't you think.

I cannot understand why Eleanor Parke does not get better parts in Hollywood. She is an unusually talented and beautiful actress. I think it's completely wrong to give her parts which are so insignificant that it's impossible to do anything about them. I still remember her in "Cage," which was an interesting and highly dramatic film. She did a magnificent job.

I have just seen the movie "A Man Called Peter" and I think that both Jo and and Richard Todd should be commended for their fine performances.

And I think we should thank Mrs. Pe for making this movie possible.

Honesty! I just wonder if anyone in Hollywood or New York ever recognizes the acting ability of Richard Todd. It's "A Man Called Peter" and I think that rat I know that I have never seen an at

portray the role he played with such enthusiasm and complete sincerity.

Richard Todd deserves every honor Hollywood or any place in the world came out of that movie feeling so wonderful and overjoyed that I believe every will love it and Mr. Todd.

CAROL CLEMPLER
Raleigh, North Carolina

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WET IT!
Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
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CASUAL is the word for it... soft, carefree waves and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable, perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer, natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!

takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!
$1.50 PLUS TAX
I have just seen James Dean in "East of Eden," and I think he is the most exciting and talented performer to come along in years. He has a decidedly different and magnetic personality.

His performance was so terrific that I stayed to see three showings of the picture and then came back again a few days later. He made Cal so believable, it is hard to imagine that he is just a movie character and not real. If he doesn't win an Oscar, there just isn't any justice.

I am looking forward to his next picture which I understand is "Rebel Without a Cause."

ELEANOR NICHOLS
Buffalo, New York

I recently saw "East of Eden." Never have I enjoyed a movie more. James Dean was marvelous. For a newcomer, he certainly knows how to act. He was a natural. He deserves a great deal of credit for his fine portrayal of Cal. In fact, he deserves the Oscar for the best actor of 1955.

Mr. Dean has a quality all his own, and therefore, he shouldn't be called another Brando. His technique is great. He has more enthusiasm than any other actor in Hollywood. What else can I say about this terrific new star?

JO CALM
North Andover, Mass.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts has finally redeemed itself with a special and disgracefully belated award to Greta Garbo. Indeed, the repeated failure of the Academy to recognize this great actress during the period of her activity, for many of us filmgoers, vitiated any validity the awards might have.

A recent reseeing of "Camille" has convinced me anew that Garbo gave to films

burn as Gudadya Ruffyd; Tab Hunter a Captain Pudens; James Mason as Caradoc Ursula Thiess as Lirah and Race Gentry as Llyn Ruffyd.

This would be an excellent picture, especially with James Mason.

MARLOVE EDENFIELD
Nashville, Tennessee

One of my very favorite novels has always been "Earth and High Heaven" by G. Graham. I think it would make a wonderful movie, starring Grace Kelly as Erica Drake and Gregory Peck as Marc Reiner.

MARGUERITE GARRITY
Los Angeles, California

Having just read "Silas Marner," I would like to see it made into a movie, with Spencer Tracy as Silas Marner; Richard Burton as Godfrey Cass; Olivia de Havilland as Nancy Tammeter; Rock Hudson as Aaron Winthrop; Piper Laurie as Eph Marner; Zachary Scott as Dunstan Cass; Jan Sterling as Molly Farrow; and Walt Brennan as Mr. Cass.

BARBARA MURRAY
Waycross, Georgia

I have just finished reading "The Chair" by Paul Wellman. It was published in 1948, and I can't imagine why such a wonderful book has never been made into a movie. It will be great!

I think either Rock Hudson or Montgomery Clift should be cast as Father Cilie; Jean Simmons as Gilda Westcott; or either Charlton Heston or Marlon Brando as Murray Clifton.

CAROL ANN McCLELLAN
Middlesboro, Kentucky

I have just read "Behold the Queen!" and Gladys Malvern and think it would be wonderful as a movie, with Jeff Richards as King Ahasuerus and lovely Pier Angeli as Esther.

CAROL RIFFA
Hopkian, Washington

The novel "A Candle Against the Sun" would really be great as a movie. Here are the stars I would like to see play the lead roles: Ann Blyth as Anna; Gregory Peck as Anthony; Walter Pidgeon as Henri John Ericson as Jefferson; Richard Widmark as Neil; Sterling Hayden as Father Severi; Stewart Granger as Eric and Jane Russ as Manuela.

CAIL BOUGE
New Iberia, Louisiana

CONTINUED...
Wonderful New Super-Lather* Shampoo!

OUT-SHINES OTHER SHAMPOOS, SHOWS HAIR'S HIDDEN BEAUTY

“Lanolin-Lively” Foam... Oceans Of It...Leaves Hair Gleaming, Obedient, Lovely!

Only the genius of Helene Curtis could produce such an amazing shampoo as Lanolin Lotion... a shampoo that brings such glimmering, shimmering radiance to your hair!

The secret lies in the lanolin-rich lather of Lanolin Lotion Shampoo. You’ve never seen such oceans of rich, velvety suds... suds which are actually twice as rich in lanolin!

And what this does to your hair is amazing to see! Suddenly any hair—even problem hair that’s had its beauty oils dried or bleached away—captures new beauty, new polish, and a new manageability that makes your waves ripple into place.

Try Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo for a revelation in hair beauty!

**Proof It Out-Lathers Other Brands**

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Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo out-lathers four other brands given the Cylinder-Foam test.

Highlights Are “Love-Lights”! Poise, charm—and romance—belong to the woman whose hair shimmers with dancing highlights. And how can you have this sparkle on every date? By using amazing new double-rich Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo! Try it and see!

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7394—Three little doilies in one pattern. These crocheted dainties are useful, easy to make. Fast, easy-to-follow crochet directions are included.

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7158—Easiest stitches (mainly quick cross-stitch and outline) make the prettiest designs ever. Transfer of embroidery motifs: twelve ballet dancers, 5 1/4 to 7 3/4 inches tall; 32 flowers 1 to 3 inches.

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MAKE RHONDA FLEMING'S FASHION FAVORITE—

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The perennial jumper, long a favorite for its versatility, promises renewed popularity this fall. Worn with a variety of blouses, it takes on an ever-new look. Alone, and bare, it's perfect for evening. Flattering square-neckline jumper, above, has a billowing skirt made with sew-easy inverted pleats. The 40" year-round shadow plaid cotton is wool-inspired, has an iridescent look in subtle colors. Tailored blouse is in a glistening black cotton serge. Both by Herbert Meyer at most stores. Washable and crease-proof at about $3 a yd. Advance Pattern No. 6914, 12-18, 50¢. Size 14, 7 yards for both.

WINNERS OF
WIN A
HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY

The following are the winners of the "Win a Hollywood Holiday" contest featured in the May issue of Photoplay.

FIRST PRIZE
Round-trip Hollywood holiday for two; beauty treatment by famous make-up expert; beauty chest; swimsuits
Mrs. John Maxwell
461 Robertsville Road
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

SECOND PRIZE
Complete travel wardrobe
Mrs. Thomas Cotner
Greenfield
Missouri

THIRD PRIZE
Wardrobe of shoes and swimwear
Mrs. Jane M. Anderson
6109 Commercial Street
Everett, Washington

FOURTH PRIZE
Three luxurious leather handbags
Mrs. Lawrence Blair
722 Orange Street
Chillicothe, Ohio

FIFTH PRIZE
Three figure-flattering swimsuits
Miss Pat Rogers
Box #53
Morris Hall
State Teachers College
Oneonta, N. Y.

SIXTH PRIZE
A luxurious leather handbag
Mrs. Clyde Smith
1303 Larkwood Drive
Austin 5, Texas

READERS INC...
continued

Could you give me some information on Gloria DeHaven? Age, is she married, recent pictures?

JANE ALEXANDER
Jackson, Mississippi

Gloria DeHaven was born July 23, 1925. In August 1954 she divorced Martin Kimmell, is now playing in Paramount's "The Girl Rush."—ED.
What's happened! More lather... gentler lather... kinder to your hair and scalp!

New White Rain

First thing you'll notice about new, improved White Rain is more lather. Not just some more lather, but loads more of the richest, gentlest lather that ever caressed your scalp. Makes you sure wonderful things will happen to your hair... and they do.

And New White Rain improves on everything this famous shampoo was famous for... like leaving your hair sunshine bright, soft and manageable, fresh as a spring breeze. Because this is an exciting new formula developed especially for you...

By Toni, the people who know your hair best!
**LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES**

with Janet Graves

***EXCELLENT***  ***VERY GOOD***  ***GOOD***  ***FAIR***

---

**The Cobweb**  
**M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR**

★★★★ A brilliant cast headed by Richard Widmark gives urgency to a complex drama. The scene is a mental hospital that offers unusual freedom to its patients—troubled human beings, pretty much like you and me. But the staff's involved in personal and political maneuverings. The authority of Widmark, a dedicated psychiatrist, is challenged by Charles Boyer, once a fine doctor, now a weakling. Widmark's wife (Gloria Grahame, miscast) is an idle neurotic. Lauren Bacall stirs sympathy, gallantly submerging her own tragedy in her job, while Lillian Gish is that familiar figure, the veteran employee who thinks she runs the firm. Outstanding among the patients are John Kerr and Susan Strasberg, young people helping each other toward health, and Oscar Levant, witty and pitiable. **ADULT**

Confab between Lauren and Dick affects John Kerr's future

---

**Summertime**  
**U.A., TECHNICOLOR**

★★★★ In Katharine Hepburn's new movie, the dreams, the disappointments and the tender memories of an American working girl's vacation are delightfully summed up. Katie makes an appealing figure of the innocent in Venice: smartly dressed, but brusque and awkward; apparently cool and standoffish, but inwardly very eager. A mature yet inexperienced woman, she gets sophisticated advice from her Venetian landlady (Isa Miranda). Even the street urchin (Gaitano Audiero) who is her first real friend in Italy has a more worldly outlook than hers. It's an urban, understanding Italian shopkeeper (Rossano Brazzi) who finally makes her stop thinking about life and start living it. The mood is both wistful and humorous; the color is in key, soft and haunting, wonderful effects. **ADULT**

Deceived by Rossano, Kate takes it out on Gaitano Audiero

---

**Not as a Stranger**  
**U.A.**

★★★★ Robert Mitchum's reserved acting style here acquires a perfect vehicle. It's the story of a doctor so fanatically devoted to his profession that he allows no room for human emotions in his life. As a student, he feels no love for his father (Lon Chaney), a beaten alcoholic, who has squandered the money needed for medical training. Cold-bloodedly, Mitchum marries a gentle nurse (Olivia de Havilland), whose savings will finance the rest of his course. This treachery alienates his closest friend, fellow student Frank Sinatra (doing a nice sketch of a pretended cynic). As older doctors, Broderick Crawford and Charles Bickford show the warmth that Mitchum lacks—and must find through painful experience. Long and often disorganized, the picture has moments of great power and good detail. **ADULT**

In the hospital cafeteria, Bob campaigns for Olivia's love

---

MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE 26  •  BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT FILMS ON PAGE 12  •  FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF NEW FILMS SEE PAGE 14

24
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You don't have to let the sun dry or parch the natural beauty of your hair. Just a few magic drops of SUAVE daily not only protects your hair—it actually recaptures lost sun-damaged beauty! Relieves frizz and dryness. Keeps hair soft, silken—radiant as the sun itself! Get SUAVE today!

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NEW! With amazing greaseless lanolin
The Seven Little Foys

Here's a refreshingly different sort of Bob Hope movie, a sweet and wry saga of show business, inspired by stage history. Narrator Eddie Foy, Jr., recalls the life of his dad, famous turn-of-the-century vaudevillian. As the senior Foy, Bob's a happily irresponsible type. He woos a charming Italian ballet dancer (Milly Vitale) only because he needs a partner in his act. As his wife, Milly becomes a terribly domestic, non-acting partner, who produces seven children in quick succession. Bob goes his carefree way, often forgetting his family—especially during an exuberant hoofing match with Jimmy Cagney (doing a brief encore on his Oscar-winning role of George M. Cohan). But Milly's death makes Bob a full-time father, and his reaction to this burden is both hilarious and touching.

George Tobias finds Bob elegantly courting Milly Vitale

Soldier of Fortune

Conventional but continuously exciting, this yarn of adventure in the Far East finds colorful co-stars in Clark Gable and Susan Hayward. As a plucky American girl, Susan invades Hong Kong dives to seek news of her missing husband (Gene Barry), a photographer captured while trying for scoops in Red China. Her best contact is Clark, onetime Chicago gangster who's made a fortune operating a fleet of junks out of Hong Kong. British colony isolated on the shore of the Communist mainland. The cast abounds in picturesque types: Tom Tully, a corrupt saloonkeeper; Alex D'Arcy, a drunken but chivalrous Frenchman; Michael Rennie, a proper but danger-loving British police official; Anna Sten, supposedly of Czarist Russia's nobility. And a location trip supplied real backgrounds.

Rivals in romance, Clark and Gene Barry ally against Reds

Ain't Misbehavin'

One of Piper Laurie's musical numbers in this frivolous farce nostalgically re-creates the 1920's. And the whole movie might well have been set in that period, in key with its giddy air. As a night-club entertainer, Piper plays the gold digger when she first meets Rory Calhoun, a young tycoon. But she marries him for love and tries to become a correct socialite—with nearly disastrous results. The disaster's encouraged by blue-blood Barbara Britton, who covets Rory. On Piper's side is Jack Carson, as Rory's assistant. Somewhere in the middle is Reginald Gardiner, seldom-sober aristocrat who reluctantly helps to turn our heroine into a lady. Piper's no great shakes as a song-and-dance girl, but she shakes and sings with such happy abandon that you can't help sharing in the fun.

As bride of millionaire Rory, Piper still has her problems
The Purple Mask U-4: CINEMASCOPE, TECHNISCOPE

In a pleasant, romantic swashbuckler, Tony Curtis recalls the exploits of our old pal The Scarlet Pimpernel. He leads a double life: To the society of post-Revolutionary France, he's just a mincing, empty-headed dandy; in secret, he's a purple-masked adventurer who rescues fellow aristocrats from the guillotine. This work puts him in contact with an underground organization headed by George Dolenz, with winsome Colleen Miller among the nobly born agents. Colleen sneers at Tony's beruffled everyday self, but hero-worships the mysterious avenger. As a famous swordsman assigned by Napoleon to dispose of the masked rebel, Dan O'Herlihy is wonderfully inefficient, like most melodrama villains; his rapier misses its mark as often as a Western bad guy's six-shooter. New Yorker Curtis doesn't fit very comfortably into France of 1803, but he has no trouble getting into the spirit of the caper, with its swirling cloaks, darting steel and galloping horses.

Davy Crockett DISNEY, TECHNICOLOR

Obviously made originally for television and for very youthful audiences, this tribute to an American folk hero has an innocent sort of charm. Fess Parker, scaling six feet five, is surely a fine figure of a man as the half-legendary frontiersman. His relaxed acting approach makes Davy a thoroughly engaging character. Buddy Ebsen's equally likable as Davy's sidekick; Helene Stanley can't do much with the brief role of Mrs. Crockett; Basil Ruysdield is a doughty Andrew Jackson. Betraying its origin as a serial hit on the "Disneyland" TV show, the story breaks down into episodes, as Davy fights Indians, subdues outlaws, goes to Congress, joins the defense of the Alamo. But color and the larger screen play up the beautiful natural backgrounds, like the heavily wooded Great Smokies.

Svengali M-G-M, EASTMAN COLOR

A quaint and leisurely British movie resurrects the Bohemian life of Paris in the last century, the happy comradeship of young painters and musicians and easy-going models. Hildegarde Neff is the statuesque Trilby, who finally falls under the hypnotic influence of the mad "genius" Svengali, portrayed in traditional flamboyant style by Donald Wolfit. As a sensitive English artist, Terence Morgan pits the force of love against mental trickery, while Hubert Gregg, as a sculptor neighbor, plays observer, watching the strange drama unfold. Subtle color and Hildegarde's persuasive acting give life to the well-worn story.

Halo—unlike most shampoos—contains no greasy oils or soap to dull your hair with dirt-catching film!

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Halo Glorifies Your Hair—Naturally!
I implore Judy Garland to play Julie Jordan in the movie version of "Carousel." It could win the Oscar for her . . . The line forms on the right for those who say they discovered Fess (Davy Crockett) Parker . . . I'm not a guy who favors divorce, but I sure wish Jimmy Stewart and June Allyson would get divorced as man and wife on the screen . . . Wonder what ever became of Gene Kelly's movie "Invitation to the Dance"? . . . I don't know of anyone I'd rather spend a day with on a movie set than Jean Simmons. She's so lovely, gracious and bright that you have to pinch her to see if she's for real. And then she doesn't object to the pinching . . . No matter when Sam Goldwyn releases "Guys and Dolls," it'll be a strong Academy Award contender . . . I wonder if Al Steele knows that Joan Crawford's sets are the coldest in town. Even on winter mornings, Joan has the cooling system on. Crawford leading men frequently get the sniffles . . . Peggy King makes me believe her when she sings "Whatever Lola Wants, Lola Gets" . . . George Nader commenting on a starlet: "She's the kind of a girl you can look at her face and tell what kind of a past she's going to have."

Anita Ekberg is the best hunk of cheesecake around. And don't be fooled. Anita is as smart as she is shapely . . . Marriage hasn't fattened up Vera-Ellen . . . I'm still waiting for the Chamber of Commerce to give Hollywood Blvd. the glamour it should have . . . Kim Novak will have to move out of the Studio Club soon . . . Ordering champagne at Ciro's, Marie Wilson said: "Please make sure it's French, waiter, because if it isn't, I won't be able to tell the difference."

I'm for Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh and wish people would stop trying to separate them . . . Marilyn Monroe is the only glamour girl I can think of in a hurry who conceded that another glamour girl made it on ability alone . . . In Beverly Hills, every celebrity's house is someone's old house. Example: James Mason will tell you, "I'm living in the old Buster Keaton house." Another star will tell you, "I'm living in the old Richard Barthelmess house." This is not only a means of identification but also a Hollywood story . . .
Okay, now let's have Leslie Caron not as a pixie! ... “Love Me or Leave Me” started out to be the story of Ruth Etting, but as far as I'm concerned, it's more the story of Moe (The Gimp) Snyder because of the terrific performance of James Cagney. ... And I'm not taking anything away from Doris Day who's at her best, but that Cagney man is just too much.

Which reminds me of that cat Sheree North who told me she started in show business as a chorus girl at the age of 13. "I needed the loot," explained Sheree. "It wasn't hard to lie about my age because I was well-developed." ... The Liberace fans will probably break a candelabra when they learn that in his movie “Sincerely Yours,” the love interest has been assigned to Tab Hunter and Dorothy Malone. At a party, Debra Paget remarked: “Isn't he handsome—that other-looking fellow.” ... I won't argue, but I say that Jeanne Crain looks good as a brunette. My favorite character Mike Curtiz directing a scene gave this instruction: "Then a whole bunch of men come in surrounded by a little fellow in the middle." That's Hollywood for you.

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when the U.S. MPCL, the Japanese Security Police and a kimono girl moved into action against the seething underworld of the Orient!

Cinemascope
brings you the sights and sounds of Tokyo...its bizarre streets, its teeming life, its dangerous waterfronts, its modern skyscrapers and its eternal pagodas.

House of Bamboo
from 20th Century-Fox
starring
ROBERT RYAN • ROBERT STACK
SHIRLEY YAMAGUCHI • CAMERON MITCHELL
with BRAD DEXTER • SESSUE HAYAKAWA • BIFF ELLIOT • SANDRO GIGLIO
Produced by BUDDY ADLER • SAMUEL FULLER • HARRY KLEINER
Directed by
Written by
Color by DE LUXE • in the Wonder of STEREOPHONIC SOUND

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!
**The Sea Chase**

WARNERS: CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

Here's a story of high adventure so wide and handsome that you feel it must be based on the wild implausibilities of real life. Once you get used to the idea that John Wayne, Lana Turner and other all-American types are supposed to be Germans, you can share wholeheartedly in their exploits. Since they're assumed to be talking to each other in their native language, the players wisely avoid phony accents. Wayne's a sea captain exiled to command of a rusty old freighter, because of his outspoken contempt for the Hitler regime. But when war breaks out, he resolves to take his ship out of an Australian harbor and halfway round the world to his beloved Germany. Lana's an unwelcome passenger, a spy who has managed to bewitch British Navy officer David Farrar, a peacetime pal of Wayne's. So Farrar makes the pursuit of the runaway ship a personal mission. Complications are added by Lyle Bettger, as the freighter's first officer, a true Nazi, and James Arness, rebellious leader of the ship's overworked crew. Tab Hunter and Richard Davalos get scant opportunity, as youthful sea cadets.

**The Magnificent Matador**

WARNERS: CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

Filmed in Mexico, this drama slowly builds tension out of a week in the life of a bullfighter, prime of Spanish-speaking people. Anthony Quinn does a creditable job as the veteran matador who outrages his fans by running out on an important corrida. To the audience, it's obvious that Quinn feels no cowardly concern for himself, but rather a fear for the young bull-ringer amateur (handsome Manuel Rojas) who is to make a debut on that day. Equal faith is shown by Maureen O'Hara, as a wealthy, footloose American girl who has long worshipped matador Quinn at a distance. Thomas Gomez, ranch owner and breeder of brave bulls, knows the reason for the matador's breakup.

**Chicago Syndicate**

COLUMBIA

Seems as if that nationwide crime network has been smashed a dozen times. But it remains indestructible (on film), at least until the end of each movie thriller. Paul Stewart, a businesslike type who loves his mother, is now the head of the well-organized mob. A citizens' committee persuades Dennis O'Keefe to replace Stewart's accountant, who turned up slightly dead after trying to give the government some incriminating information. As Stewart's mistreated girl, singer Abbe Lane furnishes musical entertainment, along with Xavier Cugat, also essaying an acting role as a band-leader in the gang's employ. Allison Hayes supplies romance, opposite secret agent O'Keefe.

**The Far Horizons**

PARAMOUNT: VISTA-VISION, TECHNICOLO

A powerful theme and splendid scenery (filmed on the real locales of America's Northwest) here manage to cancel out a rather weak script. It's the story of the great Lewis and Clark expedition (departing somewhat from history), with Fred MacMurray as Lewis, Charlton Heston as Clark. Rivalry over Barbara Hale, with Heston winning out, starts friction between the partners before they hit the trail. Though they face dangers together, the antagonism increases when Heston is attracted to Donna Reed, as Sacajawea, the expedition's Indian guide. Hostile tribes and the difficulties of the unexplored terrain create one climax after another, more exciting than the personal conflicts.

**Foxfire**

U-4, TECHNICOLO

Jeff Chandler and Jane Russell are easy-on-the-eyes co-stars in this highly colored romance. A difference in backgrounds hampers their love at the outset: Jane is a pampered heiress; Jeff, a half-Apache mining engineer. But they go through with their marriage, only to encounter other problems. While Jeff grows more and more absorbed in the hazardous project of reopening an abandoned gold mine, his wife feels lonely and neglected. Light in mood at first, the story later turns serious. Jane's a little out of her league in these scenes, and her wardrobe, hardly appropriate for life in a mining town, is no help in building an atmosphere of credibility.

**The Adventures of Sadie**

20TH, EASTMAN COLOR

England's luscious Joan Collins (imported to Hollywood after she made this film) is the chief decoration in a featherweight desert-island farce. She plays a well-heeled passenger on a cruise ship. When the ship goes down, Joan finds herself marooned on a tropic island with three men: a world-weary reporter (George Cole), a stuffy professor (Robertson Hare) and a lusty Irish stoker (Kenneth More). The three agree in civilized style to adopt a hands-off policy toward Joan, but they have trouble living up to it—especially after she ingeniously contrives to make a Bikini suit for herself. There are some laughs, but the idea's too slim and the pace too slow.
THE STEWARTS AT "STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND"

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE
BY EDITH GWYNN

Never seen Liz Taylor looking lovelier than at the fancy luncheon thrown at the studio by director George Stevens to launch the super-duper new picture, "Giant." Liz was a summer dream in snow-white dimity demurely fashioned. All the cast, including Rock Hudson (done up in a ten-gallon hat he had to wear because make-up men had been experimenting with Rock's head all morning figgering how to make him look like a bald man of sixty which he has to be at the end of the movie!); Jane Withers (who makes her "comeback" in this one); James Dean (the only one who wouldn't stand up and take a bowl); Dennis Hopper; Judith Evelyn; Mercedes McCambridge, were there to hear amusing talks from Jack Warner and director Stevens. They consumed the biggest steaks this side of Texas (the picture from Edna Ferber's novel is about Texas, y'know) and Liz Taylor cut the enormous cake (in the shape of the Lone Star state and trimmed with oil-derricks of spun sugar). When photogs pounced on Dean, he didn't even want to take off his dark horn-rimmed glasses for photos. Guess he's either as shy as he seems or just doesn't give a dern for the usual Hollywood hullabaloo. Later Jimmy took Liz for a tour of the Warner lot (it's the first time she's worked there) in his brand-new, all-white foreign sports car.

Bunch of Hollywood guys and dolls made a dash to Las Vegas when Jeff Chandler debuted at The Riviera. These included Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis; Rosie Clooney; Lucille Ball; the Howard Keels; Sonja Henie and Jeff's spouse, Marjorie, who brought along their little girl, Jamie. Jeff, aside from his singing stint, surprised a lot of people by doing very good imitations of Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart, Humphrey Bogart, Jimmy Cagney and others.

Mae West's Hollywood debut at Ciro's brought forth quite a turnout, too. Like, for instance, Cary Grant, Steve Cochran, Jack La Rue and Phillip Reed—all of whom had been leading men of Mae's. Rhonda Fleming, in low-cut black cocktail dress and...
back to her own light red tresses, was with handsome businessman, Walter Troutman, who used to beau Jane Withers. Ann Robinson was with handsome businessman, Walter Troutman, who used to beau Jane Withers. Ann Robinson was with handsome businessman, Walter Troutman, who used to beau Jane Withers. Ann Robinson was with handsome businessman, Walter Troutman, who used to beau Jane Withers. Ann Robinson was with handsome businessman, Walter Troutman, who used to beau Jane Withers. Ann Robinson was with handsome businessman, Walter Troutman, who used to beau Jane Withers. Ann Robinson was with handsome businessman, Walter Troutman, who used to beau Jane Withers. Ann Robinson was with handsome businessman, Walter Troutman, who used to beau Jane Withers. Ann Robinson was with handsome businessman, Walter Troutman, who used to beau Jane Withers. Ann Robinson was

Red and George Skelton double birthday partied for their two kids all over their spacious lawns. For a big, fat surprise, Red had invited Fess (Davy Crockett) Parker as special guest. Joan Crawford didn’t have a chance to throw a wedding party on account of her elopement with Al Steele was so sudden. But she and Al tossed a humdinger at his N.Y. duplex a week later when she joined him for their jaunt to Europe. And wowee! What a trousseau Joan managed to take with her—all “ready made.” The studio let her have the more than twenty gowns, coats, hats and accessories from her Columbia picture “Queen Bee!” One of the outfits is a strapless, long evening gown of black satin, with a flowing matching coat. The coat is fashioned to show its lovely lining of lilac.

Speaking of lucky gals, how about Barbara Stanwyck at the dinner-dance at Romanoff’s following the charity preem of “Daddy Long Legs”? Barbara, in pale pink gown, pale pink fox wrap and pale pink sandals, came with Paul Gregory, but Sterling Hayden and Bob Wagner, who came stag, joined her table and monopolized most of her dances. Debbie Reynolds went to the show with Bill and Dean Gargaro, aged twelve and fifteen! Friends of the family. She’d been promising to take them to a premiere for ages. Kay Spreckels (Clark Gable was still in Mexico making “The Tall Men”) glittering with diamonds, was with Ray and Frances Hemmes. Kay, Anita Louise and other gals working on this event did a great job of raising over $100,000 for a new wing at St. John’s Hospital. Everyone was raving over the delightful picture and the incomparable Fred Astaire and cute Leslie Caron. Fred brought his thirteen-year-old dotter, Ava. Mamie Van Doren, in a skin-tight pink number, was with Ray Anthony and she was wearing rhinestone earrings so big they looked...
like chandeliers! Richard Todd escorted British find, Dana (pronounced Donna) Wynter. And boy! Did the bulb-snappers make a dash for Dana! Liz Taylor was the epitome of dignified elegance that night. Heavenly costume! Mrs. Mike Wilding was wearing a simple, beautifully cut evening gown of black silk, with a large pouf of yellowish silk at the back. Elizabeth had her hair all smoothed out into a chignon pinned to the back of her neck. But it was her black silk stole that got the gasps. It was only lined from stem to stern with the finest white ermine!

Another opening that brought forth not only stars in bunches but lots of Army and Air Force brass was the preem of Paramount’s “Strategic Air Command” in Beverly Hills. There was a parade into the theatre of the thirty-five-piece March Field Air Force band and an Honor Guard of thirty fliers at attention to welcome celebs in the foyer. All this added to the thrills provided by the picture and some of the unexpected hoop-la. Like Marie Wilson, again in her favorite pale pink (that left NOTHING to the imagination) and draped in a pink fox stole, doing a typical “burlesque bump” as she got out of her car. The sidewalk crowds roared. Hugh O’Brian said such flattering things about his date, Carol Ohmart, (“She’s like perfume—we should bottle her.”) into the microphone in the lobby, people thought he was gonna swoon! Kathryn Grayson (with former opera star Oreste Kirkop) got a traffic ticket on her way to the preem; Dorothy Malone and Tab Hunter, who necked professionally through “Battle Cry,” were a two. Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas ditto—natch! Arlene wore a cream-colored satin gown, topped by a long, luscious lavender satin coat. June Allyson, on Dick Powell’s arm, was in a tight-fitting, elbow-length turtle-necked jacket of black jersey, over a very full ballet-length skirt of white organy. Ann Blyth, with Jim McNulty, wore a gown of pale blue satin. Jimmy Stewart was busy chatting with Generals Mark Clark, James Mooney and other biggies. Newlyweds Marilyn Erskine and Charles Curland; the Charlton Hestons; Marlon Brando; Donna Reed and Tony Owen; Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis; Mala Powers; Lori Nelson; the Rory Calhouns; Farley Granger; Gene Nelson; the Bob Cummingses; Suzan Ball and Dick Long were others glimpsed. Also June Haver and Fred MacMurray.

The gals who comprise Share (which benefits Exceptional Children) turned Ciro’s into an early Western saloon for their annual charity party. Even had a big covered wagon in front of the place where tickets were taken up. Among others who put on a great show were Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis—to say nothing of the all-male chorus that included John Ireland, Peter Lawford, Tony Curtis, Jeff Chandler, John Agar, Herman Hover, Marshall Thompson, Forrest Tucker and Spike Jones! They were a riot! Dean Martin was all smiles when wife, Jeanne, with Miriam Nelson, Barbara Britton and Marjorie Chandler put on a song and dance act. Tony Curtis’s all-black cowboy outfit was an eyeful. Dewey Martin was with Jean McCallen, Bob Stack with purity Rosemarie Bowe.

Lori Nelson, in a blue Chinese evening gown, was with Bob Francis at the Ice Capades opening. And Marla English, in a sophisticated sequin gown was with Larry Pennell, but they phifft next day! Also munching popcorn in their best duds were the Andy Devines, Hugh O’Brien with Jayne Mansfield (where was Carol Ohmart?), Walter Pidgeon, the Tom Harmon’s, Mona Freeman with Bob Wagner, the Gene Autrys, Vera Ralston and Herb Yates, Sharon Lee, in a white and gold dress with cape to match, with David Street.

There’s more doings than we have room for—and a coupla must wait.
Here's Proof: Jergens Lotion stops "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

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Under supervision they soaked both hands in a popular everyday detergent, three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens was smoothed on right hands alone.

In 3 or 4 days the difference was unmistakable. Untreated hands were roughened and reddened; in extreme cases, even raw-looking. Hands treated with Jergens Lotion were beautifully smooth and soft!

The women were delighted to find such a pleasant, easy way to guard against "Detergent Hands." Of all the lotions tested this way, not one other proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. And Jergens is never sticky or greasy!

This wonderful hand care has been steadily improved for 50 years. It keeps your hands smooth in all weather, even if they're constantly in and out of water.

Buy Jergens today. It's heavier and creamier with a pleasing new fragrance. It still costs only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

*Notice: to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.
"I just love new cold cream Camay," says Mrs. William Albert Neff, a beautiful Camay Bride. "It's so mild and gentle, and it always leaves my skin feeling wonderfully soft and smooth."

No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

With that skin-pampering mildness, exclusive fragrance, and luxurious lather, Camay with cold cream is the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. And it can be the best friend your complexion ever had. Let it bring new loveliness to you. Change to regular care... Camay's Caressing Care. You'll be delighted as your skin becomes fresher, smoother, softer. Remember, too, there's precious cold cream in Camay, extra luxury at no extra cost. For your beauty and your bath, there's no finer soap in all the world!
Anybody around here who doesn’t like dogs? Walt Disney’s new cartoon feature is designed for everybody except such rare, hard-hearted characters. For you and you and you—the millions of human beings of every age who have known the affection of a cuddlesome puppy—“Lady and the Tramp” is a very special movie. Each member of its canine cast is a unique personality, yet each one has the typical mannerisms of a real dog—with a delightful addition. You often say your pet does everything but talk. Disney’s dogs can talk (if only to each other). Lady, a gentle cocker spaniel, speaks with the voice of radio star Barbara Luddy. TV’s Larry Roberts does the talking for the jaunty Tramp, independent-minded stray of assorted ancestry. And Peggy Lee, who co-authored the movie’s charming songs, both talks and sings for Peg, tousle-headed Peke who used to be in show business. There are a few people in the story: the young couple that Lady lives with; the babysitting, cat-fancying aunt, who makes Lady a runaway; a restaurant-owner who treats Lady and her beau to a dinner by candlelight. But the stars are all four-footed. With them you’ll find it can be a pleasure to lead a dog’s life.
Jane is in "Robin Hood" • Julie in "The Private War of Major Benson"

Rita Moreno's co-star is still burning after the Mexican dinner! Above, Rita's off-again, on-again beach ensemble.

No lonesome blues for Jane Powell—where she goes, her family goes too! On sun days, Jane wears triple-color terry topper.

Julie Adams' triangle beach cape is as unusual as the bridal shower the Jeff Chandlers gave her after the wedding.

CAL YORK'S
INSIDE STUFF
• Because she refuses to be separated from her family during her four-week engagement in Las Vegas, Jane Powell's taking the children along and Pat Nerney will fly there for weekends. Only fly in the glamorous ointment—favorite designer Helen Rose was too swamped with picture production to execute Missy Powell's costumes . . . Now that Anne Francis is a not-so-gay divorcée, she's lining up a rugged routine including tennis, swimming and horseback lessons, which she never had time to take before. Lovely Anne really tried to soft-pedal her divorce from Bam Price. So she was quite taken aback when he unexpectedly appeared at the trial and sat sullenly in the back of the courtroom.

On the happier side, Julie Adams married Ray Danton in such haste, there was no time for the usual bridal showers. So now the Jeff Chandlers just gave them a barbecue shower and George Nader sent a year's supply of hot dogs! As a side line Rory Calhoun is in the rug business. So he and Lita carpeted the bride and groom's new modern apartment from wall to (Continued on page 86)
Talk to him blindfolded and you'd swear he was twice his age. Ben's not only talented—he's a brain!
21 AND TERRIFIC
"Everything is easier the second time around," confided beautiful Elizabeth Rosemond Taylor Wilding. "It's natural, since one learns the hard way—by experience. Everything about a first pregnancy is new, a little strange and to some—though luckily it wasn't to me—a little frightening. When a second baby comes along a mother takes things in stride. She doesn't make the mistakes she made the first time."

To give you one for instance: When Dr. Aaberg first told Elizabeth she could expect a baby, she flew home to tell Mike and together they rushed forth to Magnin's exclusive Beverly Hills emporium and bought two huge and very expensive Teddy bears—just what a newborn baby needs! The second time around, the Wildings
Counting her blessings, Liz adds up to three—newcomer Chris, big brother Jughead, and that mad man Mike who opened the door to paradise.

Liz, in one of formal maternity ensembles designed by Helen Rose—basic black skirt with variety of toppers. She'd made mistake of buying too many complete outfits the first time. Liz stars next in M-G-M's "Mary Anne" and Warners' "Giant."
HOW TO
BE GOOD AND

Kim Novak
"It wasn't until I was in the eighth grade," Kim Novak said, "that a boy—any boy, mind you—spoke to me.

"Up until then I had been in absolute despair. I was at that age when boys began to be important. My name was Marilyn Novak and I had added Ann as a middle name. I didn't dare explain why, but I knew the dark romantic reason.

"That was so that I could write those three letters down on my school papers. M. A. N. If anybody asked why, I could just innocently say that I was merely writing my initials.

"But that wasn't the truth. Those letters were a kind of prayer—M. A. N.—meaning, 'Please let me be popular.' Which, as every young girl knows, means 'Please let me be popular with boys.'"

"I wasn't; I wasn't popular with girls, either. Some girls manage when boys don't notice them, but it wasn't true with me. The other girls in my school class snubbed me. They whispered among themselves when I came into the room and giggled.

"I just about died every time this happened, and I blamed it on my mother. Now I know I was dead wrong. My parents had been born in this country, just as I was, but Mother still carried over a lot of old-fashioned European notions about how a nice girl was brought up.

"One was that a nice girl, just in her teens, didn't wear make-up, too casual clothes or a trick hair-do. At thirteen I was too tall for my age and very skinny in a group of girls who were all very developed. What's more, my grandmother made my clothes. They were beautiful clothes, I now realize, but at thirteen I was only conscious that they weren't 'store bought' like the other girls' and 'store bought' was what I wanted—and the flashier the better.

"Today I'd be the last to deny the appeal of the right hair-do, the right make-up or the right dress for eye appeal. They are great. They are your card of introduction to the world, in a way, yet they aren't what make you popular.

"That's what I found out, that miraculous day, when a high-school boy (Continued on page 84)"
There's always been something to bring out the best in John. As a boy, it was sports. As a man, his family.

Now a new love is challenging Dare Derek

BY DEE PHILLIPS

Selznick's for an advance by Tuesday. I was seventeen and I knew I couldn't act my way out of a paper bag. I had contempt for actors—but not for the money.”

Eleven years later John sat across a desk from Cecil B. DeMille. Mr. DeMille was holding up a kind and professional mirror for John's reflection. For the first time, he saw the great possibility of Derek, the actor, the best. “He was disappointed in my stature,” John remembered. “He wanted me for the part of Joshua, the stonecutter, in "The Ten Commandments." He had studied me for months and knew more about me than I knew about myself. I was so used to being rushed through interviews that I stumbled over my words for the first fifteen minutes to get out everything I wanted to say. An hour and a half later I was still in

Continued

Role in "The Ten Commandments" presented a new challenge to John.
Today, John Derek is completely enjoying his family—wife Pati, son Russ and daughter Sean. He still wants the best, but the old driving need to prove himself has gone.
As son of divorced parents, John's making sure Russ and Sean have security he missed there with him. A burning desire to play Joshua and a new enthusiasm for acting actually filled me. Finally, I told him that by the time he was ready to shoot, I would build up my body by scaling it down from one hundred eighty-five pounds to the proportions he wanted by weight lifting and I would be the best Joshua he could find."

Three months after his conversation a young man of 167 pounds strode into the Paramount commissary in tennis shoes, riding pants and a blue T-shirt. This was the new John Derek. The T-shirt did not hide the powerful muscles of his arms, chest and back. His dark green eyes glowed in his deeply tanned face; he was the picture of John Derek, happy. He had a goal for his driving force to be best and he was succeeding. He had been working out at a gym, was building another at home and was weight lifting, riding and exercising daily. At one time he lost seven pounds in three days. To guard against collapse, he took many pills each day (vitamin, mineral, and what have you), drank milk constantly and lunched on a combination of whipped eggs, milk, and...
orange juice and honey. "I just found out," he announced happily, "that Joshua goes hand over hand up a thirty foot rope—no feet, just hands. That's rough. Then he comes down the same way. That's going to put callouses on my hands."

Nothing could have been a happier conclusion than that physical prowess should enter into John's new enthusiasm and dedication to his career, for physical challenges have always been of utmost importance to him.

"I respect the man; I respect what he is. I don't respect men that aren't physical. I don't care how mental they are. If you can develop a mind, you can develop a body. They're both equally important. A great mind with no physical power is dissipating half the stuff that's given you." John sat quietly, perhaps seeing the pattern that his deep devotion to the physical had formed in his life.

When John makes a statement he means it and often proves it. When the Army beckoned him away from his cush two hundred bucks a week at Selznick's, he champed at the bit as a line soldier. (Continued on page 94)

Chip off the old block is Sean, who feels perfectly safe on hand of her muscular dad!
Grace Kelly and Cary Grant share a strange love in this new romantic thriller. She is a rich American; he, an ex-thief. The gleam of diamonds over her gold lamé gown caught his eye at a costume ball. Now he pursues her as he eludes the law.

For his easy-to-look-at co-stars, director Alfred Hitchcock chose appropriate backgrounds such as this lovely seascape. He had guided each of these players in two earlier successes.

Already friends with their director, Grace and Cary struck up a personal friendship on the Riviera location. Cary and wife Betsy later invited Grace to go on a vacation with their...
Hollywood on the Riviera

- Nice work, movie-making—especially when free travel goes with the job. So Grace Kelly and Cary Grant agree, after their location trip to that millionaires’ playground, the Riviera. Here’s where the tense action of Paramount’s “To Catch a Thief” takes place. Long-distance locationing was nothing new for Grace, who’d journeyed to Africa to make “Mogambo,” to South America for “Green Fire.” But safari life couldn’t match the luxury of the Carlton Hotel at Cannes.

Director Alfred Hitchcock, maestro of suspense, found plenty of beautiful scenes near Cannes—the blue Mediterranean, curving shore lines, magnificent villas. Playing a holidaying heiress, Grace wore a series of elegant or casual clothes designed by Edith Head, who costumed her so exquisitely in Hitchcock’s “Rear Window.”

But there was one catch. The troupe was supposed to spend just five weeks on the Riviera, and Hitch finished the scenes exactly on schedule. There’s such a thing as being too efficient!

Informality was the keynote. Once known for an impeccable style of dress, Miss Kelly lounged with shirttail out. Nobody ever minded a long between-takes wait in the south-of-France sunlight.

The legend of the cool Miss Kelly has been crumbling slowly ever since her tears at the Oscar ceremonies. At Cannes, she was the portrait of an eager tourist and happy actress.

Cheesecake for Kelly? Unimaginable! But Riviera magic (or maybe Hitchcock’s persuasion) had its way. Here’s Grace set to sun-tan in view of the cameras (and several million fans).
Be a DOLL
For a GUY

I've got a secret for you. It doesn't take much to get a guy if you know what digs him the most. And I don't mind telling you how to do it!

BY TONY CURTIS

Tony is in "The Purple Mask," "The Rawhide Years"

- Ask any guy. He may not regard himself as the flipping end in such fields as electronics, architecture, or the carburation system of the Eldorado Cadillac, but he can tell you a little about women.

  Like me. Except that I have an advantage. I'm lucky enough to get a lot of mail from moviegoing girls. After I've spent a few hours reading the letters, I have a fair idea of what gives with the lipstick sex, what sends them, what produces pain and what they dig the most. I'm told that my overall conclusion, reached after reading, is not new. People have been arriving at it for several years: Girls are interested in boys; boys are interested in girls, and love is sweeping the country.

  Everybody is looking for Shangri-La, but the trouble is how do you find Shangri-La (better known as Love-Happiness)?

  Here are my ideas: First thing for a girl to take into consideration is the fact that a woman's needs and interests are more uniform than those of men. That fact toughens life a little, but it also presents a challenge to women. A man may be a mechanic or a doctor, an actor or an architect, and his whole life will need to be geared for success in his chosen field. The abilities, the character and personality traits that insure success for a mechanic might ruin the professional chances of a doctor, so variety

Continued
must be the keynote of masculinity.

Nearly all women, though, are fundamentally alike in life drive. They want to marry, to run a home and to have children. For this reason, it is much simpler for a girl to find a satisfactory mate than it is for a man.

Here's another item: A man is, and has to be, competitive. He always has a flock of things he wants to accomplish: He wants to travel, to investigate the world, to adventure, to make a success in his calling. This is borne out by the traditional family story of the son who goes off to make his fortune while his sister stays at home, looks after the parents, marries and has her own family.

Naturally, since a man is thrown on his own resources, his reaction must impel him to dominate a situation. Sometimes it turns out to be impossible for him to control all aspects of his life.

Some jobs don't permit a guy to make his own decisions, so it is doubly important for him to have some authority in his home. This need causes a man to dislike a woman who is aggressive—or even seems to be. Who wants to come home from a fast round at the office or the plant and have to start striving to establish superiority all over again? A man's nature forces him to seek a situation where his word means something.

This will explain customary male objection to highly intellectual girls. It's fine for a girl to be intelligent if this quality is modified by dependency. A girl should be ready to defer to a man in an easy, casual sort of way, because frequently he has had much more experience and really knows what he is talking about. There are few things as discouraging to a fellow as the thought that every time he opens his mouth he is going to be cracked by a freewheeling brain.

To get down to cases, why don't we talk about the beginning of a romance and the responsibilities of each party?

A man has to feel that he motivates everything. By his nature he isn't comfortable unless he is convinced that he has the right and the ability to pick and choose for himself. A lot of girls make a fatal mistake in the beginning of what might be a real romance by suddenly usurping the man's role. We'll say that a girl is aware—she always is—that a boy is paying her some attention, so she decides to let nature and the telephone company triumph. She calls the boy before he has called her.

Fade-out.

A smart girl lets the boy cue her. If he doesn't call, she doesn't pursue. She doesn't put herself in the awkward position of giving the guy the idea that
Some jobs don't permit a guy to make his own decisions. So it's doubly important for him to have some authority in his home.

You can believe it that men object to unsubtle women, and the least subtle move in romance is when a girl takes the initiative.

If you're interested in a guy's career, fine! But don't push him too hard—he'll move faster without a spear in his back!

she considers his attention more important than her own dignity; she doesn't mislead him about what he can expect from a friendship with her.

Boy-chasing is bad enough for a girl, but it is also bad for the fellow being chased. It gives him a false idea of the girl's entire approach to dating. And, more important, it takes away the zest a boy feels in being the hunter. It's a little like working in a soda fountain; a smart proprietor tells the new counterman that he can eat all the ice cream and drink all the malts he wants. Chances are that after a few days he won't touch it. Too easy.

You can believe it that men object to unsubtle women, and about the least subtle move ever made in romance is that of the girl taking the initiative.

I'm going to get, right now, to the subtle moves a girl can make: Numbers one to ten: She can be attractive. Naturally, every girl isn't going to appeal to every guy, but the most popular girls I have known, those who appealed to the greatest number of men, were attractive, rather than downright beautiful.

Attraction is (Continued on page 92)
“I only saw her once,” Tab Hunter was saying. “It was for years ago, and I came to the rink early in the morning and sat down to lace on my skates. When I looked up, she was on the ice. Flashing. That’s the only word for it. I don’t think she was very pretty, but she had more sex appeal than any woman I’d ever seen before. It was the way she cut the ice. It was the strength of her body as she skated the classical grace of her legs she whirled. It was a feeling of happiness she almost radiated, as though she felt there was nothing finer than skating at seven o’clock in the morning on a cold day.”

Tab stopped for a moment. “Maybe I’m not expressing it very well, but what I mean is that the dictionary’s right.”

A few minutes earlier, Webster’s Collegiate Dictionary, which is a handy, if ponderous, conversation starter, had provided the start of the conversation. On page nine hundred and twelve, in the left hand column, can be found:

“sex appeal. Quality, esp. personal charm, which serves to draw together individuals of opposite sexes.”

“What I mean,” Tab said again. “is that sex appeal isn’t necessarily something exaggerated. It is necessarily a sly word. The dictionary doesn’t say anything about her closed eyes or wet lips or overtight low-cut dresses. Those are artificial things. Like greasepaint, they’re things that you put on. You can’t put ‘personal charm’ on with a paintbrush.” (Continued on page 9)

By James Earl Lint
Eve had it. Maybe you’ve got it.
Tab Hunter defines it as X appeal—
that certain something for the boys

THAT’S SEX! GIRLS

Pat Crowley isn’t beautiful, but she sparkles from the moment you meet her—and that’s sex, girls, for any guy!

Looking crisp, cool and neat, even on a hot summer’s day, makes Gloria Gordon appealing. “Cool, real cool,” says Tab

It’s Dorothy Malone’s expressive eyes that intrigue Tab. “They can be smoldering, teasing, change in an instant!”

Arlene Dahl is a beauty with brains—she’s brainy enough to be a business gal, still be charming and feminine!

Lori Nelson is lovely. But it’s her quiet charm and nice sense of humor that keeps Tab Hunter calling for dates

Marilyn Erskine has the personality that attracts men. She gives a guy confidence, takes the time to understand him

Tab Hunter is in “The Sea Chase”
An American secretary visiting Venice, Katharine Hepburn hopes wistfully to find adventure. Isa Miranda advises her to give her dreams some help.

**A Lesson in Love**

And a provocative lesson it is, as taught in U.A.'s new film "Summertime." The student is Katharine Hepburn, whose unique personality and sparkling talent make her one of movies' all-time greats. Her teacher is Rossano Brazzi, the handsome Italian star who was Jean Peters’ lover in "Three Coins in the Fountain" and Ava Gardner’s husband in "The Barefoot Contessa." The classroom is the ancient, beautiful city of Venice, as seen through the dazzled eyes of tourist Hepburn. What is it that Katie learns? Well, many moviegoers may not agree with Professor Rossano’s lessons on romance, but he puts them across in a most charming way. Here's a picture that people will talk about—and enjoy.

Out sight-seeing, Katie spots an antique shop. She wants to take a picture of it, but backs up too far.

Next day, she tells little Gaitano Audiero that she made a date with the shop’s owner (Rossano Brazz...
The date begins with a quarrel, for Katie has discovered that Rossano is married. But he talks her out of her angry mood, persuades her to have dinner with him. As she inspects a toy-vendor's wares, she's ready to accept some measure of happiness.

Katie and Rossano spend a few enchanted days on a picturesque nearby island. But the time comes when they must face reality.
Want to look like a million dollars, baby? Then let the experts of Hollywood show you how

YOUR FACE SAVERS

BY GLADYS HALL

I bet, thinking back, you couldn’t even count the number of times you’ve heard someone say, “Her face is her fortune, and she takes good care of it.” Well, this doesn’t necessarily have to apply only to hopeful young starlets and famous movie queens. It can also apply to you! After all, you’ve got a job to succeed at, a man to please—or catch—and an ego that strives to be recognized. What girl hasn’t? And what girl wouldn’t like to be told how to make the best of what she’s got. A quick vote would show—everyone of us would. Yet, how many young girls with young faces forget that faces too, grow older. “The time to cultivate a beauty routine is now, before those tiny lines and unnecessary wrinkles appear,” warn Hollywood’s maestros of make-up—M-G-M’s Bill Tuttle, 20th’s Ben Nye and the Westmore brothers, Perc, Wally and Bud—who tell you how.

First step in your regular beauty routine, (Continued on page 80)
When Alan and Sue were reunited, there were no big scenes. But inside her new gold bracelet is a message of love that tells Sue all she wants to know.
January 29, 1955 was the first time in their thirteen-year-old marriage that Alan and Sue Ladd had ever been apart. The reason for their separation then is now completely known. It can be told in a few words: Gossip—never truly confirmed—about June Allyson.

But the reason for their reconciliation isn’t so well understood and you can say it in one word: Love. Just love, that’s all. Old-fashioned, isn’t it? But also true and wonderful. And, of course, behind it, there is a story—a very poignant story.

With Alan and Sue, when they rediscovered their love, there were no big scenes, no headlines, no recriminations. On Sue’s wrist, there is now a new gold bracelet which inside has such a sentimental message she refuses to let anyone see it. In the garage there is a handsome new car, a gift from Alan. She had new diamond earrings, too. And every hour, almost on the hour, every day, she gets flowers from him. He calls her constantly from the set at Warners. He says, “I didn’t want anything. I just wanted to hear your voice, to know you’re all right.”

Over the weekend now, with Carol Lee married and in her own home, with Lad-die at school, with Alana and David in care of the help, most of whom the Ladds have had during their entire marriage, Alan and Sue are down in their new Palm Springs home. “Doing the things we used to do, just the two of us, as we did when we first met,” Alan says.

So to understand how this all came about, you have to know what happened those days of (Continued on page 82)
Van Johnson didn't win an Oscar but he gave most moving show of his life at Nominations

Hospital visitors came away cheered—they never guessed the story behind Jerry's illness!

Hollywood thought she was too quiet and conservative for role she played in "Interrupted Melody," right, with Glenn Ford. But after that "scene" in his office, director Jack Cummings is promoting Eleanor Parker for an "Oscar"!

Dramatic moments in the lives of the stars. They're good, even when they're not acting for the screen!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM
Performances You’ll Never See

In “A Star Is Born,” with James Mason, above, Judy Garland won an Oscar—and nomination for Academy Award. But she gave her greatest performance when Grace Kelly took the prize.

Some of the best acting in Hollywood isn’t done for the benefit of the camera. In fact, many of the most electrifying performances witnessed have occurred when there wasn’t a photographer in sight.

Take the night Van Johnson sat in Romanoff’s, along with other Hollywoodites, and awaited the announcement of the Academy Award nominations. Van, who was up for his fine performance in “The Caine Mutiny,” along with Humphrey Bogart, came alone without Evie. And before the TV presentation began, he and Bogey, who mc-ed part of the nominations, held fast repartee about: “Oh, I don’t really care, old man. It doesn’t make much difference.” But after the program started and the time drew nearer and nearer for the final top male nomination, Van showed signs of worry, was literally chewing his fingernails when the monitor started reading off the names in alphabetical order: “Humphrey Bogart—Marlon Brando—Bing Crosby—Dan O’Herlihy.” Then realizing that one name had been skipped, the monitor paused. Van sat rigid, waiting for the missing name—which alphabetically could be his. Then, as the monitor read off: “James Mason,” Van slumped into his chair and put his head on the table. For those around him, it was a moving experience. For there are times when a star’s acting talent fails him and he breaks down and lets his true feelings come through—those times when his heart tells him what he really wants.

In reverse, take a situation which involved Lucille Ball. Lucille’s a comedienne by nature. But she was more like Hamlet when she called me that terrible

Continued
time from New York. One of her closest associates had revealed to me a piece of information which I had used in my column. When Lucille saw it, she insisted it was not true. She hollered long and loudly for twenty minutes without repeating herself once. The storm was spent as fast as it started. And Lucille and I are good friends. But I still haven’t exposed the erroneous news-giver, which, come to think of it, ought to give me a medal. Because, boy, oh boy, I’ve been tempted.

Debbie Reynolds was a doll in “Susan Slept Here.” She was great in “Singing in the Rain.” But her performance was at the big, glittering engagement party Eddie Cantor threw for her and Eddie Fisher at the elegant Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel last fall.

Of course that affair has been reported on before this from stem to stern, all except one incident that occurred when nobody was looking. Nobody except yours truly. Naturally Eddie was feeling very good for he’d just become engaged to one of the sweetest girls in the world. He began to express his happiness in the best way he knew how; he started singing. And he sang from the top of his lungs. Debbie was embarrassed. The flush on her cheeks didn’t come just from the excitement of the occasion. I was very interested to see how Debbie would handle the situation.

I needn’t have worried a bit. As they walked hand in hand across the hall, Eddie’s voice raised lustily in song, Debbie stopped, smiled up at him, gently put her finger to his lips and then kissed him full on the mouth. She achieved her purpose without saying a word. Eddie forgot to continue singing. In fact, all he wanted to do was to continue kissing. I didn’t blame him.

Bette Davis did her best acting in New York and I don’t mean in her stage fopperoo. At this time she was at Warners, the undisputed queen of the studio, and she was in the Big City for a personal appearance with one of her pictures. Before her arrival there, she sent a list of very explicit instructions as to how the suite at the St. Regis Hotel should be arranged, which room she wanted for herself and for her then-husband, William Grant Sherry, and for her children and their nurse, for her maid, etc., ad infinitum. Long distance from Hollywood, she cancelled appointments, re-scheduled interviews—in short, acted like a real prima donna.

Finally Bette arrived with twenty suitcases and an entourage worthy of a real queen. It didn’t take her long to find out that the suite didn’t have connecting doors between her room and the children’s room (this was in wartime when there was a tremendous shortage of hotel rooms). It was then that Bette put on the best act of her career. She positively roared the spinning Warner press agent. At the end of the histrionics, Bette imperiously demanded that the publicity head come to the hotel. She then went through her act again, not missing a

“Silly,” said Betty Hutton, about rumors she was parting from then husband Charlie O’Curran. And fooled even Sheilah with her act!

Jennifer Jones rated an Oscar for acting in “Song of Bernadette.” But she’ll never equal the show she put on—over the telephone!
beat, and ended with: \"Why did you ever put us in this hotel?\" The press agent courageously pointed out to her that she had insisted on this particular hotel. Bette was taken back for only a moment, then recovered quickly and said: \"Do you have to do everything I say?\"

I miss Bette in Hollywood and wish she were back with us permanently instead of just once every year or so. We can use the kind of excitement she always provides.

One of the most heartwarming performances I've ever been witness to was by my boy, Jerry Lewis, when he was seriously ill last year—although I didn't know he was putting on a show at the time. He was under the weather and I called on him at his home to cheer him up. I stayed an hour and never laughed so much in my life. I'm his best audience, he told me, and I am. All he has to do is say \"Hello, Sheilah,\" and I break up. Lying in his bed, Jerry regaled me with story after story and even went through one of (Continued on page 98)
Unlike some people who collect "memorables," Doris hangs on only to objects connected with happy events in her life.

Fortunately for Doris, she can still have dishes she fondly remembers when she was a child. Her mother is nearby!

With Marty and son Terry. When the latter sees that familiar look, he says, "Okay, Mom—what's it remind you of?"
Doris' absent-mindedness doesn't bother Marty. By now, he knows he's married to Hollywood's most sentimental girl!

Holiday at Cannes. As a girl she'd save all year for hour-long boat trip, dream of having money to do it all day!

Doris is in "Love Me or Leave Me" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much."

HAVING A MEMORABLE TIME

It doesn't take much to send her traveling down Memory Lane. And when Doris gets that look in her eyes it means this Day's gone again!

BY PEER OPPENHEIMER

- According to the calendar it was still winter, but spring was already in the air the afternoon Marty Melcher and his Mrs., professionally known as Doris Day, were heading back from M-G-M across Cahuenga Pass, to their San Fernando Valley home.

It had been Doris' last day at the Culver City studio, where she had just finished "Love Me or Leave Me." There was much she had to tell Marty. With the last minute rush of dubbing, publicity and catch-up shots, for the past few days she'd had to leave her house earlier than usual, get back later than customary, was too exhausted for much conversation while home.

Suddenly, seemingly without cause, Doris stopped talking. A far-away look crept into her eyes as her mind wandered to distant places, carried along a path of strings and saxophones, to the melody of "With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair."

"What were you saying about that last scene?" Marty inquired.

There was no reply.

"Doris . . ."

"Hmmm . . ."

"You were telling me about that last scene today . . ."

"I was? Oh, I'm sorry, Marty," she burst out. "I was listening to that song. (Continued on page 90)
JAMES CAGNEY SAYS: IF YOU

Jimmy Cagney is also in "Love Me or Leave Me" • "The Seven Little Fays"

Jimmy, in "Mr. Roberts." for an ex-gangster hero, an honorary college degree

The public enemy of the Thirties, the Yankee Doodle Dandy of the Forties, he's the guy who, in the Fifties, knows what it takes to reach the top!

BY ED MEYERSON

○ There was a time, not too far back, when opportunity was believed to knock on every door, success depended upon whether you were there to answer it back. If you wanted to be a movie star, just sit long enough in a Hollywood drugstore, sipping a soda. A talent scout would ultimately come by, discover you and change your name from Jean Turner to Lana. You'd be famous in a matter of weeks.

Then times changed. Don't go to Hollywood, everyone warned. Wait until Hollywood comes to you. And while you're waiting, better learn how to act. Breaking into pictures these days takes more than looks, more than personality. So, all over the country, young hopefuls enrolled in schools and colleges. After all, Marlon Brando, James Dean and Eva Marie Saint had studied at the Actors Studio in New York. Charlton Heston had gone to Northwestern. So had Ralph Meeker, Jean Hagen and Patricia Neal.

But now, suddenly, times had changed again. When the big studios reduced the number of actors on their contract lists, they stopped scouring the campuses for new faces. Nowadays, you could act your heart out in college plays, but no talent scout would catch your performance. Hollywood was no longer coming to you—not unless you had a name.

Last spring, however, Hollywood did come to one campus—in the person (Continued on page 88)
WANT TO BE SOMEBODY—

LIVE

AND LEARN

Sleek, figure-paring sheath takes an airs with white lace and velvet ribbon-etched scoop neck and cuffs. It's fashioned from a gray and black diamond-patterned cotton by Crestwood, wrinkle-free and styled to resemble a silk-like smooth textured worsted. 7-15. Junior Accent. About $35. You guessed the star. It's dancer Marge Champion

A typographer's dream, this eye-catching cotton broadcloth print has stylized taupe letters in black. A Maxwell fabric, it's worked smartly into a bauffant silhouette, the full skirt Pella-lined for shape insurance. Linen collar is tied with black silk organza. 5-15. By Betty Carol Mam'selle. $35. Pretty star model: Shirley Jan...
Fast becoming a fabric first for fall, cotton takes its well-earned place as a formal, well-bred fabric, spanning all the seasons in new weights, weaves and blends inspired by the finest wools and worsteds. With its new styling and textures (see backgrounds below), most often treated for crease- and spot-resistance, it still retains the airy comfort and washability of the time-honored casual summer dress. The best cotton pickin' times now for wear clear on to winter.
COTTONS MOVE INTO FALL

Fashion photographs by Bert and Stan Rockfield
Marge Champion, beauteous distaff side of the famous dancing Champions, in a figure-molding dress that’s all fashion news. The long torso bodice pares your waist to a minimum, then rounded hip flanges release a flourish of pleats in a skirt born to twirl. Shiny brass buttons gleam against a miracle cotton of multi-color tweed dots on a gold ground. It’s three-dimensional Linoweve by Everfast. The dress, in sizes 5-15. By Betty Carol for Mamselle. Under $30

Make it slim and plaid for fall, Rhonda Fleming wears a transition-plus dress of M. & W. Thomas breezeweight cotton plaid in green and yellow toned with gray, and looking for all the world like wool. It’s smartly integrated into a beautifully slendered sheath with tabbed and buttoned bodice, a belted hip pocket that curves to the back. Star this as a dress that travels with aplomb through four seasons of the year. Sizes 5-15. By Arkay Jr. Frocks. Under $30

Darling Marge Champion wears Thomas’ gray on black diplomat-striped cotton tweed with a silky-hand plus durability and completely crease- and spot-resistant. The stripes are worked this way and that to do the very most for your figure. Slim tab detail streaks vertically down front, the bodice sparked with white linen at collar and cuffs. One of the smartest lines of the season, sleek and trim down to the pleated flounce bottom. Sizes 5-15. By Mr. Mort. Under $30

The flattering Empire silhouette, interpreted here in muted tone-on-tone stripes of brown and black in a lightweight menswear type of woven cotton tweed by M. & W. Thomas. The V-neckline, underscored with slim calf belt, highlights a figure-shaping bodice that falls with easy princess lines into a gently flaring skirt. Sizes 5-15. By Jerry Greenwald. About $29.95. It’s a fashion hit with new film sensation, Shirley Jones, star of the long-awaited “Oklahoma!”

New cottons know no season,
now move smoothly out of summer in striking star designs like these

Buy these fashions at stores listed on page 82
Recent English import, Joan Collins, is considered one of Hollywood's fastest-rising young stars. Since the hot weather set in, she's also getting a name for herself as the girl with the private, built-in air-conditioning system. With her shining hair, clear, glowing skin and crisp, fresh grooming, she manages, always, to look as fresh and tempting as a lemon ice.

While disclaiming any special "equipment," Joan does admit that she's worked out a system for looking and feeling cool when the thermometer is blowing its top.

"Eating correctly helps a lot," she says. "I pass up rich, starchy foods in favor of fresh fruits, vegetables, lean meats, eggs and dairy products. It's good for the figure and complexion, too."

A regular soap and water fiend, Joan says, "I find a warm tub bath much more refreshing than a cool one. Warm water, you know, makes blood vessels dilate, so that internal heat can leave your body. A warm bath helps keep me comfortable for five or six hours."

After a twenty-minute soak, Joan wraps herself in the biggest, thirstiest towel she can find and leisurely blots herself dry. "Rubbing heats you up all over again," she explains. To absorb all traces of moisture, so clothes needn't be tugged over a damp skin, she pats on a lavish dusting of bath powder.

For a complexion that glows, but doesn't "shine," Joan cleanses her face thoroughly three times a day. Because her face reddens from the heat, she refreshes up between times with a cotton ball wrung out in cold water and moistened with skin lotion.

To keep her hair always soft, shining and wonderfully manageable, despite heat and humidity, she washes her hair every other day, follows her shampoo with a cream rinse and uses a hair spray to keep wispy ends in place.

"A slave," she admits it, to the lure of fragrance, Joan wears perfume 'round the clock. She strokes it on her temples, neck, wrists, the bend of her elbows and behind her knees—wherever the pulse is close to the surface. "That way," she says, "the heat of your body makes the fragrance 'rise' so it seems to be a natural part of you."
Cooper's 21 and Terrific

(Continued from page 40)

**Charles Antell** - who put Lanolin in the language - makes this special offer for beautiful hair!

Super Lanolin Formula 9 puts new life in dead-looking hair

Before Charles Antell came on the scene, you hardly heard of the word LANOLIN. Now there are hundreds of products for hair care, all trying to imitate the original.

But now they're all outdated! Old fashioned! Now there's Charles Antell Formula 9 with SUPER-Lanolin, that gives you a clean, healthy scalp and beautiful, lustrous hair. SUPER-Lanolin is actually three times more beneficial to hair and scalp because it retains three times the vital moisture and natural oils healthy hair needs.

To get you to try this new, improved Charles Antell Formula 9 with SUPER-Lanolin, we make the very special offer above. Try it! If you don't like it - your money will be cheerfully refunded!

Remember! There's only one Charles Antell! There's only one SUPER-Lanolin! Beware of imitations!

CHARLES ANTELL, INC., BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
the kayak over. Danny came up choking and sputtering. Ben swam to him and became wound up in a death grip. Slowly and easily he worked with Danny and finally, through his own lack of fear, eased the rope. He pulled Danny and the kayak back to shore.

By this time he had grown, literally, into the role of Whitney, the second youngest son of the family. "He would sit in the medium of radio. Or, rather, it discovered him. For inside a year, he was playing five running parts in daytime dramatic series and playing in top shows with top talent. He was well on his way.

At fourteen Ben had developed a social conscience that would put a lot of grown men to shame. At the height of his radio career, Bob Feller, the Cleveland pitcher, asked Bob Feller to combat juvenile delinquency. The Joe Lowe Company was a Popsicle company. They made their money from kids, but they wanted to do something for the kids in return. So they asked Ben to lose his own identity and become Popsicle Pete. Because Bob Feller was a sports hero and not inclined to speechmaking, Ben became a role model for the field. They gave monthly awards to kids who had done an outstanding service to the community. It could be saving a life or organizing a better Boys Town. Whatever the reason, the kids received a $100 year bond and a gold medal. Ben and Bob went before club after-club—Kiwasis, Rotary, all of them—to tell of what they were trying to do. In these meetings, Ben learned to speak easily for five or thirty minutes, according to the need. He learned to ad lib and, because he believed so completely in the project, there are thousands of men today who resent most earnestly Popsicle Pete selling the good in kids.

It was inevitable that a day would come when Ben sat at the speakers’ table of National League. Bob Feller had been proclaimed Sports Father of the Year. After a brief thank you, Bob turned the talking over to his side-kick and personal representative, young Ben. Bernard Baruch, Ben’s good friend and President in Education of the United-Artists, and Jo Stafford shared the speechmaking with a fourteen-year-old Popsicle Pete that day.

In 1947 television reared its infant command. We had no CBS and in another year or two, the war was as successful in tv as he continued to be in radio. During his teens he managed to do between two hundred and two hundred fifty shows, mostly leading parts, starring in a half dozen or more shows. He played in ''Suspend,''' ''Kraft Television Theatre,''' ''Armstrong Circle Theatre'’ and ''Armstrong Circle Theatre.'’ The top-caliber shows were usually leading caliber actors; they could depend on Ben.

During this period he completed his studies at St. Luke’s School and Lodge High School in New York and entered Columbia University. Sixty credits through at first, Ben remembered. “I was with veterans and older students. They looked at me as if I were in diapers. It usually took me a semester to get in a good class before they could accept me, one of them.” Majoring in dramatic art during his two years at Columbia, Ben studied directing as well as acting. One of his instructors was the late Mary Alice. A friend.

His home life, too, was rich and rewarding. The Cooper home was always open to friends and more than half of the parties and gatherings in and out of show business at the home—-and later, as I was young, younger, that is—Ben corrected hurriedly, "a wonderful home open to friends has been part of my life. I could always call and ask to bring two more home for dinner and always get a happy okay." Between Ben’s high school gang and college friends and his acting friends, the Cooper abode was happily and noisily occupied at all times—except Monday nights.

Most of Ben’s life was with the troupe that went to a veteran’s hospital. His social conscience and desire to reach out to others led him to entertain in that hospital, very young. There he saw the tears of old men would become strong. He experienced in every way the Aftermath of war. The mental wards were the most heartbreaking. The man there took care of each other. "One fellow couldn’t remember to put his cigarette out. If he weren’t watched, he would let it burn right through his fingers. These fellows wouldn’t even interrupt a conversation to take his cigarette and put it out. They just reached over at the right time and snuffed it." Ben sat with his memories for a minute, "Some of those Monday nights, I’d be through there and hate to see them go. But the minute I came inside that hospital I knew it was worth it. We’d all go out refreshed.

"Have you ever seen a bunch of actors not be able to say a word? It happened one night. One fellow in the mental ward hadn’t spoken a word since he’d been there. We made a habit of conducting a talent show of the fellows on a tape recorder and playing it back later for them. Week after week the fellows sang, danced, read scripts and announced all but one man who sat quietly alone. Then one night he suddenly jumped up, grabbed the mike and started singing "On the Sunny Side of the Street." He put his whole body and soul into singing that song. He was good, too. When he finished the box broke into wild applause. They knew how much more than singing had been done. When we played it back, we were running out of time, so the fellow was sitting there all alone to do it so we could hear him sing again. At the end of his recorded song, the gang joined in their own applause again, and the fellow sat there with the box in front of him. He knew that it wasn’t alone. When we packed up and started down in the elevator, there, no one said a word. How do you talk around a glass-jawed lump in your throat?"

1952, when Ben was seventeen he was asked to serve as a delegate to the AFRA (American Federation of Radio Artists) convention. He accepted the nomination and ran twice for president of the Communist campaign group. He took his stand with, "If a burglar breaks into your home, are you for burglar alarms and a well-trained police force? Naturally. But that moment you must be against the burglar. I am against Communism." Ben was elected and served on the committee that handled contracts with the studios. AFRA had served him well and fairly over the years of his acting and he inherited the responsibility of serving AFRA. The work he did served well was proved the next year when, on a visit to New York from Hollywood, he was recalled and worked with the new reigned television and radio union, AFTRA.

"For years I prayed for a chance to act in pictures. I wanted to come to Hollywood," Ben reported. "I was a grizzled Ben, that’s the way I would have me look the way. When I did get the bid, I was ready. With even my years of professional experience, my first try failed. I came out to test for the part of Ben." Then when Butch Tamblyn got the part, I went right back to New York and television."

But Herbert Yates, Republic’s president saw the test of the New York cowboy galloping through the snow and knew him in his own stable. Fortunately, Ben’s love of his pony, Gypsy, and his constant riding as a boy made him a “cowboy.” Because he had a Columbia gold label in the form of a “slowly” on his neck. Unfortunately, there was no synchro Lynched in "Johnny Guitar," that the public discovered Ben. Photograph and the stories of the publicity, they were riddled with questions about him. A studio can only hope they have a star or their hands. The public makes the final decision. On Ben Cooper there was no hesitation, they decided. Ben’s gamble in abandoning a successful career in New York proved wise.

So Ben settled down to living in an unloving Hollywood. With his instinctive ability to make friends, he soon had a comfortable and congenial group using his apartment. "When the Reps came out with the Open Door Policy, Ben’s an excellent cook. Be it two or ten for dinner he can swim up a barbequed chicken with a special sauce along with chocolate cake and a chocolate sponge pie (no ready-mix, he says proudly). After his guests are lulled into lethargy from very full stomachs, Ben will pull out his guitar and sing some of his favorite songs.

One night at Sterling Hayden’s they were celebrating the finish of their picture, "The Last Command." Suddenly Sterling asked Ben to come home and get his guitar. Ben left, Sterling said, “I’ve heard a lot of guys sing folk songs, but Ben’s terrific. He should do his own show on television and make a mint.” Ben returned with the guitar and sang.

During the filming of "Johnny Guitar," Ben won an ardent fan and fast friend Joan Crawford thinks the sun rises and sets on him. He is her best friend. "In fact, most understanding man in boy’s clothing I’ve ever met. My son, Chris, actually follows him around like a puppy in the hero worship. But Chris has something Sunday School coming with me. One Sunday he asked if he might give Chris a cowboy shirt he had loved as a boy. It was a beautiful shirt. When he gave it to Chris, Chris cried out, “I’ll never forget his kindness on the 'Johnny Guitar’ location.” Joan said warmly. "I had Chris with me for a week. I happened to be his birthday. Chris flew up for a party. It was big enough for a hundred. I knew Ben planned to go to another party that night so Chris and so we drew up in his car. Then when this was over, there was a real reception on his place. Then the door opened and there stood Ben with a slicked up and ready. ‘See,’ said Chris, ‘I am.’ I promptly cut a piece of cake big enough for ten people with each address to the evening. Ben graciously got himself and the others a slice in Ben’s."

"After Chris went back to school Ben found out he wasn’t writing me. So he wrote a beautiful letter saying that Ben wouldn’t write to his mother as much as he should, but he knew Chris was better than he about things like that. It worked, too. Chris started writing.

"Along with being a wonderful human..."
"...I've ever met. His talent and sensitivity can't be held down. I think his home life with his terrific Mother and Dad and his divinely mad sister, Bunny, has created one of the finest representatives Hollywood is going to have in a long time to come."

Bunny, Ben's beautiful sister, has the same zest for living and lively sense of humor that Ben is endowed with. Both claim they get it from their parents. On her first trip out to visit Ben, Bunny (a New York model) decided to diet while here. "Of course, Ben met me at the airport with a report of the chocolate sponge pie (Mother's recipe) waiting for me at his place. He spoiled me horribly and I didn't lose an ounce." Since that first visit, Bunny has been spotted by the talent scouts and is waiting to hear about a contract at a major studio.

When Bunny decided to share Ben's apartment, the Cooper sense of humor created havoc with Ben's date life. Bunny would answer the phone sweetly and coyly. When it was a girl on the other end of the line, silence and confusion reigned. "Ben isn't here," his loving sister would say. "May I take a message?" After getting all the reaction she could from the uncomfortable girl, she would then explain that she was Ben's sister.

When Ben plays, he plays hard; and when he works, he works hard. When he won the coveted role of Sailor Jack in Paramount's "Rose Tattoo" over two hundred other actors, he settled into the job of earning his co-star billing with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster and Marisa Pavan. His impounded scenes with Marisa will plant him firmly in the eyes of the public as a star. Thirteen years of experience went into his portrayal. One girl, lucky enough to see his screen test for the role, said, "It gave me goose pimples. He's for real."

Together with his youthful exuberance and vitality, Ben has the joy of living of the very young, and yet, can be father-confessor, brother, arbitrator at the drop of your mood. His maturity and wisdom have abruptly stopped many from starting to pat the head of the happy youngster he looks. He stands firm for the things he believes in and has strong moral integrity. Richard Carlson is already trying to get him on the board of the Screen Actors Guild. He knows that a youthful outlook in a mature mind, plus a deep sense of responsibility, will be an asset to SAG. And if Ben does join the board, he will give his whole heart to it as he does everything.

The boy who started life in Hartford, Connecticut, and spent his childhood on the Long Island Sound and the stages and studios of New York is fully aware of the contradictory parts of his nature. "I have three questions always uppermost: Where are you going? Where do you want to go? How are you going to get there? I try to keep the answers to those questions straight and unconfused at all times. I realize that I am in the process of my basic attack of moulding my life. I'm forming patterns I want to retain. I want to live up to everything that's in me for myself and my family."

There's no doubt, at twenty-one, Ben Cooper talks and thinks like a man of thirty-five. There's also no doubt by those who know him, at thirty-five, he will not only be one of our finest actors, he will be a man the industry will be proud of.

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say the above experts, one rule it is a rule to cleanse your face thoroughly—the Hollywood way. This is how: First, remove all traces of old make-up with cleansing cream. Apply a liberal amount to your face and neck in gentle, upward, circular motion. Then remove the cream with tissues and wash your face with warm water (never hot) and a mild soap. Use a face cloth that is rough enough to cleanse and stimulate your skin but not too harsh so as to irritate.

If your skin is dry, suggests Ben Nye, “Play down the soap and water routine, which tends to be drying, and do your cleansing with cream only. You might also wear a good night cream to bed and apply a little to your neck and elbows. However, if your skin is oily,” Ben advises, “soap and water and plenty of it.” The important point is to cleanse your face thoroughly before going to sleep at night and before every single new application of make-up. “A clean skin looks fresh and is easier to make up,” says Ben from long experience. “The cosmetic blends evenly and gives a smooth, natural look.”

“After cleansing, you’re ready to apply your make-up,” says U.L.’s Bud Westmore. “Begin, naturally, with a make-up base. And, for best results, apply the liquid or cream base with the tip of your finger in small dots, then blend evenly, using a circular motion, all over your entire face and neck.”

When choosing a make-up base, select a shade that is a little darker than your natural skin tone. By using a base that is too light, the experts say, you can add ten years to your age since it shows up every flaw. A safe and simple way to choose the proper color, incidentally, is to apply a little on the top part of your hand. The proper tone should be a little darker than your skin.

After your foundation cream, Perc suggests the following order for applying other cosmetics: rouge, eyeshadow, then a light dusting of powder, eyebrow pencil, mascara and finally lipstick.

“For obvious reasons,” says Perc, “rouge should follow the foundation cream, with which it must be blended; eyeshadow should be put on before you powder, lipstick after you’ve powdered and so on. It is most important to apply your make-up in the proper order to eliminate the possibility of blochty make-up and a heavy made-up look.”

Of course, the amount of make-up you use and the color depends upon your age and your coloring and face type. According to Bill Tuttle, teenagers should use make-up sparingly. “Exactly at what age a teenager begins to use make-up varies with her maturity and what the other girls are doing. But usually by the time they are older than ten or twelve years, junior misses want to wear lipstick. For them, I advise a very pale shade, preferably a coral shade, which looks more natural. A little clear gloss can be used but it must be blended in very carefully, using a tissue to apply it in order to avoid a straight-line painted look. Lipstick and rouge should always be in the same color range. A pink lipstick demands a pink-tinted rouge, for instance. Later on, teen-age towheads and redheads can use a little eyebrow pencil. But brunettes with dark brown lashes and eyebrows don’t need any further eye accent. Teenagers can also use mascara—ever so lightly for evening occasions—but it must be applied only to the upper lash, never to the lower. And, whenever you use a brown pencil and mascara for the most natural results. A teenager should never, no matter what her coloring, use eyeshadow. It’s a giveaway that this is a youngster who’s trying to look grown-up.”

“For teenagers who are going through a physical change and suffer skin problems, such as pimples or acne, a foundation cream is not recommended. While a base may not hurt, it definitely does not help the problem complexion,” explained Bill Tuttle.

If you have any minor beauty faults, make-up can be helpful. Arlene Dahl makes a beauty spot of her mole. Anne Francis goes one step further and pencils hers, lest it be overlooked.

Wally Westmore says he doesn’t know why girls want to hide their freckles. “They’re cute,” he insists. “But if you’re freckle-conscious, stay out of the sun to begin with. Then, if you have them, go around, be, fresh scrubbed look and show them off.”

“On some people,” says Bill Tuttle, “freckles are very becoming.” (Look at Kate Hepburn, Joan Crawford or Myrna Loy. Their allure is legendary.) “But for girls who have complexes about freckles—and most of them do—little or no foundation is helpful. It will help subdue them. But don’t ever try to cover them completely,” he warns, “or your face will lose its individuality and look more like a mask.”

For the girl who suffers over excess hair on her face, there are a number of good depilatories and waxes available which can be used safely and, in many cases, successfully. But these are temporary solutions. However, if you do use one, take special caution to read the label carefully to see if it’s the surest method of removing superfluous hair,” advises Wally Westmore, “is by electrolysis. While it takes a little while to complete, the removal is permanent if done by an authorized and experienced person.”

If acne’s the problem, the encouraging thought is that this is temporary. Don’t use creams on your face or cream base make-up. Wash your face frequently with soap and warm water. And use a little face powder if you like. The most important step for you, however, is to consult a dermatologist. “The most important complexion aid though is proper diet. Many sweets and rich foods are partly responsible for a lot of skin problems. So many of our young stars have had this problem through this period—Lucy Taylor, Debbie Reynolds, Jane Powell. One soda fountain binge and their face would break out,” says Bill Tuttle.

“Proper cleansing and lubrication, proper diet and plenty of sleep are necessary if you want your face to have a fresh and flowery look—the normal look that is today’s new look.”

Older girls, too, should strive for a natural beauty look. Use all make-up, say the experts, but apply it cleverly. Blonds, after all, should be more concerned with their make-up achieving a soft natural effect. Blonds should apply rouge sparingly and make certain their costume harmonizes with the cosmetic coloring. Match the lipstick to the costume is what they do in the movies. An orange dress demands an orange lipstick.

Paramount’s Wally Westmore says, “The reason blonds have to be so careful with their make-up is that they can look hard by using make-up which contrasts too much with their light hair and skin. They can best overcome an unnatural look by using a pastel base and never using black mascara. For little blonde mascara is preferred—a brown with an amber, not a red, cast. If you’re a blond, always consider the degree of contrast between your hair and skin and play it down. The lighter your complexion, the paler your lip and cheek rouge should be. If your hair and skin are very light, a light touch of eyebrow pencil and mascara is right. Blonds are prone to make mistakes, but you can make is to wear too-dark, and too much mascara and eye pencil. Just look at Grace Kelly, she wears her make-up so discreetly that in all appearances, she looks like a natural beauty. “Blonds like Marilyn Monroe, redheads like Arlene Dahl,” says Ben Nye, “should use lip and cheek rouge in a red that leans toward orange. Otherwise, their skin looks sallow. If your skin tends to be sallow, choose a powder base with a pink shade.”

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lipstick and a lipstick and cheek rouge in a warmer pink."

"Some of our stars like to have highlights on the cheekbones and the tip of the chin, which gives a glossy look. In that case, powder can be used sparingly. Then using powder, girls should never rub it on their faces, put it, is the proper way. Powder, too, should never be much lighter than your base.

As for choosing eyeshadow, Perc Westmore suggests, "Brown eyeshadow for Hazel, brown and black eyes. Blue-gray or blue, green and gray eyes. For most brown is the most attractive. "Never," say the Westmores, "use bizarre colors like purple, green, silver or red. Keep to the natural colors and never apply eyeshadow with the same density over the entire lid. Start the first application at the lash line and blend it up and over the fullness of the eyelid delicately. Never use eyeshadow under the eye for it gives a theatrical effect. And if your eyes are small or deep set, use a minimum eyeshadow or none at all in the hollow eye next to the nose. Remember, the function of eyeshadow is to define the eye and add contrast to the whiteness of the eye."

"A full brow, such as Susan Cabot’s,ITLE Adams, is a beauty asset," says Bud Westmore. "If your brows are heavy and shaggy, you must shape them. But never pluck from the top of the brow, always underneath, gently arching the bow and cleaning up widely separated hairs. So pluck any hairs between your brows otherwise you will look as though you’re wearing. Don’t pluck too much either—brows are passe."

Your eyes are shaped, clean and neat. Apply your eyebrow pencil. In using eyepencil, look straight into the mirror and make sure,” warns Bill Tuttle, “that the line of the brow is exactly parallel to the line of the eyelid. Start penciling right over the inside corner of the eye, beginning with very light strokes and deepening the stroke as you reach the center, which should be the darkest part. Then shade off again to the end of the brow. Lift the pits a little so they don’t slant down and give you a tired look. The proper way to use a pencil is to make short, light hair strokes, not one continuous hard line which gives a harsh, drawn effect.

The recommended way to apply mascara, which is the next step in making up your face, is to gently pull out the eyelid to the side and upward. At the same time, begin applying the mascara freely to the entire top lashes. This will prevent the lid from fluttering. It is much better to use a minimum of mascara lightly, feathering the lashes a little at a time and building it up gradually. Have a clean extra brush handy. If the mascara clots, you can brush it out and separate the lashes. If your eyelashes are straight, curling improves them and makes them appear longer. It also makes the eyes appear larger. Janet Leigh always curls her lashes, which are long but straight. The trick of curling the lashes is not to squeeze the curler too tightly too long, or the lashes will go upward but in a very unnatural way. Simply squeeze firmly for a few seconds.

Applying your mascara—that's all the time that is needed. Your eyes are completely made up. Now to your lips: "Before applying lipstick, make certain your lips are dry. Moist lips cause lipstick to roll and look caked. Lipstick should first be applied to the upper lip, then gently and firmly close your mouth, rolling the upper lip over the lower lip to give a proportionate outline on the bottom lip. Remove excess lipstick by pressing the lips with a cleansing tissue."

And if you're trying to make your lips fuller," added Wally Westmore, "never carry the rouge too far over the normal lip line. I would say, not over one-eighth of an inch. A lipstick brush is excellent for applying lipstick, so if you can possibly get yourself one and learn to use it, you'll find the results worth the practice in the beginning.

As for lipstick colors, blondes should remember, if their skin and hair is light, the lipstick contrast should not be great. Stick to light shades.

And if you're a brunette? Well, take your beauty tip from dark Jean Peters, who off-screen, uses a lipstick in a true shade of red for daytime appearances, a bright, pinkish lipstick for evening, which looks simply stunning with a black costume."

"Many brunettes," says Ben Nye, "have an idea they should use dark lipstick." This is a mistake because it gives a sullen, heavy look. Mitzi Gaynor's one gal who knows how to wear make-up. Notice how natural and alive she always looks; Mitzi's learned a lot about applying cosmetics. Now that you've properly applied your make-up, take a look in your mirror. Notice the difference? You should be a 1955 natural beauty like Liz Taylor, Debbie Reynolds, Janie Powell and Piper Laurie—all of whom have been praised as "natural looking beauties." Off-screen, they look as though they're hardly wearing any make-up. You know their secret. They accent their lips with natural-looking contors and apply formicine shades and rely on a light dusting of powder or foundation to give that fresh bloom. But, after all, when you think about it, it's just plain smart sense to use make-up discreetly, isn't it? Why broadcast your secrets. Mac's never tells Gimbel's.

THE END

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Rediscovered Love

January 29 and 30 and 31, and for a week or so before that, and a week or so after.

In a way it’s crazy, because it shows how two people who had virtually everything in the world got all mixed up.

Alan Ladd and Sue Carol fell in love at first sight, literally, and for thirteen magical years after their marriage they shared every wakening moment, every sleeping night. They shared plans. They planned them. They cared. They had children.

Alan, who had been poor and unknown became rich and successful. As a kid, he had never had a home, so he and Sue built a virtual palace in Hollywood, bought a fabulous ranch in the Valley. Alan loved horses, so Sue loved horses. But Alan loved singing, so Sue loved dancing. Like a lot of other rich people, they bought oil wells, but unlike a lot of other rich people, theirs came in. They traveled. Their kids were always handsome, healthy and intelligent. The whole family made numerous friends.

Perfect, that’s what it was, the life of Alan and Sue Ladd. Absolutely perfect, until June Allyson and Alan began making the “McConnell Story” at Warner’s last winter.

When Hollywood first began hearing the whispers coming off that set they just didn’t believe them. It was a good marriage and they lived happily ever after, everybody said. However the marriage between Alan and Sue had been so absolute in its fidelity and devotion, no one thought there could be “another woman.” The whispers persisted, grew louder, finally became common talk.

To complicate matters even more, radiant, young Carol Lee Ladd, who had been born Carol Lee Stuart, was about to be married to handsome Richard Anderson. Sue Ladd wanted her daughter’s wedding to be perfect. She knew how the girl adored Alan. Thus, no matter what shadowed Alan’s personal life, Sue was determined that none of them should darken Carol Lee’s most romantic ones.

As you undoubtedly remember, it was that summer’s Hollywood wedding season. The lavish Ladd garden and pool were transformed into a wedding chapel. Alan, incredibly handsome in white tie and tails, gave Carol Lee away. Small David Ladd was the junior ring bearer. Alan Ladd was maid of honor. And there were ushers like Cary Grant and Laddie, Alan’s handsome older son. There were pretty bridesmaids by the score and it was all very exciting.

Because of the whispers, all eyes after the ceremony were upon June Allyson and Dick Powell, among the hundreds of elegant guests. Dick danced together, congratulated Carol Lee, and still the gossip was not stifled.

There was, of course, a receiving line after the ceremony. Very erect and much slimmer than she has been for years, Sue Ladd stood next to her daughter, receiving congratulations and good wishes. Hours later, Sue saw the last guest to the door. She saw her daughter off on her honeymoon. A couple of days later, Allan gave out the statement that, yes, there was trouble between them. Which was why, by that following weekend, he and Sue were apart for the first time in more than thirteen years.

That weekend each of them behaved in quite characteristic ways, though they weren’t aware of it at the time. Before parting they had not “agreed to disagree.”

They had not decided to get a divorce.

They had reached only one decision. They would have a “trial separation.” What they meant by that, neither knew. But in their most romantic hopes and fondest memories of the love they had shared, they little dreamed the separation would be only a matter of two days.

Sue went to Las Vegas. She was accompanied by her aunt and Alana. It was like Sue that she went to Las Vegas because she had always promised her aunt this trip and had not, until then, had the opportunity to get around to it. For herself, she went there, because she had been driven by her infatuation for him. Her instinctively thinking of other people’s pleasures, made her take her relatives with her.

Alan went down to Rancho Sante Fe, to the home of two of his and Sue’s closest friends, the Chester Roots. He didn’t stop to think, either, that Rancho Sante Fe was where he and Sue had spent their honeymoon thirteen years before. He didn’t stop to remember the days he had never seen Lois and Chet except when he was in Sue’s company.

Thus, while the Roots tried to be polite and not probing about the reason for this solo visit, Sue’s name kept popping into the conversation. Just as at Las Vegas, Sue, running into the Bill Bendixes, the Dean Martins and virtually everybody she knew in show business, kept hearing Alan’s name.

They had separated on Saturday. That dragged by, Sunday dragged by. Monday morning, Sue’s room phone rang. The moment she heard Alan’s voice, she asked:

“What’s the matter with you? You sound sick.

“I feel like hell,” Alan said. He was—Then he asked, “Would you come here, Sue?

They had always done everything on a impulse. Their new house in Palm Springs, he bought, for instance, one recent morning while he was sitting in a drugstore, finishing breakfast, while Sue was at work, on the floor, changing a tire. They had that notion to own a Palm Springs home, after one week of living in that resort, just happened to be sitting next to a recorder. And that was that, even though it involved spending several thousands of dollars.

So now he wanted Sue beside him for the impulse. And Sue rushed down to Rancho Sante Fe, not on impulse, but with a justifiable reason. She always rushed with love to do anything he wanted her to do.

Always, let me digress one moment, smash a couple of statements too often said about Sue, which have never been true of Sue. She never ruled Alan or ruled life. But he does rule her— and all the things she had. What he wants to do, they do. When he wants to go, they go, sometimes in the middle of the night on a moment’s notice. He can drive, too; they, for instance, they stay home. He does like guests, they have them in scads. He hates telephoning, so Sue does all the phoning for him. He loathes detail, of any sort, so he shuns any business.

And another thing: Sue was Alan’s agent before they married and it was her belief in him that got him first chance at Paramount. But the very day, when she and Alan, exactly, they stayed at home. He does like guests, they have them in scads. He hates telephoning, so Sue does all the phoning for him. He loathes detail, of any sort, so he shuns any business.

And another thing: Sue was Alan’s agent before they married and it was her belief in him that got him first chance at Paramount. But what a day, when she and Alan, exactly, they stayed at home. He does like guests, they have them in scads. He hates telephoning, so Sue does all the phoning for him. He loathes detail, of any sort, so he shuns any business.

What further happened was that second agent still insisted upon giving Sue a major piece of cash for this gift. She banked it and kept it, until several years later, when she and Alan, were building their Holmby Hills house.

Like most home builders they spent too much. They would have had to borrow very stiff rates if Sue hadn’t then come up with this chunk of money, with Bing and Dixie Crosby, Sue took one look at her husband and said, “We must call a doctor.” She had little more than gotten the words out, when long distance called a call to her from Las Vegas, where which had originally been put in in Angeles. It was the news that David was come down with chicken pox—which, course, was the reason why Alan had. But, if you had ever been truly in love you know this was actually a happy event. For would anyone but a devoted wife love a man—and love him with ex tendence. They were running a breaking out in black and white shaving for a week.

They couldn’t stay with the Roots, course, with Alan not terribly ill but completely miserable. Sue watched at only house that was available and moved into the house.

And there they talked while Alan fever waxed and waned. They talked, they hadn’t talked for years, with no one...
Though she had not been a fashionable street, the swank district. It had no furniture left a stove and an ice box, and the first "it's been dragged and left in the kitchen. That's where their things had been thrown. The thing called love made it look useful to them, regardless. Shall we go out to dinner? Susie asked, the first night.

"Do we have any money?" asked Alan. "No, I'll go marketing," he came back, with grocery bags up to chin. She thought she had everything in the cupboard, and that was what she did, and that was why she knew it was enough to have bought it. But along with the cream and the eggs and the butter, the eggs, she had thrown the beef," said Alan, laughing. "Oh, of course, is what Sue did, and wrote it in the bin, the best and most portable meal they had in ten eating off paper plates with your hand there was nothing quite so beautiful and endless as a desert night. The list of petunias and oleanders rose on them and its fragrance filled the air. The time of the night was the middle of the night. A few days later, Alan said, in that k-violet voice of his, "I knew it wasn't a good idea on a day away from you. Everywhere I am I think about you. Fe, I saw you. Everything I started to make of you, I'm glad.

"I'm glad you fell along for a long time. I hope you, Susie, that you are the only one who attracts me, that there will be any one but you!"

"I could write a letter," she said. There were too many tears and that there she was pretty and that she was there.

At home a new production was wait- for Alan at Warners. He went to Studio and he had to fly to Prancisco for that night. He has a weakness for Royal Copen- chin. On that fast trip he saw a sign of Royal Copenhagen figures in a shop window. When he got home, dealer refused to believe he was Alan and wouldn't cash his check. So Alan went inside a secret compartment of his wal- let and pulled out two $100 bills. He's been using them for "free tokens for me," Sue says. Her eyes alight with happiness, her figure slim as a teenager's. "He says as long as he has those two nothing could ever harm him. But he's scared of you, and he's scared of me."

\textbf{BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS: Up to $5 hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. Opening soon!}
(Continued from page 45) stopped me in the hall, between classes, and spoke to me.

"A high school boy, mind you. Two years and two grades ahead of me, at the time of a girl’s life when two years and two grades are so much more terribly important. There was a school picnic about to be held. I’d never before been asked to one. But this boy—a big man in his class in every way—said to me, ‘You’d be fun to be with, Marilyn. So you see and come to the picnic. I’ll save a place for you."

"I was too overwhelmed to even speak. I just nodded agreement. He grinned at me, went on to his class. But as I stood there, practically overcome, a couple of girls who had always given me the iciest snubs, swarmed over to me. ‘Oh, Marilyn,’ they coosed, sweeter than a double chocolate eclair with syrup and whipped cream, ‘Oh, Marilyn, you must come with our crowd to the picnic. We were just going to ask you to join us, when Bill did.’"

“That was my first lesson in popularity, and I didn’t like it, and I still don’t. I didn’t dare figure out why that boy had picked me, and I still can’t think about it, for fear the miracle of it would vanish. But I saw through those girls as easily as looking through an open window. I was still Marilyn Novak, wearing my hair in tight snubs, wearing a high-necked, long-sleeved dress my grandmother had made, not owning a lipstick. But those girls now wanted me because a popular boy had put the seal of approval on me. Suddenly I was worth knowing, not because of anything I’d thought or said or done but entirely for an external reason.

Kim Novak, the girl who is generally conceded to be the fastest-rising young actress in Hollywood today, leaned back against the booth in the quiet restaurant. She’s a real good beauty, sensitive, intelligent, charming.

At this particular moment her extraordinary green eyes, under her fluff of white-gold hair, looked a little hurt in remembrance. She had the nervous trace of lipstick on her mouth, no powder on her face and the dress she wore could not have been simpler—or more effective, as was proven by the number of gentlemen who kept finding excuses for going by our table and giving her long glances.

Kim took this attention demurely, her eyes downcast, but she looked up, smiling ruefully, when the men had passed. "See?" she said. “That’s the same kind of popularity, nine years later. Those men are not interested in me, as me. They are interested in the girl who now is called Kim Novak, and who has made a couple of movies which, fortunately, people liked."

"Don’t misunderstand me. I like being recognized, and it’s a big thrill, being a celebrity, even junior grade, the way I am. But I think the very first thing a girl must learn, particularly while she is still in her teens, is what’s the why of popularity and see what’s the what’s of unpopularity and see what she should do about either situation."

“For instance, a girl must decide just how far she can go in adapting herself to other people’s rules without losing her own individuality. Learning to go with some of the rules is part of popularity certainly."

"Take me, I was one of those shy kids. When I was really little, pre-school age, that is, I was so afraid of everyone that I’d hide behind our living-room curtains or, if strangers came in too quickly, I’d hide behind my mother’s skirts.

"I had a grown-up male cousin who didn’t mean to be cruel, I’m sure, but he actually was. I’d come to our yard and hunt all over for me, move the couches and chairs, if need be, and finally drag me from my hiding place. He’d bring me forth before the company and say, ‘Tell me, is this a boy or a girl?’"

"I wasn’t even in my teens, the first time I fell in love. The boy never knew it, because I didn’t dare speak to him, and he didn’t know I even existed. But I found out where he lived, and I went over to that section of Chicago, and then I saw his name written on the sidewalk I felt it was a mystic sign to me. I’d picked some flowers on the way over, from a garden I’d passed. I went up to the door nearest the sidewalk where his name was written and I left the flowers, a pure act of devotion on my part. Of course, since it was just his first name that was written there, it may well have been six other boys of the same name. But I didn’t think of that then.

"I did crazy things like that, and never talked about them because at that time I just couldn’t put anything into words. I was too shy."

"My mother believed every child should have music lessons, so I had some, both piano and voice. My teacher liked me, but her mother thought I was just terrible. She’d sit in the room while I took my lessons and shake her head, saying, ‘Tch, tch,’ under her breath all the time in disapproval. A couple of months ago when I was making ‘Phiffi,’ I looked up and the cameraman watching me, shaking his head and saying, ‘Tch, tch.’ Suddenly, without warning, I began to cry. I didn’t want to. The cameraman asked me what was the matter, but I was too embarrassed to explain. When I did, I laughed, and said he hadn’t shaken his head at me, but over one of the light and camera. I felt it was shadowing the scene incorrectly."

"When a girl is naturally shy, it takes her a long time to realize that other people are shy, too, and that not everybody with unpopularity, she can adapt herself to it or cover it or act loud and show-off just to hide the fact that you will appear to be a phony. In fact you always wish the fact that you are shy were not known."

"This is what I mean by protecting your own individuality and yet adapting it certain rules." Kim paused again.

"There must be so many young girls bewildered as I was," she went on, "never actually wanted to do anything that was false and I think this kind of idealism is common to many teenagers. I loathed the idea of putting on a show. For myself, I was so sure that what’s pretty is when you don’t think it actually. But on the other hand, I certainly didn’t know how to make a graceful compliment of any sort. That’s we tended to become silent or to smile a day to someone—a definite task to me—that is when I feel it is deserved.

"There’s a very fine line, as every girl knows, between witsiness and insincerity. But I think we also have to realize it’s some of our so-called sincerity is sometimes selfishness or even an unrecognized jealousy. Maybe you don’t think ano girl is pretty, but she thinks you are. I thought that was pretty because you are jealous that she has a one while you are wearing your last year. Or maybe when your date comes calling for you, he is your admirer and innocent, but to say, that to your taste is perfectly terrible. But are you sure, when you tell him off that you aren’t, maybe, just’ try to take him down?’ Or, in other worse words you say, ‘I’ve found out a most wonderful thing about paying compliments,’ Kim said, ‘I’ll confess that originally I began it to make boys like me. I never thought of paying compliments, I just didn’t."

"So now I don’t limit the compliments to be exclusively. But, in my early teens, if date was wearing something outlandish or took me somewhere outlandish wouldn’t say it was just too, too adoral because that was a lie."

"Lots of people think that when you are pretty, you are not being sincere when you lie. But I think one thing is always pos it when you lie, it sounds in your voice. Haven’t you often had somebody tell you something and you didn’t know, why you say it wasn’t true? That’s the sort that comes in your voice, when you know what you are saying is false."

"But there is always something about everybody on whom you can complain. Him. The boy is very nice but you can say about your date, for instance, is that he has big, strong hands. So. That. Or maybe he is more consid than you. Or you, or not, or more punctual, or more something. One of great, great things about people is that very single human being has his or her own distinctiveness, that distinction in your friends and compliments to it. You’re not being insincere when you do that. In fact you are being thought and what really seems right often be right, at least, is that you compliments, as with everything else.
turns out to be more blessed to give than to receive."

Kim shook her pretty young head thoughtfully. "As a fairly normal girl growing up, she said, "I just never could quite accept that statement even though it was from the Bible. I'd go to church and hear it and I knew I was the one at fault for not accepting it, but I'd sit there thinking, it is so much more wonderful to get presents.

"Yet, oddly and wonderfully, it was through learning to pay compliments that I discovered that it was more blessed to give, more blessed to you. I mean, because when you do search out the nice thing about a boy or a girl or a relative or whoever and do compliment him on it, you feel the most terrific glow. He is made happy—but you are made happier and, in some way I can't quite understand, he becomes nicer to you, in your own mind."

"And, of course, you are much more popular with them love on. So that is one way that anybody can be good, kind and truthful and yet become very, very popular.

"And another thing is that while you are spending time thinking about how to say an accurate, original and nice thing about somebody else, you are forgetting yourself, your shyness and your self-consciousness. So you conquer that without knowing it."

"I remember," Kim said, "that one of the first boys I ever dated told me he had noticed me because I had such good posture. Now, my posture was due to my mother always making me and my sister sit up straight and 'walk tall.' I had done that simply because I had to, but that boy made me so happy telling me that my posture gave me distinctiveness that I promptly fell in love with him.

"I was always falling in love, anyhow. Before I was nineteen and had been discovered, I had fallen in love seventeen times, and fallen out seventeen times also."

"Which brings us around to the problems of dating," Kim gave a long serious look. (You can't be with this girl five minutes before you realize it wasn't merely her face and her figure, that got her "discovered." Nor was it merely good looks that made her score so definitely in "Pushover" and "Pillow Talk." In fact, I think, Kim is a cheap girl and the other a very dumb one and did them both superbly. Kim is that rare blend, a beautiful and sexy girl who has brains and sensitivity, too.)

"A fellow who dates a girl she's fun to be with," Kim went on to explain.

"And a girl should remember this. Popularity doesn't depend upon sitting in a parked car."

"Which is why you live in Hollywood at the Studio Club for girls only?" I asked.

"Partly," said Kim, "Partly I live at the Club because I'm still scared of the dark and I'd be afraid to be alone at night in my own apartment if I had one. And partly I like living in a Club where things are easily taken care of, since I'm so busy, not alone with my work, but with acting classes four nights a week, diet class two nights a week, singing lessons every day, dancing lessons every other day."

"Right now, for a year or so at least, I'll be too busy to that extent, even want to, though, to marry and have children."

"Now, any man who dates me from the Studio Club knows I'll meet him at the door, and say good night to him there—and that's that. But from that angle, I know you know that, too, so I know he's not a wolf—but a very nice human being. See?"

Kim stood up, and every eye in the restaurant focused on her, her sensitive, flowerlike face, her lovely figure. What I saw was that she is very, very good and very, very popular.

THE END

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Eyefuls: Jeff Hunter playing the Indian in "White Feather" had to wear contact lenses and they all but killed him. Now the poor guy has to wear 'em again in "Seven Cities of Gold." But inimitable director William Wellman decided to be novel and have a blue-eyed Chinese girl play opposite John Wayne in "Blood Alley," so Anita Ekberg, the statuesque Swede, didn't have to wear contact lenses after all! And while we're making with the eyes, Burt Lancaster designed himself special driving glasses with pig-skin covered frames. His optometrist was so taken with the original idea, he's stocking up a supply for future customers!

Joiner-Uppers: Rock Hudson has another new fan club. There are only four members, but what enthusiastic ones! The rave wave started when the tall man was guest star on "I Love Lucy." And Lucy, Desi, Vivian Vance and Bill Brawley love Rock, who hung around all day to watch them work. He hung on to both Desi and new U-I picture. But Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were so grateful for Rock's cooperation, they presented him with a new color TV set!

For Men Only: Tony Curtis is the first Hollywood actor to order those new pencil-slim, leg-fitting slacks with sixteen inch cuffs. But Howard Keel says, "Who wants to look like a weenie in tights!" And Rory Calhoun ordered black linen slacks from Rick Byron's in Beverly Hills. Instead of the usual zipper, they face on corset style in contrasting white. Marlon Brando on the "Guys and Dolls" set, admired those wedgegood cuff links that Frank Sinatra wears in several shades. Frankie boy went right up to the phone, ordered a pair for Marlon and picked 'em up coming to work next day!

Laugh Lines: It's Montgomery Clift's description of a femme fatale he met recently: "She's the kind of girl you'd take to meet your mother—providing your father wasn't home!"

Bachelor Headaches: Though Tab Hunter's getting a big boot out of furnishing his first apartment, he only owns a bed, stove and refrigerator. That's all his budget allows! George Nader's having his house wired for sound (music!) while he's away on the "Away All Boats" location. And he had to hire a maid to drop by each day to feed his cat that just had kittens! When he was dropped by U-I for refusing a small role, it looked like the Race was over for George. Now skies are blue again, because M-G-M is talking term deal.

Homing Pigeons: Audrey Hepburn, in a letter to the Bill Heidels, confides she's lonely for Hollywood. This little Audrey never thought would happen to her! And Eva Marie Saint is anxious to spend the summer and make a movie here. But she wouldn't trade her little nest at home and her TV director husband who works in the East. Wonder if we'll be seeing little Eva? We know we won't be seeing Ava Gardner for many a month, because she's rented a house in Spain. Whatever she's searching for, here's hoping Miss Wanderlust finds it!
James Cagney, who was invited to Rolllins to receive an honorary degree. The College was making him a Doctor of Humanities—James Cagney, who had once pushed a grapefruit into his leading lady's face! But the Public Enemy of the Thirties had grown into the Yankee Doodle Dandy of the Forties. In the Fifties, it was hailed as one of Hollywood's greatest performances.

To fifty-some students in the Drama Department, it was the chance of a lifetime. If anyone could give them the real lowdown on Cagney, it was James. He had been there in the old days, and he was still there—still a star. What's more, he was also a producer and a former president of the Screen Actors Guild. But he never hesitated to tell them what they could and couldn't do—and to answer all questions. How he had broken into pictures and how could they do it today? What were their own chances of ever becoming stars?

In his twenty-second year, in motion pictures and the completion of his fiftieth film, but the man who arrived on the campus at Winter Park, Florida, was still young. His hair was still red. His step was quick. He made you wonder how they'd started exercising in the college gym—first thing tomorrow. And you had to search his face for a line or wrinkle under the muscles.

Jimmie had been in pictures before the fifty young "dramateurs" were even born. All of them, however, had seen his Academy Award-winning performance as George M. Cohan in the famous musical "Yankee Doodle Dandy." In fact, that was the first thing they asked about. They wanted to know how Jimmy had approached the character, since Cohan was "always with the man." As Cagney himself said in the early days, "I shouldn't have been Cohan," he replied, "not without the mannerisms. So whenever I was playing him on-stage, doing one of his sound-and-dance numbers, I flew all over the place. But off-stage, in the quiet moments of his life, I played him straight. I didn't want the impersonation to get in the way of the performance. You see, first of all, Cohan was a human being—then a performer. I knew when Jimmy had made me upon being a human being—then a performer. All the glamour that attaches to him as a Hollywood star is by virtue of his acting on-screen, not off. In private life, he's just a good man and a good actor. Billie (Frances Willard Vernon) have one of the town's most successful marriages, simply by making their life together a 'fifty-fifty proposition.' They met when Cohan was the producer of the Broadway musical, "Pitter Patter." Married on September 28, 1922, they have been working together ever since, first in vaudeville, then opera, and now in pictures. They are farmers. They not only live on a ranch in California's San Fernando Valley, where they raise trotting horses, but commute to a two-thousand-acre dairy farm at Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts.

The Cagneys have never been part of Hollywood's night life. A columnist recently asked Jimmy where he had been keeping himself since he hadn't seen him in ages. "I like it at home," he replied. And home, to the Cagneys, means James, Jr., aged sixteen, and daughter "Casey," aged fifteen. It means quiet evenings with good books, good music and good friends. It also means time for Jimmy's special interest—television. He is working on television with creates barless farming ("When you don't have to build a barn, you save money,") crossbreeding cattle and is something—he said about his fellow. "It's doing just great—we couldn't do it without him."

Clark Gable had the same experience as Jimmy in Hollywood. When he was working as an extra at $7.50 a day, no one "discovered" him on the set. No producer recognized him. But that didn't stop him from getting the plums. It wasn't until he worked his way up from the stock to the Broadway stage that Hollywood found him playing Killer Meers in "The Last Mile." And even today, the Marx Brothers are discovered from the stage. The Charlton Hestons and James Deans are discovered, not in college plays, but on television.

The secret of it all is that of course is getting started. It can happen right in your own home town. If you sing, dance or do an act, you can try your local radio and television stations. You might have to work for free, at first, but at least it's a start. And then there was movie amateur television shows on national networks that recruit talent from all over the country. If your town has a little theatre group, that's a good place to find out what you've got. And it doesn't have to be the theatre or television, however. Esther Williams was a swimmer. Doris Day sang in a dance band. The important thing is getting out where you are and making the move. You can't do it without working your way up—improving your talent—so that more and more people want to see it. To do this, you will have to make your own breaks and your contacts. In show business, and especially in the theatre, you can't and won't have to do big shots. They can be other people, like yourself, also interested in acting. Jimmy, for example, got his first big break with a part in a Broadway play—because Victor Krieps, a good actor friend of Jimmy's, arranged an interview with the producers. Yes, but how did he get started in the first place? Jimmy smiled, "I got my start wrapping packages in Wanamaker's department store, he replied.

This time, the contact was a friendly salesmen who had connections in vaudeville. Jimmy was offered a five-dollar-a-week job as a female impersonator—the act used six boys as chorus girls. Jimmy had never taken a dancing lesson in his life, but he picked up the steps quickly. He has been picking them up ever since.

"I'm a hooper," he claims. "I've always been a hooper." It was his acting, however, that first brought him to the attention of the world. In 1930, Jimmy and a young girl named Joan Blondell appeared in a play called "Penny Arcade." It turned out to be a hit, and Al Jolson bought the screen rights. When he sold the rights to Warner Brothers, Jimmy was out of a job. He went along with the package, repeating their roles in the film version, re-titled "Sinner's Holiday." After a long and successful career at Warners, Jimmy decided to try his luck in all media of the stage and screen. He has made such pictures as "A Lion In the Streets," and "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye."
things couldn't be better. There are now more community and summer theatres than there were when Jimmy started out, and many of them now operate on a professional basis. And television has helped immeasurably, using a constantly increasing number of actors. It is not only a training ground, but provides a perfect showcase for Hollywood. There is not a motion-picture producer or director on the West Coast or the East who doesn't watch television regularly for new talent. As for the Broadway stage—that spawning ground for so many picture stars—even that is a much more comfortable place to be now, so that television is giving so many of its actors a steady livelihood.

There is still, however, no easy road to stardom. "It's a rough business," Jimmy insists, "and it depends too much on circumstances—circumstances outside your control." It means working your head off so you're ready for a lucky break—if it comes. And, sometimes—going hungry. "But I don't write any of those letters home. You know the kind—Dear Ma and Pa. Please send... ."

The fifty students smiled back at Jimmy. Yes, they knew the kind.

"It doesn't work," Jimmy said, "getting help from home. You do better on an empty stomach."

He wasn't advocating going hungry for art's sake, but rather for life's. An empty belly will make you take any kind of job—so you can eat. But learning how to do that job is what builds up your confidence as a person and marks the beginning of your real education as an actor. That's what you learn about life, people, yourself.

When Jimmy was starting out, "There was no such thing as being choosy—and it was nothing to take it straight." As a boy, coming from a working family, he worked nights after school and during summer vacations. "And every penny of it went into keeping a family of five kids in hand-me-down clothing and not very fancy groceries." Even after he had broken into show business, during layoffs, Jimmy took any job he could get. "It didn't matter what kind—anything to eat and to learn how to do it." As a result, in addition to being a dancer, actor and professional farmer, Jimmy has also, at one time or another, been a copy boy, a racker in a pool room, a bellboy in the Friars Club, a Stock Exchange runner in Wall Street, a book handler in the public library, a switchboard operator and a waiter in a tearoom.

"When I was ham-and-egg ing around New York," he recalled, "I'd try anything. I remember they needed someone for a vaudeville sketch and pay sixty dollars a week. You can't take it," my friends told me, "what do they know about vaudeville?" Nothing, Jimmy admitted, "but on the other hand, how do I know I can't do it?" That's the principle I've been working under since.

So he told the fifty hopefuls at Rollins College, if you really want to be actors, "Go out where it's being done—and go and do it." And if you're determined to be a star in motion pictures, never give up—never say die. That has to do with it. You can be an unemployed actor, not make a picture in two years, and then suddenly... .

In the past twelve months, he had completed four big pictures for three different studios—starring roles as varied as the tyrannical captain in "Mister Roberts," the western sheriff in "Run for Your Life," the Connecticut Yankee in "The Seven Little Foys" and the harddriving lawyer, The Gimp, in Doris Day's "Love Me or Leave Me"—the story of Ruth Etting. At fifty-one, Jimmy Cagney is the hottest bet in Hollywood today.

The End
Having a Memorable Time

(Continued from page 69)

It suddenly reminded me of Cincinnati. Just why it did, Marty didn't find out. Already Doris' thoughts had slipped back to the time she was trying to get a job with Bob Crosby and his band. To avoid the long and expensive trip to Chicago for try-outs, she had followed her voice teacher's advice and when he told her "With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair," which she sent to Mr. Crosby, who promptly hired her.

A smile formed on Marty's face as he drove on. He didn't mind her absent-mindedness. By now he knew she'd married Hollywood's most sentimental girl. From baby pictures to frayed pillow cases, Doris attaches a special meaning to almost everything. As a teen-ager, she kept her first corsage in the refrigerator not just until it wilted but till the boy who gave it to her was going to military school—two years later! Even then she threw it away only on her mother's urgings, and with tears rolling down her cheeks.

As she grew up, her collection of memorabilia grew to the point where, when traveling with Les Brown and his band, she carried her with as many knickknacks as clothes. She held on to her continually growing collection till the lack of available housing and her inability to pay first prevailed. When she finally settled in California forced her into a trailer. As she could save but a few prized pieces from her vast accumulation, whenever something hap-pened to these left-overs, Doris is brokenhearted—as a few weeks ago when she accidentally broke a tulip vase handed down from her grandmother.

Undoubtedly most of her memories are connected with her childhood. Rarely an opportunity slips when Doris can't tie in a present activity with one of bygone days. Like the first time this year she and Terry went swimming in the pool. "Gee, mom, isn't this fun?" her young son exclaimed as he splashed around in the water.

"Sure is!" Doris came back, and then the familiar look came into her eye again. "OK, Mom," said Terry, by now quite initiated. "What does it remind you of?"

"Middletown."

"Middletown? Where's that?"

"Middletown, Ohio. That's where I used to go swimming when I was your age. It was wonderful.

She told him how five or six times a year, hand in hand, and half a dozen of her school chums into the family sedan and head for the little Ohio town, forty-odd miles away. It was the closest place with an out-door pool and enough ground surrounding it to have fun on a picnic. "You mean you went swimming only five times a year?" Terry gasped. "Gee, that's nothing."

"I bet I did as much swimming on each trip as you do in a week."

She did, too. Doris never settled for a few quick dips. She dove into the pool as soon as she had changed into her bathing suit, emerged just long enough to stuff herself with some lunch, and jumped back into the water till she was blue with cold and shivering. Those five or six hours as a mermaid had to sustain her a good month.

Another type of outing which she fondly remembers was the yearly excursion to the largest amusement park in Ohio. All year she used to save for the hour-long boat ride upstream. She still recalls the afternoon she came back, leaned on the railing, watching the paddle wheels scoop up the water. She was dreaming how much fun it would be to have enough money someday to spend all her time at place like this.

Today she could afford a park of her own, of course, and didn't need to agree with the old Ohio amusement park.

For Doris, thinking, or even talking about the past, isn't half the fun of re-living some of the events. Marty four times a week, he can take the brunt of it the last time they visited Cincinnati. Much to his surprise, a couple of hours after they arrived Doris maneuvered him to a dilapidated-looking clothing factory.

"What on earth for?" he wanted to know.

"This used to be a dance hall," Doris ex- plained with an intonation which implied it was second in importance only to the capitol building in Washington, D. C.

"So?"

"So, this is where Barney Rapp gave me my first singing job."

And for additional sentimental value there was also where Doris changed her name from Kappeloff to Day. It is understandable that someone a sentimental as Doris would always have a close attachment to her dogs. Of the dozen she owned at one time or another, none was closer to her heart than Tiny, a brown and white Manchester terrier.

She particularly recalls the day—one of the few she'd like to forget but can't—when Tiny was with her, running back and forth, circling her and jumping up and down full of exuberance. His loyalty to his mistress was distracting only when he spotted a fellow canine. Without hesitation, he suddenly shot across—but didn't quit-make it. Doris let out a terrified screen as the car hit Tiny. He was killed in Stanton.

"Tiny," she thinks of him every time she see a terrier that looks like Tiny. As far as she's concerned, practically all do.

A few days after she finished "Love Me or Leave Me," she went for a walk along the quiet, tree-lined streets of her neighborhood. About four or five blocks away she saw another Tiny in someone's yard. She promptly called him closer to the fence, and when his owner stepped out of the house. Doris and she discussed their dogs like mothers compare notes about their babies.

For that matter, Doris always talks about her two poodles, Smudge and Snaggy, like they a-there were people. She acquired Smudge several years ago when she went to the Landsdowne Studio in Hollywood to have pictures taken. She almost fell over him when he was first brought home.

"He's always lying in the way," the photographer apologized. "Frankly, I don't know what to do with him. My landlady won't let me take him home and this is our only place to dog. I may have to give him to the pound."

"To the pound?" Doris cried out. "You can't do that."

"I have no choice."

"You have what he does. You have my have him!"

Before she could change her mind, he agreed, "It's a deal."

Doris learned about Smuge and Benny, acquired a little later, that she even fibs about their ages because she wants them to grow old. When asked, she usually replies, "They're three and five. They've been three and five al-most as long as Jack Benny has been thirty-nine."

As could be expected, Doris is sen-timental about milestones in her career.
Many actresses have their scripts pretty well bound and stashed away in their libraries. Doris goes one step further. Quite frequently, she thumbs through them, reliving the parts she has done, associating the stories with her co-workers.

To most people, family pictures have sentimental values. But we doubt if many go to Doris' extreme of cluttering up every inch of available space not only with pictures of themselves and their families, but even with the snapshots of houses occupied by their relatives. One of Doris' most cherished possessions is the picture of the house in Germany once occupied by her mother's ancestors. Naturally, her mother's home is close enough to regularly cook her daughter's favorite meals. It's a different story with the meal hours to which Doris has been accustomed.

Her father was a church organist, who supplemented his pay by giving music lessons in the afternoon. Because he could get home in-between times and because it was customary, he got a big meal at the Kappelhoffs' luncheon was the big meal of the day. As a result, Doris is one of the few Hollywood stars who can still consume a truckdriver's meal every noon. Not just because she's hungry, but because it brings back memories of her childhood.

Doris' recollections of the past cover a wide variety of subjects, interests and objects—including perfume. The saleslady of a local department store found that out when she inquired why Doris usually ordered "Tweed."

"It reminds me of Toronto," was the strange reply.

The salesgirl looked at her disbelievingly. Perfumes are supposed to remind people of romance, of moonlit nights and soft music. But Toronto! Curiosity got the better of her. "Why?"

"Because that's where I sang with Barney Rapp and his band when we played for the Druggists' Convention. Everyone, including my mother, thought that night 'Tweed' that night. Ever since 'Tweed' reminded me of Canada. I liked it up there."

It's quite amazing that a girl like Doris didn't hold on to what so many people cherish most—letters. They were always destroyed as soon as she finished reading them.

In another way, Doris differs from other sentimentalists, which may account for her usually well-balanced and happy disposition. Whereas some people will collect such paraphernalia as broken skis, plaster casts of broken legs and arms, steel helmets and captured rifles, Doris hangs on only to objects connected with happy events.

When, at 18, she had recovered from her accident, someone suggested she keep her crutches, she ignored the advice and gave them to someone who needed them for other than decorative purposes. Likewise, her casts, her bandages, her dentures, initials and good wishes of friends and relatives, were thrown away as soon as they came off.

According to her philosophy, it's just as easy and a great deal more gratifying to think back on the happy, constructive events in one's life than to relive those memories which entailed only unhappiness and trauma. No wonder she's so fond of her memories.

The End
Be a Doll for a Guy

(Continued from page 55)

made up of scrubbed cleanliness, a sort of unspoken but clearly self-respecting pride in being a girl, a genial personality, and an attitude of comradship and com-
patibleness (like a kid I know named Janet Leigh).

He says really beautiful girls use beauty as a weapon, and that's all wrong. When it is used flirtatiously, usually to hurt someone, the girl makes a mockery of a possession that was a happy accident of genes and chromosomes—and for which she can accept absolutely no credit. If a girl realizes that her fancy packaging was strictly luck and works to make herself as attractive in the ways that an un-
beautiful girl must develop, then you really have something. In romance, beauty that is used constructively is one of the big plus items and the kind of beauty grows more beautiful all the time.

In the beginning relationship, a girl can be very unfair. There is a type of girl who encourages a man, any man, just because she likes to tour the town. She gives him the big eye, soft sigh routine and he builds up a Jack story out of all proportion to the real attitude of the girl. When a man is attracted, his interest is nourished by very small words and deeds. He is vulnerable; he is easily duped.

A girl should be frank. She shouldn't encourage a guy out of all relationship to the interest she really feels. Always a girl sets the tenor of the future possibility, so she has the obligation to be honest.

A good many girls, I'm led to believe from my spy reports, don't make proper use of ready-made romantic accessories. For instance, few of them seem to take ad-
vantage of the seasons. We'll say that it is a balmy spring night, air scented by early blooming flowers, moon shining, all that stuff; instead of going to the movies, a girl should suggest that she and the boy take a walk in the moonlight. Or if it's a mis-
erable night, cold and raining or snowing—depending upon your geography—instead of going to the party as planned, a girl would do herself plenty of good by having a big fire in the fireplace and inviting the boy to spend the evening in warmth and comfort.

Too many girls are interested in places rather than in people. A fellow senses this, but he doesn't know what to do about it because once he has instigated a romance it is up to a girl to maintain it and give it meaning.

One last dating idea: After a girl and a boy have gone together for some time and the girl finds that things aren't really so right and decides that the romance should be ended, she might be made to feel indebted or guilty. If there is anything a man hates it is a martyred woman with her brave little smile and a shining tear in her eye.

Many girls get the idea that once they have gone steady with a boy, he's hers forever. (This notion has been fostered by novels which bring the old boy friend back on the scene after twenty years in Africa—still unmarried, still infatuated.) Of course, if the girl wants to make other arrangements, she expects the boy to be a good sport about it. Only if it is the boy who first loses interest is he labeled a 3-D square.

The other day I learned a new proverb. It's Viennese: "A bachelor lives like a god and dies like a dog; a married man lives like a dog but dies like a god."

Most American guys believe that a bachelor lives and dies like a dog, so they get married as soon as they can manage it financially. That brings up the fact that, in the early days of marriage, one thing needs to be established. In living arrangements, a man must set the pace because women are more adaptable than men and can accommodate themselves to a wider va-
riety of living conditions. In case a man's job takes the couple out of the girl's familiar environment, out of her city, her state or even her country, she has to be ready to adjust to the new locale. Most girls do this very well, as the war days proved. Service wives by the million fol-
lowed their men and set up a semblance of home in everything from resort motels to places in the desert.

However, pity the poor guy whose wife is forever harping about how nice she had it at home, or how much more interesting her old friends were, et cetera. Not only can this wear a man down emotionally, it can spoil his work and his chances for advancement.

For this reason it is up to the wife to get along with all the general surroundings of a home. If she has trouble with her neigh-
bors, a husband is expected to back her

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(Continued from page 49)

Then he discovered the Paratroopers, rough, rugged and challenging. "Be a man," his mother used to tell him. When his mother called him, he knew he would be all right. "I'll be a Paratrooper," he thought. "I'll be one of the best." And he was.

John started testing himself very early in life. His security tottered when he was four. His parents, both beautiful and erratic people, divorced. After that he was shuffled around, sometimes living with his too-handsome father, sometimes in a beach cottage with his too-beautiful mother. In their diverse ways they were the epitome of the glitter of Hollywood in the Twenties and Thirties. At times John was exposed to the grandeur of gracious living in an atmosphere of shop talk from his producer-promoter-director father. A chauffeur-driven car, a gig she gave him up from private or military school and deposit him in the lap of luxury and loneliness. His father would go broke one day, be rich the next. John learned to admire the tension at the edge of care of tomorrow.' When he lived with his mother in her beach cottage, he was again indoctrinated with the theory that without money you should still live for tomorrow. Buy what you want today, tomorrow will take care of itself.

A handsome product of two handsome people fully endowed with strong personal magnetism. Derec (Thunder) and six children, was forced to begin the fight to establish his own ego, his own personality. As much of his time was spent in military or private schools and his name Derec (Thunder) was already infinitely better known than his nickname, he began to live up to it. "I dare you" became part and parcel of his claim to fame among his small gang wherever he might be. He was the first boy thing, and as he always was the best. Was it a situation to become a person in spite of the two vibrant parents that constantly overshadowed him? Or was it an instinctive desire to take the stigma off his handsome face? At any rate, for a young boy, the nickname was much easier to live with than a nickname of Handsome.

I've lived so long within myself," he said apologetically later, "that it's hard for me to express what I really feel." The man that saved him from becoming a complete introvert was Russ Harlan, an ace cameraman who lived across the street. He liked the young boy, Dare, and they both loved horses and hunting. It was with Russ that he found the companionship that gave him a deep love and respect for the physical. She, that I'd want," he was raised.

Through that friendship, Dare acquired a permanent love for horses. It is the hobby that has remained consistently with him. Even as a child his intense enthusiasm needed to be tempered as soon as he had mastered a new project.

As a youngster, he mastered the art of boxing. Therefore he enjoyed having a group of kids around to play and to play. He was the best and he became constantly proving to himself that he was the best. He had his nose broken three times. It was never set, but it doesn't look as if it had ever been broken before he was juicy picking for some bully that took a gander at his straight nose and decided he had a pigeon for a brawler. He looks back with almost fiendish delight on the surprises he had in store for those jokers.

During junior high and high school (his first entry into public school), he learned that baseball, football and tennis were the most important things to others. So? Naturally, he hit a home run the best, could pass a football the farthest and take the best in love sets on the courts. He had no problem in the dating department. He, got his girlfriend together with who was easily, took them on dates in his father's chauffeur-drawn carriage and ignored his good looks (even if his dates didn't). For the guys like John, it is intimately treated completely for his first-class ability the taking any physical and, at that age, prowess is all important.

Deeply sensitive and emotional, he had by now learned to hide any expression of his true feeling behind a wall of blust speech and total lack of interest in others —unless they were interested in his interests. By then he had proved himself in the Paratroopers. In signing out his lucrative contract at 20th, he had established completely the driving force of physical first, material possessions today (even if they are not) takes it back tomorrow) and a ruggedly honest in his speech and approach to life that made him stand out from the general run of people.

Pati Behrs was shocked at first by his bluntness and free to express his opinions, but "a girl can get away with it a little better than a man." She decided that John was the best and she had no need for aloofness or constant needs for physical diversions. For his hobbies continued. Now out of the high school age where being able to pick up the heaviest weight was the rule for ad- miration, he turned back to his beloved horses.

"My first horse cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars. I was proud of it. After Pati and I were married, I bought the best horse, so I got it. First I got an Arabian stud, Fakara; then I got Tesque Boots, one of the best quart horses in the country, I'll never be satisfied. The more money I make, the more I lose flesh I'll want."

He also managed to get a beautiful home with five acres overlooking the San Fer nando Valley. They scraped up the down payment and John confidently planned on paying the mortgage, as his career zoomed. The old attitude of buy what you want put Pati and John way over their heads in debt. But they had the best view in the area. When Pati and John were married, Pati was born with a separation of the esophagus, John knew for the first time the helplessness of watching a loved one suffer without being able to do anything except hope. He, spoke with the utmost sympathy and told his or struggle feebly for life. John and Pat grew strong together in the next year and a half, while they watched Russ constantly for a sign of what had happened, they lived blue and gasping to the hospital. In between they experienced the feeling that every day might be the last day for their son. Through this optimistic fear, she accepted away some of his inability to express himself. When he married Pati, he called her Baba "because Baby sounded mousy." Now he calls Russ lover with no hesitation or em barrassment.

During this period John was loaded with debt, full of anxiety and working to
get out of his contract at the studio. He felt he wasn't doing his best as an actor. He was considered gloomy Gus by those who know him, a bit of a shut-in in the midst of impending financial ruin that Derek would dare to gamble on his future.

It was also typical that John would continue to take the challenge of becoming the best at what other men call hobbies. To John they are serious challenges to be conquered. He has managed, however, to be the best in the field of physical arts. They are temporary interests however. Once he has mastered them and mastered the master that taught him, he drops the project and makes another. On one occasion he has become expert with bull whips, in knife throwing, archery, judo, swimming, boxing, wrestling, shooting and, of course, riding.

One day Derek was discussing a planned tour with John for "Run for Cover," the offbeat Western that has John in the role of a warped boy who uses a club foot as an excuse for a change in his life. The friend wore the boy's clothes. He had learned to draw his six guns fast. John put on his gun and his friend said, "Pull out your gun. Now I'll draw, cock and fire."

He did it and bested him for three weeks. He perfected the draw to one-twentieth of a second. He beat his friend and then beat the man who had taught him. "I think," said John, "I'll be enthused about this tour. I'll shoot a volley of bird shot into the wall and then hit the holes with a knife-throwing act."

"Run for Cover" brought back the combo of John and Nick Ray, director of "Knock on Any Door." John doesn't have a deep respect for many people, but to him Nick is the best. So he worked his heart out to give Nick his best. John is interested in the picture. "If Nick asked me to crawl across a room crying like a baby and then turn over and kick my heels, I'd do it. I trust him. The way the director constantly with questions on why the character is doing what he's doing. This is, indeed, great respect.

He now has a half-finished project, bull fighting. He studied it for a while and became deeply involved in the art. He worked out with calves paddling around with the cape. He went to the bullfights with his father's gun in his hand. He was watching and absorbing the technique of the matadors. He learned the passes, movements and the nearest possible way not to be gored. He has not had the time to go to work on the bulls, but he will. For this is a dangerous and exciting sport. "Once again, I want to know how much guts it takes to get there. Oh, I don't have to prove anything to myself anymore, but this thing worries me. It won't be an easy test. I don't feel bad about admitting it, especially when the matadors admit it.

With the knowledge that he doesn't have to prove anything to himself anymore, he can look with understanding at his five-year-old son, Russ. After the first rough years, Russ has turned into the kind of boy that John can teach to ride and enjoy his father's great outdoors. He has ridden along the days when Russel Harlow has ridden little Dare up behind him for a ride. Tesque Boots, the pure bred quarter horse, was living up to her name. She shied at an imaginary threat to the right side of his father's back. Russ looked at John, "Tesque Boots," he explained simply, "doesn't feel very well today. I don't believe I'd dare to ride her.

John is completely enjoying his family. They and a very few friends are the nucleus of his life. For the boy who was raised in the fullest atmosphere of Hollywood has made, perhaps, an obvious effort to strip all of living down to bare essentials. He hates formality, pseudo-sophistication, big parties, night clubs and fancy food. And yet, with complete contradiction, he finds a real thrill in the world of money. Caught in the middle with the big house, they managed to find a beautiful ranch-style home lower on the slopes of the valley with a modest acre and a third. It was designed with Mexican style furniture and they hope for a comfortable, easy mode of living. "A place where you can flick ashes on the floor."

His enthusiasm, however, is not limited to the decorations. Over a period of time they have reconciled their different thinking. Pat now does the practical jobs and leaves the caprice and whimsy to John. In his unpredictable way, John has decided to design and install the swimming pool first. He has elaborate scale drawings of a sixty-foot by twenty-five-foot pool. He has had all the blueprints and his own pool is to be the last word and extras out himself. There will be a wading pool at one end and a waterfall at the other. The sloping ground from home to pool will be terraced to give a line of continuity. John has planned the pool. Pat has done the house. Their living may be simple, but it will be the most impressive simplicity on display in Hollywood. It will be the best. It is possible that after it reaches the peak of perfection, John will become bored and start looking for new landscapes to conquer. The restlessness in him has to be taken out on something physical. He has studied all the time his horse's habits. He can't stand to sit still to read a book or watch too much television. It's too passive. He gets this potent, incessant energy by sleeping heavily ten hours a night. When he gets an idea, he will work twenty minutes for him to become alert again.

His extremity in tastes is a constant contradiction. He wanted a bright red Cadillac convertible. Because he feels he must have it. Yet he is just to give a reason for it. "I've always wanted a car like that. If I waited, I would have driven it subconsciously for so long that I wouldn't have felt the loss of an old story to me by the time I got it."

Cecil B. DeMille started the old familiar burning for conquest in John with his quiet belief that John could be a great Joshua. The man is a potential if he were valuable and worthy of giving the best. With confidence in others for him, John is slowly emerging from the deep water of rebellion that has followed his career. "Mr. DeMille made me ashamed of doing some of the pictures I've done just to exist. He's made me want to give my best—really learn to express myself and work. Because I care more about my first fifteen minutes with him, he suggested I work with a dictator of course. Of course, I do talk too fast, so it's good. Right now I'm trying to write down the words. I'm in one of the speeches from 'Richard II'—pure Shakespeare. Two years ago I wouldn't have touched it. Now I want to learn and I will.

How much will it take Dare to knock over this new challenge? When, in his mind, will he be the best in his acting field? He will throw his background of vitality, enthusiasm and determination into this new role, as John has fought in his past in the past. As those as he has overcome in the past. With his provocative, unusual attitude toward life, it will be interesting to watch his progress. Will he find after he masters his craft as the best, that he is bored and look for new fields to conquer? Or will acting—like Pati's family and his horses—become another of the few permanent satisfactions in his life?"
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That’s Sex! Girls

(Continued from page 56)

brush. It comes from within. And so does the real sense of humor that constituted Lori’s sex appeal for me—not for her beauty.

He sat silently for a few minutes, trying to group his words.

"There's Mary Lou Valpey," he said.

"She was the first girl I ever really liked. I was in the seventh grade when I first saw her. I had just gone to a new school. She had scrawny red hair and was a terrible athlete. I don't think she was very smart either. But I looked up to her. She seemed to understand the things you told her and to somehow consider them very important. Before the end of the week, I had taken her horseback riding and invited her to the movies.

"Of course," he grinned, "the Hollywood ending would be that I had to fight the other boy in the class to take her to those movies. I didn't. Half the boys never even wanted to date her. But I looked up to her. I didn't want to fight the other half. There is a Hollywood ending to the story though. In three months, the braces came off, the doctor changed his glasses; a sense of humor came in and her figure suddenly filled out. By that time, I don't think that more than four or five boys in the class knew that she hadn't been beautiful at all along."

Tab didn't know how to get comfortable on the hard chair, made himself more comfortable.

"Of course there are some men," he said, "who think sex appeal is wearing a dress two sizes too tight or having blond hair and blue eyes. There are some men who don't think any girl is sexy unless every part of her is perfect."

He grinned again. "I'd be crazy if I said I didn't like red as a party color; a sense of humor and a good figure. I do. But to me, at least, beauty from within is more important.

"Let me tell you about Lori Nelson," he said. "Lori is very beautiful. I have seen her at the studio, and I had admired her beauty. But I had never asked her for a date. She was so shy and quiet when I spoke to her that I was afraid we'd have nothing to talk about. I asked Pat Craig for a date. She isn't beautiful, but from the moment you meet her, she sparkles like one of those wands you use on the fourth of July."

Then Pinkeye Tuck Tab to take Lori to the "Choose Your Stars" party. And the trip to the party was just as miserably quiet as Tab had expected. Neither of them could think of anything to say.

"Nice night," Tab tried.

"It is," Lori said sweetly.

"Nice night to get an award," Tab tried again. "Congratulations, Lori."

"Same to you, Tab." (They had both won awards in the contest.)

After the party was over, Tab offered to take Lori to a night club. It was a gesture he couldn't afford, and Lori knew it.

She held up the awards. "I don't think we'd better pawn these so soon," she said, still smiling.

They ended up at a hamburger joint, and when her hamburger arrived, Lori looked at it curiously. "Tab," she said, "tell me why hamburgers always taste so much better when you order them in a triple?"

Tab couldn't answer, but they spent a good time debating it, and by the time they arrived at Lori's house, Tab had already asked for another date.

"By the end of the evening," Tab continued, "I discovered that Lori had a wonderful charm, a rare sense of humor. It was Lori's sense of humor that made me ask her for another date. It was, that sense of humor that constituted Lori's sex appeal for me—not her beauty.

"Sex appeal, like beauty, I think, is in the eye of the beholder. And like beauty, it can be almost intangible. The skater and the athlete were beautiful in their way. With her it was harmony and grace and the sheer joy of skating. With Alice Green, it was something even more intangible. You've never heard of Alice Green. She used to be a movie star with the Ice Capades. Then she moved to Frankfurt, Germany. She wears thick glasses and she isn't beautiful, but when I knew I was going to be in Frankfurt, I looked forward to between planes. I wrote and asked her if she would come to the airport. She came.

"Hi, Tab," she said.

"And it was as though we had seen each other a few months before instead of eighteen months. Within five minutes we were laughing together, and there were no months between. And that's where the intangible comes in. When Alice went, her face lights up, and she is beautiful."

Tab thought for another moment. "A skater skating perfectly; a scrawny girl with glasses and braces; a sense of humor and laughter. Four funny things to group together. And yet they were the things that symbolized sex appeal."

Tab was trying to get comfortable on the hard chair, made himself more comfortable.

"One hot day at the beginning of the summer, I was so hot that I thought the lights would melt away."

"Then the door opened, and Gloria Gordon walked in. It was as though the temperature had dropped twenty degrees. She was wearing an off-the-shoulder, floor-length, blue dress with a full skirt and carrying a parasol to match. She looked as though she and the dress had just stepped out of a shop window—an air-conditioned shop window—cool, neat. She's the only woman I know who possesses that particular sexy quality." He thought for a moment.

"Dorothy Malone has the sexiest eyes, body, personality, and humor you've ever seen. And she's thinking. And they can change expression in a fraction of an instant. They can be smoldering, and then you'll look away. And when you look back, they'll be thinking about you again."

He stopped for breath, drank a little water and seemed disturbed. "You know it doesn't seem quite fair," he said. "The girls don't get a chance to talk about their characters."

"Debbie Reynolds," he said, "is not a real beauty, not like Lori or Arlene Dahl. Tab rates Arlene for being both brainy and beautiful. But as far as personality goes—"

I'm concerned Debbie's got more sex appeal than half the glamorous women in Hollywood put together," he pointed to the dictionary. "Every word of this file is all about personality—and there's only one word for it. It's personality."

I've tried to analyze it," he grinned again.

"I'm afraid I haven't done a good job, he said. "But I'm a devilish, inexact, inexact person, anyway."

As though there's still a little bit of the tomboy left in her—enough to keep her honest and sincere and unaffected."

"I don't think I'll ever forget the first time I saw her."

Tab and his date were double-dating with one of Tab's best friends and Debbie. They were all dressed pretty casually—"even though there were going to be a premiere. And when they got to the theatre and saw the well-jeweled and well-minked ladies and the well-tuxedoged gentlemen..."
they all felt a little strange. Debbie got out of the car first. Flipping her coat closed over her shoulders, she turned to her date and said.

"Dahlia, you should have told me it was a dress affair. My cat's got to die sometime."

After that remark, they filed proudly into the theatre between the ranks of tuxedos and fur coats.

"Debbie is never at a loss for words," Tab said, "especially where she is or whom she is with. She's always right for the occasion. She makes the man she is with feel important, but she doesn't do it by pretending that everything he does is right. That's the way she knows you're wrong. But beneath the wisecracks and the argumement is a wonderful warmth.

"I've gone over to Debbie's house feeling so blue that I'm hardly sure whether the sky has fallen on me or not. Debbie would take one look, and then somehow it would seem as though she was just waiting for me to tell her what the trouble was.

"Okay, Tab," she would say. "Let's have it." And there wouldn't be any wisecracks.

"She can share your happiness, too. When we went to the Cocosnut Grove for Jane Powell's opening, Debbie was so happy for Jane that she started crying.

"Don't look at me, she sobbed, I'm a mess."

"But she wasn't a mess. Even when she was sitting there with tears running down her cheeks, looking as though she wanted to bring the roof down by herself. Even then, she wasn't a mess.

"Debbie, you're wonderful," I said.

"That stopped the tears at least. She reached down and took my hand. For a moment, I thought the . . . the compliment. I guess I'd better dry off . . . . She touched her face . . . before I drove in it.

"He stood up a minute and then sat down again. 'Something I'll have to go over later,' she added, and then she turned her attention in another direction. 'Personality. That's more the key to sex appeal than most of the external features. And it's the key to Marilyn Erskine's appeal, just like it is to Debbie's. And, perhaps, to your understanding. She knows how to handle a man. She can tell you things--like how lousy you were in the last scene--and you don't get angry at her.'"

"Yes, but then," I said, "you were with Marilyn once when I learned that she was to co-star with her in a play. And the first time I walked onto the rehearsal stage I admit I was scared. I had never been on the stage, and it seemed to me that the entire cast was seasoned by years of experience. They weren't, of course, but that was the way I felt. And the first day on-stage, I was blinded by floodlights. I stumbled through my part.

"Marilyn stayed on-stage after that first rehearsal. 'You know, Tab,' she said, 'you're going to be good in this play. You'll do some good work at it, but you're going to be good.'"

"I did work. And so did Marilyn. If there was an afternoon rehearsal, we'd sometimes go over to her place, have coffee and a sandwich and work half the night. If there wasn't an afternoon rehearsal, we'd work most of the afternoon. We'd argue over the characters and the interpretations.

"That was the wrong emotion, Tab,' she would say. 'For this scene. That comes next. After he finds out.'"

"Marilyn gave me the confidence she had, the confidence that I needed. She did it by being just honest. I realized why I was doing something wrong and why something else I did was right.

"A man can't know everything," he said, "so he can't think that there's a point where the girl has to have the lead in something, and the man has to follow. If a girl has enough maturity to lead in the right way--the way Marilyn taught me--no man can resent it."

"I was just thinking," he said, "that a man can't see sex appeal in every girl he meets. If we did, he laughed, "the world might be in even more of a mess."

But Tab admitted that of all the different types of women in the world there are two that have always intrigued him at first sight. Since the days when he saw his first movie, he had been attracted by the mature woman who been around and shows it just a little--like Barbara Stanwyck and Ann Sheridan. The second type is one that he has even more in real life than in the movies--the very young girl who is just beginning to look at the world around her, who is still too young to be sure of herself, too old to be quite innocent. In the second category he places Kitty Wellman, daughter of director William Wellman.

"Kitty has that wonderful sexy quality that makes you want to protect her. It's not the shyness of an Ann Blyth or a Lori Nelson. It's something else--the shyness of a teenager who's not quite sure how she wants to make her mark in the world."

"I took Kitty to a dance at her high school once. 'Tab,' she said when I called for her, 'I know how boring this must be to you. After all, it's just a school dance.'"

"I've learned to handle her. Over the years, I'd known how really excite she was, how much she liked school dance. He thought for another moment. "So many of the girls I've liked have had this quality. It's a combination of enthusiasm and brains, a sort of first look at the world around them, almost of an innocence of the world."

"He stopped. 'I'm talking too much,' he said, grinning again, 'I always do. It's the way I was taught to handle people. I'll stop, I guess.' He was silent again for a minute.

"Then, 'Of all the actresses I've seen on the screen, Lana Turner is the one who has always epitomized sex appeal for me. Finally, a few months afterwards, she agreed to work with me in a movie, 'The Sea Chase.' And, of course, he said wryly, the only thing I said to her in the entire picture was, 'Kitty, will you help me with my makeup.'"

"I told you,' Tab said, 'that my relationship with women is a business--and it's a business that I was raised by--and the rivalry of our sex is a business.'

"And, yet, I discovered that in person she seemed to know how very, very important she was--the way a voice that sounds like cold champagne. It's not an artificial way of speaking. It's a voice that seems to be talking to you alone, to no one else, out of the very soul that seems to spring from deep inside.

"Inside," he said reflectively, "We always come back to that. The key word. Inside. So many things can be a part of her sex appeal. She could show the way an ankle looks, a cool summer dress on a hot day, a smile at the corner of a mouth. And yet, after the first look, they all have to be backed up by something in the soul."

"Tab looked at his watch and stood up abruptly, "I'm sorry," he said. 'I've got a date. I promised to show someone my new car. Mar . . . she's never seen it.'"

"I'm alone in the empty room, as he left it, the dictionary put a final punctuation point to the conversation:

'Sex appeal. Quality, esp. personal charm, which serves to draw together individuals of opposite sexes.'

THE END
the routines he was planning for his next picture. I don’t know if my visit did him any good, but it certainly cheered me up.

The next day I called Jerry with Paul to see how my hair was progressing. “Sheila,” she told me, “we’re so relieved. We’ve just gotten the report from our doctor, and all the tests were negative. Jerry doesn’t have anything.” I made plans to have Jerry admitted to St. John of the F西路 that he had been joking and laughing with me the day before, the possibility that he had that dread disease was hanging over his head. But not I nor anyone else knew absolutely what we should do. I felt she would make with which directors and actors to what style of dresses she would wear.

The day the item appeared, I received a letter from Jennifer in New York. The shy, reticent, almost recluse-like Miss Jones sounded like Kate in “The Taming of the Shrew” before she was famed. The way her voice was pitched, you could just tell that she had just nestled at me. Jennifer, I told her, “I’m sorry, but let me just congratulate you on the finest performance of your career”—and I hung up. Jennifer was beautifully played on the “Ameche” occurred with Betty Hutton in Washington. I was there attending the annual Publishers’ Convention and Betty was appearing with her variety show. In the same time she was still married to dance director Charles O’Curran, but there were rumors of an impending split-up. I called Betty to check the rumors.

“Everything was between us,” Betty cooed to my over the phone. “Sheila, you know I wouldn’t lie to you. Why Chuck is here beside me right now and we couldn’t be happier. I don’t know how those stories started, but believe me not one bit of truth in them.” What she didn’t tell me was that O’Curran had already flown back to California and the management.

When June Allyson was on my television show recently, the subject of off-screen performances came up while we were waiting for the signal to go on the air. I asked her point blank for her opinion of note. She thought a moment, then said, “There was one, Sheila. I don’t know if it could be called my best, but it was certainly the most difficult performance I’ve ever had to do. It was a part of a TV play, and as a performance when it was happening. It’s over two years now, and it was when Richard was so ill. Remember?” I nodded my head.

The doctors had told me that Richard was not expected to live,” she continued. “At four o’clock this particularly bleak morning, the hospital called me and said they thought I should come over. He was very low, I told myself with a sort of steelly determination, but to this day, I don’t remember how I got there.

“I do remember though, sitting at his bedside, holding his hand. I felt as though my heart would burst, but every time Richard looked me in the eye and smiled at me I felt myself sit there and smile. Richard told me later how much those moments meant to him, I bottled up the tears in me and kept them bottled up until he came home. Then I let all those feelings out, I did, but well, let go. I must have cried buckets that day. I discovered then that you can do anything if you love someone enough.”

Eleanor Parker’s best off-screen performance was winning an Academy Award for her on-screen performance as Marjorie Lawrence, the famous opera singer, in M-G-M’s “Interrupted Melody.” Here’s the story behind the story.

Greer Garson was originally set for the role, but by the time the picture was ready to be made, Greer had ankled the Metro lot. Jack Cummings, who was to produce the film, had got his hands on Greer, but he just couldn’t see Eleanor in the part of a prima donna, because off-screen, Eleanor is quiet, conservative and a devoted wife and mother. But Cummings didn’t reckon with the determination of a woman who was after something she wanted—and Eleanor wanted to play Marje on the screen.

Returning from Canada, Cummings was sitting behind his studio desk, slowly going over the list of possible candidates for the role, when his door burst open and in rushed a flamin-haired bunched of fury. He had to look at her to realize it was Eleanor. She took the offensive and accused him of disliking her, said if she played the Lawrence role she would do thus and thus and then proceed to show him what it was all about.

The greatest performance I ever saw Rosalind Russell gave took place in a theatre—but not on the screen. It happened some time ago when she attended the Academy Awards and everyone fully expected her to win an Oscar for her great performance in “Mourning Becomes Elec-

Even Roz thought she was going to win the same year she announced the winning actress. Roz was half out of her seat before she realized that the name that had been called wasn’t hers. She’d been so sure—as had everyone—but Loretta Young was announced in a performance in “The Farmer’s Daughter.” Roz’s recovery was magnificent to behold. She sank back in her seat and, for the briefest moment, looked as though she might actually throw up in front of the audience. Then she smiled and began applauding heartily for Loretta, who is one of her dearest friends. I wanted to give Roz an Oscar for her performance that night.

More recently, Judy Garland matched Roz, and for the same reason, though she wasn’t in the theatre but in the Cedars of Lebanon hospital. There she’d given birth to a son the day before.

I received an account of Judy’s reaction
The Sons in Her Heaven

(Continued from page 43) to have a real athletic pregnancy; I guess I'm more the sedentary type," Elizabeth declared. "I knew I'd won because at that time, but I never have trouble relaxing; my favorite hobby is sleeping.

"Because I'm indolent by nature—really lazy, I guess—I usually had to take things easy," she said. "I got a white Frenchie, Gigia, at her feet.

"I've never been one for doing exercises, you know. And I didn't play tennis or golf. I was always doing something else, but in recent years I can't even seem to find time for that. When I was pregnant with Michael nearly three years ago, I just sat and did play croquet—in my riding habit, not a very pleasant affair.

"Anyway, my mother, Elizabeth, continued to spend happy hours becoming acquainted with her baby, as I mentioned, by swimming languidly in the pool with her husband, to indulge in sessions of baby-care talk with her good friends Harry and Barbara Thompson, wife of actor Marshall Thompson.

With so many pleasant diversions, Elizabeth didn't feel too unhappy when she missed out on a scheduled role in a film because she couldn't get her weight down fast enough. But when she was offered the role in "Elephant Walk," she accepted with alacrity and artfully promised to lose fifteen pounds in six weeks.

"Anyways, I was working a jumble of strenuous dieting, deep massage, energizing steam baths and pills.

"I wouldn't recommend such rigid dieting to anyone. "Normally, it was difficult and right there and then I made up my mind I'd follow doctor's orders in my second pregnancy."

From time to time during that period, the actress beauty would glance at the amusing painting Jane Negulesco did of her when she was eight months pregnant. It portrayed her in black slacks, a full purple smock and a tousled head of hair, like smoke and said: "Too Much of Liz." "Oh, yes, there is," Liz would moan, studying her dinner of broiled lamb chop, stewed celery, tomato, skimmed milk and a half grapefruit.

"After that session, which weakened me and made me susceptible to every fly bug in my immediate neighborhood, I began to watch my weight carefully, never letting it rise more than three or four pounds in the entire month."

I became pregnant again, I followed my doctor's instructions. Dr. Aaberg said that through the wards, when suddenly he was asked to show Donnie a picture of her mother, she was about six years old. Two years before the boy had been burned from the waist up when caught in a fire, and the doctors in the hospital were completely rebuilding a new face. Dr. Aaberg said, "She stared me right in the eye when I introduced myself to see if I flinched when I looked at him," Tony said later. "If I had, I would have hurt him deeply. I was afraid of doing it, but I didn't. I don't know how I did it, but I smiled, kidded him about looking awfully healthy to be in a hospital, jokingly telling him he had won a thousand-dollar bet. He sat back, and became friends. He walked around with me through the wards. The nurse told me afterwards I'd done more for his morale than a dozen doctors could have done in his case."

"If I had realized before that, I almost broke up. Thank God he never knew."

Oh, there have been other off-screen performances too that I could tell you about; performances by Robert Mitchum, Rita Moreno, Doris Day. Take it from me, more often than not, some of the best acting hasn't been caught by the camera—only by some person on the scene."
not many women these days believe the old wives' tale of eating for two while awaiting a baby. An eating binge overloads the system just when it should be at peak efficiency. It plays havoc with the doctor's job of limiting weight gain from fifteen to twenty pounds, depending on what the scales show at the start of pregnancy. And he told me that many of the complications and most of the discomforts preceding a birth stem from the weight, which also interferes with delivery and prevents a fast recovery afterward.

It was easy for Elizabeth to keep her weight down during the second pregnancy because she found eating properly she wasn't excessively hungry. She gained less than twelve pounds and had lost it all after the second Caesarean section. And while she was in pregnancy she had made two trips to England and one flight to New York for the opening of "The Last Time I Saw Paris."

One thing which Elizabeth did not have to change during her second pregnancy was her mental attitude. For it was perfect both times. She was, by her own admission, divinely happy while anticipating; by the testimony of others, never more beautiful. "I simply cannot understand the attitude of people who dread pregnancy because they will be what they call 'ugly,'" said Elizabeth, in a tone of wonder. "It's true you can't look like a Powers model, it's evolution, for some reason with those early days characterized by a bit of daily 'tossing' and later months of disquieting sensations around your middle. Discomforts are to be expected, but worth the hardship."

To make circulating a pleasure, Elizabeth concentrated on pretty clothes. And she found that one mistake she made while awaiting Michael was to buy too many of them, especially matching suits and complete outfits. She found herself relying on a simple black skirt with a variety of tops or on simple tresses or pants or slacks topped with a version of the loose flowing Capri shirt. And she discovered a wonderful way to utilize pre-pregnancy back-zipped skirts. Naturally the zipper won't close so you merely thread ribbons (milkmaid fashion) to hold it together; or if you're lazy, use large safety pins. The tippers come down well over the camou-

flag. But you can't do this with side-

closing skirts because they grow out of balance.

Another rule she broke with her first pregnancy was running into her maternity clothes. Liz loved her new clothes so much that she began wearing them long before her Precious Secret was apparent; even Michael, who always considered her charming in the perky outfits. But in her second pregnancy, Elizabeth didn't wear them until the fifth month. And that was because she gained so little weight. She was also able to keep a secret of her date with the stork until that time. "The first time," she laughs, "I blurred it out as soon as I knew, because I just wasn't able to keep a secret. But this time with Chris I didn't say anything until my condition was self-evident and it was time to haul out the telltale costumes. I found it easy to keep secret. When Mike and I would go to a dinner party and I'd get that familiar sickish feeling, everybody would start raising eyebrows. Then I'd turn to him and say in a voice everybody could hear—Oh, dear, Michael, you shouldn't have let me eat that shrimp at lunch."

At this time, Mrs. Wilding, one of the world's authentic beauties, was even more careful of her countenance that she looked tig-

ulous grooming. Three showers a day kept her feeling fresh, and frequent shampoos kept her lovely black curls in perfect condition. (In fact, friends complained that they also noticed that she looked better this time because she was constantly in the shower.)

Today there is a radiance about Eliz-

abeth that is almost dazzling. Gone is the nervousness that characterized her early infancy. Her appearance attests to the happiness given her by Big Mike, Little Mike (two years and three months old and variously referred to as Mike Jr., Sport, Britches, Jughead) and the baby, Christopher (called "Crify" by his brother). Young Chris is, according to his mother, a fine baby who sleeps and eats and seldom cries. A few weeks premature, he weighed five pounds, twelve ounces, but today he's a strapping nine pounds, and the exact image of Michael at the same age.

Before Chris's birth, the question of jealousies was carefully taken up. "Mike and I," says Liz, "thought all the child psychology books pretty dreary, but we did pay attention to the inevitable childish jealousy a youngster feels when a new baby enters the home. Months beforehand, a big doll was placed in the bassinet near Michael's bed and he was briefed about the new baby. He played with the doll and it seemed perfectly natural when Chris came home to see the baby in place of the doll. He took a pride in being able to hold him and study him with deep interest.

And fatherhood has wrought a change, too, in Michael, Sr.—an unbelievable change. Those who knew the handsome Englishman before his marriage to Liz find it hard to remember the sophisticated man he portrayed on the screen with the eager-beaver father he is today. When sturdy little Michael came into the living room of the old English bungalow as do all two-year-olds with a solemn search-

ing stare—his huge blue eyes so like his mother's, Mike, Sr., hastened to explain, "He's always quiet when he first meets strangers. It's just that his little world is on hold pending on these activities—also on the closet in-

vestigating routine and detective work on the contents of every bureau drawer."

Of the new baby, Mike says, "He's a very good baby with a very mild temper."

And of another object, but this time an inanimate one—their glass and stone fairy tale castle—Mike and Liz speak with deep affection. "We've built our home," they say, "and it is on the list of level ground, the house of field stone, off-white brick and weathered, driftwood-color oak is considered by experts to be the most beautiful homes in architecture and interior decoration, in a town dedicated to splendid contemporary houses. Floor to ceiling plate glass brings the pool and plantings almost into the living room."

In another home, there is a dazzling view of the city and ocean. The living room boasts of a whole tree in a massive modern floor planter; a wall of bark in which ferns, mosses and exotic tropical plants are arranged for fireproofing with no chimney—the smoke obligingly departs via pipes set in the walls. At night, dramatic lighting silhouettes the Hawaiian tree ferns, the exotic tropical blooms, the massive fountain, as the lights cool from a brilliant red to a yellow and then to a "natural" light. And when the sun sets, the gray of stone and weathered oak beams, the warm browns of wood bark. The only colors are the greens of the plantations, the ceiling and mullion painting of Elizabeth and Christopher Liz's horse in soft tones of beige stone adds a rich note.

Already Elizabeth is lamenting the weeks on location for her new picture "Giant," with Rock Hudson, in Texas, when she must leave her two little ones and her beautiful home behind. In a town where the ulcer is a badge of the frenzied pace, Elizabeth and Michael Wilding have found a quiet haven by the crowd as the sun warms its hilltop first of all. Even the four dogs and four cats (part of Liz's perpetual men-

agerie) are as relaxed and uncomplicated by the household mistres.

"We talk," says Liz slowly and medita-

tively, "about going up to see San Francisco or out to the desert. But it always remains just a thought. We can't bear to tear ourselves away. So we just sit and let the world go by."

The End

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(1) 

(2) 

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

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name this movie and win a prize! are they heading for the big split-up? (dean martin and jerry lewis)  by maxine arnold

"the private war of major benson" by cal york

his and hers (inside stuff) by fredda dudley balling

my darling, daring daughter (terry moore) by lamar w. allace koford

never a dull moment! (rock hudson) by helen limke

marilyn in the house (marilyn monroe) by helen bolstad

he inherited the mirth (jack lemmen) by philip deane

1955 sexation: sheree north by don allen

the visible invisible brando by sheilah graham

"gentlemen marry brunettes" by dee phillips

buy did i good? (tony curtis) by ruth waterbury

get these men! by sheilah graham

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september 1955

vol. 48, no. 1
When Great Talents Get Together . . .

"It's Always Fair Weather"

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ABOUT RHONDA FLEMING's frank and open admission that she's a lot more interested in Dr. Lew Morrill now that they're apart than she ever was when they were sharing the same roof—his roof, that is, that cozy made-over Hawaiian shack in Bel-Air. What the whispersers noted particularly was that Rhonda began dating the doctor, on her initiative, just about the minute their property settlement was reported ready for signing. It's all in the best Hollywood tradition.

About the firm decision of Maureen O'Hara to lower the boom on her ex, Will Price, who alienated a lot of folks, including some of his own pals, by filing those charges attempting to link Maureen with the fabulously wealthy Mexican político, Ricky Parra. And how Hollywood has rallied practically unanimously behind Maureen since it's only the local insiders who know the real story of her wedded years with Price and her losing struggle to save their marriage for the sake of little Bronwyn, their daughter, now eleven. Now Maureen's Irish is up this time—but really!

About the chilling of romance between Leigh Snowden and Dick Contino, which also surprised nobody since Dick's first allegiance is always to mom and pop and they wouldn't hear to his marrying outside his church... About the imminent conclusion of Debbie Reynolds' stellar role in "The Tender Trap" for Metro and the possibility of marriage, at long last, for her and Eddie Fisher. Something that too many people have tried to sell short... Waxing of the Natalie Wood-Ben Cooper attachment; she'll be 18 soon... About John van Druten's clever "kissing" of James Dean from Hollywood to star in John's new play "Dancing in the Checkered Shade," Broadway this season by holding onto the alluring prospect of James' name in "legit" lights as well as film marquee star at the same time.

About the fascinating possibility of sexy Rexy Harrison may find himself the town he loves to hate—Hollywood that is—before the snow flies in dear Lunnon. And it all hinges on the rival on our shores of Kay Kend, the British actress who's said to be reason why Lilli Palmer called it a day with Rex.

About the seemingly serious Oleg Cassini is consoling himself by the new Hollywood lovely Dana Wynter following the fizzing of his romance with Grace Kelly... The apparent devotion of Ray Anthony to Mamie Van Doren, who have eyes for no one but each other... And the no less persistent devotion of Gregory Peck and Veronique Pass... About Virginia and Jack Palance whose marital spats seem to have flamed out completely with the impending marriage of the baby, expected on Christmas Day—and if that happens, the name it Noel, no matter which sex.
JACK WEBB AS PETE KELLY

He's a jazz-man of the wide-open 20's caught in the gun-roar of its blazing .38's!

WARNER BROS.
PRESIDENT
PETE
KELLY'S
BLUES
WRITTEN BY RICHARD L. BREEN

STARRING
JANET LEIGH
EDMOND O'BRIEN
PEGGY LEE

ALSO STARRING: ANDY DEVINE LEE MARVIN ELLA FITZGERALD

IN CINEMASCOPE WARNERCOLOR STEREOPHONIC SOUND

A MARK VII LTD. PRODUCTION DIRECTED BY JACK WEBB PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS. PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR

YOU'LL HEAR THE NEW HIT 'PETE KELLY'S BLUES' -- AND THE GREAT JAZZ-TUNES OF THE TIMES!
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES
with Janet Graves

Though Anne has a British lover, she favors the colonists, Cornel decides

The Scarlet Coat
M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

Surprisingly neglected by Hollywood, the American Revolution here provides rich dramatic material for an unusually sound historical picture. The story is told from the viewpoint of a fictitious character, an American spy portrayed competently by Cornel Wilde. But the key role goes to Michael Wilding, as the gallant Major André, British officer in contact with Benedict Arnold (Robert Douglas). A suave dandy, yet a dedicated soldier, Michael believes that Cornel has actually come over to the British side, welcomes him as a friend. George Sanders has some neatly sardonic lines as a Tory who stubbornly suspects the “turncoat” American. Anne Francis is an offbeat heroine, frankly an opportunist. The story’s true locale, New York state, provides beautiful backgrounds.

Mister Roberts
WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

Manned by such sterling actors as Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Jack Lemmon and William Powell, the U.S.S. Reluctant sails again. The robust, rollickin movie version of the hit novel and play puts the accent more on laughs than poignancy, but the leading characters come across as solidly real people. A first officer of the Navy cargo ship, Fonda credibly wins the sailors’ devotion. In the wartime Pacific but far from battle, the face two enemies: boredom and the captain. Cagney makes this petty dictator ludicrous yet often pathetic figure. Wit and fine abandon, Lemmon swings into the role of lazy ensign to give the film its most hilarious moments—and he’s just as effective in a dramatic sequence. Thanks to shipboard locationing, the atmosphere’s authentically salty.

Ship’s doctor Powell and first officer Fonda see some promise in Lemmon’s latest device for badgering the despised captain.
With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, the way you want them. Notice the easy, gentle look of this "Beau's Ideal" hairdo.

Soft, and natural right from the start... that's the "Belinda" hairstyle after a Bobbi. A Bobbi is so easy to give, no help is needed.

Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Sugarplum" hairstyle. No regular nightly settings are needed.

Softly feminine hairstyles like these always begin with a Bobbi

the special pin-curl permanent for soft, natural curls

Never tight, never fussy—that's the beautiful thing about a Bobbi, the easy, pin-curl permanent that's specially designed to give softly feminine curls. From the very first day your Bobbi will have the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. Your curls and waves last week after week and they are exactly where you want them.

Now, Bobbi is easier, faster than ever. Pin-curl your hair, apply Special Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion just once. Rinse with water 15 minutes later. Let dry, brush out. Right away you'll have soft, natural flattering curls. Make your next permanent a Bobbi.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet. Easy-to-follow setting instructions for new softly feminine hairstyles. Hints! Tips! Send your name, address with 10¢ in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Bobbi's specialty is young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Cover Girl" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay in all kinds of weather.

Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special Bobbi pins. $1.50 plus tax.
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES continued

An interesting letter sets Bogey, Peter and Aldo to scheming

The Shrike 🍁

A sombre drama gives Jose Ferrer a strongly emotional role; June Allyson, a startling assignment. As a talented stage director down on his luck, Jose tries suicide and lands in a New York psycho ward. Though he and June are separated, she rushes to his side—an unwelcome visitor. Flashbacks relate the story of their marriage, as Jose tells it to his doctor (Kendall Clark). A frustrated actress, June took a devouring, destructive interest in Jose's work, subtly undermined his confidence (it must have been wobbly in the first place—a point slighted in the script). Harried into leaving her, Jose found more sympathy in the company of a young actress (Joy Page). June's perfect-wife manner is, strangely enough, right for the portrayal of a woman who honestly sees herself as a devoted partner.

Happy as newlyweds, June and Jose later have serious trouble

Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing 🍁

Simple love stories are pretty rare on today's screen, so this gentle film has a certain appeal. The romance of William Holden and Jennifer Jones is set against the brilliantly varied scenes of Hong Kong (where the picture was shot). A fine physician, Jennifer brings to her profession and her personal life the heritages of two civilizations; she is a Eurasian, half Chinese, half European. She and Holden, an American newspaperman, fall in love at first meeting; but a happy conclusion to their affair is blocked by the fact that his estranged wife is unwilling to release him. Playing a character that isn't clearly defined, Holden still gives an earnest performance. Supporting players, including Torin Thatcher, Isabel Elsom and Jorja Curtright, have little to do, though they're all skilled performers.

One Desire 🍁, TECHNICOLOR

In a forthright old-fashioned "woman's picture," Anne Baxter has a chance for some lively emoting, while Rock Hudson, as a mere male, is mostly just decorative. Both have been working in a gambling house in Oklahoma, early in this century. With Rock's little brother (Barry Curtis), they move to a Colorado town, where they hope to lead more respectable lives. Anne becomes a loving foster mother to the boy and to Natalie Wood, a pretty hoyden orphaned in a mining accident. Rock starts a promising career in a bank, but remains marriage-shy, until the bank president's ruthless daughter (Julie Adams) gets her hooks into him. To ruin her rival, Julie digs up Anne's gaudy past, and this development results in one climax, then another, loaded with drama.

Continued on page 14
Think of the softest... Now, a new gentleness... undreamed-of comfort... the luxury of a fabric covering that's soft as a whisper. Today, more than ever, it's Modess... because
When you've just got to be beautiful in nothing flat...

Woodbury

Dream Stuff

...sheer, clinging foundation-and-powder in compact form

Modern busy women who must look lovely in nothing flat will find Dream Stuff is the fastest beauty-maker that ever was. In a second your skin looks as delicately fresh as if you'd just had a pick-up facial! Prove it — right now. Slide the puff from nose to cheek bone. It leaves a clear path of beauty! That's Dream Stuff's velvety consistency. Five new shades to choose from. In the ivory-and-gold mirrored compact, $1.00.

When you have time for a session at the dressing table:

Woodbury Face Powder, airy, clinging, fragrant. In 8 skin tones. $1 size, special 59¢. Also 30¢ and 15¢.

Woodbury Make-up Glow, a liquid that smooths your skin while it makes you pretty. 5 perfect shades, 59¢.

Woodbury Cream Make-up spreads on like silk, and gives your skin a serene look. In 5 delicate shades, 45¢. All prices plus tax.
LAUGHING STOCK

A foursome of Texans were ready to tee off at a Hollywood golf course. One oil man asked what the stakes would be. Replied another casually: "Oh, our usual bet in Dallas—an acre of oil."

Conversation in a Beverly Hills jewelry store:
"Three hundred and fifty dollars for a opal ring? Who ever would wear one that size anyway?"
"It isn't a ring. It's for the top of the earshift handle on a Jaguar."

Casting-office intelligence on a movie all sheet:
"Two loafers. Should not look like bums, ust loafers."

Humphrey Bogart said it about his lack of fan mail:
"There are two groups of women who use me—those under ten who can't write and those over fifty who are too tired to write."

It's Jean Carroll's story about a Las Vegas doll showing off her huge diamond ring and bragging: "What would you do if you had a ring like that?"
Replied Jean: "I'd hock it and get a anicure."

Betty Kean flips it in a satire on "Drag-er."
"My name is Saturday—I overslept."

A Hollywood tourist did a double-take when writer Martin Ragaway and his wife, Dojie, waited for a traffic light:
"Look," said the tourist to a friend, There's June Allyson.

As Martin and Dojie drove off, he eamed:
"Wasn't that nice. They thought I was Dick Powell."

Dorothy Shay said it: "A bachelor is a professional escape artist."

George Gobel's deadpan suggestion to a photographer posing him for a magazine called in color: "I'll change color a little if you want me to."

Overheard: "He's direct from Paris—a parasite." . . . "I've got you all figured out, Sam. All I am to you is someone to marry." . . . "They were married and lived aply—even after." . . . "Every time I met a girl either she's married or I am."

"I once had a nurse who was so constipated," says Groucho Marx, "that when she took my pulse she subtracted 10 points for personality."

Jean Hagen after dancing the mambo with Jimmy Durante:
"Jimmy's mambo is unique. It's the only dance where the man leads with his nose."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Heat" on your local TV station.

A MESSAGE TO MOVIE-GOERS

. . . OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE...

1955 will be remembered as one of the great movie years!

There's never been such film fame—so much and so wonderful—in such a short space of time. As the year began your heart went all out for "The Country Girl" and sung the praises of "White Christmas." Then you cheered the roaring emotions and reeling thrills of "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" followed by the earth-and-high-heaven saga of our "Strategic Air Command" and the joyful jubilation of "The Seven Little Foys."

Yet the year is far from over—and the best is yet to come. Thanks to Paramount between now and Christmas you'll enjoy one long holiday of entertainment. Turn the page and see the treats in store for you right now. With more of the same to follow this year!

AND THEY'RE ALL IN

VISTAVISION

MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY

Paramount
It's Dean and Jerry hiding from a mad killer in—of all places—a girls' school.

DEAN MARTIN  
JERRY LEWIS

YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Produced by Raymond Burr  
Directed by Norman Taurog
Screenplay by Paul Jones
Suggested by a Play by Edward Childs Carpenter from a Story by Fannie Kilbourne
Songs—Music by Arthur Schwartz • Lyrics by Sammy Cahn • A Paramount Release

FREDERICK BRISSON

THE GIRL RUSH

Starring ROSALIND RUSSELL • FERNANDO LAMAS
Also starring Eddie Albert • Gloria De Haven
Produced by Frederick Brisson • Robert Pirosh • Robert Pirosh & Jerome Davis
Screenplay by Phoebe and Henry Ephron • Songs by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane
Dances and Musical Numbers Staged by Robert Alton • A Paramount Picture
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Perfect in their parts! The screen's top two personalities clash and romance in a story of intrigue and intense suspense...filmed on the beautiful French Riviera.

CARY GRANT · GRACE KELLY

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

TO CATCH A THIEF

with JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS · JOHN WILLIAMS · Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Screenplay by JOHN MICHAEL HAYES · Based on the novel by David Dodge · A Paramount Picture

Color by TECHNICOLOR

It's lush, lavish, lusty, lyrical...
A wonderful musical story about that wonder town—Las Vegas in wide-open Nevada.
coolest thing you can wear

There isn't any other kind of sanitary protection that's nearly as cool as Tampax*. In fact, millions of women first adopted Tampax in the Summertime—when they simply couldn't stand hot, uncomfortable external pads a minute longer!

Why put up with chafing... irritation... odor problems and disposal problems... when Tampax is as handy as your nearest drug or notion counter? It gives the wearer such a remarkable sense of freedom that many users say they almost forget it's "time-of-the-month" for them. Certainly, you feel much more poised, much more relaxed, with protection that's both invisible and unfelt when in place. You can be your dainty, fastidious self at all times!

'It goes without saying that you can swim while wearing Tampax, that you don't need to remove it while taking your shower or tub. This doctor-invented product must be the nicest way of handling the trying days of the month—so many women say so! Buy Tampax now in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.


The Seven Year Itch 20th; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Tom Ewell repeats his stage role of summer bachelor, Marilyn Monroe steps into the girl upstairs—and the Broadway success bounces onto the screen with a full quota of laughs. The story is slender, but Tom's adept comedy performance and Marilyn's wide-eyed allure keep the picture sparkling. When wife Evelyn Keyes goes to the country, Tom is tempted to translate his daydreams into reality. Actually a mild, conservative type, he's given to picturing himself as a great lover. Though Marilyn's a very friendly neighbor, he's hilariously timid.

Maddalena I.F.E., TECHNICOLOUR

The theme of this Italian film seems shocking, but it is handled with taste and reverence. Villager Charles Vanel, jealous of the influence wielded by the priest (Gino Cervi), plans a scandal to discredit Cervi. The priest seeks a girl to play the Madonna in the annual procession. From a city nearby, Vanel brings a candidate, Marta Toren, whose beauty and apparent spirituality win the priest's approval. Vanel hides an ugly secret: Marta is a prostitute. She has accepted the sacrilegious mission in a vengeful mood.

Land of the Pharaohs WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

Scenes of unparalleled vastness make this epic of ancient Egypt exciting to the eye. The incredible task of building the Great Pyramid is performed again, with Jack Hawkins cutting an imposing figure as the Pharaoh who demands this crushing tribute from his subjects. As slaves who take a leading part in the construction, Dewey Martin and James Roosevelt Justice are among the few sympathetic characters. The story centers on palace intrigue; Joan Collins, Pharaoh's second wife, is power-hungry.

The Dam Busters WARNERS

With an able British cast headed by Richard Todd and Michael Redgrave, England recalls a true, stirring incident of World War II. To hamper Nazi production, the RAF must smash their dams, too big to be damaged by the ordinary bombs of that day. Redgrave, a brilliant inventor, overcomes opposition to get his weird solution accepted—a "bouncing bomb," that must be delivered by planes flying dangerously low. Todd commands the specially trained flyers.

Wichita A.R.; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOUR

In a brisk, entertaining Western, Joel McCrea plays the famous Wyatt Earp, hired as marshal to keep the law in the new Kansas town. He does too good a job, firmly rounding up drunken cowhands who run amuck. Such strictness, the town's leading citizens fear, will prevent Wichita from becoming a cattle-country metropolis. So Joel has two fights on his hands, and the discord hampers his romance with Vera Miles.

House of Bamboo 20th; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Against the fascinating locales of Tokyo, filmed on the spot, a crime thriller goes its familiar way, as characters bash each other around monotonously. Robert Ryan leads a gang of ex-GI's, all dishonorably discharged. He plots robberies like military campaigns—until Bob Stack, an Army agent, joins the gang. Lovely Shirley Yamaguchi helps Stack.

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women
in 5 extra seconds set pin-curls that last twice as long!

Who wants to pin up curls every night? Not you! But you do want soft, cared-for curls—all the time! And now you can have them without nightly pin-ups, without fuss or muss... thanks to new Revlon ‘Satin-Set’! It takes just five extra seconds... gives you soft, shining pin-curls that last for days!

New ‘Satin-Set’ keeps hair in place, too, without lacquer... lets you renew waves with a damp comb! It’s good to hair (even little girls’ curls) because it contains Lanolite! Do buy ‘Satin-Set’ today!
Now! a deodorant that ends acid-damage to skin and clothes

as it stops odor... keeps you moisture-free longer!

The remarkable Tussy Deodorant protects delicate underarm and dainty fabrics from the kind of acid-damage caused by some deodorants! No more worry about sore underarms, ruined dresses! Now, you’re safe from damaging deodorant acids with Tussy’s exclusive “acid control” formula!

It stops odor, instantly . . . no waiting to dry! Stops moisture, longer ... yet won't irritate normal skin! Keeps delicate fabrics, dainty cottons, linens, even nylon, safe from deodorant acids . . . even under intense ironing heat!

Remember—Tussy Deodorant in its vanishing cream base does more than stop odor, keep you moisture-free longer! It ends acid-damage to skin and clothes! 50¢ and 81¢ plus tax

TUSSY cream deodorant
You can lose him quick when your charm starts slipping.

Take Mary Ann's case... the very first day she arrived at the attractive little seaside hotel the best-looking man in the place latched on to her. And, before she knew it, she was in the middle of a gay whirl. They went everywhere together... to the beaches and to the nicest clubs.

Then, all of a sudden, his interest turned to indifference. She simply couldn't account for it. What she didn't realize was that her charm had started slipping. It could happen to any girl... it could happen to you... when she lets halitosis (unpleasant breath) get the upper hand.

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This... Instantly

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning... every night... before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste
NURSES suggest DOUCHING with ZONITE for feminine hygiene

Brides-to-Be and Married Women Should Know These Intimate Facts

Every well-informed woman who values her health, physical charm and married happiness, knows how necessary a cleansing, deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods. Doucheing has become such an essential practice in the modern way of life, another survey showed that of the married women asked—83.3% douche after monthly periods and 86.5% at other times.

It's a great assurance for women to know that ZONITE is so highly thought of among these nurses. Scientific tests PROVED no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE YET SO SAFE to body tissues.

ZONITE's Many Advantages

zONITE is a powerful antiseptic germicide yet is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use it as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away germs and waste deposits. It effectively deodorizes and leaves you with a wonderful sense of well-being and confidence—so refreshed and dainty. Inexpensive—ZONITE costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.

If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

A sexy pixie, says Sid about cute Shirley MacLaine

For role in "Blood Alley," lovely Anita Ekberg loses her glam

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I'm so weary of hearing that Martin and Lewis are splitting and that Reynolds and Fisher are splitting that I'd be satisfied if they all compromised and Jerry went with Debbie... Show me a sexier looking pixie than Shirley MacLaine and I don't even want to look!... James Cagney did the gimp in "Love Me or Leave Me" by having a lift built inside of one shoe. Thus Cagney was able to do the gimp with the good shoe without the lift... If I had anything to do with a Mamie Van Doren movie, I'd let Mamie put her dialogue in her own words... Wonder what some of the former movie idols think of some of the movie stars of today? Mary Pickford and Clara Bow, Francis X. Bushman and Richard Barthelmess might really giggle over Dana Wynter and Carol Ohmart and Robert Francis, most of whom have been given star rating and treatment before the public ever saw them in a movie... Whenever I see Hildgarde Neff, I think she's playing a spy in a movie... In "Picnic," Ki Novak has red hair so she'll see less like Marilyn Monroe... Can you name me five blonds who haven't big eyes?

Anita (Bulging Blouse) Ekberg beautiful and shapely, makes her movie debut in "Blood Alley," disguised a Chinese mother. Ekberg should win the Special Effects Oscar, and producers of the movie should be summoned before some committee... What's with Gloria Grahame? She a pears to be playing her roles with a upper lip novocalmed... I shy away from movie heroines who call me (a other people), honey... My favor character, Mike Curtiz, imported a morsel of wisdom to a group: "It takes a certain amount of optimism even become a pessimist."
I wish TV's "What's My Line?" would stop using movie celebrities in town to plug a picture as "the mystery guest." If they don't, they're going to lose my business (commercials, please pay attention) . . . If you ever listened to Frank Sinatra's national album of torch songs night after night, you understand Sinatra, no matter what he says or does . . . I wonder if any of the Rhythm and Blues addicts appreciate a Larry Hart lyric? Too bad for them, isn't it? . . . Buddy Rogers told me here's how he'd pick a newcomer to be a star. "A star must be the kind of a person you'd want to spend an evening with, a person you could play bridge with and regard as a friend." . . . The only person I haven't heard tell a Davy Crockett gag is Fess Parker . . . Despite his great success in the movies with "Marty," Paddy Chayefsky told me in a letter: "I'll write television no matter what else. Television is the marvelous medium of the ordinary. You can get in very deep with a very small moment." . . . I'm pleased that Judy Holliday is returning to town because she works in "The Solid Gold Cadillac." In fact, I can hardly wait . . . Hollywood Legend: Grace Kelly can play any role and if for any reason she can't, the movie should be discarded . . . After the running of a movie at Jerry Wald's house, Clifford Odets asked Oscar Levant if he were happy. "Happiness," said Oscar, "isn't something you experience. It's just something you remember."

Liberace smiles almost continuously. I wonder just how much mirth is connected with it . . . I'm looking forward to reading John O'Hara's scenario about DeSylva, Brown and Henderson ("The Best Things in Life Are Free"). I'm anxious to read now how the roaring Twenties and the trembling Thirties looked to John . . . Hollywood Legend: Humphrey Bogart would let Lauren Bacall steal a scene from him.

I'd like to see Marlon Brando and Clark Gable in the same room. What fun watching the so-called celebrities playing to both. I'd be as busy as at a tennis match. Busier! . . . I agree with Jack Webb, who wants someone else to play Sgt. Friday and says the formula should be changed. Smart chaps all the Webbs, from Clifford to Jack . . . There's nothing as amusing as the movie stars doing their own marketing in the Beverly Hills markets . . . Hollywood Legend: When Alfred Hitchcock goes to see his own movie, he is often baffled by it . . . At a recent party, Zsa Zsa Gabor was holding court and saying such delightful things as: "Two can live as cheap as one, but it costs them twice as much." That's Hollywood for you.

HALO LEAVES HAIR CLEANER, SOFTER, BRIGHTER

—than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo

Halo—unlike most shampoos—contains no greasy oils or soap to dull your hair with dirt-catching film!

★ Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather, instantly, in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly, then rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff.

★ No special after-rinse needed. Halo glorifies your hair—naturally. Brings back all its clean bright beauty with each shampoo. Your hair is left cleaner, softer, brighter. Pleasantly fragrant, too.

★ Halo—so safe, so gentle—is ideal for children as well. Get Halo at your dealer's today. Make Halo your family shampoo.

Halo Glorifies Your Hair—Naturally!
SOAP BOX:

Just a few lines to keep you up to date on this club as a result of the story you used in the June issue of your magazine.

It has been over six weeks now since that issue was released. I have been receiving about seventy-five letters a day, mostly as a result of this article. My mail during the past week has gotten back to normal after the big rush and, since this has been my first opportunity to write you, I am happy to report that things have gone fine.

I expected to hear from the teenage fans who want to join a fan club for Marlon, but what I didn’t expect were the many wonderful letters from social workers, nurses, et cetera, who are interested in the club. I am most grateful that Mr. Jacobi has shown my club in the light it was intended. As a result, we have grown to a near 450 members and made many new friends.

Again I wish to thank you and Mr. Jacobi most sincerely, for the kindness you have shown Marlon Brando through this article. I know he appreciates it very much.

We hope always to be a credit to him.

PHILOMENA IGELZER, President
Marlon Brando Charity Fan Club
149-14 45 Avenue
Flushing 55, New York

Justice demands that I remonstrate the regrettable lack of publicity given a newcomer to Hollywood named Jeff Morrow. I ask you what sort of pictures would have resulted had Mr. Morrow not turned in such excellent performances as “second lead” in such films as “Tanganyika,” “Flight to Tangier,” and “Captain Lightfoot”? His bit role in “The Robe” was quite as well done as that of Dean Jagger.

I’m thinking of “writing my Congress

man” about this—but perhaps a written protestation to an executive at U-I might be more apropos.

ELIZABETH OLDHAM
Dallas, Texas

On reading your March issue, I see you have stated on page 25 that Cyd Charisse does her own singing in the movies she plays in. You better make a correction, as Carol Richards sang for her in “Brigadoon” and also in “Deep in my Heart.” Miss Richards, who sings on the Bob Crosby show, stated this fact herself over the air.

MRS. LAWRENCE JOHNSON
Kane, Pennsylvania

Quite right. M-G-M says that Carol Richards does do all of Cyd Charisse’s movie singing.—ED.

CASTING:

Why not make a new movie of “Ramona,” having lovely Donna Reed as Ramona; Jack Palance as Alessandro?

Also the wonderful story “The Rosary” hasn’t been made lately, and would be a wonderful film with Tony Curtis as the blind artist.

MRS. M. SCHUPBACK
Kiowa, Kansas

I have just finished reading “The Day New York Was Invaded.” It is a story about a princess of an imaginary kingdom who wanted to make war on the U.S., because the California wine growers are taking away her country’s one and only business—that of winemaking.

It would be a funny movie with the following cast: Kim Novak as Princess Gloriana XII; Bob Taylor or Guy Madison as Tally Bascom; Dean Jagger as Count of Montjoie; John Hamilton as Mr. Beriter; Gale Straton Jr., as Dr. Kohkiantz; Gale Gordon as General Snippit and Lee Patrick as Ediza Steiner, the landlady.

These are major parts. This rollicking adventure would look good in color, and only CinemaScope would be big enough to hold it all.

LEE PERKINS
Barre, Massachusetts

“The Day New York Was Invaded,” by Leonard Wibberley, appeared in The Saturday Evening Post. Later, it was published in book form by Little, under the title “The Mouse that Roared.”—ED.
For the Easiest Permanent of Your Life...

New Easier-Faster CASUAL PIN-CURL PERMANENT

SET IT!
Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

WET IT!
Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!
That's all there is to it! CASUAL is self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!

Naturally lovely, carefree curls that last for weeks...
CASUAL is the word for it... soft, carefree waves and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable, perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer, natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!

takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!
$1.50 PLUS TAX
She was Han Suyin, the fascinating Eurasian...
He was Mark Elliot, the American correspondent...

A love that defied 5000 years of tradition!

The price they pay when they come out of their secret garden and face the world in modern-day Hong Kong—makes this one of the screen's unforgettable experiences.

20th Century-Fox captures all the beauty and rapture of Han Suyin's true best-seller.

William Holden • Jennifer Jones

Love is a Many-Splendored Thing

with Torin Thatcher CINÉMASCOPÉ Color by DE LUXE
PRODUCED BY DIRECTED BY SCREEN PLAY BY
BUDDY ADLER • HENRY KING • JOHN PATRICK
QUESTION BOX:

Can you please tell me who is in the cast of "Guys and Dolls" along with Marlon Brando?

JOSEPHINE TROIANO
Stratford, Conn.

Frank Sinatra is Nathan Detroit: Jean Simmons, Sarah Brown; Vivian Blaine, Adelaide.—ED.

I have just seen "Young at Heart," with Doris Day and Frank Sinatra. It was wonderful.

However, my sister and I have an argument. I say Frank Sinatra was really playing the piano, but she says it was someone else. Whoever it was certainly deserves the credit. Could you please straighten us out?

JANICE ADAMS
Waterloo, Iowa

Both Frank and Gig Young deserve credit for their piano-playing in this picture.—ED.

I have a special request. Would you please print a picture of Leo Genn in your column? Or could your magazine run a picture story on him? That man is superb—head and shoulders above any of the new highly-publicized stars. In "Snake Pit," he was wonderful. In "Quo Vadis," he was purely out of this world. I think he was sadly miscast in "Plymouth Adventure." I just couldn't see him as a dull Puritan husband. He would have been far more believable as the Captain. However, it was nice to see him for a while, in spite of the incompatible role.

MRS. CHRIS WILCOX
Jackson, Michigan

I have just seen "This Is My Love." Who is the handsome man who played Glenn? My girl friends and I are very curious. Please write a little information about him.

SHIRLEY KRUSE
Cleveland, Ohio

Glenn was played by Rick Jason, born Richard Jason on May 21, 1922, in New York City. Rick is 6'4" tall, has green eyes, black hair, is single. His latest is "This Island Earth," for U-I.—ED.

Are Ann Francis and Bob Francis related?

DONNA CARTNALL
Hanover, Ohio

Nope.—ED.

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SAM GOLDWIN gave a party when "Guys and Dolls" wound up—and it was a dilly. Dave Chasen furnished the fancy buffet; two bands furnished dance music and much later, Marlon Brando jived it up on his bongo drums until the wee hours! Vivian Blaine, Stubby Kaye and B. S. Pully and Jean Simmons put on a show. Among the dropper-inners, Gary Cooper had the most fun watching Jean Simmons and Yul Brynner, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, director Joe Manckiewicz and others "letting their hair down." Marlon dated his secretary Cecile Meredith for the bash. Both had a good time.

Before Gordon Scott took off for the four months he’ll spend in Africa making "Tarzan and the Lost Safari," Vera Miles (who’ll miss him the most) gave a going-away party for him at her house. "Tarz," as Gordon’s pals call him, was deluged with the darndest gifts! Like bottles of quinine, strings of beads "for trading with the natives." Among the farewellers were Rory and Lita Calhoun; Dennis Hopper and Natalie Wood; the Guy Madisons; Richard Egan and Pat Hardy; the Jim Davises; Jimmy Dean; Marisa Pavan and Arthur Loew, Jr.

It looked like Hollywood transplanted the weekend The Dunes opened at Las Vegas. Photogs had some eye-popping chases, snapping Rita Moreno; Mamie Van Doren; Marla English; Lori Nelson; Gail Robbins; Jayne Mansfield flitting around the hotel’s pool. Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman (Jean got gasps in a Balmain gown which she brought back from Europe. It was of pale blue, figure-hugging silk with a small train and a very low slit bodice). Ann Robinson; Merle Oberon; "Crazy Legs" Hirsch; the Don Defores; the Jeff Chandlers; Ray Anthony; the Spike Joneses made the trek from Hollywood, too. To say nothing of Tab Hunter; Jeff Hunter; Hugh O’Brian; Cesar Romero (his first trip!) and other lads. Jane Powell came over from the Desert Inn where she was warbling; Rosie Clooney came over from The Sands where she was ditto, and Marilyn Maxwell breezed over from The Royal Nevada.

A glamour crowd from Hollywood that included Judy Garland; David Niven; Joan Fontaine; the H. Bogarts; Ann Miller; Zsa Zsa Gabor; the Van Heflins dashed to the Desert spa to catch Noel Coward’s bow-in at The Desert Inn couple weeks later. But before the Britisher opened, Frank Sennes (who owns the Moulin Rouge in Hollywood) tossed a colossal party for Noel at his Beverly Hills home. Two hundred guests swarmed his lawns, sipping and supping, and Filmville’s "English colony," including Greer Garson; the David Nivens; Angela Lansbury; Jean Simmons were out in force. Also around the swimming pool, in which floated thousands of flowers, were the Aldo Rays; the Heflins; the Hestons; Maureen O’Sullivan and John Farrow; Miriam Hopkins; the Jack Bennys; Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas; Monty Woolley, who pretended he didn’t like being lensed by the bulb-boys; the Jack Lemmmons; the Ronald Reagans, the Gordon MacRaeys and scads more.
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AINT MISBEHAVIN'—U-I, Technicolor: In a frivolous musical farce, Piper Laurie's a peppery chorine who tries to go ladylike as wife of wealthy Rory Calhoun. (F) August

CELL 2455, DEATH ROW—Columbia: Coolly detached, fact-based story of a youthful criminal, William Campbell's fine as the delinquent who becomes an incorrigible. (A) June

CHICAGO SYNDICATE—Columbia: That crime network (headed this time by Paul Stewart) gets smashed again, thanks to risky undercover work by Dennis O'Keefe. (A) August

COBWEB, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: A brilliant cast including Richard Widmark, Charles Boyer, Lauren Bacall gives urgency to a complex drama about intrigue on the staff of a mental hospital. (A) August

DADDY LONG LEGS—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Magical musical romance, Millionaire Fred Astaire's the unknown benefactor who puts French orphan Leslie Caron through college in the U. S. (F) July

DAVY CROCKETT—Disney, Technicolor: On the larger screen, the hit TV serial starring Fess Parker and Buddy Ebsen shows up as an engaging record of frontier exploits. (F) August

END OF THE AFFAIR, THE—Columbia: Thrilling movie set in wartime London. Deborah Kerr's illicit, unhappy romance with Van Johnson leads her to examine her beliefs. (A) June

ETERNAL SEA, THE—Republic: Simply told saga of real-life heroism. Admiral Sterling Hayden, crippled in World War II, demands active duty. Alexis Smith is his wife. (F) July

FAR HORIZONS, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Fred MacMurray, Charlton Heston, Donna Reed retrace the epic Lewis and Clark expedition. Weakly written but actionful and scenically impressive. (F) August

5 AGAINST THE HOUSE—Columbia: In a tense but implausible story, three college students plot a gambling-house holdup, drawing Guy Madison, Kim Novak into the scheme. (F) July

FOXFIRE—U-I, Technicolor: Highly colored romance in a modern mining town tells Jeff Chandler, as a half- Apache engineer, with Jane Russell, as his neglected wife. (F) August

LADY AND THE TRAMP—Disney; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Beguiling cartoon feature, with songs, relates the love story of a gentle lady spaniel and a debonair mutt. (F) May

LIFE IN THE BALANCE, A—20th: Distinctive suspense movie, filmed in Mexico, Ricardo Montalban, unemployed musician, fights a murder charge, romances Anne Bancroft. (F) May

LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Unusual music drama casts Doris Day as Ruth Etting, singer of the Twenties, James Cagney's first-rate as a racketeer who backs her, wants her love. Cameron Mitchell also loves her. (A) July

MAGNIFICENT MATADOR, THE—20th; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Arresting Mexican locales highlight the story of bullfighter Anthony

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months
“What I did may shock you...but a woman has the right to use every female weapon to hold the man she loves”
NAME THIS MOVIE AND WIN A PRIZE!

Contest! Contest!

For several years, Columbia Pictures has had in preparation the great story of Joseph, from the time he was sold into bondage in Egypt until he became its Governor under the Pharaoh. Joseph was sold by his jealous brothers to Potiphar, one of the Egyptian potentates of the second century before Christ. The plot of the movie concerns Joseph's attempts to rise from slavery, to educate himself and become a leader of the people. In his successful rise, the aging Potiphar and his young and faithless wife Zuleika, have a prominent part. Columbia Pictures would like to have you choose for this movie a title which you feel will best describe it to the public. What title would you like to see on your local theatre marquee?

TO ENTER THE CONTEST

• On this page are three scene stills from the movie. Each bears an identifying letter. For these pictures we print below a group of six captions. Three are true captions for the photographs, three are false. Indicate on the entry blank below the correct captions for each of the pictures—by writing in the key letter of the picture and the number of the correct caption for it.

1. Moses leading the Exodus from Egypt into the Promised Land
2. Potiphar's caravan taking Joseph into Egypt
3. The Fall of the Walls of Jericho
4. The Storming of Joseph's granaries
5. The building of the Pyramids
6. The building of Pharaoh's palace

• Vote for your favorite title from the three printed below or add your own title if you prefer. The titles suggested by Columbia Pictures are:

Joseph and His Brethren
Potiphar's Wife
Joseph and the Wife of Potiphar

PRIZES

First Prize—$500 denomination Series E U.S. Savings Bond
Consolation Prizes: For each of twenty-five runners-up, $25 denomination Series E U.S. Savings bonds

CONTEST RULES

1. Fill in contest blank at right, paste it on reverse of a postcard and mail your entry to Columbia Title Contest, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, Box No. 1666, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. Each entrant agrees to accept the decisions of the judges as final. Judges of the contest will be Harry Cohen, President, Jerry Wald, Executive Producer, and William Du frie, Director, of Columbia Pictures together with the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

2. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, September 15, 1955.

3. Anyone living in the continental United States and Canada may enter this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications and their advertising agencies and employees of Columbia Pictures and their advertising agencies.

4. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his or her name. Please be sure to give complete name and address on entry blank. Joint entries will not be accepted.

5. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications and may be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned.

6. The winners will be announced in the December issue of PHOTOPLAY. The winners will be advised by wire not later than September 30, 1955. This contest is subject to all federal and state regulations.

CORRECT CAPTIONS FOR PICTURE A: Enter By Number

PICTURE B:

PICTURE C:

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ARE THEY HEADING FOR

THE BIG

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are in "You're Never Too Young"
SPLIT-UP?

The future of Martin and Lewis is at stake. Can the faith and small prayers of their millions of fans heal the breach between them?

As this is written, the marriage of two of the greatest talents in show business is at stake. The headlines say theirs is now a marriage in name only—and in money only.

True, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are now being held together by five million dollars and five years of contracts. Both Dean and Jerry have said they'll fulfill all commitments and this is going to occupy them for quite some time. They may have a trial separation, but there could be no divorce. As one friend puts it, "It's just mathematically impossible."

A few months ago, they signed a contract with Paramount, which says they must make six pictures in the next five years for them and three pictures in the next three years for Hal Wallis, who releases pictures through Paramount. At the end of this time, each will receive $2,500,000 clear. They have a three-year contract with NBC, and they've signed for one year with Colgate, for whom their company, York Productions, is to produce thirty-nine "Sunday Hour" television shows beginning in September. And Dean and Jerry must star in five of them.

But they're held together, too, by many more millions of fans. All ages. All nationalities. All religions. By many, many people who'd never heard of a place called Brown's in the Catskill Mountains and to whom television ratings and contracts and the like couldn't mean less. They just know that years ago they took to heart an hilarious clown with a cracked voice and a chrysanthemum haircut and a handsome Italian singer who browbeat him with affectionate despair. Together, Martin and Lewis make happy music and the public loves them that way.

And there's also the matter of another "contract" between a Jewish boy from the borscht circuit, Joseph Levitch, and an Italian barber's son, Dino Crocetti, who married their two unlikely talents ten years ago for richer or poorer and for better or for worse.

It's sadly ironic now that they've never been richer and their relationship has never been for worse. It's ironic that a long dispute over where the premiere of a picture would be held could be the crowning thing.

Those closest to Jerry and Dean waited out the final hours, watched an emotionally distraught Jerry board the train taking him East, and a calmer, but deeply hurt, Dean take to wings, putting a further 2500 miles of water between them. Until that last hour, it hadn't seemed possible that one of them wouldn't give. Once, this couldn't have happened with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. Once, they wouldn't have allowed the Catskill Mountains or anything else to come between them—whatever the circumstances or whoever the outside influences. That they finally did is a sobering thought to those who care for them.

A sad-voiced Dean, packing to leave that evening, put his thought into words when he told us, "If Jerry thought as much of me as he's always said he does, he wouldn't have done this."

And in the dramatic setting of Brown's Hotel in the Catskills, where he had bellhopped ten years before, a tearful Jerry indicated he felt Dean had really let him down. To a hushed audience, containing the nation's press who'd made the junket for the premiere of "You're Never Too Young," Jerry signed off emotionally, thanking them and speaking haltingly of his "problem" and his "heavy heart" and "cross to bear." It was sad and poignant watching half of the most famous team in show business carrying the show alone.

Those close to them are heavyhearted today. There were far more serious overtones involved here than a disagreement about where to hold their movie premiere. This was straining a sensitive situation, widening a wound already almost beyond repair.

It's no secret that Dean Martin has long believed, and with reason, that some shortsighted people have belittled his talent and his importance in the team. Today, Dean feels that Jerry, too, considers his a secondary role.

Although it never reached print, where they would premiere their picture had been under dispute for months prior to departure time. From the time, in fact, when Jerry's old bosses at Brown's Hotel offered to pick up the tab for the whole press junket if "You're Never Too Young" could be premiered there. To the studio, this sounded not only like a fine publicity gimmick; it would save money, too. With his loyalty to those who've helped him in the past, Jerry Lewis fell in love with the idea. Under a mistaken impression that Dean had agreed to the arrangement, Jerry threw his whole heart into going back where he began. Plans began to shake, rattle and roll before those concerned realized how...
strongly Dean opposed premiering the picture there.

"I never did say I would go to Brown's." a serious-voiced Dean says now. "If I had, I'd have been there. For four months I'd been saying I wouldn't go."

Since this was their own York Production and Dean was a full partner, he felt he had a full vote about where their picture would be premiered. The fact that this would be a free ride shouldn't, he felt, be an influencing factor. "When our company spends two million six hundred thousand dollars on a picture—which I think is too much—you don't have to pinch for a premiere."

"I told them from the beginning I didn't want to have the premiere there. Jerry was a little upset. 'Let's take it to Steubenville, Ohio, then, your hometown,' he said. I told him I didn't want to take it to Steubenville, my hometown. 'Let's take it to a nice neutral place—like we did last year. There are many neutral places to go.'"

"We've always made our plans together. We've always talked it over and agreed to go here or there. This is the first time in nine years I've ever really asked Jerry to do one thing, and I said, 'Let's not go to Brown's'—and turned me down. All I can say is, they must have had some real obligations somewhere. He must have had his reasons to do this—reasons he didn't tell me."

Jerry, on the other hand, could understand why Dean wouldn't go along with him on this. At one time they decided to call off the premiere. Then Jerry was hurt.

To those who've stressed the fact that money will hold them together no matter what, an unhappy Jerry said, "This matter goes beyond money. As far as I'm concerned, it's a matter of the heart. No amount of money can buy the feeling."

With Dean, the matter went beyond money, too. It's a matter of heart with him, too—and of his own self-respect. He knew the criticism he was inviting by not going. He knew what eventual happening would happen. That
If Dean Martin hadn't been so emotionally involved himself, obviously he would have gone. The smartest thing to do was to reverse his decision and appear.

"But I said something and I meant it. It's our picture and I wasn't wrong in not helping publicize it," said Dean slowly. "But I said too many times I wouldn't go. I had to take a stand and I took it. And I can't lie to myself, My word to myself—that's important, too."

He dismisses any allegations of jealousy with, "Jealous of Jerry? If I were jealous of Jerry, we wouldn't have been together more than two years," he says, a reference to the lines, the footage, he publicized et al. that overshadowed its own.

"We mended last year's rift when Jerry and I sat down and figured things out," Dean said. That argument began with Dean's role—or no role—of "Three Ring Circus," but it mushroomed into many other things. "There was no sense in me being in that picture at all," Dean said. "The picture was on thirty-five minutes before I sang one song. Then it was an old one, 'It's a Big, Wide, Wonderful World,' and I sang it to animals." Sad irony that the death of Patti Lewis' mother, at the height of the discord, helped in pulling them closer together then. Dean and Jeanne stood by through a difficult time, and when they got out on the road tour, away from various disturbing elements, Dean and Jerry locked themselves in a room and thrashed it out. Three hours later, they emerged a team. And Jerry felt so strongly about it that he banned forever a magazine which had blamed Dean.

It would be a major operation—separating them. They're big business today. The biggest. And for harmony's sake, there are too many interested parties involved. Too many professional in-laws. So many, that when there's a meeting of the clan for a conference, they don't know whether to hold it at Music Corporation of America's gigantic suite or the UN.

That their show has gone on in spite of all the in-laws and outside influences is tribute to both of them. But two such opposites—the handsome pipe-smoking, casual Dean and the heart-tugging, emotional Jerry—can provide train. Dean isn't geared to match moods and emotions with Jerry. There's the fact, too, that Jerry is nine years younger and an eager beaver consumed with show business, while Dean wants to slow down and live a little along the way—enjoy his new home in Beverly Hills and his family. Dean's all for getting the job done, but less feverishly. He's been wanting to cut down on personal appearances and nightclub.

**Continued**
dates and commitments for some time.

But the heart of today's difficulty is Dean's sincere belief that Jerry's "generalizing" the team. He acknowledges that in the beginning he was helpful in bringing this about by leaving many of the decisions up to Jerry. But today, in his opinion, the situation's gotten well out of hand.

"I know this is partly my fault. I let Jerry take over these things, but I let him do this, too, because he's happier when he does. He's made that way," Dean says quietly, in much the tone of the big brother Jerry used to claim him for.

"Jerry's a great talent, but he wants to direct and produce and write. He worries about the whole show. About blacking out the shots, the costumes, the scripts, the directions—everything. I don't think this is necessary. If he'd just let producers produce and directors direct and writers write, he wouldn't have to do all these things and he could just concentrate on being one hundred per cent funny, which is a tough enough job."

Those closest to Jerry say he's worried a great deal, too, about making sure Dean's part is right in the show. That he's fought for Dean more times than Dean can know. A television associate recalls the countless times Jerry's sent back TV scripts saying, "Not enough for Dean." There are so many wonderful pantomime things Jerry could do, but he can't do them working as a team. And he won't do them because there's not enough in them for Dean.

Jerry would be very happy if Dean would take a more active part in the show, it has been said. If he would come to their meetings, instead of spending so much time on the golf greens.

"I only play golf when I can," Dean says now. "When there's work to do, I'll do it. When there's a TV rehearsal and we can get down to the business of rehearsing—I'll do that."

During a rehearsal for their last television show, Dean made his entrance on-stage on cue and couldn't find his partner anywhere. "I asked where he was—and Jerry answered me, 'I'm up here, Dean—lining up the shot,'" he said. "You do the walk-ins and ad lib and we'll do the dialog later.' What's with this? Me do the walk-ins and we'll rehearse later. I'll rehearse when we're ready to rehearse the way it should be done," he says, of a number of quips in gossip columns saying he ducked rehearsals on their TV show.

According to one member of the cast, something similar occurred when Dean showed up for the first day's rehearsal right on schedule. At eleven o'clock Jerry still was nowhere around.

"Where's Jerry?" he asked.

"Oh, Jerry had things to do," one of the production staff said. "Adding, "Come back around three."

"Come back around three? See you tomorrow," Dean said, script under his arm and walking away.

"Hey, wait, you can't do that," "You let me worry about that," said Dean.

To Dean Martin it seemed that Jerry Lewis is too busy being producer, director and writer to have time to be a team.

To the surprise of a good many people, the television show went on, although the tension was so thick off-cameras it seemed bound to show on the TV screens. Tension had been building all week between the two and reached fortissimo around curtain time.

"We just can't work this way. We can't do it unless we love each other," Jerry said. "Yes, we can. We got a job to do," said Dean.

In living rooms across the land, those laughing at the hilarious take-off of Edward R. Murrow's "Person to Person" and the rest of the show couldn't know the drama of the moment—couldn't know that this show might well be deciding the future of Martin and Lewis as a team. Could they make the same happy music together—if the heart should wear thin? It was with mixed emotions those close to them conceded—along with the smash reviews—that this was the season's best show. They could do it the hard way if need be.

Certainly during the past year the show's gone on for them more than their public can know. And when the chips are down—their loyalty shows. The show has gone on under every conceivable situation. Drama, illness, tragedy and discord. They've weathered them all.

When Jerry became ill a few hours before they were to open at the Mocambo, Dean carried the show alone.

"I was scared stiff, but Jerry had one hundred four degree fever, I had to go on." Dean had rushed out to Jerry's home as soon as he heard the news. Dean took one look at Jerry and said, "You stay right there. It will be all right—I hope."

That evening Dean looked around him at the star-studded, jammed night club and said, "I wouldn't give this spot to the cleaners." But he was a smash, and some of the greatest names in show business helped pitch in. Jerry sent him a wire. "Do you know how great we were last night? We were wonderful. Thank you. Your partner." Jerry, it developed, had jaundice. During the long weeks (Continued on page 97)
Rhinestone studded, sparked with white.

Rib-Weave Junior with convertible neckline.

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CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE
photoplay recommends

"The Private War of MAJOR BENSON"

- Take a military school for kids who are in danger of losing their R.O.T.C. rating and a martinet major with a reputation for being rough on rookies, and you have the makings of one of the most rib-tickling ingratiating films to come out of Hollywood lately. Previewed to a "cold" audience in a New York theatre, it quickly zoomed them to appreciative chuckles and uninhibited applause. As the tough soldier of the old school, Major "Martinet" Benson, Charlton Heston is thoroughly human, thoroughly believable—and thoroughly confused. The introduction of a pretty doctor in the shape of Julie Adams doesn't help the situation any—as the major discovers when his heart begins to interfere with his sense of duty.

The fine cast includes Nana Brant, as the Mother Superior, and a wonderful bunch of kids, including Sal Mineo, a young TV actor, and a deceptively baby-faced bundle of dynamite appropriately nicknamed Tiger (Tim Hovey). It would be too bad to reveal how the kids—and love—reform "holy terror" Benson. 'Nuf said to say, if you miss "The Private War of Major Benson," you've lost a big evening in your life!
Shirley will be seen in "The Trouble with Harry".

Malibu beach has charms for Shirley MacLaine and husband Steve Parker. So have matching swim sets. Shirley, Broadway actress, makes movie debut soon.

John's next in "The Ten Commandments" • Dan appears in "The Virgin Queen" • Julie is in "The Private War of Major Benson" • Ray's in "The Spoilers"

John and Pati Derek love horses, ranching—and same shirts. Now Pati doesn't have to borrow John's!

Dan O'Herlihy won't lose his shirt, either! This Irish couple love Hollywood films—and fashion fads

Colors to match for evening! But what would Ray Danton do if wife Julie Adams stepped out in print!
"I hope I never have to ride a horse in a picture," bemoaned Marla English to John Derek in the Paramount commissary. The following Sunday both Marla and boy friend, Bud Pennell, were invited to the Derek's ranch in Northbridge. "Now you're going to get your first riding lesson," announced John, who takes to horses like fish to water. Marla's had a riding lesson every Sunday since and hopes she and Bud can make a Western movie together . . . Those new Motoralls Robert Francis wears to the studio made such a hit with May Wynn, she bought a pair, too. "Now all I need is a car to go with 'em!" explains the gal who's got her eye on a fire-engine red Thunderbird. . . . Every month since their wedding, Julie Adams and Ray Danton have exchanged anniversary presents. And every month each has given the other—"something in pink marble and wrought iron. Things that later can be moved out of our living room onto a patio."

"Our mountain top home is perfect—for eagles," muse Dan and Elsie O'Herlihy. The whole truth is, with three children, the handsome Irish couple have (Continued on page 92)

Matching "Sudan Border" swim sets on Shirley MacLaine and husband by Catalina; John and Pati Derek's matching shirts by Damon; the Dan O'Herlihys' matching shirts by Adrian from the London Shop; Julie Adams' dress by Amelia Gray; Ray's Parfait dinner jacket by After-Six; car shown with Bob Francis and May Wynn is Ford Thunderbird; matching jeans and shirts worn by Marla English and her date are Rick Byron Originals.
When Russ rests, he’s “recharging the battery!” But he never stays put for long.

For Russ, as a kid, the direct route to any place was via treetops, across roofs!

He rejects formal fodder—likes crazy, mixed-up dishes!

Russ Tamblyn is next in “The Last Hunt”

BY FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

Russ Tamblyn never traveled a conventional path, and Hollywood’s finding out that he doesn’t intend to.

At twelve, Russ was always the first in the family to offer to whisk down to the drugstore for Mom. It afforded adventure and challenge. Putting on his old reliable tennis shoes, he’d take off by way of the back door, leap to the window framing and haul himself upward to the roof. Then, vaulting to the next-door neighbor’s roof in the manner of a high-wire artist, he’d position himself in a particular spot and make a flying leap to the drugstore building top. Lowering his frame by way of the drain pipe, he’d enter the store in record speed with the satisfaction that comes only from a rousing adventure. Navigating by conventional means would have taken forty seconds; by rooftops, the time was doubled. But to Russ, it offered dazzling experiences and fantastic opportunities—to (Continued on page 94)

ROCK 'N' ROLL KID

When Russ Tamblyn goes into his act it’s TNT—talented, nonstop and terrific!
At six, she bearded a lion in a motorcycle. At twenty-one, Terry’s father says life was new

By LAMAR WALLACE KOFORD

It was close to midnight when I watched the giant TWA Constellation take off from Los Angeles’ International Airport, bound for New York, with two of the people closest to me on board: my wife, Louella, and my daughter, Helen, better known to her fans as Terry Moore.

My eyes followed the plane as it climbed several hundred feet, going into a gradual half-turn over the ocean, then swinging eastward, heading into the darkness. After it had disappeared, I slowly walked over to the parking lot and climbed into my car.

The drive back to Westwood gave me ample time to think about a question I’d been asked the day before. A neighbor wanted to know how I felt about my daughter’s career. He’d heard we had sold our house because Terry decided to move to New York more or less permanently to study (Continued on page 106)

“The price of prominence has its drawbacks. Only her mother and I know how she really felt about the Korean bathing suit publicity. She was ready to ditch her career”
is den. At nine, she was doing seventy on her own plane. No wonder she was piloting her own plane. No wonder I was willing with **MY DARLING, DARING DAUGHTER**
Frankly, Rock Hudson was bored. Or rather, Roy Fitzgerald was. It was August of 1946, and Roy had spent the greater part of his time since May sitting on the beach in Winnetka, Illinois. When he received his discharge from the Navy after the war, the general consensus seemed to be that he deserved a well-earned rest. “Don’t jump into something right away. Take time off. Have some fun,” well-meaning friends and relatives suggested.

Well, Roy was taking time off. And he was waiting for something interesting to happen. Somehow, everything had changed. “What’s become of that old gang of mine?” could have been his theme song. While he’d been in the service, a lot of his friends had moved away; others had married. While they were still his friends, things weren’t the same. You couldn’t call up a married buddy at midnight and say, “How about shooting the breeze and listening to some new records I bought today?” The little woman might take a dim view of such shenanigans. And besides, most of his pals had to go to work early in the morning.

So June slipped into July, and July into August and Roy was still sitting alone on the beach and growing more bored every day. You might even say that Roy was beginning to be unhappy. Unhappiness was a state so foreign to his usual happy-go-lucky nature that it was a while before Roy fully realized how heavy was the gloom that had descended on him. It was a chance twist of the radio dial one sultry August morning (Continued on page 103)
Marilyn in the house

BY HELEN BOLSTAD

a wife dares to make a friend of Monroe...

• If, some cold and snowy winter night, your husband called you from Hollywood to say, “I’m bringing Marilyn Monroe home with me. She’s going to stay a while,” what would you do?

By now, nearly everyone knows what Amy Greene, wife of the gifted magazine photographer Milton Greene, did. In the chill of the 5:00 A.M. December darkness, she wheeled out the family station wagon, drove fifty miles over roads which wind in sharp curves around forested, rocky bluffs, met the two at La Guardia airport and secretly whisked them home. Welcomed to the security of the Greenes’ place deep in the Connecticut hills, Marilyn was safe—hidden away from people who demanded to know each heart-wrenching detail of her breakup with Joe DiMaggio.

For the first time in a turbulent life, which has held both unusual hardship and outstanding success, Marilyn Monroe, in the undemanding privacy of a happy home, was able to enjoy the luxury of taking time out for her own relaxation.

(Continued on page 111)

“Milton photographed Marilyn just before our wedding, phoned, ‘We got along fine!’”

Joe DiMaggio escorted Marilyn to preview. “Fans said they looked like lovebirds!”

“When people see her in ‘Seven Year Itch’ with Tom Ewell, they will see she’s a good comedienne”
Jack Lemmon says, "I'm the luckiest guy in the world! I started out in Hollywood with six top parts in a row, top scripts, top co-stars and top producers and directors. I fell in love with a wonderful girl, Cynthia Stone. She fell in love with me. There was no problem. We were married. When we came to Hollywood, we immediately found the right home, our furniture from New York fitted into it perfectly. We wanted a baby. We got the most wonderful baby in the world, Christopher, an alert and handsome child. "Not that I've had an enchanted life complete with halo," Jack explained. "I've worked hard at my profession. It took a lot of courting before Cyn said 'yes' and she had a pretty rough time when Chris was born. But no matter how much ability, how much desire to do everything well, it always takes that extra quality—the right time at the right place and the right breaks. In other words, Lady Luck. As long as she's in my corner, I've got sense enough to be plenty grateful for that"

What Jack says is true. Luck can make or break a man, but it would be unfair to consider his personality, determination and charm. All of which have a lot to do with his happy life. Another lady, Mildred Lemmon, was in Hollywood, too. Jack's mother surely would be the one to just how lucky Lemmon was.

“Lucky?” echoed Jack's vivacious mother one day in her borrowed Westwood apartment. A temporarily transplanted B
It was inevitable that Jack Lemmon would be a comedian. His parents are funny that way, too!

BY PHILIP DEANE

HE INHERITED THE MIRTH

Chris, like his dad, is a busy boy, has inherited his father's insatiable curiosity.

Now Chris is here, Jack's looking forward to working with his actress wife again.

"I'm lucky, I haven't goofed yet." Jack on "Mister Roberts" set with Cynthia.

He calls his vivacious mother "Min," after Andy Gump's wife in the comics!
Graduated from Harvard, Jack took $25.00 a week show job. "I got the ideal breaks—a chance to be lousy!"

expected the very best of people and places and it's helped him to receive the best," she explained. His optimistic outlook on life has carried him over the rough spots, while his sensitivity toward others and curiosity didn't leave much time for him to nurse his own introspective wounds. She stopped and smiled suddenly. "I sound prejudiced, don't I? And I am—a little. For besides being Jack's mother, I feel I am also his good friend. Our friendship is what makes this stage of our lives so much fuller than the usual mother-son relationship. Jack charmed me out of a swat to his impudent seat when he was two years old and his grin hasn't changed in effect a bit. He's still just as interesting."

Mildred Lemmon's blue eyes slowly left the present and started reflecting on the past, back to before the beginning. It all started in a Boston hospital elevator. Mildred Lemmon stood patiently next to her big handsome husband, John Uhler Lemmon II, while repairmen frantically tried dislodging their stuck elevator. It had stopped on its way to the delivery room. In an attempt to keep his wife calm, John Lemmon made near-hysterical jokes and told shaggy-dog stories for nearly an hour. The elevator was repaired just in time for Mildred to deliver her son, John Uhler Lemmon III, in the proper room. Perhaps the elevator was an omen. From that moment on, life for young Jack was a series of ups and downs.

"I guess Jack was lucky," Mildred Lemmon mused again. "It all depends upon how you look at it, I suppose. If you call it lucky that he wasn't dead before he was seven. That he didn't have his foot cut off or wasn't drowned in mud when he was five, or break his neck when he was four—all natural outgrowths of childhood curiosity—then yes, you could call him lucky!"

"It took a lot of courting before Cyn said yes!" They were a team on radio-tv
Big Jack and Mildred found their little bundle of charm had the sensitive fingers of a safe cracker when he was ten months old. Later, they would be glad, for those fingers led to high accomplishment on the piano and a talent for composing. But that night they were only amazed at his dexterity. They took him along to spend the evening with another young married couple. Fortunately, their host had a crib—a white iron, old-fashioned one with heavy duty bars to keep Jack safe from harm. After appropriate admiring chuckles under the chin, the two couples retired to the living room for the evening. Twenty minutes later a crashing cacophony of clashing iron, followed by a highly indignant howl, sent them racing to the bedroom. The bed had collapsed and in the center sat the roaring Jackie waving his fists in the air. He was holding tight to the nuts and bolts he so diligently had found and unscrewed!

“He was a little young to be taught the laws of gravity,” Mildred recalled, “so we made a mental note to watch his pioneering instinct more closely. But he was quick, thorough and quick. When he was a year and a half, we took him out to the rock garden to take his picture. He was very sweet about it and let us take some adorable pictures. Then we turned our backs. Fifteen minutes later we found him. Crawling through the shrubs to the driveway, he had discovered the tires on his uncle’s car—also the valve that let the air out. He managed to have all four tires completely flat before we caught him.

“Remember when ‘Chloe’ was the song? Big Jack and I had the record and we sang it a lot. Little Jack was two then. One day he was out playing. It got cold. He pounded on the door. No one heard him, so he (Continued on page 108)
There are two Sheree Norths. Two, we said. Count them.

One is a sultry, sexy, whipped-cream blond, with an opulently curved figure and spectacular legs, whose uninhibited style of dancing in the picture “How to Be Very, Very Popular,” co-starring Betty Grable, has the Hollywood movie censors mumbling in their beards.

The other is a demure, quiet-eyed woman who attends PTA meetings, goes to church on Sundays and recently rented a house in a secluded canyon some distance from the bustle of Hollywood because it is near a school and playground and is in a good neighborhood “to bring up my six-year-old daughter, Dawn.

“I know what it’s like to be poor and live on the wrong side of town,” says she. “And now that I’m getting some breaks, I want to give Dawn all the things I didn’t have when I was her age.”

One Sheree talks bop. This reflects her (Continued on page 98)
Sheree North is in "How to Be Very, Very Popular"
the visible invisible

Marlon’s banning all stories and pictures in fan magazines.
But will you, his fans, let him get away with it?

- Marlon Brando reminds us of the young boy, age two, who stands in front of you with his hands over his face and you’re supposed to say, “Where is little Marlon?” He replies by taking his hands away from his face, thus believing that he reveals himself to you—when you knew he was standing there all the time.

As you all know, Marlon has a ban on what he terms “fan magazine” stories and pictures and he has issued an order to the Samuel Goldwyn studios and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that he will pose for pictures only under the stipulation that they cannot be used for fan magazines except in connection with his role in “Guys and Dolls.”

You ask him for his autograph. Sure, he’ll give it to you. You ask him if you can form a fan club on his behalf with charitable objectives. Sure, he’ll let you. He’ll even condescend to let fan magazines, abhorrent to him as they are, publish his picture—if it advertises his latest film, “Guys and Dolls.” Sure he will—all, he’s no fool. He knows that you are the people who pay for tickets at the motion-picture theatres and he cannot afford to have his fans insulted. But, he’ll quickly add, he hates fan-magazine editors. Marlon hated them ever since he decided he didn’t like the role he created under the expert guidance of a top-notch publicity man who taught him how to make colorful copy at a time when he needed all the stories and pictures he could get in any magazine.

In those days, too, he was not at all averse to accepting the honors bestowed upon him by fans—he was one of the players you chose in the “Choose Your Star” poll of newcomers as the actor who would become one of the great stars of the year 1951. And now he is too great to believe in the magazines through which you honor him.

We think it’s about time that you, the fans, knew this about Brando and that you did something about it.

After all, Marlon’s too big to be invisible—and too big a star to be ignored.

So if you don’t like his new role of invisible man, either, send in the attached coupon to Photoplay, Post Office Box No. 25486, West Los Angeles 25, Calif.

Write Brando your Sentiments

Dear Marlon:

On the screen you’re a great actor and we love you. We like reading about you, too. We like seeing your pictures in our favorite fan magazines.

signed ____________________________

In 1950, Marlon accepted fan magazine honors; in 1955, he restricts cooperation to TV shows, movie directors. Top right, with dad on Murrow show
brando...
How do you like your heroines? Blond? Brunette? Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain give you a dazzling choice in "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." They play a dark-haired sister act — but in a flashback to the gay Twenties both go platinum-topped, Jane as her own mother, Jeanne as the girls' aunt. Filmed for U.A. release by Russ-Field (the producing venture Jane shares with husband Bob Waterfield), the movie sets its rollicking comedy in real European locales.
It's Scott Brady who lures Jane Russell to Paris, offering to get her into the Folies Bergère. As a theatrical agent, he's a flop. But as a heart interest, he's a rousing success with the impressionable Jane—till a mysterious rival parts them.

No male who was dead-broke, however dashing, would have fascinated Jane's clever mother (also played by La Russell). In the Paris of 1926, that vivacious flapper was besieged by rich admirers from all Europe—and points east.

In present-day Paris, Jeanne Crain finds a beau, as sister Jane did. Alan Young's a gentle, stage-struck fellow, who conceals the fact that he's a multimillionaire. When he starts sending the two girls anonymous, lavish presents, trouble flares up.

Jeanne's aunt (Jeanne again) was the other darling of the French capital back in the Jazz Age. With hilariously authentic costumes and hot rhythm, the sequence 'brings that era back to life. The modern story, too, is spiced with song.
When he roars, she’s meek, when he barks, she acts bitten. They’re the maddest mister and missus in town. And you’ll wish you could be that crazy—in love.

Jean Simmons is next in "Guys and Dolls".

Different, but their personalities blend. Both have a sense of humor, give to each other just what they need.

Hollywood’s just learning what Jean always knew—that Jimmy’s a softie, with a bark that’s worse than his bite.

Stewart Granger is in "Bhowani Junction".

Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger in living room. “Jimmy’s” the decorator—“He’s better at it”

Jean knows she’s cared for, thought about. Any woman blossoms with that kind of treatment.

A DOLL’S
High on a Hollywood hill in a rambling brick and glass house are two oil portraits. They hang side by side and are of the same person—and yet they are of two people. One is a mature, sophisticated actress and the other is a tousle-haired leprechaun, leaping wholeheartedly into all of life. Both portraits are of Jean Simmons and both are true.

About ten years ago Vivienne Walker, one of England’s most in-demand hairdressers, was working furiously at 6 A.M. getting her stars ready for production call. A knock at the door sent her scurrying impatiently to answer. Opening the door, she received a huge snowball smack in the face with the compliments of sixteen-year-old Jean Simmons.

“That brat had been following me around for two years,” Vivienne recalled fondly. “All day I bided my time. It was Jean’s first day on the set in a grown-up part. She was wearing an evening gown, was given a chair with her name on it and played the whole day with complete dignity. That night as the cast passed by saying, ‘Good night, Miss Simmons,’ she turned her innocent eyes on me and said brightly, ‘You ready to go now?’

“Yes!” answered Miss Walker, grimly. She quietly

Continued
A DOLL'S LIFE WITH A GUY
Continued

and efficiently tripped the sedate Miss Simmons, grabbed her legs and hauled her backside flat down the long corridor, down the outside stairs and rubbed her face in the snow. Between giggles and snow, Jean mouthed, "Stop it. You're hurting my dignity!"

About nine years later, Jean snubbed out her cigarette resolutely. "Don't let me have another," she admonished Vivienne. "I've got to stop smoking." Thirty minutes later on the set of "Desirée," Jean commanded, "Vivienne, give me a cigarette."

"You can't have one."

"I can, too." Jean reached over, snagging a cigarette from Jo Parra, her stand-in. She got it as far as her mouth. Miss Walker promptly yanked it away and stepped on it. "We agreed a half-hour ago you were not going to smoke!"

Horrified observers pulled poor little Jeanie behind the flaps and, commiserating about "that awful woman," proffered cigarettes. With a gamin grin, Jean protested, "But I don't really want a cigarette." She and Vivienne sat on the set, laughing helplessly while the bewildered sympathizers smoked uneasily.

Same set; same cast. Jean and Vivienne played a beautiful mock scene of "this is the end—never darken my door again."

"I've had about enough of you!" from the lovely lips of Simmons."

"I've had enough of you!" from the unsung actress, Vivienne.

"Go!"

"Gladly!"

A startled visitor raced for the nearest phone to relay same to his favorite columnist. He had his finger on the dial, when he stopped stunned. Both girls were howling with delight.

On a hot, dusty location with Bob Mitchum, Jean watched with envy while the crew shot off water pistols at each other. The minute the director yelled "cut" and they were through for the day, Bob and Jean were in the middle of the aquaful gun-slinging. Bob found a hose and turned it on Jean. She grabbed the hose, whirled around and accidentally turned it full on the producer of the picture. She suddenly looked like a ten-year-old caught with her hand in the family till. She practically curtsied as she mumbled, "Sorry, sir," and fled, drenched, as if expecting to be chased and spanked.

Jean's madcap sense of humor has changed only from the boisterousness

Toy soldiers of various Scottish regiments with which Jimmy served include famed Black Watch regiment. Also figure of the Stewart clan

Two loves has Jean. Jimmy and acting. In "Footsteps in the Fog," the Grangers co-star. Both would like to do more pictures together
of early youth to a sometimes subtler approach to finding fun in living. To Jean, each day, indeed each hour of the day, is jam packed with the possibilities for being happy. She is starry-eyed about living and it gives her the effervescent look of a pixie getting ready to happen.

Leprechauns, however, have many more qualities than humor. Considered "the good little people," Jean answers that description, too, in loyalty, sensitivity to others, a childlike ability to love completely and a deeply ingrained shyness.

In the loyalty department, you will notice that she adored Vivienne Walker years ago in England—and that Vivienne is still with her. When Jean came to the States, she persuaded Vivienne and her hus-

(Continued on page 87)
"I was a real retarded kid," says Tony Curtis. "with some real crazy ideas." But this kid got wise

By Ruth Waterbury
“Last June third, I was thirty years old—and I never dreamed I should live that long,” said Tony Curtis. “The next day was my fourth wedding anniversary. A crazy guy like me, married four terrific years! Later that same week I signed to make a picture in Paris with Burt Lancaster and Gina Lollabrigida because, as my agent said, ‘The chemistry is right.’

‘Chemistry! What was with chemistry and a kid who used to be called Bernie Schwartz? What was with that crazy gane who in school in New York’s slums refused to learn because he wanted to be ‘free’? How could such a week come to a wild Hungarian who practically didn’t speak a word of English until he got beaten into it?

“When I saw those representatives of a billion-dollar agency walk into my dressing room and tell me that the plans for my studio, U-I, had been juggled around and the Lancaster schedule had been juggled around, just to fit my time, I flipped. I was not thinking first of the wonderful time (Continued on page 84)

Tony hopes some of the culture will rub off on him while he’s in Paris for a movie. Janet plans to join him there.
Get these Men!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Martha's in "Francis in the Navy"; Kiss of Fire" George's in "Lady Godiva"

Give a man enough rope and you'll land him.
And it looks as if some of these Hollywood beaux are nearing the end of their bachelor line

- Sometimes I think Hollywood's most eligible bachelors would prefer crawling on their hands and knees over broken glass to keep their freedom rather than walk well-shod down a plushly carpeted aisle to the dulcet strains of the wedding march.

But, by their own admission, they each have an Achilles' heel, so don't give up. Girls. They, too, can all be had —by the proper girl.

Gwen Verdon is a flashy blond with a lithe figure, whistle-provoking legs and the know-how to use both figure and legs to capture the fancy and fancies of half of Broadway. And Gwen is the one who finally has captured that long-time man about town, that confirmed woman-hater, Scott Brady.

Yes, Scott has finally fallen and, as happens to all who dodge the wedding bells with a kind of dedicated fervor, he's fallen hard.

Scott met Gwen when they were both in London making "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." And though the script call...
It took a long time to throw Scott Brady off his bachelor feet. But when he met dancer Gwen Verdon—Scott fell hard.

Kathryn Grant, above with Bing Crosby. Bob Hope, is not the glamour type—but she may be the type to get Bing!

Tab and Dorothy are in "Sincerely Yours"
Get these Men! Continued

California for that great event. That’s how bad he has it.

"I don’t wanna get married yet." Tab Hunter assured me when I put the eternal question to him after he’d made an appearance on my television show. Then in the next breath he sighed: “But I do get lonely going home to an empty apartment every night.”

When a man admits that, he’s ready for marriage, whether he thinks he is or not.

Who is the girl who’s going to win this reluctant Romeo? Here’s what Tab told me: “I don’t like ‘em sexy. You know, all face and front, and then—nothing. I like them small and cuddly, like Debbie Reynolds and Lori Nelson. They’re not obvious about their sex. You know they’re girls, but they don’t advertise the fact with banner headlines. And I don’t like a girl who starts giving orders almost right away, like ‘You call me tomorrow.’ When a girl does that, I stop right then and there.

“Or I go overboard the other way for the sleek, sophisticated woman-of-the-world kind like Annie Sheridan or Marlene Dietrich. There’s no in-between for me.”

“What about Dorothy Malone?” I asked, since she’s the girl he’s been dating most frequently.

“She’s wonderful,” Tab told me, and he was sincere about it. “The man who gets Dorothy for a wife will be one lucky fellow.” But he left a big doubt in my mind that he intends to be that lucky fellow. He washed the whole thing up with this statement: “I’m Catholic, and I don’t believe in divorce. When I get married, it’s going to be for life, so I don’t want to make a mistake. I’ll wait until I’m sure.”

Another one who’s waited—and waited—and waited—is Rock Hudson. However, I don’t think he’s going to wait much longer, for this new “King” has found his Queen in the person of pretty and intelligent brunette Phyllis Gates.

I spotted this romance almost a year ago, and it’s been growing steadily into the very real thing. Phyllis is no glamour star, no shimmering beauty with a glib tongue and a flashy phony smile. She’s a secretary from Minnesota who’s much more interested in a home and children than she is in mink coats, caviar and Cadillacs.

I’ve said all along that when Rock marries, it won’t be to a movie star, or to a girl who has any ambitions of becoming one. He was burned once when he fell in love with Vera-Ellen. After that was over, he told me, “Never again, Sheilah.” And I knew he meant it. Through the years he’s dated dozens of actresses, including some of the biggest stars in the business, but when he got down to the serious business of love and marriage, it had to be with a girl like Phyllis.

And what is she like?

She’s like the girl next door. She’s old-fashioned enough to want her par-

Ben Cooper likes Anna Maria Alberghetti, but she’s not the girl in his wallet.

Anna and Ben are in “The Last Command.” He’s also in “Rose Tattoo.”

Jimmy’s in “Rebel Without a Cause”: “Giant”

Mona Freeman has what Bob Wagner likes, but what he wants only he knows.

Bob’s in “A Kiss Before Dying.”

Jimmy Dean revealed the kind of girl he’d like when he fell hard for Pier Angeli.
aren't to announce her engagement (and look for that announcement after Rock finishes his acting chore in "Giant," sometime after November). She's a wonderful cook, a "neat but not gaudy" dresser, intelligent enough to have been promoted from secretary to agent by her boss, Rock's own manager, Henry Willson, and even more intelligent than that, willing to give up her job to stay at home and be Mrs. Rock Hudson.

Donald O'Connor has been carrying a torch for his ex-wife, Gwen (now Mrs. Dan Dailey). But I know a girl—and so does Don—who can extinguish it—Gloria Noble. Here are all the things she is, as told by Don himself: "She's done a few things in pictures, but she's not terribly competitive. And she's a lot sweeter than most of the girls in this business. You know how we spend our time? We have a quiet dinner together at my place then sit and watch TV. She's a very nice girl and the only one I'm seeing at present. But then I'm not much for this business of dating a different doll every night. What for?" he added with a shrug. "It's much better to find someone you can be relaxed and comfortable with." And Don is relaxing and being comfortable with pretty little Gloria almost every evening.

It isn't the taste of sugar about Kay Spreckels that attracts Clark Gable, but the similarity she bears to his much beloved third wife, the late Carole Lombard. Kay has the same vitality and effervescence. And if anyone can take her place in Clark's affections (and many have tried and been found wanting), the sparkling Kay can.

Carole somehow managed to infect everyone around with contagious gaiety. When she married Gable, she was not an outdoory girl. But to make him happy, she learned to ride and shoot and fish. He never has been that happy since—until he started seeing Kay some months ago.

They deny marriage plans with the regularity of a time clock. "Look," protests Kay, "if we were going to get married, the spark would have been kindled years ago. I've known Clark for twelve years. It was during the war. He had just come back from the Air Force in Europe. We went to parties and dinners, and it was fun. Nothing else. I've got no intention of walking down the aisle with anyone. Clark feels the same way and that's why we hit it off. We go out for laughs." All I can say is they're doing a lot of laughing.

Marlon Brando has the same taste for foreign spice that has led John Wayne to wed three different south-of-the-border señoritas. However, Brando is much more difficult to snag than was Wayne. Big Duke is as amenable to marriage as a girl is to make-up. He likes it; he likes it. He can't stand being single. On the other hand, Brando can't stand the thought of marriage—yet. But when he finally gets around to it, he'll marry (Continued on page 82)
The first time Greg Peck ever wore a tuxedo, he rented it for a profession model job. Now he wears a white tie and tails to be presented to royal famil where they are still extant.

He was born in La Jolla, California, which doesn't even have a census listing but is absorbed in the population of the nearest big city, San Diego. Today, this small-town boy is a cosmopolite, who has traveled all over the world. He has become a gourmet and connoisseur of wines, speaking a smattering of French and Italian, he has developed an appreciation of art an learned the difference between European and American women: ("In Europe a woman asks, 'What can I give you?' America a woman asks, 'What can I get from you?") But he abhors the International Set as much as he does Americans who become expatriates and delude themselves into believing they are now Europeans. ("These past three years in England, France, India, Germany, Spain, the Canary Islands have been a rewarding and enriching experience, but I am glad to be back inside USA again. Americans, matter how welcome abroad, are still foreigners and, if they stay away too long, even the people who accept them as friends, frown upon them as expatriates."

He also deplores the type of American who comes to Europe and complains when everything is not exactly as it was "back home"—from hamburgers to central heating—and who go to hotels and restaurants only for Americans, where they are laughed at for being suckers and disliked if they're not.

Greg, on the other hand, wants to know the countries he visits, and he tries in the most expedient manner to get to know the people through their languages and ways of life. In London, he had a flat in St. James's Square, presided over by an English housekeeper. In Paris, he traveled with a group of young French people. Last July...

Continued...
SAINT OR SINNER?

Had he changed? Had he become the philanderer, the international playboy the stories said? Hollywood waited and wondered—until Greg came home.

Gregory Peck is also in "The Purple Plain"
before starting his extensive six-month schedule in "Moby Dick," he hibernated in a little village on the sea on the Basque coast, with only his stand-in for company. He wanted to share his holiday with this British actor who has been with him on every location trip, so he told him he needed him to help cue him with his lines.

Greg has no caste system in his choice of friends. He chooses them because he likes, admires and respects them—not because of their salary bracket, latest success or their name value on a guest list. He hates pretense of any kind. When he first came to Hollywood, he was put through the usual autobiographical routine; the studio publicity department was dismayed when he admitted out loud that his wife, Greta, had been Katharine Cornell's hairdresser, and his uncle was a San Francisco streetcar conductor. It was subtly hinted that he should, for the sake of a more glamorous build-up, doctor the truth a bit. "But why?" was Greg's retort. "They both made an honest living at their jobs, and they're not ashamed of it, so why should I be? Besides, the truth will always out, so whom are we kidding?" he grinned.

He is very shy about press interviews, only because he hates being asked questions unrelated to his career, particularly those prying into his married or romantic life. But get him talking on any one of his favorite subjects—producer John Huston, the La Jolla Playhouse, his special recipe for a Pimm's Cup, plays, a Goya painting in the Prado, director Willie Wyler, skiing in Switzerland, the Irish race horses he and Huston now own together, the cattle ranch where he hopes to retire in his "lean and slipped years" and his three proudest possessions, his three sons—and he'll talk effortlessly and volubly. He has no interest in gossip columns or the sensational type of magazine that destroys reputations and tears the veil of illusion from the glamour that is synonymous with the stage and screen. But he doesn't expect other people to conform to his standards. "Live and let live" is his motto. He has a personal press agent to cover his professional activities with dignified publicity and to suppress such breath-taking bulletins as to whether he wears pajama tops, sleeps in a double bed and if his kisses with Audrey Hepburn in "Roman Holiday" were for real.

His recent divorce from the Finnish hairdresser he married thirteen years ago and who bore him three wonderful sons was not caused by a European femme fatale, as the Hollywood grapevine rumored it. It happened for the usual reason that so many Hollywood marriages like theirs break up. When Greta married Greg, he was a struggling young actor, playing a walk-on in Katharine Cornell's company of "The Doctor's Dilemma." Three more plays followed, each of them short-lived, but Greg found himself in the unique position of being remembered for a series of flops. Hollywood inevitably beckoned, where the greatest thing that can happen to anyone overnight is recognition. With his Hollywood fame and new economic freedom, Greg and Greta's lives changed. From an auto court, they moved into a hilltop home. Where their phone used to ring occasionally, it rang incessantly now. Greg, whose contract was divided among four studios, was at the beck and call of all four. His nonstop line-up of pictures and demanding schedule didn't leave much time for home life. Even today, as one of the top stars in the business, Greg never lets down in his desire to give the best of himself to every role he undertakes. So you can imagine how he must have applied himself to exploring every facet of this new medium twelve years ago.

Before Greg married Greta, he had been too busy earning a living and too broke to sow any wild oats. Suddenly, he found himself surrounded by the most glamorous women in the world, who would have liked to continue their love scenes after the cameras stopped grinding. Greta, housewife and mother, sensed the competition every time she and Greg went out together. In Hollywood, wives of handsome screen heroes are looked upon as excess baggage—especially by other wives! But Greta also knew that Greg was not a playboy. He was essentially a home-loving man, who loved his wife and children. He also had too sane a sense of values to be flattered by the attentions of all the Hollywood Loreleis or the sycophants who breed on success. But sex, rearing its lovely head, isn't the only thing that can break up a marriage. Unfortunately, Greta didn't realize this. It was some wise philosopher who once said, "Not to go back is somewhat to advance." Greg advanced. Greta didn't keep his pace.

Greg's advancement was in his contact with people (Continued on page 90)
Headed for school, a job, a social whirl? Have a fresh fall start in these new fashions all inspired by the Edith Head designs you'll see in Paramount's fabulous "Lucy Gallant"
Defining the lean, long-bodied look, coats this season are given the luxury treatment with elegant fur trims, fabrics smooth, rich and wearable. Center, Marla English in a coat that takes an A for silhouette—the new Paris-inspired shape of narrowness falling into a gentle flare. It’s a subtly colored, lofty plush wool with reversed fabric panels highlighting the line. Point of interest: the detachable ranch mink collar. Her cleverly collapsible plastic strip bag by Nadya. Far left, Glorio Talbott in a coat that hews to the straight and narrow in smooth buttery nude wool, shown minus its on-and-off ranch mink collar. Above, stride-easy side pleats in a plummeting coat of black plushy Montaldo—a fine wool, worn by Jeanette Miller. Bringing the neckline into focus: a detachable white mink collar. Sizes 8-18. Kennie Original coats by Meyer Stoll. All under $90 with the fur. Charmer hat. Dawnelle gloves
Sweaters that whisper lovely things about you...ermine soft...full-fashioned...life-lasting in shape and wear...Mitin mothproofed. Catalina's Belgimere sweaters, $7.95 to $10.95. Matching skirt, $12.95.
THE
EASY ENSEMBLE-
LONG, LEAN
AND LIVABLE

Fashion's on the vertical, with the narrow look as firmly established as the ensemble. Embracing both ideas, the wonderful costume Jeanette Miller wears left. In season-spanning red and black cotton tweed that travels perfectly year-round, it stars the tunic length in a jacket with crisp winged collar, well-reared with the popular back belt. Paired over a matching pencil-slim skirt and high-necked pullover in black jersey. Sizes 7-15. Saba of California. Jacket, under $11. Skirt and pullover, each about $6. Dawnelle gloves. Duchess pearls.

In the background: airwave glamour—TWA’s famed travel advisor, Mary Gordon, and the new Super G Constellation.

LITTLE EXTRAS FOR A FANCIFUL FALL

A Classic accessory—the saddle leather toter, hand-tooled in elegant design with brass closing: The small pouch, about $15.95. The long satchel, under $22. Both by Clifton

B The touch of white that crisps the fashion scene. Hand-sewn cotton shorties in a brief gauntlet shape, top, about $3; diagonal cutouts, below, about $4. By Stetsan

C At-home glitter slippers. Left, a velvet espadrille, beaded and gilded on a low wedge. Right, gold and silver embroidered faille sandal. Honeybugs. Each under $4

For stores featuring these fashions turn to page 102

Drawings by Denny Thompson
“Six months ago, the American Airlines selected Grace Walker Shoes as the approved footwear for our official uniforms. And I can tell you from my contacts with the other stewardesses that all of us are very pleased and proud to wear Grace Walkers. They’re so smart looking and, just as important, so comfortable!”

“That led me to a happy conclusion: Why not wear Grace Walkers all the time? And that’s just what I’m doing. No matter what my wardrobe needs—for work, for play, for dating—best Grace Walkers are my favorites. Their fine fit gives heavenly foot comfort, plus high fashion at a low price.”

Miss Marilyn Cope
American Airlines Stewardess

Patterns illustrated: $9.95
(Other styles $6.95 to $10.95)

Grace Walker
SHOES
created by FRIEDMAN-SHELBY division
International Shoe Company, Saint Louis, Missouri
THE SWEATERED LOOK TAKES SHAPE


Right, joining the classic ranks, the V neckline. It's pointed up here with softly notched collar in an over-blouse sweater worn by Marlo English. Downy wool and angora. Sizes 34-40. By Ferbo Venezia. Under $13

Soft, seductive velvet slippers for the ultimate in leisure-hour luxury.
Sparkling glitterbug trim catches the firelight in a twinkle.
Glamorous jewel-tones. Sizes 4 to 10.

$3.99

For Where to Buy fall fashions turn to page 102

The sweater found its place as a dress fashion. Here, on Marlo English, it's sleek and wide-scooped with a wisp of sleeve. In a pastel blend of lamb's wool, fur, nylon. 34-40. Catalina. Under $8. Duchess pearls

THE COTTON COSTUME TAKES TO STRIPES

Four-season black and white pin-striped cotton in Gloria Talbott's velvated Chesterfield coat topping a matching sheath with sheer cotton feminized jabot, California Girl. Each about $20. A Charming hat

HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL
the wonderful Wizard of Bras

Figure sorcery! DEFINITELY YOURS, the finest fitting bra ever designed for every figure from A to D cup!

Padded wonder-wire under each cup gives new definition,

Whirlpool stitching means a lift with no ifs.

White cotton broadcloth, A B C cups, 3.95; D cup 5.00.

In white eyelet cotton; black or white nylon lace, A to D cups, 5.00 to 7.50.

FOR YOUR FREE FASHION FOLIO, "BETWEEN US GIRLS," WRITE
HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL COMPANY, DEPT. 107, 6733 HOLLYWOOD BLVD., HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA

SEE YE OLDE HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL BRA SHOPPE AT DISNEYLAND

HOLLYWOOD • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL OF CANADA, LTD. BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
Anne Francis carries a classic Clifton...

it goes everywhere with everything!

Like lovely Anne Francis, you probably want a bag that's a perfect accessory for many different costume changes. Here it is—in polished hand-tooled leather—the wonderful Clifton bag! A smart buy, it grows more handsome with years of wear. Make a Clifton bag your first fall purchase!

Shoulder or underarm models in rust, dark brown, oxblood, tan and natural russet. Full grain saddle leather with leather lining and compartments; zipper, leather and brass closures. Retail from $2.98 to $21.75

At Fine Stores Coast to Coast

GLAMOUR MADE EASY

Fall entry in velveteen, the flared shoto shirtunic line, with tucked-front belted jacket poised over pants tapered tight to the ankle. Elegant colors. Sizes 7-15. By Ilene Ricky. Each about $7.

THE LONG-STEMMED LOO!

The torso is more so in a rib knit overblouse that plummets from wide bateau neck. The slim pants in matching jersey knit. Hollywood Knitting. Each about $15. Daniel Green checked skimmer
WORLDLY WISE AFTER FIVE

THE CELEBRATED JUMPER

ME-HONORED PUMP
Rhinestoned calf molds a classic shell vamp, shaped artfully to fit and flatter a leg. It's neatly untrimmed, goes facin' with the addition of pretty bow trim. Grace Walker. About $9.95
The gloves the "stars" wear

STETSON GLOVES
Rothschild Bros., Inc. St. Louis Chicago

From Hollywood to New York, America's most glamorous women choose Stetson gloves. Yes... for glorious style and washable beauty... there's nothing like a Stetson.

PHOTOPLAY's view of the American career girl in this fall fashion picture. The American Airlines hostess in a tailored-to-perfection uniform feminized with rounded lines. The official shoe: a richly simple calf pump that floats on air even when she's grounded. Grace Walker

ROVI SWEATERS
in cloud-soft, quick-drying Orlon
You'll love their graceful styling and budget-wise price. Slipover or cardigans.

ROVISPORTSWEAR
Rothschild Bros., Inc. St. Louis Chicago

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS continued

FALL SHAPE-UP

Natural uplift and soft separation in a bra of embroidered cotton broadcloth. Wrinkle-free bond and a figure-hugging elastic center. Prelude by Maidenform. White. 32-38 A; 32-40 B; 32-42 C. $2

Slimming long-line bra, high and rounded. Removable and adjustable, pre-inflated plastic cups for the plus you need. Leno elastic with embroidered nylon cups. Tres Secrete. White. 32-38 A, B. Under $7


For Where to Buy turn to page 102

Drawings by Denny Hampson
...You won't hide your Tówle under a bushel

**IT'S MADE TO BE USED.** The New England craftsmen who create Tówle Sterling make it to be *practical* as well as *beautiful*. They bring to Tówle a host of little refinements in design—of extra steps in manufacturing—all aimed at giving you sterling that needs no pampering—that will make *every* meal a festive occasion—yet will bring to festive occasions a richer, warmer, distinctively sterling glow that is Tówle's alone. There is a fine store near you where you can see first hand some of the many Tówle Touches that distinguish this fine sterling. 6-piece place settings are priced from $29.75.

Two practical Tówle Touches on fork tines make washing, cleaning easier. (A.) A tiny notch between tines on most Tówle forks reduces surface of that hard-to-clean area at tine base. (B.) Extra hand polishing inside of tines creates ultra-smooth surface to which food can't cling.

Another Tówle Touch that makes your Tówle Sterling more usable. Tówle uses solid metal (not cement or resin) to seal knife blade to handle *permanently*, the best way to insure you against loose blades, rattles in the handle. And, of course, Tówle knives are watertight, airtight, sanitary.

**The Tówle Touch**

...means sterling craftsmanship at its best...a direct heritage of silversmithing that dates from 1690. The Tówle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Massachusetts.
BECOMING
ATTRACTIONS

(Continued from page 67)

A dish with a very definite foreign flavor.

Practically every girl he’s ever gone
with has conformed to this type. Movita,
Rita Moreno, Jeannie Mariani. They have
something that could make him set aside
his midnight bongo sessions for the more
conventional voodoo of “I do.”

Joanne can’t be able to do it. She
slipped into town very quietly while Mar-
lon was in the midst of “Guys and Dolls,”
and they had a few romantic bouts before
she slipped as quietly out of town and
rejoined her New York. If they were
never, it’s been one of the weirdest courthouses
on record, from the obscure newspaper an-
nouncement of their engagement to their
long-distance romancing separated by the
thousands of miles between Hollywood
and New York.

One thing’s for sure though. Marlon
will never settle for the ordinary type of
girl. She’ll have to bring in to match his
moods and also anticipate them. She’ll
have to be as unpredictable as he is, and
keep him so busy guessing that he won’t
have time to think of himself.

James Dean is a girl who has been
called a road-show edition of Brando,
sometimes acts like him on-screen, but
nothing like him in private life, except for
the fact that neither will be forced to live
by the rules of a young actor’s contract as
prescribed by Hollywood. Each is an
individual.

Jimmy revealed the type of girl he
would marry almost as soon as he came
to Hollywood to work on “East of Eden.”
He fell in love with the devout, simple,
beautiful Pier Angeli. He will not talk
about Anna (all of Pier’s friends call her
by her real name) now that she’s married
with Vic Damone. But before the marriage,
Jim spoke poetically of her “wonderful
soul and her soulful eyes and her over-
whelming beauty.” He would have married
her if he could. But too many things stood
in their way, particularly Mama Pier-
angeli, who had no use for him at all, at
all, at all.

At the moment though, he carries no
other girl. He loved and lost and that’s
that. This setback in his romantic life has
caused him to go to the other extreme of
Anna in the girls he dates—and the great-
est extreme possible is Vampira, the
Cherie, Aloma girls who he introduced to
movies over one of the local Hollywood
TV stations. Younger glamour dolls are
dying for dates with Dean, but he’s been
playing hide-and-seek with them. But
interest intrigues the girl. One of them told
me, after a brief introduction in which Jimmy
did little more than nod to her, “He ap-
peals to me, I guess because I’m the type
who likes to take in stray cats and dogs.”

Dean is as closemouthed about his ro-
mantic feelings as an oyster is about the
pearl it contains, but good-looking Bob
Wagner then opposite. He’ll talk
about the girls in his life.

“T he main reasons are: I’m not in love.
I’m not interested in falling in love. I don’t
want to marry yet. And I don’t want to
waste all of my energies on something
that doesn’t yet
make sense. On top of that, I find it sort of
silly, embarrassing and unidiﬁed to have
this heartbeat fiction ﬂoating around when
it’s so crazy.”

I asked Robert what the girl will be like
when he does ﬁnd her. “That I wouldn’t
know. I’m not too sure she’ll be an ac-
tress. It might be rough having a pro-
essional rival for your heart. But on the
other hand, when you’re in this business
you’re really in a world apart. People who
aren’t actors can’t understand a lot of
things you have to do, ways you have to
act. Why, even my own folks give me
blank sheet sometime when I try to ex-
plain doing a play to Hollywood, or a
distance a long-wood quite a time. So, I don’t know, I
really don’t. My type? Well, I’m not being
particularly original, but I like Grace
Kelly—a smart, independent, beau-
tiful and a lady.”

Rumors persist that Bing Crosby is
pricing wedding rings and he has the girl
picked out that he’ll wear the one he ﬁnally
buys. A beautiful, slim, dark-brunette under contract to Columbia, whom
he’s been dating frequently. I checked
with him on this matter, and Bing
chuckled. “She’s a nice girl and Kathryn’s
not the typical Hollywood glamour type.
As a matter of fact, she’s quite proper
and quite religious, though she’s not of my
church.” But as for those reports that
he’s going to marry her, he shakes his head.
And, as to prove his point, he began readng Mona Freeman.

Ben Cooper is currently in the throes
of his first love, and it may be his last, for
he’s serious about the girl. She’s a super-
curved, brown-haired named Lee Sharon
who headlines night-club shows in such sea-
ports as New York, Miami, Tokyo, doing
dances which Ben describes as modern, but
whom the critics seem to think are strip routines. It’s Lee’s
picture that occupies the place of honor in his
billboard.

Ben has gone out with Anna Maria Al-
bertaina, whom he admittedly likes; he
gets really animated when he talks about
Pat Crowley, with whom he went to high
school in New York; but he’s himself
up-and-coming dresses with Lizbe Nelson.
But the plain fact, say those in
whom he confides such matters, is that
he’s crazy about Lee. She ﬂashed into his
life last November when a friend of Ben’s
dated her and brought them. The friend
was soon minus one girl.

The girl who wants to marry George
Nader, Universal-International’s newest
thethrob, is going to have to wait for a
while and hide his heart. When I put the
marriage question to him, he didn’t ﬂip it
off, but said, “I’ve got to have a more
secure foundation in my work before I get
married, because I hate insecurity.”

I asked whether he feels his marriage
is fortunate since he’s the sort of date girls
go for. He always dresses neatly, takes his
dates to restaurants where the food and
music are both good, never talks about
the music, particularly jazz, with a slow,
bambient beat, is a wonderful audience and knows how to act like a
gentleman.

George claims he’s been in love only
time, the last time during his Navy
days. “While I was stationed in the Paciﬁc,
I mailed me a ‘Dear John’ letter,” he
said. “It hurt at the time. But I wasn’t
ready to get married then, any more than I
am now.”

Everyone thought he had the answer
to the type of girl who would attract
Eddie Fisher, myself included. The girl
was, of course, glamorous and gorgeous.
But even though he keeps a large framed pho-
ograph of himself with Debbie on a table
in his living room, it’s an empty gesture
to an engagement that skidded. Debbie
is still Eddie’s type and, if they marry, it
will be a case of Debbie’s mind over mat-
ter—the matter-of-fact plans of Eddie’s
advisers. It’s difﬁcult enough for a girl
to please the man she’s going to marry, but
to please nearly a dozen others who ad-
vice him is impossible.

The End
"My doctor recommended it," says lovely ANNE JEFFREYS STERLING, "and I've found that a daily LINIT bath is the perfect way to soothe and protect little Jeffreys' sensitive skin."

It's a happy, happy day for your baby when you discover Linit for the bath. Because a Linit bath soothes and protects delicate skin as nothing else can.

The reason is simple: As you know, diapers, clothes, everything that touches your baby's tender skin — the air, even the very water in which you bathe him — can be a source of irritation.

But a small amount of Linit Starch makes bath water feel soft and cooling... leaves a smooth, invisible film that absorbs excessive moisture and actually guards the skin. Remember, too, a Linit bath not only protects baby from prickly heat, diaper rash and other annoying skin irritations, but helps to relieve and control these conditions once they develop.

So, it's only natural that Linit, starch from corn, is preferred by mothers everywhere for baby's bath.

Next time you bathe your baby, give him a Linit bath. See his skin become fresher, softer — and ever so much smoother.

Swish approximately half a cup of LINIT STARCH into your baby's bath. See how smoothly, quickly it dissolves. Bathe baby as usual. Then pat dry with a soft towel to leave a sheer veil of protecting Linit on the skin.
Boy Did I Goof!

(Continued from page 63)

Jane and I would have living three months in Paris. I wasn't thinking I'd ever go back, because I wasn't even thinking how lucky I was, that such things could possibly come true for me.

"No, I was just wondering if I knew anyone of your age who really did play in 'Trapeze.' And don't misunderstand me, that wonder wasn't any humility. Because humility is one of the things I've had to unlearn about. Being 'free' is one of the things I don't have. If I, too, am being housed, that other is facing up to the fact that you won't always be as brave, or as honest, or as worthy as you want to be. Those are things I've had to unlearn, along with the realization that such a failure on your part is no crime.'"

Tony talked, sitting in his new dressing room, which is really a glittering sight. Originally, at U-I, he had a small dreary place. Then he graduated to sharing space with Jeff Chandler. But now he has what's practically a small house, as big as many young couples' first home, with a real living room, a scullery room that could be for sleeping but which Tony uses as a studio office, a fine kitchen and a bath.

"I think back on the subject, I think the first thing I had to unlearn, said Tony, was that your ideal for yourself isn't always necessarily attainable."

"I remember when I was just past seven, I was a real rebel kid. I was too small for my age, and I spoke no English because I never heard any at home or even in our New York neighborhood. For four blocks in every direction from where we lived there were Hungarians, and most of them as freely over from Europe as we were, most of them as hungry and poor.

"Or at least this was true with me. I'd stitched that freedom gag long since, and I went gratefully to the U-I training school and tried to rehearse all my poor dialogues, but I soon found out it was my dud. I came to see myself clearly enough to realize I was cut from the material of children of my environment—too tough in some ways, too sentimental in others, too uneducated all the way around. But nothing was stopping me from learning."

"Falling in love with Janet, getting her to marry me was a terrific step forward. And learning to ask her at the Right time."

"As I was a real rebel kid, I took my man's arm developed and my shoulders broadened, meaning that when I went into a street scrap I could sometimes come out the winner.

"But at that time the one muscle I never considered developing was my brain. That took much discipline and, to be free, I had to be an anti-disciplinarian. I didn't intend to submit to teachers and lessons. No sir. I was going to stay untamed.

"It wasn't until I was seventeen and in the Navy that I wanted to unlearn that freedom. I had to take orders or get my block knocked off, I took, of course. But the day I saw a different perspective was when an officer came round and asked whether my gobs would like to be officers. My heart's brusque spirit and independence might have said yes, and maybe sometimes it is unjust, just as it is in other jobs. But if you can learn to take it, just as you must in other jobs, you come out strong.

"That's what I meant when I said, thinking about this new picture 'Trapeze,' I wasn't thinking in humility. I don't believe in this so-called humility. As you become an anti-disciplinarian, learn and learn how little you do know, and how much more you must know, and that you'll never know enough. But the important thing is to unlearn."

"You're not already more than you do know. So you aren't 'humble.' For the first time in your life, you are beginning really to know something and, therefore, you have more faith in yourself."

"Or at least this was true with me. I'd pitched that freedom gag long since, and I went gratefully to the U-I training school and tried to rehearse all my poor dialogues, but I soon found out it was my dud. I came to see myself clearly enough to realize I was cut from the material of children of my environment—too tough in some ways, too sentimental in others, too uneducated all the way around. But nothing was stopping me from learning."

"Falling in love with Janet, getting her to marry me was a terrific step forward. And learning to ask her at the Right time."

"As I was a real rebel kid, I took my man's..."
it doesn’t take a lot of money to get the figure you want

All it takes is a head on those pretty shoulders. Be smart . . . choose Bestform. When a Bestform bra moulds you so marvelously . . . when a Bestform girdle controls you so comfortably . . . when luxury foundations come at such down-to-earth prices . . . nobody has to be made of money to look wonderful!

a Bestform fashion to look for:
Criss-Cross, the girdle with the famous criss-cross inner belt. Controls tummy bulges comfortably, firmly! $595

BESTFORM

BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS, INC.
38-01 47th Avenue, Long Island City, N.Y.
Antibiotics in Your Daily Life

by William I. Fishbein, M.D.

The world bears a great deal of "miracle drugs" and most of them represent years of patient and diligent study in the laboratories and clinics.

For example, in 1931, Rene J. Dubos, then associated with the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, discovered tyrothricin. Tyrothricin is one of the most powerful of the antibiotics—stated simply, it is effective because it aids the defenses of the body in battling harmful bacteria. The general use of tyrothricin has been delayed until research has definitely shown that it would cause no harmful effects or reactions. In the forefront of this research have been the pharmaceutical companies, and no company has been more zealous than McKesson & Robbins.

Tyrothricin is effective in preventing perspiration odor by inhibiting the growth of skin bacteria responsible for this condition—and this "magic" antibiotic is equally effective in skin infections, in sinus infections, for wounds, abrasions and burns, and for hemorrhoids or piles. Research also indicated the amount which may be used without causing sensitivity reactions, yet produce the maximum benefits.

Laboratory and clinical research has enabled McKesson and Robbins to announce a series of preparations for the specific uses outlined above. It is to their credit that they have not introduced them until they were convinced that excellent results would be obtained and that there would be no reactions. Tyrothricin used externally is not absorbed into the bloodstream as are certain other antibiotics.

That is one reason why it is particularly suited for direct application to a localized spot of irritation or inflammation on the skin, nose or throat. McKesson and Robbins have developed special products for use on these portions of the body.

Look for these McKesson Antibiotic Products at Your Drug Store
NEO-AQUA-DRIN OINTMENT—For the relief of minor throat irritations.
NEO-AQUA-DRIN NOSE DROPS—for the relief of congestion due to colds, sinus, etc.
UTOL—for the relief of pimples and minor burns and skin abrasions.
POSITOS—for ointment and suppositories for the relief of discomfort due to hemorrhoids.

Boric Acid Ointment Ammoniated Mercury Ointment Icthanol Ointment Zinc Oxide Ointment

To Every Woman Who Has Suffered Underarm Burn, Rash...or Worse...

NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME... THE PROTECTION OF A MIRACLE ANTI-BIOTIC IN A DEODORANT!


New Yodora is unconditionally guaranteed by McKesson & Robbins.

Large Size 43c plus tax Economy Size 69c plus tax

Imagine a Deodorant Recommended for Shaving!

New Yodora with antibiotic Pertexol* is so mild and gentle we can even recommend shaving with it. No other deodorant would dare suggest this!

1. Apply soft, antibiotic New Yodora—rub gently into skin.
2. Shave underarms with slow downward strokes.
3. Remove excess with tissue—smooth remainder well into skin.

That's all you need do to stop perspiration odor. Whether you shave or not, one application daily of New Yodora is the new, sure answer to your deodorant problem.
A Doll's Life with a Guy

(Continued from page 61) band to pioneer with her. Much to their dismay, they found that she was not permitted, due to American union rules, to be Jean's hairdresser over here. The struggle still continues to overcome the obstacle, but in the meantime Vivienne is Jean's secretary, proxy mother and dear friend.

Jean's sensitivity to others is constant and shines like a light bulb. The only times she has been known to draw herself up to her full height (five feet four) and stare everyone with her strength and determination were for others.

The crew love her. She has the unusual ability (for a star) to respect anyone who does a good job—be he actor, carpenter or janitor. She is, in their terms, a trouper. She never keeps them waiting on a set and she's where she should be at the right time. She does not go in for his- tronics off-camera. While at RKO, she had a morning ritual. Walking on to the set, she would go right over to the catwalk, climb into the rafters of the studio and have an A.M. chat with the electrician who welcomed her with delight from his lonely perch. A few years later, she walked off the "Guys and Dolls" set at Goldwyn's and ran into the same electrician. "Hi, Sarge," she called, and they spent some time catching up on each other. She doesn't forget names because the people she meets are complete individuals to her. She likes them enough to remember.

Liking or loving them, she is constantly aware of the needs of others. She does instinctive, impulsive, generous little things, sometimes shyly, and sometimes so matter of factly she leaves no room for feeling indebted or saying thank you.

Jo, her stand-in was called to work on "Desiree," four weeks after she had her baby. Jean watched her like a mother mothering a mother. The Cinemascope lights are hotter than any of the others and Jean watched for signs of weariness. Suddenly she would jump out of her chair, go up on the set and say casually to Jo, "Would you go somewhere else for a while? I want to stand in for myself and get the feel of the set." And Jean would stand, getting "the feel of the set" while Jo rested.

She is not afraid to take the physical or emotional brunt of doing something decent. While still in England, Vivienne Walker was in charge of the Christmas party entertainment for an English veteran hospital. She was in despair. The stars were quite willing to donate money, but, because it was the most tragic of all hospitals, they couldn't bear to see the boys without arms and legs. Vivienne turned to Jean. As with all of us, she had an instinctive desire not to face the aftermath of war. But she said, "I'd go, honey, but I can't entertain them." Vivienne, who was frantic by this time, suggested she serve them tea, act as their hostess.

She went, and those boys, most of them carried to the recreation room on stretchers, loved her.

Watching Jean's emotional antenna in action is a sight to behold. One girl on the set of a new picture heard the typical rumor that accompanies every star, "She's difficult."

On the first day of shooting, the girl watched the blue-Jeans Jean walk by her in doubt and wonder. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, Jean wheeled around, came back and embraced the startled girl and, with a warm smile, went merrily on her way. From that day forward, the girl was her slave.

Her sensitivity to others is strongly tied to a deeply ingrained shyness and sense of inferiority. She honestly is unaware that she is a star. She has admiration and fan-like interest in other stars. Having lunch at the M-G-M commissary the other day, she was as excited as a child. "Look who just came in." She ogled the stars like a kid at her first circus. She still carries her now-famous autograph book. It was a charming sight to see surprised stars, in turn delighted to meet Miss Simmons, appending their signatures to her autograph book.

Now is the time to go into the paradoxical personality of Jean. Signing her book, those stars were well aware of her stature as an actress. They knew that she came to the States in 1950 with four international awards and the title of Britain's most popular star tucked in her hot little hand. They also knew that at eighteen she had rocked Shakespeare lovers and others alike with the greatest interpretation of Ophelia in "Hamlet" to date. Before she was twenty-one, she had handled both Shakespeare and Shaw brilliantly and carved her own special niche in the annals of theatre. How to reconcile this admiring pixie and mature actress?

The paradox is simply explained. The minute Jean steps before the camera she becomes the mature actress of the other oil portrait. Two loves has Jean. Her husband, Jimmy, and acting. When working on a picture, she lives, eats and breathes her profession. She knows her craft, loves it and is a willing slave to it. She has

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that intangible but all-important ability to become the character she portrays. She can, according to the need, be queenlike, alluring, insane, speechless or distraught. Her face and figure can report with startling realism the mood of any script. While on-camera she is a breathtakingly different actress. When off-camera, her inner excitement and enthusiasm is contagious. She loved working on "Guys and Dolls." "I just can't wait," she exclaimed while making the picture, "I come down to the set, I just get a thrill when you know you're going to be a part of it. I haven't felt this wonderful spirit on a picture since 'The Actress' and before that, 'Hamlet.' It is the only show that really stirred me up," said the time Joe Mankiewicz directing and Mike Kidd on choreography and Harry Stradling on camera, plus Frank (Sinatra), Marlon (Brando), Vivian (Blaine) and Sheldon (McKinnon). Well off-camera, her inner excitement and enthusiasm is contagious.

MOVING?

Would swear that Jimmy was a very lucky man. For she has that magnificent quality of understanding that most men devotly hope for in a wife—and quite often don't find. Jean's sensitivity to others starts with Jimmy. She matches his mood. She knows when to be helpful, when to be silent. She just knows what and what to do with Jimmy. She knows (and much to his embarrassment the public is finding out) that his bark is much worse than his bite. The wise woman, and forceful against or for something, it is because of his deeply imbedded old-fashioned principles. She understands his impulsive, generous nature that makes him give all his financial resources to rations. The things he does for others he wants kept quiet. His embarrassment will be acute when he reads in print of his steady habit of sending boys fresh out of the stable ordered to do his bidding. and he is to overlook the check.

"Woman," he roared at his other half, "you've got to train that cat. It's sitting here and being altogether too much the actor's wife. You've got to give him a cue. Whereupon he grabbed the hapless cat, drew back his hand fiercely and tapped it gently on the bottom, hesitantly, "cook the dog food and cut up the cat's liver. . . . I mean the liver for the Granger's cats. . . ."

Later, the casual phrase, "I wake up at midnight and I think I'm doing all right," took on their real meaning. She stood nervously in front of the mike in the rehearsal hall. Drying her moist palms on the legs of her blue jeans over and over, she waited for the cue. On cue, she closed her eyes and put her whole being into singing the song, "I'll Know." A surprisingly good, sweet voice put new meaning into lines, "If you know through-out the duration, Jean, the actress, was completely absorbed in the moment. Listening to the play back, she became very quiet and deeply distressed; she had not realized that she had not put it exactly right. There was no doubt that the Hollywood hills would ring with "I'll Know" that night.

And the Hollywood hills would be lovely that night for Jean (Stewart Granger) was still in Pakistan making "Bhowani Junction." Home without Jimmy is intolerable for Jean. They love their home because it means togetherness. When one sees it so intangible—a thing. If it weren't for the dogs and cat, Jean would go out even more than she does when Jimmy's away. But the two poodles, Yvonne and Doris, and the two terriers, Puddles and Mosh, and the dog, Me, too, plus the Siamese cat, Tracybert, give her a reason to at least check in and love them. She climbs into her Jaguar (soon to give place to a Mercedes-Benz) and drives through the Hollywood hills. . . .

Jean and Jimmy went for a long, soulful walk in the park. . . .

Pat and Jimmy went for a long, soulful walk in the park. . . .
Another surprise package was Me, Too. Jimmy carried him across a continent in his pocket of his great coat to hand to Jean. Jimmy’s usual attitude of “if you can’t housebreak ‘em, rub their noses in it” took a nose dive with Me, Too. He allowed the tiny puppy around the house like a doting father, demonstrating gently and clucking careful disapproval as he cleaned up the trail left by the untrained pooch. Jean followed these gyrations with amused maturity and wisdom.

For basically mature and highly intelligent, she is. But she has learned, or perhaps was born with an important ingredient for living. She accepts the pleasure of enjoying life—instead of probing it, she anticipates each day with a light heart. Yet she is fully aware of the sorrow, unfulfilled needs and heartaches around her. She has experienced her own but keeps them carefully hidden within herself. Jean has by-passed the trap of setting maturity make her staid and sedate, instead she holds maturity in abeyance or use when necessary and allows herself the joy of being herself. But people who would ruffle the tussled hair of this pint-size pixie in blue jeans as they would a charming youngster should think twice about the enigma they are talking to.

Jean was standing on the edge of their hill. The rifle in her hand lay between the wide arc encompassing the whole of Beverly Hills, Hollywood and Los Angeles as her target. “It used to be that Jimmy and I would end up on a farm in Africa. Now it was Spain, Then Italy—then Spain again. Now it’s Switzerland,” Jean’s hazel eyes suddenly brightened with a twinkle of mischief and maturity, “It could be that we’ll end up right here. It could be,” she repeated as a dawning pleasure at the possibility struck her. “Right here we’ve got everything we need to be happy.”

The dogs and the cat bounded around the house and slid pell-mell into her open arms. She stood with a dog and a cat in either arm, staring down at the town she had learned to love. The only thing she lacked was Jimmy and he’d be home soon. Looking the picture of content, she nonetheless had the rifle close by—and she would continue practicing. It just might be that an African safari was in the offing. She would be ready.

High on that Hollywood hill in the rambling home are two oil portraits. They hung side by side and are of the same person—and yet they are of two people. For one is a mature, sophisticated actress and the other a tousle-haired leprechaun caping wholeheartedly into all of life. Both portraits are of Jean Simmons and both are true.

The End

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(Continued from page 70)

who stimulated and excited his imagination. His Actors' Theatre at La Jolla was another absorbing passion. He devised his first trip to Europe like an oversized little boy let loose in a candy shop. As he developed as an actor, he grew as a person, emotionally and intellectually. Greta, through no fault of her own, didn't always see eye to eye with him, so they grew apart. Greta was aware of the fact that she might be losing Greg, but not knowing why, she blamed it on other women. And then, she tolled her own death knell to her marriage when, in a huff, she packed herself and her three children and returned to Hollywood, leaving Greg alone in Europe for two years. It was a fatal mistake.

Greg still loved Greta as part of the life they had shared together for so long and because of the wonderful job she had done in raising their three sons. He didn't want his marriage to break up, for all their sakes. But when he flew back to California last summer, just before leaving for location on "Moby Dick," whatever was said between him and Greta on that visit, he returned to London with the knowledge that a divorce was inevitable. To Greta's tremendous credit, she maintained a dignified silence all during the trying time of their separation when she was constantly being bombarded by the press for her version of the split-up.

Greta filed suit in California on grounds of mental cruelty. She won custody of Jonathan, Stephen and Carey, with Greg allowing visiting privileges whenever he wanted to see them. She was also given their lovely house in Pacific Palisades and a settlement for herself and the boys. Greg is now living in bachelor digs in a small rented home not too far away, but come December when his divorce becomes final, it is generally assumed that he will marry Veronique Passani, his constant companion for the past year. Like the plot of a Hollywood movie, Mlle. Passani, a reporter on Le Soir, was assigned to interview him. It was Paris in the spring—the perfect setting for a love story.

Greg brought Veronique to have cocktails with me when she arrived here on her first visit a few months ago. When I expressed amazement at her fluent English, she told me she was born in Marymont in Neuilly. She also explained the lack of her expected French accent. She isn't French. Her mother is Russian; her father, Italian. "Veronique had nothing whatsoever to do with the breakup of my marriage," Greg told me, with quiet firmness. "Nor could our romance ever have termed a public escapade." Greg didn't have to convince me of this fact. I knew how he hated the glare of the spotlight on his personal life. I also knew that he would never do anything to offend the dignity of his ex-wife or future bride.

It was quite obvious, seeing Greg and Veronique together, that, besides the chemical spark that ignited their romance, Veronique has given Greg the warm rapport so mutual interests he needed. Veronique, being European, hasn't the American woman's desire to compete with her man. She is perfectly content for him to be her lord and master. She is also smart enough to realize that she will have to share Greg's love with eleven-year-old Jonathan, almost-nine Stephen and six-year-old Carey. Having been separated from them these past two years (although Jonathan flew to Paris alone and joined him in Switzerland for a skiing holiday), Greg now wants to be with them as much as possible. His one concern is that they not feel left out, especially Jonathan, his only son. He is a doting father, but not the usual indulgent one like most self-made men who want their children to have everything they missed as youngsters. On one of his New York visits, I went on a shopping expedition with Greg to buy gifts for the boys. There was no extravagant ransacking of FAO Schwarz's toy department. He knew what they would like, so he gave his orders.

Carey used to go to a private school in Beverly Hills, but Greg ended that when one day he brought home his report card. Among his marks was a "C" for Hopping. "What do you do for that?" Greg was to ask in puzzlement. "It means I hop on the wrong foot!" was Carey's solemn answer. Greg was equally solemn when he ordered Carey to go to a private school. "He's the first of my boys to have to go to a private school to learn how to hop, it's time he went to a public school!" And he does.

Greg lives by his own standards of right and wrong. He's a right guy, all the way through, because there isn't a phony characteristic in his whole make-up. He doesn't surround himself with a coterie of yes men, buffers and hangers-on. If you ask him, you don't have to wade through a whole staff before you reach him. He always picks up the receiver himself to home calls. And if he says, "I'll call you tomorrow at ten," you can be sure he will.

He doesn't assume the kind of false modesty of so many stars, who insist they have been recognized in public but always go to the places where they are sure to be sought out to sign autographs at the church, because, as Fred Allen says, he afraid "God may ask for his autograph. In New York, he usually avoids the popular haunts like "21," El Morocco, Tif. Some time ago, when a woman's "Let's Go to Lunch" in the Pequot and have a good steak," he suggested on our last luncheon date. His genuine modesty and a sincere desire to please is in the way he leaves the studio and open it to self-effacing fellow, who squirms unfortably in a godfather–bowl existence.

As Captain Ahab, the scarred commader of the whaling ship "Pequod," Greg has robbed himself of every vestige of glamour boy. Besides his whalebone lei, his handsome face is disfigured by a deep livid scar and a wild, spray-soaked beard. The "Peg Leg" Walsh, he watered his film images in the make-up department, where I insisted there was to be no concession the usual movie standards of realism. He even refused the 238147 engraving of his face, the Captain Ahab familiar to every reader of this Herman Melville classic.

In playing the role for six continuous, grueling years, he went to Wales and the Canary Islands (in addition to interiors at the Associated British Studios in Elstree), Greg didn't spare him self either. With most of the action above the "Peg Leg" Walsh, Greg was never used a stunt-man. When he was congratulated for his courage beyond the normal, his answer was, "Stunt-men are married and have families, too. And they don't earn my salary!"

To director John Huston, Greg is from the same mold as his beloved father. "He's a man," Huston said of his actor, "a great human being—and a great actor. Everything I put into 'Moby Dick' shows up there because it's a performance that we live forever."

Of course, Greg is equally as enth uastic about Huston and "Moby Dick" his favorite of the twenty-two pictures he has made. "It's an adventure," "Twilight Zone, O'Clock High," "Night People" and "R e man Holiday."

Although he now commands one of the biggest Hollywood, Greg is a far way from being "A Man, With a Million" (an English picture he did, incidentally and did not like). "Roman Holiday," mac on a percentage basis, has been a moneymaker, but Greg didn't collect his share until this year. Half of belongs to Greta, according to California community property laws. Uncle Sam ge a sizable hunk, too. Add to this another subtraction for the support of three growing boys, the maintenance of two homes, large commi sions to his agents and all the other expenses of a top-ranking movie star, there's not much left for his account.

Greg's next picture will be in Hollywood but at this writing he is still poring over scripts trying to find the right one, isn't easy, especially since "Moby Dick makes everything else suffer by comparison. Jerry Wald would have liked him to play Eddy Duchen in the screen bography of a pianist he never knew "When Duchin was playing at the Casins in-the-Park and at the Plaza I couldn't have afforded a cup of coffee in those jazz joints!'" confessed Greg.) There
much more chance he’ll check back to 20th
o to be a war hero again for Detyl Zantock.
in the meantime, Greg is still anticipating
he day when he will return to his first
love—the theatre. His great friend, Ray-
mond Massey, suggested a revival of “Abe
Lincoln in Illinois” as a perfect vehicle
for him, but Greg, with characteristic
modesty, told Ray, “With the memory of
our magnificent performance, no one can
ever shine in your reflected glory.

There is a revival, however, that he
would like to do—Elmer Rice’s “Coun-
cellor-at-Law.” “Paul Muni played it in
his original production, back in 31, but it
isn’t a part that is identified with him in
the same way that Lincoln is with Massey.
It’s dated here and there, of course, but
after twenty-four years, it still holds up
as a strong drama. If, and when, I do this
play, or any play, I promise you one thing.
I’ll just do it without a lot of premature
announcements. I want the show to be
the main event—not a ballyhooed trailer!”

Greg has another ambition in the not-
distant future—and that is, to make a
dram in Spain. He visited Madrid for the
first time on his way back from the Canary
Islands, and fell in love with it. He wants
to go back and spend at least a week in
the Prado museum. Greg, he be it said, is
the actor who knows that Rubens is an
artist, not a New York restaurant.

But now, after three years, the traveler
returned home, and he is content to
bury his roots in Hollywood for a while.
Because, make no mistake about it, Holly-
wood is where his first loyalty lies.

The only time I’ve ever seen Greg really
angry was defending Hollywood against a
venomous attack by someone who had
never been there. The incident took place
in London, when Greg and I were both
over there for the Coronation. We were
lunching together at the Caprice, when a
note was sent over inviting Greg and my-
self to stop by the writer’s flat for a
lightcap after dinner. Greg recognized the
name of the sender as the wife of an
Englishman, and although he had never
met her, he remembered her husband and
liked him. We were both exhausted by
all the Coronation activities and didn’t
particularly want another late evening.
but Greg, with his never-failing courtesy,
didn’t want to offend “Mrs. X.” so we
went. There was another guest present—
A young, untidy-looking man who made
the pretense of his obvious resentment
against a handsome, successful American
movie star. He immediately launched into
an unprovoked diatribe against Hollywood,
joined in by our hostess. Ordinarily, Greg,
because he was in a complete stranger’s
home, accepting her alleged hospitality,
might have changed the subject. But this
blast against Hollywood was like raising
its red flag in front of a bull. The
town that had given him his place in the
sun. He was part of an industry he both
respected and loved. Great creative artists
have been nurtured by that industry.
Their footprints aren’t left only in Grau-
man’s Chinese but in the pages of history.
Most of them are hard-working, self-made,
warmhearted and generous.

Greg made all these points, but he never
lost his temper as he quietly but fiercely
defended Hollywood from those self-
appointed, bigoted assassins. When he’d
had his say, we left. In the lift down,
Greg turned to me and asked in amaze-
ment, “Imagine inviting anyone to your
home just to insult him?”

Just having Greg Peck in your home is
a privilege for anyone, here or abroad—
ot because he’s a handsome movie star,
but because all 6 feet 2½ inches of him is
very much a gentleman.

The End

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See for yourself which prevents odor best —
keeps underarms drier—protects clothing
better...makes you sure you have an air
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a Fresh girl is always lovely to love
Inside Stuff

Playing Rameses the Second, Yul Brynner's shaved head glistened under the bright lights. "I had the best crew cut on the lot until you came here," scolded Jerry. And then he stalked off the set again!

Wide Open Spaces: For his singing stint in Las Vegas, Jeff Chandler (he outdrew Liberace!) collected a cool $100,000. The crowds went wild, but Jeff's biggest thrill was discovering Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Marge Chandler and their kiddies sitting out front at a ringside table.... And Debbie Reynolds postponed her Las Vegas debut to accompany an entertainment troupe to army and navy hospital bases in Korea, Japan and Formosa.

Gifts for Girls: The day Elizabeth Taylor started "Giant," Michael Wilding filled her dressing room with bowls of giant (natch!) gardenias.... And Stewart Granger was loaded down with magnifici-cent presents for Jean Simmons when he flew back from India for an eight-day visit. Ironically, Jean only had one day off from "Guys and Dolls," and then she had to have laryngitis!... Doris Day making "The Man Who Knew Too Much," in Morocco, practically went broke buying the country's fabulous filigree jewelry. She even bought Smudgie, her pet pook, a Moroccan dog collar!

Little People: Suddenly stricken with severe pains, poor Pier Angeli was rushed back to the hospital. That fall in a plane endangered her expected baby, and when at last it's born, Pier and Vic Damone will have peace of mind again. On the happier side, when Guy Madison's little Bridget was christened, Rory Calhoun rushed home from his Mexican vacation to play godfather.

No Detours: Jane Russell doesn't push-around easily, but there's one gentleman (besides Bob Waterfield) who never has to argue with the bosomy brunette. "Bob Hope's the master," grins Jane, which is why she makes endless benefit appearances with him. Says Bob about Jane: "She's a great girl. She not only is beautiful and talented, but Jane has an hourglass figure and with her—every moment counts!"

Parely Play-tonic: Now that Tyrone Power settled a million buckeroos on Linda Christian, everyone wonders what will happen between her and Edmund Purdom. The truth is, he seems less fascinated with the exotic lady. Before she left to make that foreign movie, they went to a Hollywood party and the entire room was aware of his indifference. It seems they had just returned from a short trip, and when reported at airport questioned Linda about her romance, she intoned, "We are just good friends and that's all there to it." Edmund himself told the sardonic story at the dinner table, while Linda sat there and gloowed!

Today in Hollywood: Now here's a switch. Tab Hunter's praying that Warners will fire him like they did Dick Davalos! Bec- cause Tab wants to do himself in. Dick asked for and got his release. Tab wants better roles, too, better than that bit he played in "The Sea Chase." His salary is small and independent producers keep offering him triple the amount. Naturally Tab would love to take ad- vantage of the sizable sums. But over at M-G-M they're working out a new deal for the hot but not Russ Tamblyn. He has, however, now that his future is brighter than the polished brass, the studio expects Russ to slick himself up when he appears in pub lic. Dirty dundees have to go—when stardom sets in!

What Price Glory: When Clark Gable returned from making "The Tall Men" in Durango, Mexico, he brought Kay Spreckels a gold monkey and ring. Every Hollywood columnist insisted it was a wedding ring—but here's the inside story. The crew o the picture is crazy about Kay, so the ring was supposed to be going to Kay via "The King." He did call the beautiful, blond every day while she was away. An Kay's maid summed up the situation, say ing: "That man better come home soon or he'll be too broke to marry you!"

Personal Press Agent: We've got new for handsome Jeff Richards! Any time he makes a super-cynic like Humphrey Bogart go for broke he's hot stuff. actor! And, he really has to rate it. When Jeff used to sell his slop in Balboa Bay, he hung around the dock where Bogeys keeps his big boat, "Duchess," and while Bogeys takes Jeff woodworking trips, Jeff would ask if he'd like to "crew" on the Santanui. "I liked this well-adjusted young fellow who minded his own business," says that irritable Bogart, "I didn't know Jeff was a working man." As a rule I can spot 'em a mile away!

Roveries: No role has touched Jane Wy man quite as much as her current one in "The King of Kings." In the con-secutive nights they shot scenes from 10 P.M. to 5 A.M. in New York's beautiful St. Pat rick's Cathedral. Jane, now a convert, wi never forget the experience. An Ernest Borge, I always says prayers thanks for Burt Lancaster's fabulous fore sight. He was doomed to Hollywood typ casting, like his sadistic Sergeant Fata to "From Here to Eternity." Then Burt recog nized the sensitive side of Ernest's nature and put him into the now famous "Marty," an a great new star was born.

Land-Lovers: All that additional glee stuff from Audie Murphy's new U-I con tract goes right back into cattle grazin acreage in Texas. A fresh-off-the-range Audie is so thrilled with his first modern world in "The World's Most Famous Horse." He bought every made-to-measure suit. With her own company on a cross-country singing tour, Judy Garland plans to make New York her permanent address. But the day before she left, the sentimental songstress took a final look at her

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

In color I want to see: ACTOR:

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Send your votes for the stars you want to see in PHOTOPLAY to:

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Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll
beautiful Beverly Hills estate, fell in love with it all over again and promptly took it off the market!

Smelling Soaps: Janie Powell was calm, cool and collected when she opened her act in Las Vegas. She was, that is, until she took one look at Pat Nerney’s face. Then she began worrying about him—because he was worrying about her. She still stopped the show cold! ... Poor Pat Crowley was appearing in a downtown musical the night sister Ann opened at the Hotel Statler. So she appealed to such friends in need as Lori Nelson, Tab Hunter, Barry Coe and Debra Paget. They sat at a ringside table and cheered talented Ann until grateful Pat dashed over after her performance.

Design for Living: One very busy day Ann Blyth had about thirty minutes to buy a new gown for a special party. So she dashed into Amelia Gray’s smart dress salon on Wilshire Boulevard. Then it happened! “Oh Miss Blyth,” exclaimed a lady customer who recognized the star, “I’m from Albia, Iowa, and if you’d pick out my dress, I could go back home and tell everyone!” Sweet Annie did just that—and didn’t have time to buy one for herself!

Bits and Pieces: When handsome George Nader got that crew cut for “Awa! All Boats,” a fan wrote in and asked: “What are you going to do with your old hair?” ... You may watch for a big fat Farley Granger comeback now that he’s finally bought up his contract (at a reported six figures) from producer Sam Goldwyn. It still had three years to run and Far! was determined to free lance—or else! ... Little books of folding matches that disappear at every Hollywood party and restaurant go right into Joan Collins’ handbag. 20th’s bright new star collects them and sends them to her sister in England.

Collector’s Item: Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer have taken a honeymoon villa in Rome for the duration of their co-starring stint in “War and Peace.” So, in her spare time, Audrey searches for antiques. One day she found a rare Florentine picture frame and fell in love with it. The price was unusually high—for a very special reason. It held a picture of Bing Crosby and, to get the frame, Audrey had to buy Bing, too!

New Twos: Robert Wagner was lunching with a beautiful little blond in the 20th commissary, when Richard Egan and Bob Stuck moved in on his table. “Men, I want you to meet Granny,” flipped the wary one—and he never did divulge the young lady’s name! This we know, they met in La Scala when Bob was visiting his parents... And although they worked at the same time in the same studio in different pictures, Piper Laurie never met Gene Nelson until they played opposite each other in a New York TV show. They’ve been meeting regularly ever since! ... The ex-Mrs. Johnnie Ray (Marilyn Morrison) visited James Dean daily in the “Rebel Without a Cause” set. A serious romance? “A welcome change of scenery from this gang of juvenile hoodlums,” grins provoc¬ative James.

The End

These are undies for every one who loves comfort... thrifty, dainty panties that fit, when you stand, bend, stretch or sit.

Special! They never feel cold, won’t get clammy! They’re naturally absorbent! They’re easy to wash; quick to dry; and you’ll never have to iron them! All styles, of course!

Industrial Rayon Corp., Cleveland, Ohio

baby pants of waterproof
Spun-lo
RAYON FABRIC
Better for baby... easier for you.
Now waterproof panties that are fabric outside, waterproof inside. No rubber. No separate lining. They’re everyday panties with a dress-up look!


ANSWER THE CALL... JOIN and SERVE!
Rock 'n Roll Kid

escape from boredom and use his imagina-
tion. At twenty, Russ was no longer clinging
around rooftops but was leaping about
movie sets. To avoid boredom he went
into the movies, soon found the picture
business a resourceful trade, as noncon-
ventional as his brogue and his turncoat
ward. For instance, in “Seven Brides for
Seven Brothers,” Russ wore his hair a
fiery red. In “Hit the Deck,” it was dyed
a dawn red. For “The Last Hunt,” he
was dressed like an Indian and the Tamp-
brown natural locks turned auburn. Some-
times, he admits, orthodoxy might have
some good points.

Beginning at the beginning, Russ is the
son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tamblyn; he
is one of three boys. The eldest is, at
the moment, in Germany on a mission for
the Mormon Church. Mission accomplished,
he will return to his medical studies at
Brigham Young University. Russ is the
No. 2 son, and No. 3 is about to graduate
from junior high school. According to
Russ, his kid brother is by far the best-
dressed, most local swain in his class because
he has a totally communal view of posses-
sions such as socks, sport shirts, ties and
cuff links.

Much is much is said about Junior’s sac-
torial raids; after all, Russ put the No. 1
brother through much the same peril of
nudity on repeated occasions when both
boys had dates and the first one out of
the house was certain to be the most dazz-
ing.

It is also clear from Russ’ indulgent con-
versation that his younger brother puts the
bite on Russ for various items of social equi-
ment. The fact that the boys are owned by
a massive signet ring in full knowledge and
approval of the fact that the kid brother
was going to confer this trinket on some
doll, who will then have all those rings on
chains around their necks.” Russ has explained to elders whose ques-
tions suggested that they were slightly out
of touch with real cool practice in the 8-A
area, and girls should be shouldered by the
me time they get to high school.”

The family home, originally in Ingle-
wood, a suburb to the south of Los An-
geles, is now on north Hollywood, in San
Fernando Valley. Russ spends the week-
ends with his family, but during the week
he lives in an apartment near his studio.

Mrs. Tamblyn is an attractive woman
more than these in the bottom of marble
pair of facts proving the placidity of her
nature and her reliance upon miracles to
keep three sons un-humpty-dumpped
during childhood presence, and the be-
innings of maturity.

Probably she has never heard about
—just as well—the first handstand
young Russ ever performed for cash. He
was about eight at the time, and the money
was $1.35, which is important dough in
third-grade circles.

It started after Russ watched a local husky
doing handstands and asked how it
was done. The instructions were
vague; after a few tries Russ master-
ted the stunt and announced modestly,
“I could do it on the top of a telephone
pole.”

“How much money says you can?”
queried a natural-born bookmaker in the
group.

Russ said he would bet a buck. Some-
body covered him, and what with digging
here and there in the bottom of marble
sacks, forgotten pockets, and trash cans
for empties worth two cents each, a pool
was accumulated to the total of $1.35.

Russ climbed a key pole equipped with
metal rungs, carefully worked his way
through the high voltage wires, attained
the handstand, and returned to earth
without so much as scratching an elbow.

The elbow casualty was to come later
“the silliest thing that has ever happened
to me,” he began. Visiting a filling sta-
tion where a pal was working, Russ vaunted
an oil drum set on a cradle (the entire
structure not over four feet high), he
came down at an uncalculated angle,
landed on his elbow and wound up in
splints and sling.

According to Russ, the pain was sec-
ondary to the embarrassment.

Nothing but boredom, he has had to do
courageous battle with embarrassments,
starting at age five.

Seems that he used to be a regular at
Saturday matinees at the Granada Theatre
in Inglewood. One afternoon when the
show was slow in starting and tedium was
tickling hundreds of juvenile spines, Russ
climbed onto the stage and started per-
forming acrobatic tricks and a couple of
dance tricks. The kids loved it and his
impromptu entertainment became a regu-
lar part of the Saturday matinees.

When, one Saturday Russ had a cold and was kept
(practically to a straight jacket) in bed and
failed to show up, the kids set up such a
commotion that the theatre owner had
to throw in a noisy comedy while he tele-
phoned Mrs. Tamblyn and suggested that
Russ keep out of the house for that
time henceforward. His theory was that
what he couldn’t guarantee to provide on
all occasions must be eliminated altogether
so as to keep his building and fixtures in-
fact.

Mr. Tamblyn was pleased to comply be-
cause he was opposed to his second son’s
inheritance of the Tamblyn theatrical bent.
In the art of show business but had retired in hope
of experiencing the life of ordinary folk.

Because the family felt sure Father
Tamblyn would refuse to provide dancing
lessons for his son. Russ lined up a new
paper route and earned his own instruc-
tion. There came an evening when Russ
appeared in a dance recital given by his
school. His parents were present (Mr.
Tamblyn had half-enjoyed them) and Mrs.
Tamblyn insists that, as the audience
filed out, her husband stopped total stran-
gers to announce that he was the father of
that group of girls and a Grammaring, of
course, but embarrassing to the dancer.
After all, a father is sup-
posed to expect his son to do well, having
given the boy the advantage of a won-
derful home life. This attitude un the
next day a friend of Russ suggested he
of some idea the admiration Russ
cherishes for his parents and their home.

A much later embarrassment also re-
ulted from an accomplishment. Russ had
become a whiz in the office of a producer
at M-G-M. The salary was $8.5 a tri-
ble. He has a natural aptitude for music.
learned piano with the ease with which
he had learned to breathe.

He also taught himself to play Chopin
lines when a man entered. Russ arose
and excused himself for trespassing, but
the man told him to sit down and go on
with his playing. ‘I’m here to keep an
appointment with you,” he said, “why
are you continuing? What was that you were play-
ning?”

“Oh, something I’ve been working on.
Nothing special—just messing.”

The kindly spectator wanted to know
how long Russ had studied, and Russ ad-
mitted that he played mainly by ear, had
not been trained. Then he asked his new
friend if he played.

“A little,” was the depressing answer.
Russ suggested that his fellow musician
take over the keyboard.

“Oh no. You play.”

By the time Russ was out of the notion,
so he permitted himself a small shrug
which indicated that a certain professional
nobleman obliges required that since
the music was being listened to the Tamblyn ar-
pettogees, it was only fair exchange for Russ
to lend an ear.

So the quiet type seated himself at
the piano and launched into a piece of
music for which he sounded from Russ
like the entire Philadelphia Sym-
phony winding up something Wagnerian
Russ thought, Yeah, this guy plays a
little piano. He really does.

But Russ accepted this minor fracture
of his dignity with good grace.

One of Russ’ great interests is food! His
recipe for Sunday morning breakfast goes
like this: break six eggs into a bowl, add
a can of flaked tuna, a chopped up
bread roll, a hunk of cheese, a
hunk of nuts, a dash of celery salt, dash of Accent,
dash of mustard, mix well, pour into an
omelette pan and simmer until solid.

One evening Russ whizzed into a drive-
in and offered to do the same thing in a
bettier way. He was asked, “Gosh, no.
Catsup goes on top.”

His salads start with A for anchovies
and end with Z for zwieback soaked in
garlic and cream. The “specials” are
likely to include a list of more likely
find everything from G for gardenia
petals to M for marshmallows soaked in
garlic vinegar.

For luncheon at the M-G-M commis-
sary, he orders an order of French fries, a glass of milk
and a scoop of pineapple sherbet. In
that general order. He doesn’t seem bored
by it.

To date his love life has been marked
by a sort of dot-and-dash unpredicta-
bleality. Take, for instance, l’affaire Elaine
(naturally a pseudonym). She was two
years older than Russ at the time, and
Russ was fascinated by the obvious sophis-
tication, wisdom and chic of Older
Woman. He gave her his school ring and
her fair neck dropped like the stem of
a golden dahlia because of the weight
danging from her chain. They discussed life and what it was all about, and one
of the worst days of his life came to Russ
when Elaine broke the news that he

Photographers’ and Credite

Color portraits of Shirley MacLaine, John Derek,
Don O’Hara, Julie Adams and Ray Danton,
Mario Lanza, Elvis Presley, and Wynn
by Trudy; Russ Tamblyn by Agger, Rock
Hudson by Avery, Marilyn Monroe by Kassman,
Sheree North by Fairman; Russ Tamblyn
and Jeannine Crain in “Gentlemen Marry Brunettes” by
United Artists; Katherine Wood and Stewart
Grogner by Stern, Carpenter.
family was moving to another section of the Los Angeles area, about twenty miles away.

"Distance will make no real difference," Russ thinks he said. At any rate he was convinced that he may have a date with Elaine every Saturday and Sunday; they were going steady.

Well, the first weekend he managed it. The second, between times he kept the telephone, and the telephone exasperated. Came the third weekend and he called to set up time and the movie of Elaine's choice.

"If don't get that you'd better come down tonight," she said. "You see, I have something to tell you."

Stunned by this example of feminine logic, Russ wanted to know whether he had hurt her feelings, whether he had said something amiss.

"It isn't any of those things," she said, quick to reassure him. "It's just that I was married just a few days ago."

The next day she returned his school ring, officially ending their engagement.

His luck with automobiles has been almost as disturbing. Several years ago he had an accident, in which he had hurt his foot badly. This gash was cared for favorably in the Tamblyn neighborhood as a Ruskiller, although General Motors was no more than an indifferent uncle of the vehicle.

In any case, Russ invested his time, money, mechanical resourcefulness and esthetic emotions in the venture. One day, back on the road, he fixed it up, Russ was driving southward at a small speed, when he saw moving through his hair, the cafe, the surf from the neighboring ocean crossing the rocks. He thought he detected, a small enigmatic thing, with a fast speed and lowered the radio volume. Passing motorists were giving him a wide berth, their eyes bugged out, their ears visibly stiffened.

Russ had slowed to a bewildered stop when a detonation within the motor sent a bolt through the hood. He discovered afterward that a piston had exploded, blazing a hole in the block, perforating the radiator, cutting the connecting shaft in half and fouling the spark plugs. The mechanic summoned from a nearby garage shook an astonished head and pronounced it, a bang "nothing like it."

The engine could be replaced, but for $165, he said or a new engine could be installed for $200.

Every thirty-five bucks counts in this world, so Russ said, his seventh pennie, the highway with his hand. He had a date in La Jolla and he wanted to keep it if humanly possible. Naturally, it started at this low point, some time passed before Russ could get a lift. He reached La Jolla so late that he could only telephone his date and apologize for missing the evening, while making arrangements for the next day. He hit the sack for a few hours (overstaying), was late to his date, mournfully hitched back to the town in which his cousin under surgery, learned that he wouldn't hit the sack for a few hours, then called his fiancee to please come rescue him.

He sold the car a week later, roughly for the price of repairs. Nowadays he drives a standard model, in which he has invested only money—no dreams.

His dreams these days concern his career, and are shared by studio officials who are reading them in their sleep.

"The Last Hunt" is his seventh pennie, but if he hadn't become an actor, want to know what he would have been—he hopes—A bullfighter.

**The End**
Blemished skin problem ends overnight

with amazing new "hide and heal" treatment!

In time for your next evening out, Tussy Medicare gives you freedom from the embarrassing sight of pimples, blackheads or whiteheads caused by acne.

First, cleanse with Tussy Creamy Masque. It removes more than surface dirt ... helps get rid of deeply imbedded, dried skin oils that clog pores!

Second, smooth on Tussy Medicated Lotion. It hides blemishes while they heal. Together, Tussy Creamy Masque and Medicated Lotion are the famous Tussy Medicare Treatment.

Hides and heals blemishes as no single cream, lotion or medication can do!

$2 and $1.10 plus tax

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: Photoplay, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send extra twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalog

NEEDLE NOVELTIES

681—Only one yard 35-inch fabric to whip up this pretty apron. No embroidery—iron pink wild roses with green leaves. Tissue pattern, washable color transfers. Medium size.

666—Just the main pattern parts to cut out, stitch up. Use quilted scraps—bind with colorful cotton, velvet, wool. Pattern pieces for sizes Small, Medium, Large, Extra Large included.

890—Embroider this cozy, warm quilt that's a circus, farm, zoo—all in one! Use colorful scraps. Transfer of embroidery motifs, appliqué, diagrams, 32 x 44 inches.

7006—This lovely crochet set will add new beauty to your home. Mix and match colors. Only ten skeins of rug cotton make both bathroom rug and seat cover. Easy!

7046—Sew this pretty party dress with embroidery icing and puffed sleeves (or make it sleeveless). Child's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Pattern pieces, embroidery transfer. State size.
The Big Split-up

(Continued from page 34)

when a restless Jerry lay there counting the hours. Dean would pop by with a bit like throwing his laundry on the bed and saying, "Have it back by Friday—no starch."

And the show's gone on—when there've been personal difficulties.

When Jerry's pattern for living, for surrounding himself with crowds that constantly cluttered up their home got too much for Patti the past year, she told Jerry sadly one day she just couldn't go on. Patti knows now she couldn't have gone through with it. As she's said, "This is it—I know."

But that day their marriage seemed over for her. She felt she had to talk it over with somebody. Somebody close to them, who'd known them through the years. With Jerry's knowledge, she decided to talk it over with Dean. She called Dean and they met at the River Club one afternoon. She told him she was unhappy and why, explaining she just couldn't seem to get through to Jerry anymore and there were too many people always around, in-between. Dean talked to Jerry and he got through. He pulled no punches and helped straighten out the marriage. And Jerry was grateful. "Honey—I've just never realized.

Dean's so smart."

And there's the charity benefit recently, when Jerry swallowed anger and resentment to help Dean with the show. It was a benefit put on by Share, Inc., a club of movie wives, for an exceptional children's fund. Dean's wife, Jeannie, is very active in the club and Dean was emceeing the show. Because the team's ex-manager, who'd once sued them and with whom Jerry has a long-standing personal grievance, would be there, Jerry decided not to go. That Dean still associated with the Deager has been a sore point with Jerry and still is. But at the last moment, when Dean was on-stage emceeing, Jerry walked in. And again—the show went on.

The show went on at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas—a few months ago when Jerry's cousin, Judy, the nearest thing to a sister to him, was murdered by some muggs. When Dean and Jerry played the Copa shortly before, Judy had been ringside, grew misty-eyed over their soft-shoe "Every Street's a Boulevard." Just two weeks before, Jerry and Patti had visited her in New Jersey. For hours after getting the news, Jerry was in a state of shock. Then he got out some pictures he'd just made of her and began to cry.

The crowd in the Sands' lush Copa Room will never know what a show Martin and Lewis gave that night. For those close to them, it's one always to remember. How they heked and badgered and gaggled through their "funatic and lover" routines. And how Dean Dean, watching Jerry moved in close when they started the soft-shoe on "Every Street's a Boulevard."

They have three more years' dates at the Sands, though.

In spite of commentators' flashes that the two are talking about going out on their own, their show may go on and on.

It will go on—for seven more years anyway. "This is a good one. People have gotten the wrong idea," Dean says seriously now. "There's no possibility of us splitting up now. I have seven more years at Paramount. We'll be the Colgate Television show this year. And the next—I'll have a little singin' show of my own on NBC. We have commitments and I'm going to fill them. I have to—and I want to."

There's a matter of money. But for Martin and Lewis there's also a matter of heart. Miles and miles and miles of heart.

The End
Now! 179 EASY WAYS TO MAKE MONEY

SHOW FRIENDS NEW TALL STYIE
Christmas & All Occasion
GREETING CARD ASSORTMENTS
folks are wild about

(Continued from page 52)

show-business background, her more than
ten years as chorus girl, model and hooper.
Thislushly contoured lovely—who stepped
into the Vic. Village for us "Very
Very Popular" when Marilyn Monroe
stepped out—is fully aware of her unusual
terpsichorean agility. But she doesn't
think her dancing days behind her.
"It's just real frantic," she explains.

The dance number that caused all the
comment is called "Shake, Rattle and Roll."
Describing it, Sherre said, "It's the
wildest—without any pain.

But she can't understand what caused
the censor's eyebrows to flap up. "It posi-
tively has no bumps or grinds," says she.
"It's just a real nervous number."
The creator is once again our Wolf, study
art appreciation and attends spare-
time classes in drama and speech. This
girl wears Scotch tweeds and conservative
British hats imported as fashion,
and separated from her husband a year
later, soon after the baby was born, Sherre
had grown up in a heartbreak world
where each day was a bitter struggle for
survival. Naturally I hated sitting lightly on
her pink-and-tan shoul-
ders, she could relax a little and try to
share with Sheree this new-found feeling
of security.

Sherre has been a recent arrival for
Sheree. And it took its own sweet time
getting here. For Sheree has been danc-
ing—for self satisfaction, for personal
recognition, and for money, practically
deeply into her life. Her feet had a dancing urge
when she was only three years old.
Six, she gave her first performance—un-
announced—on a public stage. At 11½, she
was a professional. At 14, she was sixteen she supported her daughter by
kicking up her heels in the chorus line at
Hollywood's Florentine Garden. And at
nineteen she danced, her only occupation.
And then, at that low ebb in her life,
it happened. Just like in the movies. Fate,
or whoever taps you on the shoulder with
that magic wand, stepped in and made a
fast parlay for Sheree. She danced from
the Broadway stage to a movie at Par-
amount to a TV show with Bing Crosby.
She scored a sensation every time. And
after that she was really in it for keeps.

Twentieth Century-Fox tested her and
signed her. They handed her the role and
a seven-year contract at a figure-four-
weekly salary. But this was not to be
equaled. Sherre had the same

"I'm putting all my spare cash into an
nuities," says she. "That way I can really
be sure Sheree will have some security
when she grows up."

When Sheree speaks of security her
fazel eyes are deeply serious, for she
in the kicks and puts them in her

"I was born right in the heart of Holly-
wood," she says, "but I don't remember
the house because our family moved
soon after that. I don't remember my father
either. My mother was four years
before I was born, and she never
talked about him.

"I grew up in a very poor neighborhood.
Most of the families around us lived on
relief and, generally, by the end of the
year I remember standing in line to get gro-
ceries and coupons which we used to
have our shoes repaired. Sometimes my Grand-
ma baked apple pies and gave them to the
relief workers and they repaid her with
extra food, because we were so poor. We
bought our food because we had a lot of mouths to feed at
our house: my Grandma Shoard, who had a Scotch accent as thick as oatmeal; my half
sister Janet, who was older than me and my half sister, Janet, four years older.
And, of course, my mother, June Bethel.
My real name is Dawn Bethel.

"Mother was a practical nurse, and the
memory of the world's new-born babies and the rent.
She also did pearl stringing and
jewelry designing, which she had learned as a
girl in Chicago. We were a healthy, 
fighting family, but we were not very

"Well all had problems trying to

"School was a problem. I hated it.
I didn't have any pretty dresses to wear
only hand-me-downs. And I never
derfed the love and attention of the
\n
"I can't think of a bad child. I just
needed some love and understanding.
But I didn't get it. I just got sore knuckles
from the school. Naturally I hated
to go to class. I was miserable when I was
there. And of course my studies suffered.
Even when I thought I knew the answers
I was afraid to raise my hand. Because
I was afraid that I'd be wrong if my
answer was wrong.

"Mother could have helped, but she
was seldom home. She was much too
busy earning a living for all of us to have

"So I had to work out my troubles alone.
And I had two methods: I cried and I lied.
I soon learned that crying was no good in

"Maybe the psychologists would have
fancy name for this, but I just made up the

"Sheree had started dancing at home.
Partly because her feet wouldn't keep still,
and partly because she shot up before
and adult acceptance. In high heels and a
borrowed gown, plunged out with waddled
stockings stuffed into the bodies, she
danced, sang and gave an impersonation
of Mae West. She also told funny stories
and took a few pratfalls when the occasion

"But it had been a mistake. I didn't
want to go on the stage. I didn't
want to have to live with my

"I don't think I'm a bad child. I just
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"Mother could have helped, but she
was seldom home. She was much too
busy earning a living for all of us to have
time for my childish problems. Grandma
took care of us at home. She had a sympa-
thetic ear for my troubles, but she didn't
really understand. She'd listen while I
unburdened my heart, and then she'd say,
"There, there, child. Come out in the
kitchen with me and I'll boil you an egg."
Poor Grandma. Eggs were expensive lux-
uries, and we never had enough to make
a boiled egg solve any problem.

"So I had to work out my troubles alone.
And I had two methods: I cried and I lied.
I soon learned that crying was no good in
front of people. They pointed at you and
hollered, 'Crybaby!' Or they looked at you
in a way that was worse than name call-
ing. So I'd go home after school and
lock the door and cry alone. And it always worked.
After a while I'd feel much better, I'd
wash my face and stand in front of the
mirror and put some make-up on. I'd pretend
that I was someone else. Then I'd
walk around town and find some of the kids
and tell some lies.

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fancy name for this, but I just made up the

"Sheree had started dancing at home.
Partly because her feet wouldn't keep still,
and partly because she shot up before
and adult acceptance. In high heels and a
borrowed gown, plunged out with waddled
stockings stuffed into the bodies, she
danced, sang and gave an impersonation
of Mae West. She also told funny stories
and took a few pratfalls when the occasion

"But it had been a mistake. I didn't
want to go on the stage. I didn't
want to have to live with my

"I don't think I'm a bad child. I just
needed some love and understanding.
But I didn't get it. I just got sore
knuckles from the school. Naturally I
hated to go to class. I was miserable when I
was there. And of course my studies
suffered. Even when I thought I knew the answers
I was afraid to raise my hand. Because
I was afraid that I'd be wrong if my
answer was wrong.
All and alluring Af felt silken. They your was needed danced back knew didn't a few such. ‘I was. III. was. “accidents” I was. Two

Sheree studied ballet, tap and acrobatic dancing. She began lessons for the my-energies, Seree says, “So I was enrolled at the Falcon Dance Studios. There wasn’t any money for this, so Mother and I did odd jobs of painting and sweeping out to pay for the lessons.

Sheree loved the hours she spent at dancing school and never missed a lesson. She studied ballet, tap and acrobatic dancing. She became a professional dancer and got a job, which she learned from an outlet.

She was a member of a U.S.O. troupe. They entertained at army camps and hospitals. The audience applauded wildly. But June Bethel cried, “Horrors!” and hid her eyes with embarrassment.

“After that Mother decided I needed dancing lessons as an outlet for my energies,” Sheree says, so I was enrolled at the Falcon Dance Studios. There wasn’t any money for this, so Mother and I did odd jobs of painting and sweeping out to pay for the lessons.

Sheree loved the hours she spent at dancing school and never missed a lesson. She studied ballet, tap and acrobatic dancing. She became a professional dancer and got a job, which she learned from an outlet.

Another time Sheree did a high kick and felt a shoulder strap break. She grabbed the strap and held it while she finished her number. Again the applause was deafening, and she learned a valuable lesson in showmanship. After that, such “accidents” became a standard part of her routine. She “lost” hats, wigs, shoes, buttons—anything to keep things lively and interesting.

Two years later, when she was thirteen, Sheree became a real professional. She landed a summer job in the chorus at the Greek Theatre in Griffith Park in Hollywood. “I had to dress up and lie about my age,” she remembers, “but it was worth it.” She earned her first important money, $35 a week, in dancing in such musicals as “Rosella” and “Bitterroot” and “The Great Waltz.” They rehearsed one show in the afternoon and played another the same evening. It was hard, muscle-busting work, but Sheree was happy. It was what she wanted.

At the Greek Theatre she had a few accidents, but these were strictly unplanned. One night she led her chorus line on stage, and her pet dog加入文章的正确部分。But the time she wore black underpants in a ballet line of thirty girls all wearing snowy white was a topper. “Golly, but that choreographer was mad,” she recalls, grinning.

During that same summer Sheree fell madly in love. And she says it was

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strictly wonderful. “Up to that time boys and I had been on a pal basis. I used to play touch football with them over in the vacant lot. A couple of fellows I knew parked cars at the Christian Science Church on Sundays and I helped them before I went in to the service. Later when they got jobs parking cars at Ciro’s, I got in on that act, too. We earned a dollar a night. When the rich people were in dining and dancing we sat in the big, shiny cars and played the radios and mimic like we were movie stars.”

The object of Sheree’s affection was a lad named Ray Sinatra, son of the orchestra leader, and cousin of Frankie. He was studying to be a brain surgeon. He gave Sheree her first kiss. “Aren’t we quite serious for all of a summer.”

School wasn’t the same after that, Sheree says. At the U.S.O. and the Greek Theatre she had felt like an adult and had been treated like one. But now she was just a school kid again, with all the old complexes, fears and insecurities crowding in on her. “I had a crush on one of our football stars, but I was too shy and self-conscious to do much about it. Besides, I discovered that some of the kids looked down on the fact that I had worked as a chorus girl.”

Sheree worked at the Greek Theatre two summers after that and found some happiness in her dancing. Then, when she was fifteen, she met a big, rugged, sandy-haired guy and married him. What happened? Sheree shakes her head. She is reluctant to talk much about it.

“It’s hard to explain how these things happen,” she says. “Can you remember what went through your head when you were fifteen? Well, I can’t either. But there it was.

“I had gone to Hermosa Beach with my girl friend, Donna Matson. She wanted to meet this fellow, but I wasn’t especially interested. Then we wangled an introduction, and right away he asked me to go out with him.

“His name was Fred Bessire and he was working as a draftsman. He was twenty-five years old. I didn’t tell him my age. Our first date was a wienie roast in the back yard. The next night he wanted me to go dancing at the Palladium, but I didn’t even have a pair of high heels. So I went to a drug store and bought a pair for three dollars. At that price I couldn’t expect to get much of a fit. I squeezed into a pair of four-A’s. After a while my feet began to hurt, but I danced all evening anyway.

“Our third date we went to the Coconut Grove. It was very elegant and of course I was impressed and very shy. While we were eating dinner, Fred put a small box on the table in front of me. It was his mother’s diamond ring. Then he asked me to marry him. I said, “I hope you know what you’re doing—because I sure don’t.” We were engaged. Four months later we drove to Las Vegas and were married.”

How do the Fates decree who shall be happy and who shall be unhappy in marriage? What intricate mechanism of human attraction is needed? What tricky combination of plot and circumstance?

“I was one of the unlucky ones,” Sheree says.

The newlyweds lived for a while with Fred’s family and then with Sheree’s. Later they had their own small apartment. Then, after a few months, Sheree began to have spells of headaches and nausea. She was finally persuaded to go to a doctor. He listened to the stethoscope, punched, prodded, counted and made some tests.

“Well, young lady,” he said, “congratulations! You’re going to have a baby.”

Congratulations? Here the two kids had run off and got hitched over a quick weekend, and now they were going to have a baby before they were barely started. And long before Sheree had realized that such things could happen to anyone as young as she was. Was that not a plot of comic plot and circumstance in motion? Or was it the Fates laughing at them?

Sheree’s baby was born in a maternity home, where no anesthesia was used. It was a boy, and she suffered terribly.

“I was frightened very much,” she now says. But finally little Dawn arrived, cooing and gurgling, with great big eyes just like her mother’s.

We were laughing at them, and it was sardonic laughter. For the marriage broke up right after that. And Sheree, in addition to her own problems of survival, now had a child to care for and support. Six weeks after the baby was born, Sheree was dancing again, to earn a living for her daughter and herself. And she was only sixteen years old. Remember? How tough can it get?

“I worked in several night clubs around Hollywood,” Sheree says. “I left the baby in Grandma’s care and did two shows a night, three on Saturdays. At the Florentine Gardens I often took the baby with me. She was a lamb, never a bit of trouble. She slept in a hat box. We lined the box with fans, the ones we used in a plump production number, so Dawn was warm and snug. I had a small iron I took to work with me so that I could press out her diapers.”

When Nina T. Granlund, the m.c. at the Florentine Gardens, made up a show to play the Flamingo at Las Vegas, Sheree was along as line captain, specialty dancer and assistant choreographer. Before the opening, she drove up with another girl, Jane Parrish, and Dave Gould, the choreographer.

“We were all dressed up in our best,” Sheree says, “because the hotel people wanted us to make a sort of entrance to publicize the show. Dave was driving an old sedan and in the back seat we had all the clothes and shoes and music for the show plus our own clothes. Twenty miles from Las Vegas, right out in a stretch of sand and nothing, the car came to a stop, and I was left with the car and the wreckage. We threw sand on it. Finally we pushed it so that it wouldn’t blow up. Then a truck came by with a fire extinguisher. After that we needed a tow truck, and the garage I reached into the trunk compartment and the top came down and knocked me out cold. They took me to the hospital and X-rayed me to see if anything was broken. Nothing was wrong. They drove me back to the Flamingo. But by that time I was in no condition to make much of an entrance. I went to my room and crawled into bed. But I didn’t get much sleep. I had barely closed my eyes when the walls began to shake and tremble. I thought it was an earthquake and rushed outside in my night gown. Then I learned that they had just shot off the world’s biggest man, that was a climax I’ll never forget!”

Sheree stayed at the Flamingo nine months, earning $175 a week. That was top money for her and she returned to Hollywood with a savings account. But it didn’t last long. Then she was back at the old grind again, eking out a meager living doing kicks and time steps and smiling at the customers.

Between night club jobs I did some modeling,” says Sheree. “I did a fashion show at the Shamrock Hotel in Texas and I went to Las Cruces, Mexico, to pose for some advertising photos. Once when I was hung up for money, I made some
short dancing films. The photographer was a nice guy and his wife was too. She always asked about the baby. They paid me fifty dollars the first time and one hundred dollars for each of three times after that. Later somebody tried to prove that the films were indecent and not to be sent through the mails, but the judge threw that out of court. He said there was nothing naughty about them at all. Personally I thought they were rather dull!

Sherie was dancing at a Santa Monica bistro called the Macayo, for $42.50 a week, when she decided to give it all up and get a steady job as a secretary. Then came the sequence of events that rocketed her to star billing in Hollywood. She played in "Hazel Flagg" on Broadway and then came to Hollywood to make a movie with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. On the Paramount lot, she met Bing who offered her a spot on his TV show. And her sensational dancing there made her one of the most talked about personalities in Hollywood. After that came her contract at 20th and her first picture, "How to Be Very, Very Popular."

Now that she has moved into her new home, Sherie is relishing her newfound peace and tranquility. She doesn't go out much. She says, "It's fun to stay home."

She can sew, and she enjoys making her own clothes. She can cook, too, being especially good at pineapple upside-down cake and Hungarian goulash. She keeps fit by swimming and playing tennis. She is learning to play the recorder. And she spends many hours playing with Dawn and listening to her lessons. "I want her to grow up as normally as possible. She seems to have a good healthy interest in a good many things including herself. I am hoping that she will not be interested in show business."

What about love, Sherie? "Sure I want to get married. I've got a real healthy attitude towards marriage—no blocks at all. I want a husband and Dawn needs a father, and I'm looking forward to the day when we can have both. But that's for the future. After all, love is something you can't make plans about."

On the set Sherie is her usual merry self. She kids with everyone and has a ball. One time an interviewer asked her about her favorite authors, and she flipped, "I can't decide between Webster's and Funk and Wagnalls."

About bop talk she says, "I'm putting it down." But in spite of herself it seems to crop out. When a friend admired a trench coat she was wearing she said, "Yeah! Mickey Spillane laid this on me."

And about her success in the movies she murmurs, "It's the real jazz!"

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Stetson gloves
Never a Dull Moment!

(Continued from page 45)

that woke Roy up and changed his whole life.

His mother had just gone off to her job at the telephone company and Roy was trying to make up his mind whether to go to the beach or stop by The Sweet Shoppe. There might be someone there to gub with. The music program he'd been listening to came to an end and before Roy bestirred himself to find another, one of those morning sunshine programs came on the air. You know the kind, where the announcer is full of jolly good cheer and the orchestra boys make funny sounds with their musical instruments. People come up on the stage from the audience to be interviewed and Baby appears to seem to have a horse of a good time.

In Roy's mood, all this early morning joviality rubbed him the wrong way. He jumped up to twist the dial, but before he could get across the room his attention was caught by the guest of the day. It was an elderly gentleman's birthday—his 100th birthday to be exact. It seemed inconceivable to 20-year-old Roy that anyone could live that long—or would want to.

The announcer asked the centenarian if he'd been happy all his life and he answered quite firmly that he had been. "You know," he said, "a long time ago, I realized that when I woke up in the morning I had a choice—either to be happy or unhappy for that day. I always decided to be happy. I look on each day as a new adventure and find something interesting in it."

The old gentleman had a lot more to say about his life, but these words stuck with Roy. He neither went to The Sweet Shoppe that day nor to the beach. Instead, he went down to see his old boss, Postmaster of Winnetka, Floyd Watts. Before the war, Roy had been a mail carrier for a few months. Now he knew he didn't want to mail carriers in his life, but he also realized that if every day was going to be a new adventure for him, he'd have to do something about it. He couldn't sit in the shade waiting for the apples to fall in his lap. He'd have to shake the tree.

"T'aking that job as mail carrier was a big turning point in my life," the Rock Hudson said today as he sat at a table in the Green Room of Warner Brothers Studios. The Green Room is a kind of eating establishment reserved for directors, producers and stars.

That job as letter carrier made me think about other people, not just about myself and what I wanted to do with my life," Rock explained. "I began to take a genuine interest in the people I carried the mail to and the things they said interested me. I think being interested in other people is a sure-fire way of avoiding boredom."

Well, nobody can accuse Rock of not practicing what he preaches. Proof of his liking for other people and his desire was about to come through the door. The "Giant" set had just broken for lunch. Rock had dashed out a little ahead of the crowd because of the interview. Now, one by one, the rest drifted in. Since Rock had chosen a table by the door, there was no avoiding him, not that anybody wanted to.

Liz Taylor came in first. She was wearing a luscious sunburst chiffon number and a picture hat out of the twenties. Liz plays Rock's wife in Edna Ferber's novel about Texas and Texans.

Liz and Rock chatted warmly. He told her he'd ordered ham and eggs, and there was a twinkle in his eyes. Her
eyes sparkled, too, as though they were sharing a nice little joke. Liz then sat down at an adjoining table with her dress designer.

Jimmy Dean came through the door next. He wore Levis, horn-rimmed glasses and his hair standing straight up. Jimmy played the part of Jeff Rink in "Giants," but today he was finishing up a fight scene in "Rebel Without a Cause." They exchanged a cheerful hello.

There was a commotion at the door. It was Jane Withers. She, too, was in a 1920 dress.

"Where'd you get that Davy Crockett cap?" Rock called out to her.

"If you must know, it's my hair, Mr. Hudson," she said, "it's a wig."

Jane plays Rock's first sweetheart in the picture—a Texas gal from a neighboring ranch. As she passed by our table, she gave me a friendly tap on the shoulder. There was that twinkle in Rock's eyes again, and they, too, seemed to be sharing a joke.

Rock's old auntie, Mrs. Jenkins came through the door next. He really did look like Davy Crockett, but it turned out to be Tab Hunter, testing for the role of Daniel Boone. Rock and Tab exchanged cheery greetings.

Lori Nelson was the next to come in. She was on the lot to do publicity pictures for her latest movie, "A Handful of Clouds."

"Lori, girl," Rock called, "it's good to see you. Tell me, do you have your petticoat on today?"

"Rock, wouldn't you ever stop teasing me about that?" Lori cried in mock exasperation.

Rock's eyes twinkled. Lori's sparkled. Now, at last, one secret was going to be revealed.

"It wasn't such a big thing," Rock said grinning. "Lori wanted a little attention, so she dropped her petticoat on Hollywood Boulevard."

"I'd better tell the story," said Lori fibbing. "We decided to show off our homespun. We double dated a lot with Rock and his girl friend. One evening we were just about to enter a theatre on Hollywood Boulevard when the snap of my petticoat gave way and dropped it half way down my feet. Not many people would have noticed though if Rock hadn't laughed so loud. Everybody for a block around heard him and looked our way."

"Oh, if you ought to know about Rock," Lori said turning to me. "He's the biggest tease in Hollywood. But I guess that's why people like him so much. Rock's never mean about his teasing. He's a gentleman after all and he isn't afraid to give out with a great big laugh if something strikes him as funny. This gets everybody else in a gay frame of mind and, before you know it, they've had a wonderful time without much really happening."

I'm happy to report that at this point, Rock looked appropriately embarrassed.

I was talking about the summer I was bored. Liz cut in, interrupting the conversation and changed the subject.

"It was the summer I got out of the Navy. I got a job carrying mail and, as I made my rounds, I began to notice that the great masseuses—those who always had a cheery word, who seemed to have boundless energy, and those who were tired and listless. The first group grated me as though I were grinding an inheritance check while the others seemed sure I had nothing but bills. As I got to know the people on my route, I discovered the secret of the happy masseuses. And I found out that one woman had the most beautiful flower garden I've ever seen. Another raised prize dogs, and another elderly woman was constantly baking. Needless to say her hobby interested me the most."

"She didn't have a family and I wondered why she baked so much, only to give it away to people like me who came to the door. One day I asked her and her face lit up."

"Son," she said, "I've lived a full life, traveled a lot and, in the old days, there wasn't an event in Chicago that I didn't miss."

I really don't wish a old lady had made the most out of what presented itself to her. Maybe she hadn't been intensely interested in baking at first, but it was something she could do so she created a new thing Lori did with her stamp collection.

"That's right," Lori admitted. "I never thought I'd be fascinated by collecting stamps."

Rock went on, "and I didn't come by all of them naturally. Most of them I saw other people doing and I figured if they were so dog-gone fascinating to them, why not me?"

So, Rock and Barb Rush paint all my nails. I never painted in my life until a few months ago. Now I've got the bug. I've done two oils—they're not prize winners by any means, but I had a lot of fun."

"Of course, I've always been interested in music. Collecting records—all kinds. It's fun too, though some people don't even try to develop more interest in the things they're interested in. Take a fellow like me."

He really loves music, yet he's never bought himself a record player, even though he could well afford it. And he seldom goes to a concert unless someone else is willing to pay for it. When holidays and weekends come, he's lost unless some friend thinks of something interesting to do and includes him. If he'd make the effort to do something and start collecting records, he could make those hours sit moping around full of interest to himself. I don't think there's a person alive who doesn't have some interest."

Another pastime of mine is gardening. Friends say I have a green thumb. When I lived in an apartment and didn't have a place to plant, I'd dig in the flower beds. Now, of course, I have plenty of garden space in my new home. Plenty of weeds,
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My Darling, Daring Daughter

(Continued from page 42)

The family was prepared to go hand in hand and commute to California only for pictures. He also knew that once again Mrs. Koford was going with her, although this time she planned to return to Los Angeles after a week, when Terry will undoubtedly settle. As a father, I am primarily interested in my daughter's happiness. No matter how much I, personally, would love grandchildren, to me it is of secondary importance whether she achieves happiness through marriage and raising a family of her own, or by concentrating on her career. However, since for the time being she has decided on the latter, my opinion the results must warrant the efforts. And by that, I don't mean the financial returns, but the satisfaction Terry gets out of her work.

Evaluating my daughter's life, I can see fragments of exhilaration and happiness, notice the joy she draws out of good parts, the excitement of starting a new chapter in her life, the satisfaction of being liked by so many fans. But neither can she hide her moments of disillusionment and despair. The question is—of which is there more?

Even for someone as close to her as I am, her father, this is difficult to answer. This is why I can't state in a few, simple terms how I feel about my daughter's career. Too many aspects to tot up, but fairly more than the trips to the airports or having to fix my own meals occasionally.

Frankly, at first, I was not in favor of Terry's career. I was afraid her formal education, the long hours she spent in her room, her studies, would be neglected. But Terry quietly went about her work, she told me her first step.

As it turned out, most of my fears proved unjustified. Thanks to studio schooling, her education progressed so favorably to the point that the teachers didn't approve of all her friends, the majority are fine, working, decent folks, like you'd meet in any type of business. But the praise has it's setbacks, particularly for a sensitive girl like Terry.

She has always reacted strongly to what others said or felt about her.

The Korean bathing suit incident in 1933 is a typical example. I'm going to argue the pros and cons, defend or deny. Enough has been said about it already. Too much, as far as I am concerned. I just want to add that only her mother's in it. So Terry quietly reacted to the unfortunate publicity.

My daughter is equally sensitive about almost everything else. When she was criticized for the way she dressed or posed, she became extremely sensitive. Actually, she dresses quite conservatively and simply, except when she goes out on official functions and feels her fans expect her to wear fancy clothes. I have watched the photographs, and I know that Terry does it because she feels they know their business and because she wants to be cooperative. That is one of the strange contradictions. I don't know how she got so different. She didn't react so strongly to what people say. Were she hard-boiled and indifferent, she wouldn't get hurt so easily.

This sensitivity in a business where there are many other facets of a daughter's personality, of which, I believe, few people outside her immediate family are conscious. Her generosity, for instance. Terry herself will never bring it up. It is something she has done for her brother.

It was Terry who helped Wally through college, without ever giving him a chance to work. She paid for his tuition books, room and board and other expenses.

I believe Terry did this out of more than sisterly love, although she and Wally didn't always see eye to eye. She never had any trouble in her financial situation, but the going is slow and difficult because of the limited time she has available.

Where she missed out, she wanted to make sure that Wally had a chance to complete his college education. She has been making up for it in her spare time by taking extension courses at U.C. L.A., and has already the equivalent of two years' college.

Terry helped Wally in other respects, in the home and other decisions. But when the time was right, Terry decided to go out to be a missionary. She showed her enthusiasm in a practical manner.

When Wally first brought up the subject, Terry cried out, "That's a wonderful idea. Then a thought struck her. "How will you get around?"

Wally hadn't considered it. "I'll find a way."

Terry didn't say any more, but a few days later, she made the rounds of used car lots and the following Christmas gave Wally his first car. A pretty generous present even for a girl with Terry's earnings. Now the younger part of the United States for the Mormon Church. He has no more enthusiasm, no rooter for his work than his sister.

All her life, Terry has been extremely versatile. She started earning money when she was eleven. As her business manager, I had to see that she saved a good part of it. If she had her way most of it, if not all, would have gone into investments for parents or relatives. She's never changed.

Being sensitive herself, she realizes how others might feel about accepting gifts and takes care to give in a way that will not embarrass the recipient. She was at a cocktail party the other night when she went out alone with her friends and relatives. She's never changed.

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"But they are brand-new!" the girl burst out. "Why don't you return them?"
I wish I could. But they were bought on sale and the store won't accept returns.

As a matter of fact, she had bought them at a sale—but precisely so she couldn't return them! That settled the matter.

It is quite an art a girl's learned as much as Terry has so little sense for finances. Although I've talked her out of many gambles, I can't always back her enthusiasm and impulsiveness without feeling that some day she might discover that she has been slapped in the face. Even a few weeks ago she confessed she'd invested in a new type of water heater. Offhand, it sounded quite promising. We never had a chance to investigate it because the man who sold her stocks suddenly disappeared. He's still "missing."

Terry comes to her mother or me for advice on most matters, not just those pertinent to her. We have always been very close in spite of, or maybe because of, the strictness with which we have raised our children.

Till she was out of her teens, we were firm about her living at home at a certain time, about first meeting the boys who took her out on a date, about her schoolwork and other things.

Yet we did try to assert only a minimum of parental authority. Terry is a natural leader rather than a disciplinarian. Even today, when Terry is in Los Angeles, before she goes out with a fellow for the first time, she invites him to the house and introduces him to her mother and me.

And when she comes home from a party at night, she tells us where she's been, what she's been doing, how good a time she had.

Her mother usually stays up till Terry gets back. Being a working man, I try to turn in early. When Terry comes home and doesn't find Mrs. Koford in the livingroom, she goes up to our own room to see if she's still awake. But while my wife and daughter can keep down their voices, Terry's miniature poodle usually gets so excited that her barking wakes me. Since I'm still decided it's easier to stay up, too.

Terry had never intentionally kept anything from her mother and me, with one exception. An exception that, because she knew I would love the thing that it only thing I've ever kept from her was her own lack of fear. She'd try anything!

No incident stands out more clearly, more frighteningly, than the Sunday that Terry was six and we had just turned her six when it happened.

Terry, my wife, my sister-in-law, my nephew Ben and myself had gone on a picnic to Griffith Park. While we were gone, Ben and I were there when Terry and Ben disappeared. They had taken off for the nearby zoo.

Terry still had a peanut butter sandwich left when she and Ben reached the lion's cage. "Look, Mom," she said, "I'll have to eat my sandwich," she suggested to her cousin, who was quite willing. But the double ring of walls prevented her from throwing it into the cage. That didn't deter my daughter, who was determined that we should get her share of her lunch. He almost got Terry as well.

Investigating the maze of entrances and exits, by trial and error, I finally found her way inside the compound through a left-open gate, and with Ben railing behind her, walked into the lion's ten feet behind the keeper, who was cursing me in the most typical way.

In the meantime, the rest of us—having noticed the children's disappearance—started to look for them. It was Mrs. Koford who happened to spot Terry just as she was offering her sandwich to the lion.

She let out a scream that made the startled keeper whirl around, grab Terry and Ben by their arms and practically throw them both out of the cage.

Yet after my daughter was safely in her mother's arms again, her only concern was fear of punishment for having walked off during the picnic!

Terry never lost that daredevil attitude, which is responsible for most of my gray hairs! When she was nine I caught her clinging to a boy's waist as he raced past us on a motorcycle, a good seventy miles per hour. But the pay-off came shortly after she turned twenty-one. I don't know how Terry got interested in flying, but as with everything else, once she began, "there was nothing like it."

She told us, we might worry. Besides, we might have asked her to discontinue her lessons. This chance she didn't want to take. The easiest solution, she reasoned, was to get her license on her own.

She made excellent progress till one Sunday afternoon when her instructor called up to ask where Terry was. I told him I didn't know the answer.

"That's too bad," he gave himself away.

"Terry's supposed to solo today."

"Terry flying? I burst out.

"Didn't she tell you?

"Of course not! Now you tell her...."

It was too late. Just then her instructor saw her pilot the plane along the runway, ready to take off.

"But don't you worry, Mr. Koford," he assured me.

"She's one of the best pupils I've ever had!"

Since she'd gone that far, I didn't want her to stand in her way. And I loved her doubly for keeping it from her mother and me.

Terry, on the other hand, works even harder when she's not in a picture, cramming in all sorts of full of lectures—dancing, dramatics, voice, a dozen other projects—that she has less free time than when she's filming. Even on Sunda days, when she's lying in a deck chair on the back porch, she always has a couple of scripts by her side. Nor would she leave her work at home on vacations. Just before she went into "Daddy Long Legs," I decided to take her and her mother to Palm Springs for a few days.

The first morning after we arrived, she slept till ten. The second morning I found her up at eight, by the pool—once again studying a script.

Terry will have to learn to relax. To be honest, however, I'm afraid till she's got her on top in her career, ambitions won't let her, and there isn't much her mother and I can do about it.

What will happen to Terry in the future?

Some day she will get married again, I'm sure. But when she does, I hope she will give up her career for her sake, and that of her husband-to-be.

Some girls can combine a marriage and a career. Whether Terry would have a difficult time making a success of both simultaneously. And since right now show business is her life, I hope she will soon reach that pinnacle of success on which her heart is set. Then she would move to a different kind of happiness and satisfaction—marriage and raising a family of her own.

The End
(Continued from page 51)
kicked a pane of glass out of the door. That I heard. When I ran into the room, there was his little head sticking through the bottom of the door. He looked up at me and crawled out with the most ingratiating charm, ‘Chloe.’ I couldn’t help it; I just opened the door for him and laughed until I cried. It was one of his first words and he used it at the right time in the right place. He was lucky that time.

It was inevitable that Big Jack and Mildred’s senses of humor would rub off on their offspring. Big Jack is a jovial, dynamic past master of the art of storytelling and dialects. Then, as now, he loved the theatre and played benefits for fun. His soft-shoe dancing was often compared to Bert Williams and it wasn’t long before he had Little Jack working benefits with him. Mildred has a quick, impromptu kind of humor. She sees the funny side of most situations and imparted that ability to her son. Her only claim to theatrical ancestry was her mother’s half brother. He was a Frenchman named La Rue who took the stage name Jimmy O’Toole.

So it was understandable that before he was three, Jack had an uncanny knack for mimicry. When he was brought down for a nightly ‘hello’ and ‘goodbye’ with guests, his parents trembled between laughter and fear. Little Jack would look up solemnly at the guests, do his duty by Emily Post and then step behind them and do a dev- astatingly accurate aping of the Lemmon’s guests.

“He was so active then, I started tying him to a tree in the yard with a long rope. “But,” grinned Mildred, “I was told that it was cruelty to children, so we had a huge and very expensive fence built to keep him in. A few days after it was up, a neighbor called me in panic. She was watching Jack out the window. He had dug a hole under the fence and was crawling along a ledge two stories above the cement driveway next door. He was calling on Julie, the next-door baby. I grabbed a cookie and crept up the stairs. Very quietly I coaxed him, just as you would a puppy, ‘Come on, Jackie—Cookie.’ He tossed me a surprised grin at the prospect of some food and nonchalantly crawled back around that two-inch ledge. When I got my hands on him I shook him until his teeth rattled.

“He never was afraid. He was always so interested in what was going on, I never thought of himself. When he was four and a half, an eighteen-year-old boy was chopping logs near our house. Jack went out to investigate the noise. The eighteen-year-old dare to put his foot on the log and let him come as close as he could with the axe. Little Jack promptly put his foot on the log and the eighteen-year-old never forgot that first scream of pain. Because his sneakers were too long for him, he lost only half of his middle toe and the end of the index finger. It easily could have been his foot. There was no more practice of the soft-shoe dancing for a while in our house.”

Soon after that, little Jack’s life became a nightmare that eventually forced him to develop his other talents. I started with his insatiable curiosity. Mildred caught him with his head practically down the throat of a neighbor boy. His interest was clinical. He was watching the boy’s throat while he coughed. The boy had whooping cough. Jack caught it and then caught it with a fever. It was a miracle that after three masti- cation’s with the axe, I never got a cold. Five times, too, his adenoids were removed and five times they grew back.

“From the whooping cough on, it was more than luck; it was a miracle,” Mildred Lemmon said soberly. “He knew his first fear after that. The first time we took him to the ocean, he screamed himself into hysteria. He was the same when he heard a motorcyclist. We finally understood it. It reminded him of the roar in his ears that he experienced when he went under ether for his operations.

“Then he ran away from Mother’s house in Baltimore with the wave. I was existing,” she smiled. “A motorcyclist officer found him and he rode back majestically with no more fear of the roaring.”

“He still wasn’t too strong, and baseball was about his only sport. We started giving him piano lessons at that time. I almost killed him to practice. He would sit there in his baseball cap with his back beside him and struggle through the exercises. After two years he played ‘The Moonlight Sonata’ beautifully—by ear. He also started developing his natural talent for painting.”

The illness hadn’t restricted his sense of

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fishing in the icy New England waters.

The only time Jack wavered on his decision to be an actor was when he and Peter had a chance to become assistant game wardens in Wolfeboro. They were seventeen. It would have been a life of simple pure patriotism with none of the gambling odds of the theatre. Peter signed up. Jack, reluctantly, stuck with his original decision. Pete is now happily married, a father many times over and the game warden.

Jack was always in a hurry. He received his BA degree at Harvard in two years and two months under the Navy's V-12 program and had a commission in the NFLB for forty-one years. He did not rush through Harvard, did not stop his am-

"Min," he asked plaintively, "may I bring Jimmy home with me? He's very poor and he has no money, for an okay." I didn't see how a poor boy could be at Tabor's, but I said all right. The day before I received the call from the mother,

"What's all this about my son Jim spending the summer with you? I've just brought my other children back from Europe and Jim only now told me.

"Poor little Jimmy O’Riley spent the summer with us in money." Incidentally, Jack called his mother Min. From the day he discovered Andy Gump's wife in the comics. Min was and Min she is to Jack. On his first trip to Europe he gathered more than he expected and delighted her with a piano rendition of her favorite song, "Deep Purple," replete with trills and frills (by ear). He was fourteen and beginning to take a serious pleasure in his music and his abili-

ty to paint. That year, Andover put two of his paintings on exhibition. One was an oil painting interpretation of Cole Porter's "The Gay Nineties." The other was a cartoon-type portrait of a big, roly-poly German. He had good offers on the paintings, but he saved them for Min.

"It was after doing Andover's musical that he played a part in 'The Gay Nineties' and decided he was an actor. During the summers after that he played in summer stock at Marblehead and in New Hampshire. His decision did not sway him from his practice of playing on football teams, but it did give him enough grades to go to Harvard. But it won him his own personal master's degree in the art of enjoying to the fullest all of his extracurricular studies: music, drama, wrestling and track. So he took over the management of the team. He was always so busy and had so much energy that he could keep up with all his activities. I think," Mildred said thoughtfully, "if Jack ever lost his zest for living and learning, he'd just shrivel up.

Next to acting, fishing was Jack's grea-

test pastime. His fondest memories come back to him as the best of the good old days." When he was thirteen, he and his best friend, Peter Lyon, got up at dawn on a summer morning, bicycled to Moody’s Pond and gathered the biggest pond lilies in existence. By eight they were back in town selling the lilies at two for a nickel. By nine the teen age tycoons were in the hands of sixty

cents and invest in fishing, worm spinners and spend the rest of the day

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MONEY MAKING CATALOG

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sold it to the son of the cop who had been chasing him all over town!"

The Lemmons were again nonplussed when their offspring seized the opportunity to move to the corner of 55th Street in New York—after graduating from Harvard. This lucky break was in the form of the Old Nick's and it offered twenty-five dollars, a desk, and a chance to write stories, m.c., sing, play piano and wait tables. To his surprised parents, he explained that he was having the ideal break: a chance to be lousy! Steel publishing was in vogue at the time and his nights the customers would love him. He learned the intrinsic value of instinctive showmanship, quite often on an empty stomach.

"Big Jack, who is vice president of the Doughnut Corporation of America, took the entire national convention to the Old Nick's to see his son. The management went crazy. They completely filled the place and Jack will never have a more appreciative audience. A few nights later my nephew went in to see Jack. He asked the hostess about Jack and she said, 'Oh, nice fellow—relatively!' He did learn a lot there, but he worked to learn it. One thing that nobody mentions about Jack, he said Mildred with justifiable pride, "is his writing ability. He's written some beautiful things—not just music. When he was on Midway as an ensign, he wrote some of the most beautiful letters I've ever seen. I've kept them. Some day he'll take the time to write—plays, scripts, and maybe a book."

It would seem that Lady Luck has had quite a bit of help in making Jack Lemmon's life a success. A myriad of natural talents plus the innate desire to develop them, plus the ability to make things happen have given the Lady quite an assist.

"I guess you could say Jack was lucky," Mildred said proudly. "He was lucky to have a good education and the bright breaks in his personal life and career. Yet, looking back over the pattern of his life, I do feel his desire to work at everything, his joy in living and his boundless, curious energy are the basis for his success. What's the old saying? You can't keep a good man down. That's Jack. Luck or no luck, I think he'll continue to work his way to happiness.

It is understandable that Jack feels he's the luckiest guy in the world. He has a home full of love and fulfillment. Cynthia is not only a wonderful wife and mother, but a professional world. He is looking forward eagerly to her re-entrance to acting. She plays the shares of parenthood as she watches Christopher do all the brilliant, adorable things children do. She is also interested in dancing, and spends hours working with the girls and tape recorders. The girls eat it up and they are learning poise and self-assurance while they're at it.

Cynthia is a fine young foil for Jack. In his very rare tempos he has a habit of blithering and repeating and she has a habit of laughing at him. Aware that he is at his best in a situation in which someone makes him feel out of it. Her sensitive antennae can spot his rare moodiness and a wisecrack at the right time and right place lifts his occasional depression.

Cynthia has already seen the early growing signs of his father's insatiable curiosity and his mother's good looks. He, too, is a busy, busy boy—and yet sensitive. An oil portrait of Cynthia as a little girl hangs in the hallway and the mamma talks to the little girl in the painting and probably has explained to her why his parents roar with laughter when he is wearing his Davy Crockett coonskin cap.

I couldn't have it any better on the home front, Jack reiterated. Career-wise, six comedies in a row make it only natural that I'd like to get my teeth into a good dramatic role now. I've been awfully busy writing to the tune of one every eight years. Any actor who thinks he won't be crazy. The better the actor, the more he loses when he does. I used to walk into the Players Club in New York and meander down the hall with the portraits of the great lining it. Under each portrait were the most stinking reviews on colossal film flaps. I've always remembered that.


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RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38
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the very best have goofed at least once.
"And I also remember," Jack said seriously, "that there are at least fifty actors that I know personally, who could have done as good a job as Ensign Pulfer in 'Mister Roberts,' as I did. They didn't have that lucky break—timimg. Being in the right place at the right time. I was there: I was lucky.

'Mister Roberts' was my first away from Columbia. When it conflicted with Columbia's 'My Sister Eileen,' the powers that be decided I'd work on both. I couldn't ask for any better breaks.

Jack's cautious appraisal of his performance in "Mister Roberts" is not abetted by his recent starring in "The Great Lie." His one-night stand with the little girl in the painting

THE END
Marilyn in the House

(Continued from page 40)

As word got around of the curvaceous blonde who has become the very symbol of sexy allure was their houseguest, Amy Greene caught a barrage of feminine questions and advice. Some of the women were subtle, some outright, and in their manner, it all boiled down to one inevitable pronouncement: "Now I know you and Milton are devoted to each other, but if it weren't for me, I don't know if I'm not sure I'd risk having all that glamour under my own roof for weeks at a time."

Today, Amy has a crisp summary of that attitude. "They must have thought Marilyn was a combination of Mata Hari—the vamp and the threat.

Unruffled, Amy then replied to her would-be advisors with a wise little smile. "You'll like her, too," she predicted.

As the Greenes continued the usual practice of holding open house for their friends each weekend, Amy had the satisfaction of having women follow her to the kitchen to whisper, with an air of surprise, "Why, I like Marilyn. She's nice."

But the questions flared anew, and they came this time from women all over the nation when, during the NBC's "Maurer's TV program, "Person to Person," viewers glimpsed the three around the fireside, heard Marilyn call the Greenes' house "home," and saw President and Milton vice president, and heard Amy say, "Marilyn is the ideal houseguest."

To understand Amy's answers and her attitude, one must know a bit more about Amy Greene herself. Amy Greene is an almost incredible combination of youth and maturity. Slender, tiny—not quite five feet tall—she looks about fifteen years old. A sprinkle of freckles dusts her golden-tanned face. She wears no make-up, not even lipstick. "Milton asked me not to. So I haven't had Lipstick on a day we were married until the night of the Maurer show. I had to use it then."

While she looks like a child, her quick actions, crisp speech and well-formulated sentences indicate the manner of an intelligent woman who has thought things through, knows who she is, what she wants out of life, and is extremely happy with her situation in which she finds herself. This situation grew out of a family relationship. In nearby Weston, Amy is likely to lunch at The Daily Corner, a charming little restaurant owned by Milton's sister, Heny, and his brother Harold. "Here, Amy, " says Harold with his wife, bea, over tasty sandwiches, delicious office and homemade chocolate eclairs.

Mrs. Franco, her mother, lives with Amy and Milton and is a gracious, quiet woman. As she talks of "the good old days," she looks back to the small house with dark curly hair, deep velvety brown yes and long, long lashes. At fourteen months he is enthusiastically experimental with words looking. "I do believe he misses Marilyn." Amy explains, "Not that she comes out from New York only occasionally. She's wonderful with Josh. helps me feed and bathe him and, if the state of a man is not known in the floor playing with him. She even stayed home to baby sit on Christmas and New Year's so the rest of us could go out."

There are many indications of a confidant, affectionate partnership between husband and wife which are borne out by Amy's own statement, "I'm a very secure person," the answer to that question which so many women have asked. "How do you welcome an actress who, to most Americans, personifies irresistible magnetic attraction?" It simply adds up to this: The Greenes, together, could offer Marilyn—any other friend—a tranquil refuge in a troubled time because they, themselves, have found an emotional unity.

Even the structure and plan of their home confirms their happy partnership. Theirs is not such a house as you can buy, ready-made, in the nearest subdivision. There's has required from both Milton and Amy an artist's perceptive eye, an architect's and decorator's skill and much hard work.

Amys told his history and pointed out landmarks. "The original building, which is now our living room, stood halfway down the hill when Milton came out here nine years ago. It once was a stable. We found a date, 1746, carved into one of the heavy beams. See those two pear trees? That's where we were married. September 13, 1952."

The spacious living room has the full two-story height of the old stable and its loft. The fireplace is huge and so are the custom-made sofas which flank it. A small plant-filled conservatory forms a passage-way to the sitting room (which has shown on television) and the big kitchen which is colonial in its arrangement and ultramodern in its appliances. Going on through the utility room, with Milton's studio.

Reproductions of Milton's photographs, the framed covers of famed magazines, deck the walls. Alamy explained proudly, "He's been a professional photographer since he was fourteen, and a successful one since he was twenty-one—virtually the boy-genius sort of thing."

Among those pictures is an outstanding one of Marilyn Monroe which was the cause of their first meeting. Amy told the story. Look had sent Milton to Hollywood. A writer from that staff, touring the studios with him, showed what a portrait. Milton was extraordinarily impressed, had said, "These are the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen. Can you have this man photograph me?"

"That's easy," said the writer. "He's right here,"

and introduced Amy. "Marilyn's eyes had widened. "But he's just a boy!"

"You're just a girl," Milton had replied.

Amy, who was then in Connecticut preparing for the then on, Marilyn about it when Milton phoned that evening. "I photographed Marilyn Monroe today. We got along just fine."

Amy, who through five years of modeling had never learned that this grueling result when the photographer and the subject like each other, then had other things on her mind. "That's nice," she had replied. "Somewhere she arrived.

"You'll meet her, too. You'll become friends, Milton predicted."

"I'm sure we will," Amy had agreed, "but now about that caterer."

Today she says, "It wasn't until we got to Hollywood, off our honeymoon trip, that I remembered what he had said. Marilyn first came to our hotel to meet me. Then we saw her again at a party Betsy and Gene Kelly were also playing charades. It didn't take long to see that Marilyn had wit and charm and intelligence as well as beauty. Milton was right. I did like her instantly. We did become friends. From then on, Marilyn had a standing invitation to our house."

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New heart design ring in 10 K. rolled Gold plate, with lovely heart shape set in your Birthstone. Also this octagon pattern solid Sterling ring with Initial skillfully executed. Both are "special eau" and are for selling $2.00 worth of Rosebud Products. Offer 8 of Rosebud Salve to sell at 25c a box OR 4 Rosebud Perfumes to sell at 50c a bottle. Order 4 by 2 perfume to get a ring.

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Lane Bryant

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ADDRESSES

Please send samples. Add 25c postage.

111
Last summer, filming of street scenes for "The Seven Year Itch" brought Marilyn to the greenwich, Connecticut countryside was a source of continuous wonder. "Marilyn had never seen snow before, nor known cold weather. She, too, likes to drive. We'd take the convertible, and with the top down, we'd go sailing along the highways. We both liked to feel the wind on our faces and the warmth of the heater on our legs."

Spring, when it came, was another surprise. "I remember one day we were driving, and I looked up at the sky and it was so blue and clear. Then, the next week, they began to turn green. To her, it seemed a miracle."

All of this, of course, is not unlike Marilyn, the fact no one bothered her. She could go about unnoticed, wrapped in an old polo coat and without make-up. No prying, no questioning, no demands. Once in a while people would say to Amy, "Can I get an autograph?" and Amy always said, "They were always polite about it."

The easy, informal country entertaining also pleased her. Amy says, "A lot of people, when they're up here, would like to see something more. There was no organized function, and we were just one of us. At a party she never sat in a corner playing regal and expecting guests to come to her. More likely, I'd find her sitting among them, talking to people."

Speaking of this program of study, Amy, had the conviction of a close friend who believes in another's talent. "Marilyn is more than just a glamorous girl. When they see "The Seven Year Itch," I think a lot of people will be surprised to find out how deep she is."

To work and study, Marilyn was soon able to add a third essential for happy living—fun. She charmed the New York show business crowd—which can be stand-offish—and they were ready for them, there were many invitations.

Plans to establish a home for children where husband and wife have achieved the kind of affectionate working partnership that suits her. And this is the way she took an interest in the children, and after giving her a birthday party. What more, he looked ecstatically happy while doing it. Who can tell what happens next? As the fans say, "They look just like the pictures!"

The End
BRECK

BEAUTIFUL HAIR

BRECK HAIRDRESS IS OFFERED IN COMBINATION WITH A BRECK SHAMPOO

Breck Hairdress, a cream lotion, keeps hair lustrous and manageable without an oily appearance. Breck Hairdress helps condition dry, damaged hair, making it soft and easy to arrange. It may also be used to set the hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. Select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet cleans thoroughly. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, shining and beautiful.

Special Combination Offer - A 50¢ bottle of Breck Hairdress with a $1.00 bottle of one of the Three Breck Shampoos - for dry, oily or normal hair. A $1.50 value for $1.00 plus 3¢ tax.
Only Chesterfield is Made with AccuRay

to bring you Smoother, Cooler Smoking than was ever possible before!

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PERFECT-SMOKE-COLUMN-FROM-END-TO-END!

Notice the extra flavor that comes through. Yet because this measurably better cigarette smokes more slowly — you enjoy a cool mildness never possible before.

Buy Chesterfield! Smoother... cooler... best for you!

PUT A
SMILE IN YOUR SMOKING!

Chesterfield
Made the Modern Way — with AccuRay

BEST FOR YOU!
PINUPS STAGE A MANHUNT
VOTE TODAY—CHOOSE YOUR STARS
RORY CALHOUN—
Love in the Shadow of Fear
RACE KELLY • JANET LEIGH • MITZI GAYNOR
You can have That Ivory Look in just 7 days

Very young beauties have it—so can you! Yes, the milder your soap, the more your skin will look like hers. A simple change to regular care with her pure, mild Ivory leaves your skin deliciously clean, so soft and healthy-looking. That Ivory Look becomes you, too!

99 99% PURE...IT FLOATS

MORE DOCTORS ADVISE IVORY THAN ANY OTHER SOAP!
New! Doctor's deodorant discovery now safely stops odor 24 hours a day

This Seal certifies that New Mum with M-3 won’t irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

The roast is almost done, the table’s set, and she’s whipping meringue for his favorite pie. Suddenly, he’s home!

But this busy, pretty wife is ready for that bear-hug any time. She uses New Mum.

This doctor’s deodorant discovery now contains M-3, an invisible ingredient that keeps on destroying odor bacteria 24 hours a day.

New Mum is all-day dependable—used by more fastidious women than any other deodorant. Contains no harsh ingredients—will not block pores or irritate normal skin. Creamier New Mum is fragrant, gentle, safe for prettiest fabrics—stays moist in the jar.

Buy New Mum today at any toiletry counter—it’s that milk-white jar with the bright red cap.

New Mum Cream
with long-lasting M-3 (hexachlorophene)
Blemished skin problem ends overnight

with new "hide and heal" treatment!

In time for your next evening out, Tussy Medicare gives you freedom from the embarrassing sight of pimples, blackheads or whiteheads caused by acne.

First, cleanse with Tussy Creamy Masque. It removes more than surface dirt... helps get rid of deeply imbedded, dried skin oils that clog pores.

Second, smooth on Tussy Medicated Lotion. It hides blemishes while they heal. Together, Tussy Creamy Masque and Medicated Lotion are the famous Tussy Medicare Treatment.

Hides and heals blemishes as no single cream, lotion or medication can do!

ANTI-BLEMISH SET

$2 and $1.10 no tax

TUSSY medicare
Remember!
ROCK–ROCK–ROCK
of “Blackboard Jungle”!
Now, from the same studio
SHOCK–SHOCK–SHOCK
of the prize-winning novel
of a teen-ager
on trial!

THIS IS HOW IT STARTED...
WITH A DATE AT THE BEACH!

M-G-M presents
"TRIAL"

STARRING
GLENN FORD  DOROTHY McGUIRE
ARTHUR KENNEDY  JOHN HODIACK  KATY JURADO

WITH RAFAEL CAMPOS  JUANO HERNANDEZ
WRITTEN BY DON M. MANKIEWICZ
FROM HIS HARPER’S PRIZE NOVEL
DIRECTED BY MARK ROBSON
PRODUCED BY CHARLES SCHNEE
AN M-G-M PICTURE
"Like a shot in the arm," says Doris about sexy role with Mr. Cagney

IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW
with this month's cover girl

DORIS DAY

"How do you feel about being sexy for the first time in pictures?" I asked Doris Day, who plays the very grown-up, very sexy role of Ruth Etting, the night-club singer, in "Love Me or Leave Me."

"This new turn in my career is like a shot in the arm," Doris said. "It's my first picture away from my home lot, Warners, where I spent seven wonderful years, but where I first started playing All-American Girl roles. I never had a big exciting dramatic love scene until I came over to M-G-M for this picture—and certainly none like the one involving Jimmy Cagney and myself in this movie!"

"I've discovered that I like to do things with some depth," Doris added, "that use the emotions. I only hope the public likes what we're trying to do."

"It's such a complete switch," Doris continued. "When I first came to M-G-M, I was like the little bird whose mother pushes her out of the nest. I've always been shy with strangers. After I get to know people, I'm not shy. But I'm terribly afraid of the first meeting. I think most people are shy, don't you? They're afraid to enter a room because they're afraid of what other people in the room are thinking of them. But then you find people aren't thinking about you at all. They're thinking about their own problems."

When I was with Les Brown's orchestra at the beginning of my career, I had a real ball, because nobody knew who I was—and they just didn't care. But things change when you become known. It took me a long time to finish this out. You see, I made pictures, on after another, for three years at Warners before I stepped out of Burbank to make a personal-appearance tour with one of Bob Hope's troupes. By that time, people knew who I was. I couldn't get used to the way they stared at me. I had been with Les so long, and nobody had stared. Now I kept thinking, 'Oh gosh, I wonder if my hair is combed right' or 'What is the matter with me that they should stare at me?' And then I went into a shell.

"I'm just now coming out of that shell. I've pulled myself together and now I realize that it wouldn't be no good if people didn't stare at a movie star and ask for her autograph."

I asked her how it felt to wear her first really sexy dress on a sound stage.

"I thought how ridiculous I must look," she replied. "I came sneakin' out on the set—it was a night-club show. But then gradually I came to realize that the other girls on the set were wearing low-cut sexy gowns, too, and then I started getting used to it and didn't feel bad at all. As a matter of fact, I liked it!"

"One of my dresses is a lavender gown that's so tight I look like I'm sitting down when actually I'm standin' up. Honestly! And I love every second of it.
The Greatest Romantic Adventure of All Time!

Paramount presents

KIRK DOUGLAS

SILVANA MANGANO

The exploits of Ulysses!
In love with his wife Penelope! Infatuated with Circe! Adventuring to the ends of the earth!
Actually filmed along the route he travelled 3,000 years ago!

in ULYSSES

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Directed by ANTHONY QUINN and Rossana Podesta

 scroll
she's popular!

Because she comes into contact with so many people, she relies—naturally—on internal sanitary protection. She mightn't put it in so many words, even to herself, but there's lots about the bulky belt-pin-pad harness that is definitely repellent to fastidious women. The possibility of odor, for example. Or bulges. All the difficulties and problems, in fact, that Tampax eliminates for good and all!

she's a leader!

She was the first in her set to turn to Tampax. Nobody urged her, nobody advised her—she made up her own mind from an ad such as this. Every Tampax advantage seemed to her logical, true—and desirable. The way it ends disposal problems. The fact it's invisible and unfelt when in place. Even the pleasant discovery that you can wear it in your shower or your tub. (And many women do!)

she's a Tampax user!

She wouldn't go back to "all that other rigmarole" (as she puts it) for the world. As she tucks a Tampax package in a corner of her suitcase, or puts a few spares in her purse, she's even grateful for the small size and inconspicuousness of Tampax. You can get your choice of 3 absorbencies of Tampax (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Why not do it this very month? Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINI

BY EDITH GWYNN

This was the month that Sinatra went social in a large way! And when Frankie-boy busts out with the entertaining, he doesn't spare the money nor the charm! First off, he chartered a private plane and flew a passel of pals up to the Desert Inn at Las Vegas to hear Noel Coward. Then, few nights later, when Judy Garland broke in her wonderful stage show with a charity performance in Long Beach (she's touring with the show now), Frank chartered a big bus and barged down there with it full of chums and served 'em champagne along the way. Among his passengers were Debbie and Eddie; June Allyson and Dick Powell, Jimmy van Heusen; the Van Johnsons; Sammy Davis, Jr.; Bogey and Lauren Bacall; David Wayne; Leslie Caron; the Dean Martins. During Judy's singing, Van Johnson and lots of others just plain burst out crying from sheer sentiment. And afterward, Frankie, Bogey, V Sammy Davis, Dean Martin leaped off the stage, did some fancy clowning, recovered Judy with flowers and kisses. Quick fashion notes include the all-tight red dress on Lauren Bacall; Debbie in blue lace, and Eddie Fis wearing yellow pants so bright they could be seen for miles. Later, the bundled Judy up, red scuffies and all and the whole crowd bussed back Hollywood to a private party that lasted till dawn.

Precisely a week later, Sinatra took over one of the private ballrooms at Romanoff's and tossed a black-tie dinner dance, seating some sixty guests and welcoming about twenty more around midnight. The small hot mamas combos furnished the dance tunes such as the Dean Martins; the Goetzes; Noel Coward; Jean Simmons. Continued on page
The girl with the laughing eyes—and the guy who wrote history in the skies...
The true love story of Captain Joe McConnell—the 'Tiger in the Sky' who became America's first Triple Jet Ace—and the beautiful bundle of courage called 'Butch', who became his wife.

ALAN LADD • JUNE ALLYSON

"THE McCONNELL STORY"

WARNER BROS. PRESENT IT IN CINEMASCOPE
WARNERCOLOR • STEREOPHONIC SOUND
Also Starring JAMES WHITMORE
Screen Play by TED SHERDEMAN and SAM ROLFE MUSIC BY MAX STEINER
Produced by HENRY BLANKE • Directed by GORDON DOUGLAS
I saw Rock, Tab and Race standing together chatting at Warners... Bet Fess Parker got a shock when he read about the real Davy Crockett... Marlon Brando and Sam Goldwyn have genuine affection for each other... Hollywood legend: That Gary Cooper is so shy that he can't even ask for his huge salary... I always visit Shelley Winters on the set when she is making a movie and, personally, I've never found her to be temperamental—although I've watched her being temperamental... Whatever happened to Gloria Grahame who used to be such a good, sexy actress? She's in there pitching, but it's not the same stuff... It's not uncommon to see a photograph of a movie star in a producer's office with the inscription: "I'll always be grateful," and knows that the star and the producer now aren't even talking to each other... Boy, am I glad that Eva Marie Saint is finally coming to Hollywood to make another movie... I sincerely hope Paramount doesn't weaken about Shirley MacLaine and takes care to give her the right and important roles... Now for the $64,000 question: Why can't Marilyn Monroe and 20th make up and make movies?... Esther Williams said it: "C glamour is something that evaporates when the sweater is a little too large."

Piper Laurie said it: "A few months ago I was very much in love with David. Now we're just friends. Funny, how changeable men are."

I'm waiting for Liz Taylor to sit on the set watching her child act, as Liz' mother did with her... Cary Grant is back on the screen and I'm glad... The line used to read: "Come up to my apartment and see my etchings." Cornball! Jimmy Dean now says to the dolls: "I'll be over to your apartment and help you with the scene."

All the interviews to the contrary, I believe John Wayne believes he is an accomplished actor... I can't visualize a blond as anything but a blond, although I know they are not blondes... James Cagney renewed my faith in talent triumphing... The movies continue on a lady kick and will sign almost any actress who looks as if she had breeding and is aristocratic... The latest is Dana Wynter, who may photograph like a lady but is really a good sport... The three popular types of actresses are: blond and sexy like Marilyn; dignified and cool like Kelly; Pixielike, like Carol Haney—especially featuring the haircut... However, regardless of the popularity of the lady kick, Doris Day tossed away being sweet and wholesome ("Love Me or Leave Me") and scored a big hit... You figure the movies; horses are easier, I assure you... My good friend Mike Curtiz talking to a new actor: "Marlon Brando looks like you, only more so."

Rhonda Fleming always seems to be on the edge of hitting it big. You can add Jean Peters to this category... Hollywood legend: That Bob Hope is so funny around the house, Mrs. Hope asks him to take a little trip so she can stop laughing... Not since Simons Simon has any actress been given the build-up before a released picture that Carol Ohmart has received. Please don't make me explain who Simones Simon was... Tom Jenk claims a movie star is just a plain girl who is known to be beautiful.

I wish Kay Spreckels and Clark Gable only the best as Mr. and Mrs. They're one of the nicest couples I know... Mitzi Gaynor says she found out two can live as cheap as one, but it costs them twice as much. That's Hollywood for You.
Here's a gentle liquid makeup so **good for your skin**

you won't want to be without it...

If you've never **worn** a liquid makeup, you have no idea how easy "Touch-and-Glow" is to **apply**... how **divinely** flattering! And every minute you wear it, wonderful things are happening to your skin! Because "Touch-and-Glow" is made with Lanolite, Revlon's own ingredient that's 3 ways better for your skin than lanolin itself!

**Put it on in the morning**... it works all day to **soften** your skin and keep it moist. And your face looks radiant... blemishes seem to disappear! **You can even wear it while you sleep!**... at bedtime, many women apply the **natural** (colorless) shade. Leaves only a dewy film... can't come off on pillows. You go to bed fresh and pretty... wake with a softer, lovelier skin. 7 glowing colors for daytime and evening, plus **natural** (colorless) for your "all-night" makeup.

Revlon's new "Touch-and-Glow" Liquid Makeup, 1.25" and 1.75"

"Touch-and-Glow" Face powder in harmonizing colors, 1.10"
Are you in the know?

How to cope with a wolfish stranger?

- Kank him
- Outwit him
- Get off the train

You're the perfect lady you were brought up to be—but to Fang Boy you're just another morsel of smack-bait. How to escape his clutches? (Got a bumbashoot handy?) There's a simpler way than dunting his so-called brain. Outwit him—by asking another male passenger to exchange seats with you. It's a perfect squeak. Fail-proof! Every try to outwit calendar problems, too? You can, by choosing Kotex®, and getting the safety—the non-fail absorbency you need for perfect confidence.

To snare a Man of Letters, should you speak—

- First  His language  With an accent

So you don't know a dribble from a drop kick, boy? Better start discovering the sports page, if you want the letter-sweater lad to get your message. Learn to talk boy language—about football, basketball, track. See what an ice breaker it can be. And don't be a date breaker, at "that" time! Go to the games in comfort—with Kotex and the chase-free softness that holds its shape!

Which does most for your social rating?

- Your gloves  High heels  Your hat

You'd prove you're part of the "grown up" world? Wearing a chapeau adds to a gal's social stature. Forsake the bareheaded or peasant (babushka) look. A hat's vital to your outfit—for church, club or school ceremonies; job hunting, travel. To add poise on certain days, let Kotex and those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. Try all 3 sizes; Regular, Junior, Super.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Free booklet! Want hints on dating, etiquette, grooming, fashions? Send for fascinating free booklet "Are You In The Know?" Gives poise-pointers selected from "Are You In The Know?" advertisements.

Write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 12105, Chicago 54, Ill.

*U. S. Pat. Off.

THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

By Shirley Thomas

NBC's Hollywood Correspondent

To most people, fame and success are like a series of sounds—applause from admiring audiences, wild shrieks from devoted fans. But to one Hollywood beauty fame obviously has a different sound. It's apparent to all that she hears fame only as a dull thud. The handclaps, the praise, the shouts—they are only muffled echoes of what she imagined they would be.

The second-guessers in Hollywood have chewed over her situation at some length, decided there is nothing wrong with her success—only some deep, dark defect that prevents her from enjoying it. Although their batting average is usually close to zero, this time they've hit a homer.

The reason goes back many years and clear across the continent to a southern state that borders the Atlantic. It was a sunny September morning, the kind of beautiful morning when children particularly hate to return to school. It is never fun to quit vacationing and this carefree girl didn't look forward to her first day in class at junior high school. There were a lot of reasons. She was in her early teens and had recently become self-conscious about her awkwardness. More important though, she had moved to the city only a few weeks before. She had no friends. She crossed her fingers that everything would work out for the best—but she wished she were back home.

There the world had been her oyster. Small town, small oyster, but all hers. The baby of the family, she had been pampered and adored as the youngest frequently are. Her parents had lived there all their lives and she knew and loved everyone—and the feeling was mutual. Here, in this big, unfamiliar city, she had become painfully aware that her folks were poorer than most—and it was a shock, for she had never thought about money before. She, who had always looked at-
Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

Beauty Director of New York’s Noted Conover School

Countless Conover Students have proved this wholesome beauty care!

“This Conover School teaches ambitious girls how to improve their personal appearance for top careers in every field,” says Candy Jones. “Since an eye-catching complexion is a ‘must’, I urge our students to use gentle Cashmere Bouquet Soap. I know from years of experience that any kind of skin—dry, normal or oily—thrives on this wholesome beauty care. The ‘beauty-wash’ method we teach at Conover's can produce the same exciting results for you that it does for Conover Career girls. Twice a day cream Cashmere Bouquet’s fluffy, fragrant lather over your face with your fingertips. Rinse and pat dry. Then see how quickly this regular care brings you that fresh, glowing Conover-Girl Complexion!”
3 times a day, 447 women soaked both their hands in a household detergent. After each soaking Jergens was smoothed on right hands alone. In 3 or 4 days left hands were rough, red. Right hands were smooth and white! Jergens Lotion proved most effective of all lotions tested.

These are the hands of Mrs. Anderson after she took the soak-test. This photograph is unretouched.

Both Hands Soaked in Detergents!

A NATIONAL RESEARCH LABORATORY* STATES:

"Jergens Lotion Positively Stops Detergent Hands"

LIKE WASHING DISHES! Scientists watched women soak both hands in a household detergent. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to right hands alone.

JERGENS MADE THE DIFFERENCE! In 3 or 4 days, left hands showed detergent damage. They were rough, red. Jergens did a superb job of keeping right hands soft, smooth.

FOR 50 YEARS Jergens has been steadily perfected. Heavier, creamier but never sticky or greasy—a luxury lotion...now with a new fragrance. 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.

AVOID "DETERGENT HANDS" WITH JERGENS LOTION

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this independent research report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., Ohio.
**LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES**

with Janet Graves

Excellent

Very Good

Good

Fair

**Pete Kelly's Blues**  
WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

\[\wedge \wedge \wedge\] Director-star Jack Webb starts with a promising idea in setting a crime melodrama against the background of the jazz world in the 1920's. The story's a familiar racket-busting yarn, not worked out too neatly, but the full flavor of the period and the generous helpings of Dixieland music sustain interest. In Kansas City, Jack is leader of a small speak-easy band. When racketeer Edmond O'Brien moves in on the band business, demanding a cut of the profits, Jack's ready to resist. He loses his nerve when one of his musicians is killed, but regains it when Edmond's brutality goes even further. Janet Leigh supplies the romance, as a giddy heiress. She does one song; others are contributed by Peggy Lee, as Edmond's alcoholic girl friend, and Ella Fitzgerald, as a roadhouse owner.

**The Night of the Hunter**  
U.A.

\[\wedge \wedge \wedge\] In a suspense masterpiece, Robert Mitchum gives a performance of power and depth that nothing in his earlier career has even approached. He plays a madman, a self-styled preacher, who sees himself as God's executioner. Jailed for car theft, he learns that cellmate Peter Graves, about to be hanged, has hidden the proceeds of a robbery. On his release, Mitchum goes to Graves' home town, courts and wins the dead man's naive widow (Shelley Winters). Then he sets about terrorizing her children (Billy Chapin, Sally Jane Bruce), who alone know where the money is. Appearing late in the film, Lillian Gish is magnificent as a farm woman who protects the runaway children. In his film-directing debut, Charles Laughton uses the camera with the greatest imagination.

**Best Acting: Robert Mitchum**

Janet's persistent, and Jack finally discovers that his resistance is low.
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

VVVV Excellent VVV Very Good VV Good V Fair

The King's Thief

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLE
VVVV A highflying, unabashedly romantic swashbuckler sweeps across the screen, with Ann Blyth and Edmund Purdom as handsome young lovers. Forsaking his usual comedy roles, David Niven is an elegant villain, trusted right-hand man of England's Charles II (George Sanders). Niven wants control of the realm and has been liquidating loyal noblemen on trumped-up treason charges. His past and future victims are listed in a little black book, which falls into the hands of Purdom, soldier turned high wayman. As daughter of a supposed traitor, Ann is anxious to clear her dead father's name. So she, too, takes an interest in the incriminating book. This bit of evidence changes hands through a series of duels with sword or word, exciting escapes, chases an rescues, all presented in richly colorful style.

To Catch a Thief

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLO
VVVV Cary Grant makes a thoroughly romantic figure as a modern thief, courting Grace Kelly and keeping a jump ahead of the law in his best debonair manner. As you expect of an Alfred Hitchcock movie, the story's suavely told, but this time the suspense specialist puts the accent more on love and humor. Cary's a former cat burglar and hero of the French Resistance, now enjoying his wealth in retirement on the Riviera. When another jewel robber begins operating there, the gendarmes suspect that Cary's back in business. Grace, an American heiress, also thinks that he's guilty—and that it's all too thrilling. Nice supporting jobs are turned in by Jessie Royce Landis, as Grace's hearty mother, and Brigitte Auber, as a pert French tomboy. Riviera locales and the lush Kelly wardrobe delight the eye.

The Last Command

REPUBLIC, TRUCOLOR
VVVV The siege of the Alamo and the events leading up to it, often seen on the screen, here are approached more as drama than as simple action stuff, and the result is a good, sturdy piece of Americana. Sterling Hayden is the stalwart Jim Bowie, who at first tries to forestall open warfare between the "Texians" and the overbearing Santa Anna (J. Carrol Naish), his friend and onetime comrade in arms. Failing, Hayden assumes command of the Texas settlers, replacing Richard Carlson. Anna Maria Alberghetti, now an exquisite young lady, is a señorita in love with Hayden; Ben Cooper is her youthful suitor. Arthur Hunnicutt's Davy Crockett is pretty far from Disney's, but perhaps closer to the original—a bearded, talkative frontiersman. The picture's generally well-cast, solidly written.

Anna Maria Alberghetti tells Sterling why she saved his life.

A costume ball gives Jessie, Grace and Cary a chance to play.

The Left Hand of God

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLO
VVVV Humphrey Bogart's new adventure film has daring apects, but the touchy angles of the story are handled with good taste. As an American soldier of fortune, Bogart has been serving a Chinese war lord (Lee J. Cobb). Practically held captive, he escapes by taking the clothing and credentials of a priest murdered by Cobb's bandits. He carries on this uneasy impersonation at the remote village mission where the real priest was have reported. Gene Tierney makes a sympathetic figure of the mission nurse, a devout Catholic who is horrified to find herself attracted to a priest. As the wife of the skeptical doctor (E. Howard Marshall), Agnes Moorehead shows her usual poise and warmth. The story reaches a tense climax when Cobb, excellent as the whimsical, brutal war lord, again comes on the scene.

For all their composure, Ann and Edmund are both fugitives.

Faker that he is, Bogart is touched by his charges' devotion.

Continued
They say you can tell by a girl's complexion
when she's in love....

They say there's a special enchanted glow in the complexion of a girl in love—a fresh, untarnished radiance that completely transforms her face. Men who have known her for years suddenly see her. Men who before would never have noticed her, wish they had met her earlier.

Most miraculous of all, this tender new loveliness need not glow briefly, then flicker out.

With just two minutes of loving encouragement each day, you can build it into a lasting radiance!

At the end of each day, your face is "coated" with oily, sooty grime and stale make-up. Only cream is able to dissolve and completely clean out this greasy dirt that clings deep in the pore openings and "greys" your complexion.

*CREAM—and ONLY cream—can really DEEP-CLEANSE your skin*

The unique oil-and-moisture formula of Pond's Cold Cream has made it today's most successful deep-cleansing cream.

After your Pond's Cold Creaming each night, you'll be joyfully aware that nothing has ever left your skin so spotlessly clean. Every tiny pore seems to be taking deep, cool breaths of fresh air. Your skin feels completely unclugged, really free.

Today—get Pond's Cold Cream. See it give you the radiant glow of a girl who loves, and is loved!

What every girl should know—
You can expect immediate results from luxurious deep Pond's cleansings each night. And—the results will be even more dramatic when you "reprotect" your skin with Pond's after each daytime face washing. Each time you wash your face, dermatologists say, you remove natural protectors that Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to restore. Meanwhile, your skin coarsens, dries out. Pond's Cold Cream replaces the washed-away protectors instantly. That dry, tight feeling disappears. Your skin feels "right" again—dewy soft, happy.
Golden cream discovery
a complete skin treatment
in one miracle minute...

...for just one dollar!

This remarkable Tussy cream treatment softens, lubricates, cleanses! The moment this rich, golden cream touches your skin, it releases nature’s own beauty-building process, so often choked by dirt and lack of moisture.

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It’s the cream that does everything!

Only $1 plus tax for a big 61/2 oz. jar.

TUSSY all purpose cream

MOVIES continued

The Kentuckian    U.A.: CINEMASCOPE

Burt Lancaster makes a commendable directing debut with this florid story of America’s youth. He also stars as a powerful, innocent backwoodsman. Around 1820, he and his motherless younger brother (Donald MacDonald) leave the Kentucky hills to escape a mountain feud and head for more breathing space in Texas. But on the way they visit Burt’s older brother (John McIntire), who plots to turn Burt into a civilized businessman. This prospect disgusts little Donald. Fo Burt, the town’s chief attraction is the winsome schoolteacher (Diana Lynn). His son is loyal to Dianne Foster, a spirited “bound girl”—almost a slave—who joined the pair in flight. Pursued b two of the feudin’ mountaineers, a wonderfully typical duo. Burt is also threatened by the local bully (Walter Matthau) who’s sweet on Diana. As director and actor, Lancaster achieves a nice combination of vigor, laughter, warmth.

The Divided Heart      RANK, REPUBLIC

Real life, in the tragic aftermath of World War II, is the basis for this deeply affecting exploration of human emotions. As a decent young German couple, Armin Dahlen and lovely Cornelia Borchers (since imported to Hollywood and adopt a baby they believe to be a German war orphan. Ten years later, when the boy (portrayed by Michel Ray) has come to be a beloved, loving part of their family, they are told that he is really a Yugoslavia. As an infant, he was taken from his mother (Yvonne Mitchell) by the Nazis. Now that he has been traced, they want him back. An American court, headed by Dean Jagger, must decide the bitter question: Does the child rightfully belong to his natural mother or to the foster parents whose devotion turned a war-shocked baby into a happy, normal boy? The decision is made with both feeling and wisdom; the story reaches both the heart and the mind.

I Am a Camera

Julie Harris does a dazzling job in this unusual movie, actually just a character sketch of a wacky dame. The narrator is Laurence Harvey, also first-rate as a would-be novelist in Berlin in the early thirties. Meeting Julie, a homeless fellow Britisher, he takes her home with him. To his astonishment, his intentions are quite honorable; he believes she is the “camera” of the title—just a disinterested observer. But Julie is a child-like sort, always acting, an adventure with a hazy sense of morality and a strong reluctance to recognize facts. Laurence gets thoroughly fouled up in her adventures, notably with a free-spending American (Ron Randell). Beyond these scenes...
Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Blithe Spirit" hairstyle. No nightly settings are needed.

Soft, natural from the start...that's the "Soft Talk" hairstyle after a Bobbi. And Bobbi is so simple to give!

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Softly feminine hairstyles like these are yours with a Bobbi—the special pin-curl permanent for soft, natural curls

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You pin-curl your hair just once. Apply Bobbi's special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water. Let dry, brush out...immediately you'll be happy with your hair. And the soft, natural look lasts week after week. If you like softly feminine hairstyles, you'll love a Bobbi.


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**Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi.** No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. $1.50 plus tax.
farcical situations lies the ugly reality of prewar Berlin; Nazi rowdies on street corners; the threat to Germany's Jews, symbolized by Shelley Winters. ADULT

The Man Who Loved Redheads U.S.A.
TECHNICOLOR
WWW In a pleasing sentimental comedy, the British advance the notion that a man may spend his life falling in love with the same girl over and over again. John Justin can't forget a titian-haired teenager (Moira Shearer) he met at a children's party. Married, a substantial citizen, he meets a charming and virtuous Cockney (Moira again) during World War I. In the roaring twenties, he romances a tempestuous Russian ballerina (also Moira). As a highly successful but still foot-loose old codger, he flirts with a pretty model (Moira once more). But then, thanks to his too-understanding wife (Cladys Cooper), bachelor croony (Roland Culver) and dashing son (Denholm Elliott), John must finally face reality. He rather likes the view. ADULT

The Virgin Queen 20TH; CINEMASCOPE.
DE LUXE COLOR
WWW The splendid days of Elizabeth I return to screen life in a lusty historical romance. Giving an extremely mannered but superbly authoritative performance, Bette Davis is the spinster monarch with a roving eye, a brilliant mind and a red-headed temper. Richard Todd matches her assurance with his portrayal of an adventurer named Walter Raleigh, who hits the road to fame when he throws a cloak down to keep the royal feet dry. As a delectable lady in waiting, Joan Collins sneers when he becomes the Queen's "lap dog." But Todd, rough soldier yet canny promoter, keeps his original aim; an expedition to the New World. FAMILY

The Night Holds Terror COLUMBIA
WWW A modest but efficiently presented thriller builds crackling suspense from the plight of a family held captive in its own suburban home by three criminals. With no big names, the cast still has a full quota of personable young talent. Jack Kelly and Hildy Parks are an appealingly average couple, with reserves of courage to protect each other and their two small children. As chunky leader of the gunmen, John Cassavetes (familiar to TV audiences) is obviously more intelligent and therefore more frightening than his edgy henchmen, Victor Edwards and David Cross. FAMILY

How to Be Very, Very Popular 30TH; CINEMASCOPE.
DE LUXE COLOR
WWW A lightweight knockabout comedy with Betty Grable and Sheree North burlesque beauties feeting a mad kill. They take refuge in a college dormitory and find themselves making friends with students Bob Cummings, Orson Bean and Tommy Noonan, who accidentally hypnotizes Sheree. With a rather shapely and piquantly attractive, the blonde newcomer is limited in opportunity—she spends most of the picture in a trance. But she does cut loose for one terrific dance number, suggesting that the picture could have used more music. FAMILY

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES continued

What Greater Assurance Can a Bride-to-be or Married Woman Have

Women who value true married happiness and physical charm know how essential a cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods.

Douching has become such a part of the modern way of life an additional survey showed that of the married women who replied: 83.3% douche after monthly periods.
86.5% at other times.

So many women are benefiting by this sanitary practice—why deny yourself? What greater "peace of mind" can a woman have than to know ZONITE is so highly regarded among nurses for the douche?

ZONITE's Many Advantages

Scientific tests proved no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerfully effective yet safe to body tissues as ZONITE. It's positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away odor-causing deposits. It completely deodorizes. Leaves you with a sense of well-being and confidence. Inexpensive. Costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.

If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

 Replies From Survey Reveal:

9 OUT OF 10 NURSES
SUGGEST Douching with ZONITE
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

The Mcennon Story WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE.
WARBURG
WWW In straightforward style, this Al Ladd-June Allyson vehicle retreads the true, heroic story of the late Joseph McConnell, Jr. Alan plays the New Yorker with a lifelong passion for flying. He doesn't manage to become a pilot in World War II, but in Korea he's a top ace and later risks his life as a top pilot. In her familiar wife role, June is alternately fearful and brave, tearful and sunny. James Whitmore is likable as the friend, Alan's commanding officer. FAMILY

Ulysses PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR
WWW A pleasing sense of the faraway and strange hangs over this Italian-made adventure epic starring Kirk Douglas. Based on Homer's "Odyssey," with Kirk as the mighty warrior king who takes sua a long time coming home from the conquest of Troy. Silvana Mangano plays both Penelope, his patient wife, and Circe, the enchantress who holds him in luminous bondage. While Kirk looks every inch the hero of classical times, his voice has too modern a ring. FAMILY

Special Delivery COLUMBIA
WWW There's an amusing idea involved in this satirical comedy, but it isn't handled with quite enough sparkle. As American ambassador to an unnamed Iron Curtain country, Joseph Cotten's problem is to make a baby boy left in the embassy garden, with a note pleading that he be brought up as a free American. The baby enters a nursery, and the problem comes of an ideological battle as the Red government claims he's one of their nationals. Eva Bartok enters the picture as a pretty Red nurse. FAMILY

The Man from Laramie COLUMBIA; TECHNICOLOR
WWW Like James Stewart's earlier Western, this one's done in a substantial, competent manner. Jimmy comes to New Mexico to search out the unknown who has been selling guns to Indians, thereby causing the death of Jimmy's kid brother. He promptly has a run-in with Alex Nicol, a spoiled young bully, son of a dictator rancher (Donald Crisp). As Crisp's for man, almost a foster son, Arthur Kennedy seems to be a fair-minded neutral in the brawl. Between all the lively action sequences, Jimmy finds time to fall in love with Cathy O'Donnell. FAMILY
The husband-wife team of Stewart and Jean Simmons stages a green reunion in this leisurely, very British suspense story. As a merry widower in London of fifty years ago, Stewart loses a grin when Jean, as a sly servant in a house, makes a disclosure: She knows that he poisoned his wealthy, homely wife. It's forced to promote Jean to housekeeper, and she also has romantic designs on him. But he's courting the aristocratic Linda Lee.

**Female on the Beach**

A not too plausible murder mystery ranges Joan Crawford into one of those situations that are her specialty. After she's rented a beach house, she finds that the previous tenant, like herself a widow, died under dubious circumstances. Suspicions falls on neighbor Jeff Chandler, who'd been very friendly with the deceased. Joan, too, is reluctantly won over by his alleged charm, a quality poor Jeff is trouble putting across, since he's played a complete heel.

**Isle of the South Pacific**

A movie reminiscent of comic-strip action stories casts Virginia Mayo, Dennis Morgan and David Farrar as an unpromising trio disturbing the peace of a idyllic isle. Its benevolent ruler quickly is through Virginia's missionary disease, fears that "civilization" will spoil the island if the three get the black pearls they're after. The romance of Lance Fuller and Lisa Montell is also threatened by the invaders.

**The Naked Dawn**

Talented as Arthur Kennedy is, he isn't make a convincing Mexican bandit-rogue-hero of this somewhat arty little film. He involves a hard-working young man (Eugene Iglesias) in a crime, almost wins the boy's mistreated wife (Betta St. John) away from him—but finishes only by exerting a good effect on the feelings of the youthful couple. There are lines of interest in the offbeat story and treatment, but the characters are never made clear.

**Sinbad**

At least, this wildly involved melodrama doesn't take itself seriously, though the story isn't kidded quite enough to induce hearty laughs. Dale Robertson, a-killing adventurer of old Bagdad, is both the caliph's favorite wife (Lili Cyr) and her pretty servant (Sally sect). Another girl gets into the act as the person of Mari Blanchard, whose father has invented a weapon to against barbarian invaders. Except three old-fashioned burlesque-style scenes, there's little sex.

---

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...than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo

Halo—unlike most shampoos—contains no greasy oils or soap to dull your hair with dirt-catching film!

★ Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather, instantly, in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly, then rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff.

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Halo Glorifies Your Hair—Naturally!
SMART GIRLS NEVER GO OUTDOORS WITHOUT IT...

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Going places? Keep your hair in place the SPRAY NET way...it's such a joy!

Whether you're working, playing, shopping... we can take one worry off your mind. Your hair! A whisper of Helene Curtis SPRAY NET will keep it just the way you set it... soft, natural, and in place the whole day through.

For Helene Curtis has found a way to put "holding quality" into a hair spray without making you hate the feel of your hair. It's the wonderful, wonderful spray that leaves no stickiness whatsoever.

A pretty hair-do will always pick you out of the crowd. Smart girls never go outdoors without Helene Curtis SPRAY NET—it's America's favorite hair spray because it really is the best... in every way.

3 SIZES: New 69¢ size, Large $1.25, Giant $1.89—all plus tax

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Just set your pin curls with Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. They'll dry in minutes!

NEW 69¢ SIZE
Now you can try SPRAY NET for only 69¢. Perfect for purse, travel, bathroom cabinet.
Tremendous assortment!

Good condition, ready to wear.
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GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!
   Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary clean" is just superficially clean!

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!
   Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE Cleans CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method:
Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember... only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. And Palmolive's mildness lets you massage a full minute without irritation.

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!
Good news for fans: Bacall and Bogey are together for "Melville Goodwin, U.S.A."

Cal York's

INSIDE STUFF

Cupid's Corner: Debbie Reynolds finally married a singer—Frank Sinatra! And for the first time, Eddie Fisher was on "The Tender Trap" set when they did the scene. To Cal, it was also ironic to watch this highly-publicized pair step through the portals of Tomorrowland at the gala premiere of $17,000,000 Disneyland. Everyone was asking: What does real Tomorrowland hold for Debbie and Eddie? The serious-faced romanticists looked like they're still trying to find the answer themselves! ... For Clark Gable, however, Tomorrowland is overflowing with happiness, because the former Kay Spreckels became the King's fifth Queen in a four-minute ceremony in Minden, Nevada. Number five just happens to be his lucky number! For the time being, they'll have three homes—hers in Beverly Hills, theirs in Palm Springs and his ranch in Encino. What happens to that miniature burro Grace Kelly sent to Clark on his last birthday? With beautiful, blue-eyed Kay's sense of humor, she'll probably rename it—and keep it around for laughs!

Small Fry: Day's in a dilemma and we do mean Doris! Her son Terry's favorite picture was "On Moonlight Bay," because his famous Mom played baseball in this one. So somewhere along the way Terry got the idea that Doris plans baseball again in "Love Me or Leave Me," and he's pestering her to take him to see it. Her highly dramatic role of the career-ridden torch singer is such a departure, now Doris doesn't dare let Terry see it. "And if he ever sees that snapshot of me wearing a Bikini in Europe," laughs Doris, "then I really will have to leave home!"

Ridiculous Rumor: One of the silly stories that drifted back from Marfa, Texas, where they shot "Giant," had Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson supposedly smitten with each other. When Michael Wilding flew there to see his wife, it really fanned the flame of gossip. The truth is, James Dean and Mercedes McCambridge are two rugged...
New lanolin shampoo adds rich sparkle ...can't dry hair!

Get ready for the softest, silkiest, most sparkly hair of your life! For the instant this new double-rich lanolin shampoo goes into action, it starts enriching your hair with a beauty you have never witnessed before!

What manageability! What a joy to set! Instead of after-shampoo dryness, you discover a new dream-like softness that only this "twice-as-rich" lanolin shampoo can bring! Your waves ripple into place ... luscious deep waves ... softer, lovelier than you ever hoped they'd be!

You'll enjoy the great clouds of fleecy lather you get with this new double-rich lanolin shampoo. Wonderful feeling, luxurious lather that feels twice as rich, and is twice as rich. Busy lather that actually polishes your hair—brilliantly. A sensational new Helene Curtis beauty discovery!

When your hair sparkles, you do! Make your hair your loveliest feature ... soft as summer clouds and shimmering like satin in moonlight—with this new shampoo miracle—Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo. Sounds wonderful? It is! Try it and you'll agree. 29¢, 59¢ and $1, everywhere!
Now it's a cinch...to hold your “Waist-In” and your stockings up!
Kleinert’s new Feathernap WAIST-IN Garter Belt whittles inches off your midriff with nary a pinch! It has adjustable garters, and praise be...hooks in the front. Being Feathernap, it’s pure natural rubber, feather-soft outside AND skin-side.

Water Lily White, waist sizes 24 to 36 (even sizes). Only $2.95.

WAIST-IN GARTER BELT by Kleinert's

New Twos: At 20th Century-Fox, beautiful Britisher Dana Wynter is the studio’s answer to Grace Kelly (without the white gloves!) and personal publicists insist the lady and handsome Richard Egan are having a heat wave. But in the midst of all the tub thumping, who does Dana date—Marlon Brando! We don’t know what happened to his scheduled June wedding to Joanne Mariani, but we do know this. The genial gent is now so in love with Hollywood, he’s looking for an isolated, hilltop house and he intends to make it home base.

Million Dollar Babies: It’s costing Ann Blyth $300,000 to have her second child, and she couldn’t care less. “Those offers for theatre appearances and Las Vegas were very gratifying,” she smiles, “but the job I accepted is going to pay the biggest dividend of all!” . . . They waited ten years, but now the Jerry Lewises expect a little valentine next
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CASUAL
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SET IT!
Set your pin-curls just as you always do,
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February. Friends feel the happy news will help to unite the estranged team of Martin and Lewis. And did you know an executive tried to get the boys to lie down and tell their troubles to a psychiatrist? Who'd psychoanalyze whom! ... And Betty Hutton's walking around beaming these days. She and husband Alan Livingston couldn't possibly be happier.

**Behind the Camera:** Regaining 8 of the 15 lbs. he lost in Mexico, Robert Wagner's having a ball playing a psychiatric killer in "A Kiss Before Dying." And the considerate "madman" worked 17 consecutive days and nights to finish scenes with pal Jeff Hunter, enabling Jeff to accept an excellent role opposite John Wayne in "The Searchers" ...

**Hollywood Pays Tribute:** To the late Bob Francis who was tragically killed in an airplane crash. Bob, one of the most talented and outstanding young stars, was also one of Hollywood's most respected newcomers. His untimely death is mourned deeply by all who knew him.

**Dye Hards:** We could be wrong, but have you ever heard of a redhead Indian? Well, that's what Russ Tamblyn plays in "The Last Hunt" and, oh, how he hated that dye job. But you know the movies—it was all for grand and glorious Technicolor! ... And for a change of pace, Jeff Chandler's darkened his distinguishing gray locks. He's only in his mid-thirties, and for certain roles the gray added too much maturity. Jeff's been working so hard he entered a hospital recently for a complete checkup. He needs rest, plenty of it.

**It's True That:** Until this appears, only his intimates know James Stewart has been under the doctor's care ever since he returned from Africa where they shot "The Man Who Knew Too Much" ... Terry Moore's fan mail increased 300% since her censorable pictures appeared in a Turkish newspaper, but it still doesn't compensate for her embarrassment! ... A "feud" exists between Joshua and Moses in Hollywood. Translated, this means John Derek ribs Charlton Heston unmercifully when he walks on "The Ten Commandments" set wearing red-and-black Bermuda walking shorts! ... Although his romance with Pier Angeli belongs to the tender past, James Dean still keeps her framed photograph sitting on his desk ... Dorothy Malone and Liberace had a few dates, but when the pulsating pianist bought ten evening gowns on a shopping spree, he bought them for his mom!

**Very Long Distance:** It's a strict rule in William Holden's household—young Scott and West are never allowed to answer the telephone. But one day while Bill was in Salina, Kansas, making "Picnic," the boys were alone in the house. The phone rang and rang. When Scott took it off the hook and Bill heard his son's voice, he sternly ordered: "Go get your mother—at once!" Ten minutes passed while Bill hung on. "Good grief, where were you?" he exploded when Ardis Holden finally answered. "Down at the corner market," said his wife—and then they started to roar!

**Miracle Man:** The great personality change in Marlon Brando has influenced other introverted stars to seek out psychiatry. Today the mighty Marlon is uninhibited, relaxed and very much in tune with his fellow men. At producer Sam Goldwyn's press party for his "Guys and Dolls," Marlon played the bongo drums and mingled to his heart's content. And this we specially love! Every unattached glamour gal was dying to be with the one and only. But Marlon's best girl was his great aunt, June Beachley, who had a fine time.

**The Truth Is:** Lush, lovely Kim Novak went into "Picnic" with a heavy heart. She knew Josh Logan (he directed the stage version, too) thought she was too inexperienced and tried to keep her out of the picture. The studio insisted, however, and poor Kim has had to battle every single second to convince the disciplinary director she can act—and she did! ... His studio is taking no

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*Inside Stuff* continued
INTRODUCING NEW

Palmolive Soft Shampoo

100% NON-ALKALINE!
Will not dry or devitalize hair!

Agrees with the
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We offer this big saving because we know—once you try P 雗MOLIVE SOFT SHAMPOO, you'll always use it. Tell your friends! Hurry! Regular 89¢ price (even that's a bargain) comes back when limited Special Offer supply is gone.

TODAY...GET NEW PALMOLIVE SOFT SHAMPOO!
Now! Float away even long-stay makeup with one cleansing!

Tussy Creamy Cleanser lifts-out stubborn makeup, dirt...even removes long-stay lipstick in minutes!

This new kind of skin-cleanser is unlike anything you have ever tried!

It does so much more than a lotion, does so much more than a cream, so much more than a soap! The unique deep penetrating action of Tussy Creamy Cleanser floats out soot, dust and even long stay makeup in just one cleansing.

Stubborn makeup base is loosened, floated away! Even long stay lipstick is removed in minutes!

And as Tussy Creamy Cleanser cleanses, it beautifies. Special emollient agents help your skin keep the dewy-freshness of youth!

Generous 6 ounces in unbreakable plastic bottle. Only $1.25 plus tax.

TUSSY Creamy Cleanser

chances since Robert Wagner's recent pneumonia siege. Following his third hospitalization in a year, Bob's no longer insured against holding up future production... And whoever thought a studio would complain about a star getting too much publicity! This is the way M-G-M feels about the often off-again marriage plans of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. To much critical fan mail perhaps?

Hollywood After Dark: There was a reason for those raised eyebrows when Jean Simmons arrived with Frank Sinatra to see Deborah Kerr's opening o

“Tea and Sympathy” at the downtown Biltmore Theatre. Stewart Granger, still out of the country for “Bhowani Junction,” thoroughly approves of his good friend escorting his adored wife... Recluse Jeff Hunter is finally finding solace with Mona Freeman's best friend Beverly Stoner, daughter of a Sunset Strip haberdasher. Beverly's been married before and has two kiddies. Jeff worships his son, Chris. So these two have much in common... An unexpected TV show interrupted Gene Nelson's last minute shopping for that trip to make a movie in Europe, so Piper Laurie decided to do it for him... And Pat Crowley's first date with George Nader was strictly one of those publicity things. It led to a second which wasn't.

Just for Laughs: Incomparable Jane Dean making “Giant” in Marfa, Texas knows all the answers. “How do you like being compared to Marlon Brando?” asked a reporter who had flown down all the way from New York. Jim my countered: “How do you like being compared to Walter Winchell?” No answer.

Getting to Know You: Do opposites attract? They do when they're Marilyn Monroe and Shelley Winters. These delightful dolls met in director Elia Kazan's acting school, and shy, insecure Marilyn is learning some tricks of the movie trade from forceful, forthright Shelley!... When Lauren Bacall babies sit, Bogey stags with Frank Sinatra to Hollywood parties, but that's all right with baby—she and Bogey spend their days together—they're co-starring in "Melville Goodwin, U.S.A."

Did You Know: It's in Elizabeth Taylor's contract! Whenever she's on location the studio pays for her long-distance phone calls to her children... Tall Hunter, who's making time payments on everything for his new unfurnished apartment, went way over his head. Result, it leaves him less than $5 a week to eat. Dinner invitations, anyone?
She had adored him from their first meeting and he seemed no less attracted to her. But, recently, his desire turned to indifference, and tonight there was a suggestion of a sneer on his lips as he wormed out of two dates they had planned later in the week. She was losing him... and she knew it. But, for what reason she hadn't the remotest idea.

What she didn't realize was that you may have good looks, nice clothes, a wonderful personality, but they'll get you nowhere if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions — stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method — banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning... every night... before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

She was losing him... and she didn't know why
SHE KNEW WHAT
HE WAS...!

and she was afraid!

...yet even in her terror
every fiber of her being
cried out for his love!

Universal International presents

JOAN CRAWFORD
JEFF CHANDLER
Female on the Beach

JAN STERLING

with CECIL KELAWAY - CHARLES DRAKE - JUDITH EVELYN - NATALIE SCHAFER
Directed by JOSEPH PENVY - Screenplay by ROBERT HILL and RICHARD ALAN SIMMONS - Produced by ALBERT ZUGSMITH

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE
continued from page 6

the Dick Powells; the Groucho Marxes; the David Nivens; the Reggie Gardeners and the Bogarts (Lauren was in bright blue and gobs of rhinestone jewelry).

Frankie, who staged it to his own soiree, went alone to the annual party of the Dean Martins. Dean and Jean don’t throw ‘em often, but when they do, it’s a whopper. This time they had “three hundred of their most intimate friends” dining, wining and dancing. Gary Cooper staged it, too. Doris Day (in white) and Marty Melcher, fresh home from England, were there. Also the Jack Warners; the Alan Ladis; Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh (before heading for Europe); Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac; the Dick Stabiles; the Jeff Chandlers. No, kiddies, Jerry Lewis and his Patti were not present. Cute invitations to Martin’s bash said, “rsvp—and if you’re accepting be sure to ask for Jean or Dean, not Cyd or Tony!”

The preem of “Not as a Stranger” — and Stanley Kramer’s supper party at The Crystal Room of the Bev. Hills Hotel later—brought forth lots of the glamour crowd. Jeanne Crain showed up in a red and white polka-dot evening gown; Lucy Ball on the arm of Desi Arnaz, wore a shortish dress of flower print chiffon, topped by a white fox capelet. Rosemary Bove, in rose chiffon, with her steady, Bob Stack; the Aldo Rays; Anita Ekberg with Jeff Richards; the Dick Andersons; the Kirk Douglas; Cornel Wilde and Jean Wallace.

Bulbs flashed like crazy at Anita Ekberg, too. She was slinkily done up in a form-fitting, almost backless long black dress, long white gloves, long white mink stole and almost invisible black sandals.

A group of starlets and stars turned out to help Jane Russell make a charity...
What have they done to White Rain? Feel it! Gobs and gobs more lather! Feel that rainwater softness!

What a clean feeling! Will my hair be soft and sunshiny... in better condition? I just know it!

NEW White Rain

By Toni the people who know your hair best!
The danger in waiting for your child to outgrow pimples

by MARCELLA HOLMES
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY
(former Beauty Editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor's desk, there is none so urgent—so heartbreaking—as letters from young people with disturbed adolescent skin. That's why I feel it is important to alert mothers to the double dangers of this teen-age problem.

Psychologists tell us that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can even cause permanent damage to a child's personality. Skin specialists warn of another danger: acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave the child's skin permanently scarred.

Fortunately, today there is a modern scientific medication developed especially for pimples. It is called CLEARASIL...and CLEARASIL has been actually tested and proved effective. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

Greaseless, fast-drying, antiseptic...CLEARASIL may be said to "starve" pimples because it helps remove the oils pimples feed on. Ends embarrassment immediately because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples as it works.

So, if you have a teen-age girl or boy, watch carefully for the first sign of pimples...then take action. CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you as it did in doctors' tests or money back. 59¢ and 98¢ at all druggists.

SPECIAL OFFER: Send name, address and 15¢ in coins or stamps for generous trial size of CLEARASIL to Eastco, Inc., Box 12 FF, White Plains, N. Y. Expires Oct. 31, 1955.

show at the Turnabout Theatre in Hollywood a success. The funds went to Jane's pet project, WAIF. Marla English, Rita Moreno, Laura Elliott and Mala Powers acted as usherettes.

When "Sincerely Yours" wound up, Liberace tossed a party at the studio for almost two hundred friends, cast, crew and family. And, y'know who? Liberace's Momma, plus his brother George and the family cook, prepared the entire feast (including 600 meat balls to go into the spaghetti and many other dishes besides) for the mob! The set was decorated with thousands of white and red carnations; one big floral piece spelled out "Sincerely Yours" and the napkins had "Sincerely Yours" stamped on 'em, too. A hired string quartet played most of the evening, but, later, Mr. L. (in a white tuxedo embroidered all over in bugle beads!) took to the piano for hours.

Anna Maria Alberghetti was guest of honor at a lovely cocktail-and-evening party we went to, given by tunesmith Jimmy McHugh on the spacious lawns of his Beverly Hills home. Anna Maria's Ma, Pa, sister Carla and brother Paul were much in evidence. And so were those eyelashes of Anna's! I told her they must be a mile long and she said it bothered her the way people are always asking if they're false. They're not!

Among other doings too numerous to squeeze into this session was the Marge and Gower Champion and Harry Belafonte opening at the Greek Theatre in "Three for Tonight," And, of course, the magic of the Disneyland preview. What a ball Jeanne Crain and mate Paul Brinkman had with their four kids; Donna Reed and hers; Frank Sinatra and Frank, Jr.; Lana Turner, Lex Barker and son; Debbie and Eddie.
PLAYTEX Introduces the Amazing New Girdle Material...Figure-Slimming FABRICON!

Sensational New PLAYTEX

light-weight

Girdle

Made of wonderful new split-resistant FABRICON

... a miracle blend of downy-soft cotton and latex that gives you

more freedom! Fabricon has more stretch! No other material has Fabricon's give-and-take s-t-r-e-t-c-h!

new coolness! "Open-pore" Fabricon lets your body breathe! Only Playtex Girdles are so soft, cool, absorbent.

invisible control! Not a seam, stitch or bone anywhere. No other lightweight girdle tucks in your tummy, slims down your hips like this new Playtex Girdle. Makes all your clothes fit and look better. Does more for your figure than girdles costing up to $15.00! And Light-Weight washes and dries in a wink. New Playtex Light-Weight Girdle $4.95 At department and better specialty stores everywhere.
SOAP BOX:

I'd like to climb up on the soap box for a minute, to give a few loud and lusty cheers to a pretty terrific guy and a very fine actor whose name happens to be George Nader. Not long ago, I had the extreme pleasure of meeting him after a local radio show on which he was appearing, and may I say now that there has never been a kinder or more gracious person than he was to all the fans that night. He signed autographs for almost an hour, answered questions that everyone asked him, talked to all the most adoring females surrounding him and, in general, was just the nicest person I have ever seen. He did not appear curt nor rushed and I'm sure he would have stayed longer and talked to everyone that wanted to talk to him! When he left, I heard him praised to the skies by all the fans (myself included). Such a grand person cannot fail to be a great success in Hollywood, and I am sure there are many stars who could follow his example. After all, does the public make a star? To Mr. Nader, my sincere hopes and best wishes for a great career.

JOANNE OBERMEYER
Hollywood, California

"The Mostest of the Bestest"

"He's an absolute doll!"
She bragged to them all.
"He's the dreamiest; he's the most!"
She again heard her boast.

"Man! What a cat!
He's really hep!
He's no square. He's all pep!"

I thought for a moment, and then my heart sank.
"I simply know she got hold of a 'ranky tanky' (square).
He can't be a square: that's our rule,
But again she said, "He's real cool."

We didn't doubt her any more,
We knew if we did, she'd be sore.
We got to work and checked up on the "doll."
When I saw him, I knew I'd seen all.

We ought to have known from all her talk
That she meant none other than our own dear Rock (Hudson).

Marilyn Stroup Parsons, Kansas

I would like to express a few words of appreciation in regard to Mr. Johnnie Ray through your column. We, his fans, have had the privilege of meeting Mr. Ray when the plane in which he was traveling made an overnight stop here in Singapore, on March 28, enroute to London, after a highly successful tour of Australia.

It was truly a very glorious and exciting experience meeting him. When Johnnie saw us at the other end of the Custom Office at the Kallang Airport, he immediately shot us a big "glad to know you" smile. And when we called out his name, he became even more considerate and raised his hand to wave at us on several occasions. Johnnie was as enthusiastic in meeting us as we were in meeting him.

As my kid sister succeeded in getting nearest to Johnnie, she helped to pass numerous autograph books to him, which he so graciously signed when he was cornered beside the waiting car. The local press hailed him as "the man with a 'tin ear, but a 'big' heart."

MOLLY TAN
Singapore, Malaya

I predict that James Dean's artistry in "East of Eden" will make him one of the year's strongest contenders for Academy Award honors. He merits every superlative in the book. Moreover, he reveals an utter-ly amazing talent--far too seldom seen in a newcomer nowadays. He did more than play the role of Cal Trask--he lived it. He never made a false move.

JOHN D. HUMPHREY
Chicago, Illinois

Movie Parade

Alan Ladd is the Black Knight, Alan Blyth always happy and bright.

William Boyd out riding the West, Nobody is taking a rest.

Marilyn Monroe, what a sight! Bing Crosby sings with all his might.

Shelley Winters a girl we all know, Clark Gable who walks very slow.

Martha Raye likes to wear tights, Arthur Murray does the Mambo nights.

Jack Webb a handsome cop, Esther Williams hits the top.

Roy Rogers rides over hill and dale, Dale Evans right on his trail.

If your mother says you may, Go to the movies and stay all day.

JOYCE REED
BONNIE ARMSTRONG
Fargo, North Dakota

I am writing this in the hopes that it will find its way into print in your magazine and in this small way show our appreciation to Mr. Ronald Reagan for his recent visit to our town.

I might mention that Tell City, Indiana, is a relatively small town (about 7,000) located on the Ohio River, between Evansville, Indiana and Louisville, Kentucky. I don't think any of us ever dreamed that a Hollywood star would ever get to our town. So you can imagine how thrilled we were when Mr. Reagan spent one whole day here visiting at various organizations, the high school and the movie theatre.

I think that folks here have a better feeling toward Hollywood and the motion picture industry since hearing Mr. Reagan speak. As a good-will ambassador, he couldn't be beat for he met and talked with everyone in such an easy and friendly manner. What impressed us most was the fact that he seemed so genuinely glad to be in our town, visiting with us.

You can bet the folks in Tell City will not miss any of his pictures in the future.

META E. BENDER
Tell City, Indiana

Continued
revolution in lipstick

in a moment
every other lipstick will be
every other lipstick will be
old-fashioned

...glides on at a touch... yet stays on
twice as long as "long-lasting" lipsticks

Twice as long? Yes! Just put on Soft Touch and forget about it. No need to retouch—with Soft Touch. No messy smear... and so comfortable!
READERS INC...

I've been meaning to write you about your wonderful feature on Eleanor Parker. It's the most honest and best story I've read in your fine magazine—or perhaps I'm just prejudiced. Eleanor has been a very special favorite of mine ever since I saw her superb portrayal in "Caged." Since then, I have seen this beautiful and talented actress in thirteen other pictures. Now I am looking forward with anticipation to seeing her latest movie, "Interrupted Melody" and, from what I hear of her performance, it will be no surprise to me if she is nominated for an Academy Award next year. As far as Eleanor is concerned, Mr. Oscar is long overdue. Please feature Eleanor Parker more often in the future, and thank you again so very much for Changeable Lady.

CECIL BATSFORD
Verdun, Quebec, Canada

CASTING:

Of all the movies that have been taken from books, why doesn't someone make pictures of Frank Slaughter's books? Make them, that is, following the story in the book.

I recently read Mr. Slaughter's "Storm Haven," I think it would make a wonderful picture. In "Storm Haven," I would like to see Brian Keith as Christopher Clark; Susan Hayward as Valerie Storm; Philip Carey as Jason Brent; Rita Moreno as Elena; Hugh O'Brian as Randy and Leo Carrillo as Chico.

DORIS BALADON
Vancouver, Washington

Being a loyal fan since his first part in "City Across the River," I knew this boy had it in him. But after seeing "So This Is Paris," I am convinced. He can really trip the light fantastic. Tony Curtis—take a bow. You are the greatest!

BEVERLY KELLY
Catskill, New York

I have read so much about Tab Hunter and how he wanted to become an ice skater. I also read he was taking singing lessons. Why doesn't his studio star him in a musical about an ice skater?

ROSE ANN FRECHIANO
Brooklyn, New York

I have just read "Tap Roots," by James Street—a very exciting story. I feel it could make a great motion picture with cast as follows: Burt Lancaster as Keith Alexander; Rhonda Fleming as Morna Dubney; John Hodiak as Clay Marlow; Anne Francis as Aven Dubney; Pat Wayne as Bruce Dubney; Natalie Wood as Kyd; Craig Hill as Cormac Dubney; Ethel Waters as Dabby and Morris Ankrum as Tishomingo.

MARTIN TERRY
Farber, Missouri

If they decide to make Robert Anderson's "Tea and Sympathy" into a movie, I would like to see Robert Wagner as Tom Lee; Grace Kelly or Anne Baxter as Mrs. Reynolds; Richard Burton as Mr. Reynolds and John Derek as Al.

RAY OLIVE JACKSON
Brooklyn, New York

Thanks for your timely article in answer to a letter from Mrs. Leeper about her teenage daughter becoming disillusioned about her favorite star after reading one of those scandal sheets. We older and wiser-thinking folks take this sort of stuff with a grain of salt. Stars and other celebrities are human like the rest of us. I imagine it's a rare human being who doesn't have a little dirty linen he wouldn't want washed in public. But the scandal sheets are not sticking to the truth, because the truth would not make a story lurid enough to sell. So they build it up, exaggerate and distort it with sly insinuations and innuendoes, half-truth, composite pictures and misplaced captions, and thus accomplish their purpose, which is (admittedly) to destroy reputations.

What kind of people would engage in this vicious practice? In my opinion, only the lowest and most despicable kind of people. To capitalize on other people's heartaches—what could be more rotten and cruel?

Honest-thinking people should not buy these trashy publications. Why encourage those who think nothing of selling souls for a few dollars?

It's the most unspeakable and vicious kind of racket.

MRS. O. E. MCKINLEY
East Lynn, Massachusetts

To learn what damage gossip has done in Hollywood, read Photoplay's "Big Stories from Little Rumors Grow" on page 55 of this issue.—ED.

Oscar's overdue for Eleanor

The man for the part is Burt
I have just finished reading the book "Ethan Frome," and am convinced it would make a tremendous movie. I do not think it should be changed, but should be played exactly as it is written.

I suggest John Ireland or Robert Ryan for the part of Ethan; Barbara Stanwyck, Mercedes McCambridge or Merle Oberon as Zenobia, and Eva Marie Saint, Grace Kelly, or Mona Freeman as Mattie.

To top this cast, I suggest Elia Kazan as director. I'm sure it would make a very entertaining movie.

JANET FUCCI
New Haven, Connecticut

QUESTION BOX:

Could you please tell me why U.A. is filming the story of Alexander the Great in Spain, instead of Macedonia, Greece, where he came from?

GEORGE JIMAS
Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

U.A. releases films, does not produce them. Robert Rossen, author-producer-director of the movie, is filming it in Spain because Spanish scenery is reminiscent of Greece and Asia Minor; Spain has a well-established motion picture industry of its own—with facilities readily available to Mr. Rossen which were not available in Greece, Asia Minor or Yugoslavia—ED.

The facts about Jack Kelly

Could you please tell me the name of the good-looking actor who played Frank Carson, the reporter, in "Black Tuesday"? Although his part was small, my friends and I were impressed. Has he been in any other films and does he have any new ones coming out?

MARIE AMOROSO
Brooklyn, New York

Frank Carson was played by Jack Kelly, who has made a total of 18 films, the latest being "To Hell and Back" for U-I and "Terror in the Night" for Columbia. Jack was born September 26, 1927, in Astoria, Long Island, New York. He is 6'1" tall, has brown hair, brown eyes.—ED.

Is it true that Ben Cooper is going to marry Lee Sharon?

DONNA JUSE
Appleton Wisconsin

Ben's not saying—at the moment.—ED.

If you want to start a fan club or write to your favorite stars, address them in care of their studios (see back of book for list of studio addresses).—ED.

--'

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Rhonda Fleming. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—it Beautifies!

Rhonda Fleming starring in "TENNESSEE'S PARTNER"
Modern Lowboy in blond oak. Storage compartment opens at top; drawer in base. Model #2920. Also in Seafoam Mahogany, #2929; or in Charcoal Mahogany, #3247.

For trousseau collecting...or blanket protecting...

...a LANE is a girl's best friend

Just engaged—that's when you'll be glad you have a Lane. Because it's the gift that gathers gifts, you'll see how your Lane will fill with trousseau treasures—almost before your eyes. Each time you unlock your Lane, you'll be having a private preview of that fabulous future to come.

And when you have that dream home—that's when you'll find there's nothing like it for creating safe, convenient storage space. As for styling, a Lane is designed to add a gracious note to any room, complement any decor. Remember: one garment saved from moths can pay the cost of your Lane.

Lane is the ONLY pressure-tested, aromatight cedar chest. Made of 3/4 inch red cedar in accordance with U.S. Government recommendations, with a free moth protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept.Z, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

LANE Cedar Chests start at $49.95 Easy Terms

Over 100 styles and finishes • Also makers of Lane Tables
CHOOSE YOUR STARS

40 stars to select from.....
It takes all the breaks to create a star these days, some movie executives believe. The pressure's so great, they say, that a new player can't possibly make an impression unless he lands a top part in a top picture.

That might be true, if it weren't for you—you, the public. A fresh new talent or a striking personality can't be hidden from you. You seek out the stars of the future no matter how modestly they make their bids. Look what happened a few months ago when you saw Perry Lopez in "Battle Cry." He had only a little supporting role, but, in a flood of fan letters, you told Warners that the boy who played Spanish Joe deserved leading parts. Now Perry will get them.

The story of Tony Curtis began in the same way. Tony is among the important stars—Guy Madison, Edmund Purdom, Marlon Brando, Grace Kelly, Kim Novak, Jeff Chandler and many others—singled out by Photoplay's readers in earlier "Choose Your Stars" balloting.

Now it is time for you to choose the players who will make movie news in 1956. Photoplay has surveyed the whole field of young talent and nominated forty people—twenty girls, twenty men. As always, you are given simply the facts about these very able, very attractive young players. And, to keep everything completely fair, they are listed alpha-

SEE BALLOT ON PAGE 45
The final choice is up to you. Regardless of present standing, each of these personalities has a strong chance to lead the field next year. With important roles current or coming up, with the full confidence of their studios, they challenge the established favorites.

William Campbell: Recent pictures, “Man Without a Star,” “Cell 2455, Death Row”; next picture, “The Girl in the Cage.” Bill isn’t one of the pretty boys, nor does he want to be. He’s not a character actor, either, and he has no ambitions in that direction. His goal: to be an “actor’s actor,” like his idol and sponsor, Spencer Tracy. Since Bill is very good, very male, very bright—and has U-I’s firm backing—he stands a sharp chance.

Joan Collins: Current pictures, “Land of the Pharaohs,” “The Virgin Queen”; next picture, “The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing.” A sultry beauty of twenty-two with brown hair, green eyes and a voluptuous figure, this London import is under contract to 20th Century-Fox. In England, she started with a lead in her very first picture, followed by ten more, which finally brought her to Hollywood.

Ben Cooper: Recent picture, “The Eternal Sea”; current picture, “The Last Command.” Under contract to Republic, Ben has so far been limited to supporting roles, but his love scenes in “The Rose Tattoo” (on loan-out to Paramount) should do it for him. He’s been acting on stage, TV, radio and screen since the age of seven (he’s twenty-one now); he has a college education. The future for dark-haired, blue-eyed, bachelor Ben looks

Continued
Vote
Now!
keen, since he’s already won many fans.

**Ray Danton**: Recent picture, “The Looters”; next picture, “The Spoilers.” Tall, dark and handsome, with an exciting speaking voice, Ray has played heavies skillfully, now has a change of pace in “I’ll Cry Tomorrow,” with a nice guy role—and is even better. Julie Adams’ bridegroom is a happy soul with an excellent dramatic background and a solid U-I contract.

**Richard Egan**: Recent picture, “Underwater!”; current picture, “Seven Cities of Gold.” Despite Rich’s virile features, brawny physique and sonorous voice, it has taken him five years of bit roles and two years of leads to land at a top studio, 20th Century-Fox. Still, this has given him a chance to learn the acting game thoroughly. He’s unmarried, too, which adds to his boxoffice value.

**Anita Ekberg**: Debut picture, “Blood Alley.” John Wayne and his partner, Robert Fellows, have Anita under contract and they’ll first reveal her to the public in an unglamorous role, just to prove she can act. This is shrewd on their part, since blond, beautiful, sexy Anita has been widely publicized as a beauty-contest winner, fashion model and prime example of whistle-bait. This tall Swedish gal rates high.

**Taina Elg**: Recent picture, “The Prodigal”; next picture, “Diane.” Till now, M-G-M hasn’t played up this light-haired, green-eyed Finnish ballerina. But she stood out enough in “The Prodigal” to win a part in “Diane,” and she’s so good in “Diane” that she’ll be featured in “Gaby.” This movie has ballet sequences, so Taina may get a real chance to show her dancing ability. Happily married, she has a big career asset: Everybody at her studio is pulling for her.

**Marla English**: First lead, “Shield for Murder”; current film, “Desert Sands”; next, “Hell’s Horizon.” Marla has the face. She has the figure. Unmarried, she’s under contract to Paramount, which makes money loaning her out to other studios. But this twenty-year-old beauty, with sea blue eyes and ebony black hair, has been around quite a while without scoring a smash success. Will this be Marla’s year?

**Dianne Foster**: Recent picture, “The Violent Men”; current film, “The Kentucky.” Brown-eyed, chestnut-haired Diane of the saucy figure is a compelling dramatic actress. She’s done everything from Shakespeare in London to modeling in New York, plus TV and radio. Happily married, she now needs just a couple of big roles in top pictures to show off her talent, fire and ambition. Columbia has her.

**Kathryn Grant**: Recent picture, “5 Against the House”; next picture, “The Last Frontier.” Kathryn started winning beauty contests at seventeen and has won seven by now. She has a well-to-do family, a college education, Bing Crosby as a frequent escort and a Columbia contract. But she yearns to be a star in addition to all this. If drive can do it, Kathryn will get there.

**Tab Hunter**: Recent picture: “The Sea Chase”; next picture, not yet set. One look at Tab shatters the theory that a leading man has to be dark to be handsome. Tab couldn’t be more blond or more pleasing to the feminine eye, and he’ll work till he drops to make each of his film scenes as good as possible. At twenty-four, he dates a string of girls, falls in love with none, loves all sports, rates horseback riding the highest. He seems solidly established.

**Martha Hyer**: Current picture, “Francis in the Navy”; next picture, “Kiss of Fire.” Martha’s one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood—twenty-six, five feet six, 120 pounds, blond. She’s intelligent, too, though all her pictures so far have just called on her to be decorative. She’s worked at various studios without really clicking, but U-I now plans to give her career a real (Continued on page 101)

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**CHOOSE YOUR STARS**

*Continued*

Who will be the top young players of 1956? Your favorites need your vote to win

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**CAST YOUR BALLOT NOW!**

Send in your vote today for the male and female player you choose most likely to achieve stardom in the year 1956.

Fill in the names of the actor and actress you’ve chosen on the lines below. Paste this ballot on a two-cent postal card and mail to “Choose Your Stars,” Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. All ballots must be in the mail by October 15, 1955.

I CHOOSE: ___________________________ (actor) ___________________________ (actress)

YOUR NAME: ___________________________ AGE: ___________________________

ADDRESS: ___________________________ (Street) ___________________________

(City) (State) (Zip)
Sometimes, Rory decided, you have to take a stand and fight back at rumors in order to protect those you love.

Love in the Shadow

A woman's tears and prayers and... gave Rory the

Rory Calhoun will be seen next in "The Spoilers" and "Treasure of Pancho Villa".

This is the love story of a rugged, virile, sentimental Irishman and a beautiful, sensitive, loyal woman. It is a story that could have happened anywhere in the world, against any background. The fact that it happened against the glitter and glamour of show business has little to do with the story's purport. If Rory Calhoun had remained a forestry-service employee and Lita Baron had married a fire fighter, their life together would not differ notably in the essentials from that they live today in Hollywood.

It all began in 1943 when Isabelita Castro, billed briefly as "Isabelita," was singing with Xavier Cugat's band, which was making one-night appearances in key cities along the California coast.

Word of this musical boon reached far into the lettuce towns, into the cattle country and filtered through the timbered fastnesses of mountain forests. News reached a lookout station where several men, living behind binoculars, served their country by scanning the horizons for tendrils of tragic smoke. One man told his relief, "You lucky cuss; this is your Saturday night off. Gosh, what I wouldn't give to..." (Continued on page 103)
OF FEAR
unfailing faith
courage he needed to face a world
in judgment
If you want the whole truth, the very latest truth on what she's really like, here's a clue . . .

"all actors are a little nutty," says Grace Kelly

What's Grace Kelly really like? According to Hollywood, which tries to type-cast her, and to the press which publicizes her, the thing that is special about Grace is that she's a lady. While the studios approve—advertising this achievement as though it were a commodity—a number of writers seem quite unhappy about it. They look upon Grace's ladylike behavior as some sort of eccentricity and speak of "the lady kick" as though it were a new craze that would soon blow over. Even more amazing is what, according to these writers, a lady has come to mean these days.

Here is a partial list of adjectives that a variety of columnists and magazine writers have used to describe Grace—mainly because of her alarming habit of being a lady: fragile, frosty, cold, shy, haughty, withdrawn, austere, remote, patrician, high-hat, aloof and unemotional.

"I don't know what they're talking about," is Grace's only comment. She doesn't say it fragiley or frostily—just kind of puzzledly.

That by now everybody is kind of confused was proved last March at the motion picture Academy Award presentations. Genuine surprise was expressed that Marlon Brando, "The Slob," could wear an immaculate black tie with ease and speak like a gentleman. As for Grace, that "cold, (Continued on page 88)
The timid child has become a slick chick. But those fine new feathers aren’t...

The huge transatlantic plane, its snub nose pointed towards the friendly gates of Paris’ Orly Field, slowly released its travel-weary passengers. A slight figure, almost hidden by the massive folds of the sumptuous mink coat over her arm, hesitated at the top of the gangway, her large ink-blue eyes brimming with tears as she contemplated the first outposts of her beloved Paris. She descended the steps, slowly, with the elegant practiced movements of a dancer. A group of sharp-eyed photographers, scanning the throng with professional rapidity, looked at each other with puzzled expressions. That sophisticated glamorous creature, her hennaed red hair cropped close over her sensitive small face, couldn’t be the Leslie Caron they were waiting for! Where was the hoydenish, kittenish Lili, who had said goodbye to them.

Yesterday, a hoyden whose plight tore on the heartstrings.

Duckling into SWAN

BY BETH BRITTON
he only transformation in Leslie Caron

at the same airport a year before, dressed in a simple little dress, a scarf tied with careless negligence around her neck? Had the tale of “The Glass Slipper,” which Leslie so charmingly depicted on the screen, become a reality? Had the ugly duckling really been transformed into a raving beauty?

Suddenly, the noted film director Jean Renoir, who had been standing in the group of expectant press, cried out “C'est elle, c'est Leslie.” That cry precipitated a mad rush as the lensmen raced to record Leslie’s arrival in her native land, while Renoir hastened to greet the little French girl who had unhesitatingly bid “au revoir” to Hollywood for five months in order to act in his first play in Paris. Across the wooden barrier of the customs lane, Leslie fell into his arms, her (Continued on page 96)

Jean Renoir met Leslie three years ago—his play “Orvet,” is result. “Her gifts are tremendous!”

Today, a sophisticated woman of the world, with no time for tears. “In ‘Daddy Long Legs,’” says Leslie, “I am a happy person”
Bringing Up Baby

BY HELEN LIMKE

There are two rumors circulating around Hollywood these days about Charlton Heston. One is that Chuck was very upset when Lydia, his wife, informed him he was to become a father. The other is that the day young Fray, his son, was born, Heston was so nervous he appeared on the set of "The Private War of Major Benson" wearing his shoes on the wrong feet. Charlton Heston, here and now, would like to deny both rumors. On the other hand, Lydia would like to confirm them—at least the first one.

"Charlton, upset?" she says. "Why he was positively frightened when I told him. He kept insisting he couldn't do it."

"That," announced Mr. Heston in dignified tones, "is a dastardly lie. I was always utterly confident I could become (Continued on page 113)"

Charlton is in "The Private War of Major Benson," "Lucy Gallant" and "The Ten Commandments"
The poison gas of gossip has caused more heartache, ruined more reputations, jeopardized more careers than anything else in Hollywood. This is how some of those “true” stories start.
BY BEVERLY OTT

To this day they tell the story around Hollywood about the man who got away. His name's Rock Hudson, and he walked away from one of Hollywood's most beautiful and sought after starlets. Few know the reason why, and those who know Rock only slightly still shake their heads in bewilderment over the incident, although he has long since been dating Phyllis Gates.

The party had been in full swing when Rock strolled through the doorway. He'd arrived alone. However, it wasn't long before the lovely young starlet had captured his attention and the two were deep in discussion.

Now Rock is known as one of Hollywood's best listeners. And, for a while, he listened as the girl took charge of the conversation. At first, guests noted, he seemed charmed by her. But as the evening progressed, he began to appear embarrassed. Finally, he excused himself, murmuring something about having to go right home and study a script. He

Marilyn Monroe stopped by the ladies room to powder her nose. But after one earful, she took a powder!


No one in Hollywood is more cooperative with his fans than Alan Ladd. Yet idle chatter once made him the villain in a newspaper editorial—almost cost him his movie career!

Continued
BIG STORIES FROM LITTLE RUMORS

Continued

departed, alone, to the dismay of many matchmakers.

The girl was perplexed, too. In fact, she wasted no time in bemoaning the fact that never before had she competed with a movie script and lost. “You were talking a mile a minute,” offered one of her friends in an attempt to diagnose the situation. “Maybe you were on the wrong subject. A lot of actors I’ve met like all the conversation to be about themselves!”

“Well, I wasn’t talking about him,” admitted the starlet. “But then I wasn’t talking about me, either. First we talked about the movie industry, then I was telling him what I’d heard about. . . .” She named a prominent filmland couple.

After that, she named another star and still another. And she never realized that as far as Rock was concerned she was naming her own poison.

“I probably should have set her straight,” a chum of Rock’s, also at the party, said later. “But Rock might not have liked it. He believes in the saying, ‘If you can’t be kind, be quiet,’ and for this doll the truth wouldn’t have been so kind!”

A girl may be beautiful. She may be charming. However, it’s Rock’s opinion that both beauty and charm evaporate with the first rush of vicious or thoughtless chatter. And at that point, Hudson is good at disappearing—politely, but forever—with no intention of returning.

“Gossiping is an easy trap to fall into,” he’ll tell you, if asked. “Talk that can seem so harmless can be so deadly. I certainly admire any girl who thinks to watch her words.”

Perhaps you heard the story only yesterday. True? False? You’re not certain. Yet it’s an item worth passing along. But is it really worth it? “Is it worth the worry you’ll be causing others?” asks Bob Wagner. “Is it worth the loss of friends’ trust? Perhaps the eventual loss of your own self-respect?”

In the end, R. J. believes that the spreading of rumors destroys the gossip’s own good name as surely as she injures the persons she whispers about. The habit’s been known to send romance on
The way Terry Moore spiked the rumors about romance with Johnnie Ray proved she'd learned how to handle the gossips.

The victim of unfair gossip, Lamas might never have won the lady of his choice if Dahl had listened to rumors.

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis might never have been married if they hadn't recognized the danger of loose talk in time.

**GROW**

the rocks, too. "Every man likes a girl he can trust, one in whom he can confide," says Bob.

He speaks from his own experience, and from that of a friend who suddenly stopped paying (Continued on page 131)


James and Pamela Mason, no longer able to see any humor in the fantastic stories about them, nipped them legally!
Faith, patience and a quiet courage have paid off for Anne Francis, the girl Hollywood once called . . .

HARD - LUCK

BY ELIZABETH WISE

On Wednesday, April 6, 1955, Anne Francis took the witness stand in a Santa Monica courtroom to ask for a divorce from Bam Price, on the grounds of mental cruelty. "My husband would not allow me to have a maid or a cleaning woman during the entire period of our marriage," she testified. "He felt that it was important for my character to keep house and organize my home. However, during this period I was working from December, Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-three, to December, Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-four; I did seven films. This entailed twelve hours of work—at least—on the set each day."

Her voice was even, but her eyes were unhappy. "I was unable to keep up the home," she went on. "I was found fault with because I was not able to do this. I was told that I was inadequate as to keeping the home and I was never able to catch up with the work. As a result, life at home was in a state of confusion, upset and frustration."

At the conclusion of the trial, Anne slipped from the room. The decree was to be entered. Her former name, Anne Francis, was (Continued on page 94)
Anne's next picture is "The Scarlet Coat"

ANNE

"It isn't easy to hold back a flood of self-pity ..." She found work helped. Here with Glenn Ford
Touring Army camps with “To Hell and Back,” Audie said, “This isn’t my story; it’s the Infantry’s. I hope they like it”

He’s licked his private problem and found his place in the world. But he had to go to hell and back—and win two wars to get there!

A war hero, a modest young Texan with a baby face and cool, gray-green eyes sat squirming on a platform in the home-town square. Squirming and uncomfortable while the bands played, crowds cheered and perspiring orator after orator eulogized him.

Home was the hero—and Farmsville, Texas was determined to do him proud. Audie Murphy had every decoration for valor his country could give in one war. But he wasn’t through fighting. Not yet.

He’d made the round trip—to hell and return. How he came back, he would never know. But ahead was another kind of enemy.

Life, as he’d known it, was poverty. Desertion by a father he never again wanted to see. Quitting school to work and help feed a brood of younger brothers and sisters. And losing the one human being really close to him, the one who should have been there this day, a weary, gentle woman whose dark eyes used to shine with her pride and faith in him.

“If only Audie had a chance, he’d really make something of himself someday. I know Continued

Son Terry has small part in “Hell and Back.” “He’s rebellious like me”

“I don’t take chances anymore. The stakes are higher when you’ve kids”

“Pam and I had some rough spots in our marriage, but they’re behind us”
he would," his mother, Josie Murphy, used to say. She didn't live to see that faith fulfilled. But she had known any-
way.

Audie had cried unashamedly three days when she died. And he'd sworn then never in this life to cry again. It was a long time before he could.

Back from the war, he could have used some of his mother's faith. To Audie, who'd been living one hill at a time, life still seemed a very temporary thing. He'd made no postwar plans. His one thought of going to West Point had died with that last shell—with the hip wound and the gangrene that later set in. Other than war, his experience was farming and repairing radios. So when Hollywood, attracted by his war record, his handsome baby face and the attendant publicity, summoned him to be an actor—as incongruous as it seemed to him—Audie went along.

"It seemed so funny, I hadn't even seen many movies. Me—going to Holly-
wood." But he was a gambler, and the way he figured it then, he had nothing—or next to nothing—that he could possibly lose. So why not take a big gamble?

He was almost wrong. For during those first struggling years, he lost the little faith that remained, the little hope he had. As he knows now, "In this life—hell is where you find it." As he had already suspected, life can produce more than its share. It comes in all shapes and sizes—in loneliness, insecurity, the restless search for something to live for. For something, for somebody to believe in, for somewhere to belong, in learning how to go with life instead of against it.

Today, ten years later, life is no long-
er Audie Murphy's enemy. Today he can laugh, and he laughs often. He can cry, and in "To Hell and Back" he does cry again. Today he's alive. He can feel again. And life is no longer a temporary arrangement to him.

He's found something to live for, Audie says now, with a loving look for three-year-old Terry and for Skipper's black curly head, as his youngest tod-
ddles shakily around the den at home. Today he has a more relaxed philoso-
phy for living. And for all his decora-
tions, he can accept small defeats on the home front like a man and a father.

"Terry, don't tie up your baby broth-
er," Audie will entreat, rescuing Skip-
per from the noose just in time. And observing his German Shepherd dog playfully tossing a swatch of something khaki about, say mildly, "Pam—Ran-
ger's got my gloves again—or else he's grabbed the gardener."

But he's no less brave, civvies pink sports shirt and all. He's a far different Audie from the restless one who used to burn up the highways to drive away his insomnia, who used to keep Highway 80 hot commuting between Texas and Hollywood, who still took unbelievable chances and to whom life meant so little.

As Audie says, "The stakes are a lot higher when you're married and have children than when you're footloose and fancy-free. I don't take chances anymore. And that's been the hardest thing for me to learn— not to accept every challenge that comes along. I got away with a lot of things during the war. I could justify the chances I took then. But I couldn't justify them in civilian life now."

"Until now, I never could resist taking a chance. If anyone said, 'This can't be done,' I wanted to be the one to do it immediately. But children and re-
sponsibilities make you lose your guts. Or maybe I should say you gain the right kind of courage," Audie adds quietly.

"Another thing, I don't drive like a maniac anymore. The most dangerous thing I do now, believe me, is endeavoring to get home alive in that freeway traffic every night. And you'll never guess where I got this," he grins, of a sprained thumb, "fighting a losing battle with a revolving door."

Yes, he's another Audie, a younger Audie, than the lonely restless Joe you used to meet at a small cafe on Holly-
wood Boulevard for coffee and to ex-
change a few words about Texas. Pretty heartbreaking then, seeing one who de-
served so much from life, taking so much on his granite chin.

He'd come to Hollywood at a time when the whole world, it seemed, wanted to forget war. Agreements made with him were broken again and again. Pictures promised him were never made. He got offers for advertising tie-ins and publicity-package deals from those who wanted to cash in on his medals, but Audie wouldn't commercialize on his war record at all. He skinned by on his $86 pension some of the time. He was still living life one hill at a time. And the way he drove an automobile didn't promise to lengthen it.

Seeing Audie now so healthy, so alive and in such rugged shape for his prize-fighter (Continued on page 108)
Continental Charmer

Rossano Brazzi's proving that the quickest way to a girl's heart is not with a T-shirt but with a little romance

BY ED MEYERSON

- He was Italian and he was polite. "No, no," he insisted, "there is no great difference between your people and mine. In Paris, England, Germany—yes, there I see a difference. But Americans and Italians—and Spaniards, too, I think—we are very much the same."

He was in America; he had been here before. And as he strolled the busy streets of Manhattan, he marveled at all the wonders to be found in the biggest city in the world. The rest of humanity kept whizzing by on a treadmill.

Suddenly, the stranger stopped in his tracks—and pedestrians piled up behind him like racing cars on a speedway. He smiled, shaking his head in sad incredulity. "I walk on the street here," he said. "Honestly, I get tired myself just watching the people rush."

He had stopped, however, not to rest but to develop the notion that had just occurred to him.

"I think perhaps the main difference (Continued on page 92)
RITA MORENO wants a man as music-mad as she is. Her heart beats to the crazy rhythm of Brando's bongo drums.
Stage A Manhunt!

Take to the hills, men! These lonesome lovelies are on the prowl, with matrimony on their minds.

"I want to marry, but I haven't found the right man yet," mused Debra Paget when I asked her why she's a bachelor girl. And this is exactly the same answer I received from a dozen other Hollywood glamour pussies when I posed the same question. Not one of them wants to stay single. They hate to live alone and they don't like it, each and every one assured me. But the problem is: where to find the right guy?

Most girls have some idea of what they're looking for in a husband. Sometimes the list of qualifications stretches from here to the ridiculous; at other times it dwindles to the one word "Man." But it's been my experience that no man measures up to any set of rules and regulations a woman makes for him, and when a girl falls in love, it doesn't matter. She'll think he's everything she's been looking for—because, of course, love has a way of ruining 20-20 vision.

To go back to Debra—she is one girl who is very definite about what she wants. "I have no intention of falling in love with anyone who cannot give me the very best in life—and that includes material things."

My theory is simple: It's as easy to fall in love with a rich man as it is with a poor man, and much more comfortable.

"When I do fall in love, you'll know that (Continued on page 90)

PER LAURIE mourns, "I haven't found the right man." Can Corporal Schine change this redhead's mind for her?

CHARLOTTE AUSTIN, a real show-business baby, keeps a hopeful lookout for a man who'll share her zest for life.

MARY MURPHY has been playing a waiting game. Time will tell whether she's to be the second Mrs. Dale Robertson.
WHAT SHE GOES FOR SHE GETS!

Long ago, Mitzi wished upon a star, but being Mitzi, she didn’t leave it all up to magic.

BY DEE PHILLIPS

“A tiny brown-haired little girl bounced up to the boxoffice of the Greenwich, a neighborhood theatre, plunked down her money and took her ticket.

“What again?” kidded the usher. “You just saw the picture yesterday—twice!”

“I’ve seen it seven times already,” she answered and hurriedly disappeared into the darkened theatre into her dreamworld of motion pictures. The picture was “Lady Eve.” Her adored idol was Barbara Stanwyck. The year was 1939 and the little girl, Mitzi Gaynor. As she danced out of the theatre later that afternoon, after sitting through two performances, she vowed solemnly that someday she would play the part of Lady Eve. (Continued on page 100)
A long-time bachelor, it didn't take Jimmy long to propose once he met Gloria. They think alike—have chess-players' minds.

He goes for jigsaw puzzles, hates to talk, has filing systems for everything short of his socks. But if you ask him what he did yesterday his mind freezes up!

One of the peculiarities of Hollywood casting is that players called on to portray famous contemporary figures frequently bear no resemblance whatever—either external or in temperament—to their subjects. This, however, is quite definitely not the case with the man who will bring to the screen what is perhaps the most enviable role of the decade—that of General Charles Lindbergh.

Lindbergh reportedly is a methodical man. So, in spades, is forty-six-year-old James Stewart, who maintains filing systems for everything short of his socks.

Lindbergh, despite the awesome depth of his fame,
seldom makes news of the sort that sends managing editors scurrying for the scare-head type. Neither does Stewart, whose most spectacular utterance during a recent session with the press was the disclosure that his thirty-five-year-old house was beset by termites.

Lindbergh can take public contact or leave it alone, and leans somewhat to the latter. So does Stewart. But there is no confusion in the mind of either man on the point that public contact is part of their business.

And it is here that a dissimilarity sets in. In this respect, Stewart is by far the more mellow and graceful of the two. There is reason to (Continued on page 115)
At your
Ben Franklin and Scott stores

Your most personal accessories

NEW DESIGN MODESS
...with whisper-soft fabric covering

Now New Design Modess has a luxurious fabric covering... smoother, stronger, more absorbent than gauze... so whisper-soft it can't chafe ever. Regular, Junior and Super sizes.

BOX OF 12... 39c / 2 FOR 77c
BOX OF 48... $1.49 / 2 FOR $2.93

MEDS TAMPONS
... for five days of new freedom

Everyday is just like every other day of the month for women who have discovered Meds®... the safer, softer tampon. In Junior, Regular and Super absorbencies.

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...cosmetic squares for 101 beauty uses

Coets, handy squares of finest cotton, are perfect for removing nail polish, make-up and creams... for putting on powder, lotion and astringents... for dozens of other good-grooming uses.

BOX OF 40... 23c / 2 FOR 45c

BEN FRANKLIN STORES
SCOTT STORES

Butler Brothers
HEADQUARTERS IN CHICAGO
knits make news

The knit look, formerly reserved for the sweater lover, has blossomed out as a full-fledged fashion. There's big news in tweed with a hand-knit look, nubby jersey, bulky knits, ribbed accents at collar and cuffs. Newly important—the well-knit sweater in two-ply or luxury fur-blended yarns; sweaters teamed with matching knit skirts. Biggest boom—cotton knits, real fashion on a shoestring

Continued


knits make news

continued

Tweed Takes a Ribbing: Below center, Sheree North's pair of separates interpreted in black and white tweed checks. Rib-knit V yoke and sleeves spark the middy, side box pleats, the skirt. Also brown and white. Sizes 10-18. By Sporteens. Each, about $9


For Where to Buy knit fashions turn to page 99
knits make news
continued

The Variable Sweater: Above, the newly feminized polo shirt, worn open-throated, as on Barbara Rush, or trimly closed. In downy lambswool. The colors—pastel pink, blue, white and dusky tones. By Hadley. About $14. Top center, Betsy Palmer in a snowy white pull-over of lofty two-ply Orlon knitted for bulk, with raglan shoulder, a ribbed, high-riding neck. Sizes 34-40. Sidney Gould. $10.95. Top right, black, carried to its natural conclusion in a classic sweater—here, an easy longish version, its V neck left bare except for Betsy’s flash of gold. By Colebrook. About $9. Right, a deeply ribbed cowl neckline to frame the face (here, Sheree North’s) on a periwinkle pull-over made in a kitten’s ear mix of lambswool, fur, nylon. 34-40. Tiah-U-Knit. About $8.

For Where to Buy knit fashions turn to page 99
Wouldn't you like to feel like a pampered darling? Let Lovable support you—it costs precious little to own a bra wardrobe of luscious Ringlet beauties.

**Left:** For after five... Ringlet in embroidered nylon with wondrous Nyl-O-Form support. Seven jewel colors. $2.00.

**Center:** For your active life... Ringlet-Action with s-t-r-e-t-c-h-y non-shrink dacron lastex in the bands, sides, back. Feel free as a breeze! Cotton, dacron. $2.50.

**Right:** For daytime, anytime... Ringlet classic, spiral-stitched for alluring contour. Cotton. $1.50.

The Lovable Brassiere Co. • 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16 • Also in Canada.

IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE
BY CHRIS DAGGETT

New! Advance news on what's spinning in the platter field.

Whether you roll with Rock 'n' Roll or relax with Rimski-Korsakov, we have news for you!


Be you sixteen or sixty, this column is for people with young ideas in music. Whether you're the teenager who likes her music with a beat (at full volume, natch) or the oldster with a more conservative taste, this column is designed for you.

Facts and New Faces

A new kind of music called progressive jazz is being adopted by people of all ages. Actually, this kind of music has been around for a long time with c.g. (current generation) just beginning to discover its possibilities. Stu Kenton, one of the originators (we mean controversial figure) in this field has an album out now for Capitol called "C of Glass." Kenton fans hail his music as something exciting and progressive. Those who disagree feel his concepts are too "noisy" for them to follow.

Another artist in this field, Dave Brubeck (Columbia) has done a magnificent job on his new album, "Brubeck Time." Along with Dave on piano...
Desmond hit play. Ill.
We’ve got news for you—any way you figure it, this year’s fashions (see pages 73-76) practically demand a trim and whistle-slick you. Aiding and abetting the smart lean line is a new lighter-than-air girdle in a downy blend of soft cotton and latex, giving all-way stretch with firmness, and no bones or seams to mar the line. Its breathing suede-like finish slips on and off easily. Happy addition: the there-to-stay reinforced garters. Here’s the shortest route we know to molding your figure effortlessly. Extra-small to extra large. White, pink. Playtex. $4.95. Above, new black version of the Playtex Living bra, lifting and rounding the bosom to fashion’s high line. Embroidered nylon cups with figure-hugging elastic back and sides, a deep V plunge for soft separation. Sizes 32A to 40C. $3.95

Available at fine shops and department stores everywhere

news for your figure

A smooth new shape doesn’t take a lot of figuring with wonder-workers like these
Il hit, "Razzle Dazzle" (Decca). The new "Cuts" those popular young men on Mercury label, have one even better than their recording of "A Story Told," called "Gum Drop." The flip side is "Present Arms," a song with a dixie set of lyrics. Eleven years ago, a May Morse made a recording titled "House of Blue Light" for a company, Capitol records. Last summer, Chuck Miller made this same oldie-wogie hit for Mercury, also his hit release. If you like jazz classics, this one. Strictly for laughs is Pearl Bailey's recording of "What Happened the Hair (on the Head of the Man Love)," written by Steve Allen and recorded for Coral. Jaye P. Morgan continues to turn out consistently good hits for RCA Victor. Her last one is her Longest Walk" and a good rendition of an oldie "Swanee." Marion Arlowe has a first release for Cadence, "The Man in the Raincoat." For RCA, "Broken-Hearted Girl," by the Mil-Bros. For 4 Star, are good sides for use of you who like Western music. He sera, Sera" has given Ronnie York a chance to show what he can from a serious ballad. A one time leading star for Mercury, Ronnie has switched to the Wing label. Eddie Fisher's recording of "Song of a Sailor" (RCA Victor) is Vieing for popularity with Johnnie Ray's slice of classics.

Your Collection: if you have all ten, you're hep. If you have eight, you're learning. If you have only six, your living room must be a busy, minus that panel of dancing in.

Rusty Draper's recording of "Sennen" for Mercury. A short dissertation that tender young age of.

"Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing," a beautiful ballad sung by The Four Eagles for Decca.

David Whitfield is still belting it out in his inimitable style with "Mama," "Lady of Madrid" for London.

Chalk up another big one for Perry Como. His "Tina Marie" and "Foiled" for RCA Victor.

Theresa Brewer, the little girl with big voice, "How To Be Very, Very Cool" (Coral).

"The Moment I Saw You" and here Is That Someone For Me?" recorded for MGM, sung to the hilt by Jim James, "Domani" and "Mama Rosa," two by Julius LaRosa (Cadence).

Not as a Stranger" for Capitol, by Al Sinatra, from the picture.

"The Cheat" and "I Hear Those Bells" for Mercury by Dinah Washington.

Pat Boone's recording of "Ain't It a shame" for Dot, it'll be a shame if they don't buy this one.

See me care of Photoplay if you want formation on any of your favorites in this inn. Sorry, no personal replies.

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How important is it to belong to a sorority? Janet Leigh and others speak from their own experiences on this highly controversial subject.
to be a SORORITY GIRL

BY JUNE CLARK

Why should I let it make a difference?” asked one dark-haired girl. Then she half-whispered the answer. “They didn’t want it.”

Today, that coed is a famous movie star. You know her; you’ve seen her many times. She’s beautiful and charming and the fact that she could ever have felt unwanted would seem impossible to you. However, she has never forgotten that early disappointment. “I thought my life was over,” she says now. “At that age, it was a terrible blow. I wanted to run as far away as I could go. Yet, I made myself stay in college, and the experience forced me to do a great deal of growing. I took stock of myself—not only my shortcomings. To salvage my pride, I had to look for the good qualities beneath an uncertain surface. I had to develop self-confidence.

(Continued on page 86)
"Unless a girl's got two heads," says pert Pat Crowley, "it's important to have a hairdo that can switch quickly from a loose, casual look to something more dressed up and formal."

Pat's versatile hairdo was designed for her by Joan St. Oegger, Universal-International Studio's head hair stylist, to convert from plain to fancy with just a flick of the hairbrush. If you think you're handy with the scissors, and are accustomed to rolling your own curls, you might copy it for yourself. If in doubt, you'd do better to put these directions—and your faith—in the hands of your favorite hairdresser.

**Cutting:** Top lock is two and a half inches long; crown and sides graduate from there to four inches; back graduates from two inches behind ears, to one inch at nape of neck. Taper ends; do not cut bluntly.

**Setting:** Part hair on left side and follow sketches and directions above. Make all pin curls large and loose, with exception of one row of small, tight curls at nape of neck.

**Combing:** For casual look, brush left side back and down from part, then forward over ear; right side, toward face. Brush top lock down toward right side and press into a soft wave. For dress-up: Brush top lock and left side smoothly around head to blend with right side and form a crisp ruffle of curls.

**How Pat Crowley rules her waves**

BY HARRIET SEGMAN
Have you ever wondered what makes a chick lick on a date? Well, speaking frankly, it's all about the guy. For most fellows, the success of a date begins with the invitation. A hearty reply, even if negative, is appreciated. No coyness, just tact, is all a guy asks—and a little enthusiasm. If, if you get a bid for a date the afternoon of the evening, you've a right to frown and pull your feminine prerogative. But that's different. Once you've accepted a date, don't go spreading the news all over town. Boys hate gossip. And if he sets the time for Sat., he's ready. It's pretty grim for a guy to have to sit, surrounded by your family, and wait for you to finish dressing. Incidentally, it's not a bad idea to drop dad a hint about your date's interests so the two will have something to talk about. And if he should arrive late and you get an apology, accept it—no lectures, please! Some girls, it seems to me, worry more about what they're going to wear than what they're going to talk about (see later). Dress usually, wear make-up naturally, look eat—and any boy will be pleased to be seen with you. No sophistication for me, please. And that means in dress and actions. I like a girl who's willing to brave a little wind and rain in her hair, who can relax and have fun on a budget date as well as on a prom-night spree and who'll keep her comb and make-up out of my pockets!

Some things can make a date fizzle fast—like when a girl boasts of her many boy friends or lampoons another girl, or when she gives a line or insists upon livening up the party. I also feel that when I'm on a date, my time is hers. But there are times when a fellow must be attentive to others. A girl should understand this. The quickest way to scare off a guy is to be a clinging vine.

Exactly what makes a date click? It's hard to tell. But for me, it's kind of being in tune, of sharing talk about music or movies, history or careers. Being with a girl should be fun, and it is when a girl has hobbies, interests and points of view—not only on what's new, but on important subjects like delinquency, politics, modern art. Such a girl, take it from me, will never be without a date—not if I'm around!
03 Knit a shrug to toss over everything. Fast and easy pattern stitch trimmed with ribbing. Easy-to-follow knitting directions. Misses’ sizes 32-34; 36-38 included.

7239 Teach youngsters to pick up, put clothes away. Use gay scraps for this clown p. j. bag. Into the slit in his tummy go the children’s pajamas every morning! Pattern pieces, cutting guides, directions.

7358 Pattern-ful of potholders—all different, gay, easy to make. Use colorful scraps, bright thread. Seven potholders in pattern. Directions, embroidery transfer.

7025 Combine dainty filet with regular crochet—make this new doily or centerpiece! Use No. 30 mercerized cotton for 22-inch doily; No. 50 for smaller; bedspread cotton for larger. Crochet directions included.

7173 Use remnants of checks or plaid 'n' plaid for this crisp school dress. Easy to sew, jiffy to embroider. Children’s sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Pattern parts, embroidery transfer, State size.

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PhotoPlay, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send extra twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalog.

“...If I had been accepted, I might have been content. I’m certain I wouldn’t have tried as hard for my present success. And I might never have made it.”

This actress was not alone in her feeling of rejection. Each year throughout the country, in high schools as well as college thousands of young girls find themselves facing a similar problem. It’s difficult for a girl to be objective about her matter, to stand back and ask herself, is it really so important? Of course, I was to enjoy group friendships, but am I the kind of person who must run with the herd to be happy? Will it be this way for the rest of my life?”

The high-school age is an impressionable one. It’s important to belong, to conform. If you’re different, you run the risk of being a “creep” type. When a girl goes away to college, more often than not she leaves her home and friends for the first time to have a look at the outside world and to learn to live in it. She, too, wants to belong. Because of the emphasis placed upon the cliques and clubs, many students come to feel that there are but two groups in their society: the some bodies and nobodies. The wanted, the un-wanted.

Many educational authorities have tried time after time, to abolish the sorority system. They’ve taken the stand in sincere belief that the injury to the rejected girl’s self-respect is too serious that it can ruin her school life. Still, other quarters, the cheers for clubs as sororities are strong. And the controversy goes on.

Hollywood is as close to this problem as any other community. It has left its mark upon members of the motion-picture industry, too.

A great many stars have “been there, so to speak.” Take a girl named Elizabeth Jean Peters, for instance. She attended the University of Michigan at Ohio State. She participated in rushing activities, made casual conversation over considerable cups of tea. Then she watched while freshmen were carefully eliminated as the rushing program progressed. She were the shy girls, noted, the ones who needed the assurance of acceptance. There were girls who lack a polished appearance, girls who had find work between classes to help pay t initiation fee but still wanted desperately to belong. She saw their frantic face the disappointment that couldn’t be hidden. “Can this be right?” she asked herself. And to Elizabeth Jean, the one honest reply seemed to be, “No.”

She chose to be a non-sorority girl, member of the campus independent group. Ironically enough, when a college beauty contest was launched, her group staunchly backed her against sorority contestants and she won the crown. She also won film contract and went to Hollywood where, as Jean Peters, she is current starring in “Man Called Peter.”

On the other hand, the pretty little freshman who attended her first rush at the College of the Pacific. Her name was Jeanette Morrison, now known Janet Leigh, and she wanted very badly to become an Alpha Theta Tau.

A reception committee met Jeanette at the door of the sorority house when they all trouped in for the initial tea. “How are you?” one of the girls asked pleasantly.

“I’m so nervous I don’t know what I’m doing,” blurted Jeanette, before she could stop the words. Then she looked around for a corner where she could...
high style holdup
—THE SUSPENDER SKIRT

- Ready to swing into fall, the suspender skirt stands out as a bright new fashion. Vying for honors, two silhouettes seen here—the softly flared, free-swinging skirt and the slender sheath with walking pleat at center back. Both are fashionably rigged with eye-catching detachable suspenders, crossed in back and buttoned with tabs to a smart new line—the high-riding front waistband that whittles your middle to a minimum. A zipper closing is fitted in center back. This sew-easy fashion shapes up quick as a wink in wool plaid or flannel. In waist sizes 23-30 inches. For waist size 26, the left view takes 2½ yards of 42" fabric. But allow an additional ¼ yard for matching even plaid (yardage does not allow for matching uneven plaid). Same size in the right view takes 1½ yards of 44" fabric. The blouse is not included.

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"All Actors Are a Little Nutty"

(Continued from page 48)

unemotional lady"—she ruined everything by "crying like a baby." And for the fifty-five million viewers who watched the Academy Award ceremonies on television, the Academy Award ceremony itself was a rush, a real revelation. They generally agreed that Grace looked "like a real lady" when she stepped onto the stage of Hollywood's Pantages Theatre. And when she started to move, they agreed that here was a very real, very warm human being—a person of instinctive grace who could be beautiful, even in her tears. And Grace's own account of what happened that night more than bears them out.

"I didn't get home from work until five," she recalls, "and I had to change into my costume by five-thirty. I took a skirt from here and a top from there and Edith put them all together. I have perfect confidence in Edith. You're not a woman, so you don't know what it means to go for a costume, but she did it all on my dummy at the studio.

"I was wearing a dress designed by Edith Head, Paramount designer, credit. She said I wanted something blue, and she sent me this design. It took a skirt from here and a top from there and Edith put them all together. I have perfect confidence in Edith. You're not a woman, so you don't know what it means to go for a costume, but she did it all on my dummy at the studio.

"Of course," she smiles, "I did complain a little bit. But in case they had to call on me.

"At the theatre," she continues, "I just sat there thinking: Judy's going to get it. I'm just beefing up my record so it won't mean anything. But then, I had a sudden panic. What if it's me? What if they mean what they say Judy Garland, and I think it's me and stand up. Wouldn't it be embarrassing? And then, suddenly, I thought that everyone was turning to look at me. I thought they were just turning to see how I was reacting that Judy had won, because I hadn't heard my name being called. But then, I did hear the name of the picture, 'The Country Girl.'"

"I don't remember how I got up onto the stage, but I remember telling myself: 'Now you mustn't trip because that's what brought Mary Martin down. You've really got to do something.' And, somehow, I must have made it, because I was being handed the statuette. I still haven't the least idea what I said or how I ever managed to say it."

"I don't remember having the same experience. Later, he asked me: 'Had I prepared a speech?' I told him I had but then decided not to use it. He said that he had, too.

"It was Edith who gave me the biggest laugh of the evening. We were driving to the party at Romanoff's afterwards, when she turned to me and—'You know,' she said, 'you're not nearly as impossible on the back as you were going.'"

Grace's story of the Awards is merely proof of what everyone who knows her or has worked with her has always claimed: that the lady tag has served to hide from the public a truly delightful person with a sense of fun and a sense of humor—particularly when the joke's on herself.

The real confusion about Grace is the confusion of how to handle her screen personality rather than acting ability and frequently harks back to the old days when stars were publicized as having the same kind of background. Grace has most of Grace's motion-picture roles have been lady parts and in private life she is the daughter of wealthy Philadelphians, it was inevitable that Grace be considered to be a deb and a conventional actress.

There's a difference, however, and it's one of emphasis. Grace is not a lady who just happened to take up acting as a lark. She is the daughter of well-to-do young actress who just happens to be a lady.

"And let's face it," Grace is quick to add, "all actors are a little nutty."

Her remark was followed by a sigh, in much the same way that a star would in the same way that a star would in the same way that a star would in the same way that a star would in the same way.
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he is wealthy enough to do more for me than I can do for myself. And I've acquired several posses- sions for a girl my age—a lovely home, a pool, the best of cars, clothes, jewels and furs. So my knight had better be wearing 14-carat armor.

Then she added, emphatically: "I've never been in love, but when I do fall, the fellow won't have a chance." Judging from the way she said it, I believe her.

Who's the lucky man who will win the marriage for which Grace is so anxious? Not the cool, collected blond from Philadelphia, Grace Kelly? That's a major question whenever more than two people get together, but who ever talked about Poole and the talk turns to conjecture on who's going to marry whom.

"The key to Grace is her deep sense of propriety in public," a close friend of hers told me, "and I think that's the answer for the Romeo who'll eventually melt that frigid reserve of hers." But that reserve certainly melted, didn't it, beneath the hot sun of Riviera? Or did you see those longshot photographs of our Gracie nibbling the fingers off Frenchman Jean Pierre Aumont when she thought they were a zillion miles away from a camera? "I don't tell you what she wants in a man," a girl who's worked with her confided, "but I can tell you what she doesn't want. She can't tolerate men who have dim standards, who have no place in life. Grace prefers a man of great determination and integrity. She won't compromise. Men who go overboard for her, without holding anything back, aren't her cup of tea either. She prefers men who are hard to get." And, she concluded, "no man is ever going to leave her completely breathless for too long a period. She gets tired of a man fast and under no circumstances will she ever throw caution to the wind. She commands her emotions like a top sergeant commands his rookies."

And yet, at one time, it certainly looked as though Gia Cassini had won her. In fact, she tried to set the Fair family on Oleg's good husband-material, but they weren't buying. His fascination for Grace was explained thus: "He has great goss and poor taste. He is so posh that it intrigu- ed her. He amused and entertained her, and, as she said, he's a beautiful dancer. He just charmed her completely. Also, he's very successful in his business, and that's something the same old conventional. When Marilyn she'll marry for money, but she's been used to it all her life and she admires successful men.

Actually, Aumont falls in the same classification. He exudes Continental charm and manners, but I think he made a mistake when he announced that he wanted to marry the girl. When Grace does decide to give a marriage announcement will come from her parents.

The girl who bared everything and found fame is suddenly becoming an enig- ma. I'm speaking of Marilyn Monroe, of course. How can get close enough to Marilyn these days—with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Greene—to find out what it is she wants in a man, a picture, a contract or anything else, for that matter. We're told that she's seen a young husband to be married divorced Joe and fled to New York, it was rumored that she had found a new love, a very highly placed official. Not only was he wealthy, but he was well-educated, the type who reads "The Brothers Karama- zov" and knows that Marilyn would be good as Grushenka. Marilyn hungers for appreciation. She wants more than the cool; she wants to be brany. And right now I think Marilyn is too busy acquir- ing culture to bother about acquiring another husband. Her states with Joe seem to indicate that she still wants what she had before. He's safe, sympathetic, sorry he ever lost her, and more in love with her than ever. This is food for thought.

Mary Murphy, too, knows what she likes in the way of a man. In her case, it's spelled Dale Robertson. But there have been times when it seemed that the strain of work got to her. Then she'd declare she'd wear romance away before Dale's

TO REACH THE STARS

In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed in care of the studio at which he made his last picture. If you have no luck there, try writing to each star individually.

Allied Artists, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27
Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Cower Street, Hollywood 28
Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 1011 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46
M-G-M Studios, 10202 West Washington Blvd., Culver City
Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood 38
RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38
Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood
20th Century-Fox, 2010 W. Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 35
United Artists, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46
Universal-International, Universal City
Warner Brothers Pictures, 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank

* * *

Walter Huston is in the running for the role of Othello in the 1948 version of "Othello," which is to be directed by Orson Welles. The film is to be made by United Artists.

"Walter is in his elements with Shakespeare," said his biographer, "and his performance will undoubtedly be one of the highlights of the production. He has the ability to bring out the very essence of the character, and his experience in the theatre will be invaluable in this role."
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Cleans Your Breath White Guards Your Teeth
between Americans and Italians is the timing and the approach to life. In Italy, for example, a man is going to work. He must be there at nine o'clock—the same as in the US. But in Italy, however, who allot themselves just three minutes to read his morning paper, the Italian may find an article that interests him. If he does, he may plan what he will do for a good time. The stranger shook his head, tactfully sympathetic. Americans talk so much about having fun. In Italy, on the other hand, a man tries to enjoy himself the whole day long. He, too, can work hard—if he enjoys what he is doing. And then, in the evening, when people get together, nothing is more important than to have fun, has a chance to develop of itself.

Then, adding in some amazement, "Here, there are so many beautiful women. At five o'clock, I stand outside the Piazza and you see them go rushing by. Or the other night, at a big party I attended, there were maybe twenty beautiful women there. Really, a man does not know where to begin, young, old, makes no difference. Here, they are all beautiful!"

In the minds of many Americans, Italy is romance. But the Italian himself doesn’t think so. Romance, not from some American comes along and tells him he is. So, Rossano Brazzi, a true Italian— born in the ancient university city of Bologna on September 18, 1918—didn’t set out to be a romantic. He set out to enjoy life. Since a man must work, at an early age he chose the profession he thought he might enjoy most—law. During his student years, however, he became a boxing and tennis champion, as well as a professional football player. In fact, he enjoyed sports so much that he almost gave up the bar to the professional athlete.

Since he once studied singing for two years but gave it up because “you have to be in training, like an athlete,” one gathers that he also decided against sports in the end because they were better suited to a man’s natural enjoyment of life. Completing his studies, he took his law doctorate from the University of San Marco in Florence.

In was in Florence that he met his wife Lydia. They married while both were still at school. And it was there that he first acted upon the stage. The play was written and performed by students as part of a school competition. Rossano won first prize as best actor, but he continued his legal studies until he graduated a doctor of law.

"When I went to Rome," he recalls, "In Italy, it is necessary to work six months in a law office to get your name in—" he hesitated, "the album?" Rossano toyed with the word, wanting to get it just right. Although Italian is perfectly an official word still stumps him. It was finally decided that by in the album, he meant licensed or registered.

"Anyway," he continues, "the office I was handling mostly stage people. One day, one of the top directors of the Italian stage saw me in the office. He was casting a play and I was just right for a certain part. That is why he used me."

The acclaim of both public and critics for his first professional stage performance made the life of an actor seem infinitely more enjoyable than the life of an apprentice lawyer. As casually as he had started acting, Rossano joined the company of the famed Emma Grammatica, who had fallen heir to the roles of Eleonora Duse. Rossano himself became a star in his own right in one of the most outstanding companies in Italy. In 1937, he played in the first Italian production of "Three Coins in the Fountain." And two years later he made his first motion picture.

"And I was a star right from the very start," he adds. There is no bragadocio in this, no boasting. This happy surprise of a man who wants you to know that fortune has been good to him.

In addition to his native Italian, Rossano speaks English, French, Spanish, and German—and has portrayed roles in all those languages. Since he first went on the stage, he has appeared in over two hundred productions, playing all over the Continent, from Italy and Australia, to the United States and Canada.

It was inevitable, of course, that Rossano be discovered by Hollywood. In 1949, David O. Selznick signed him to a seven-year contract and brought him to Hollywood. Rossano first and a half years later he played in a remake of "Little Women."

It was one of the first successes of Katharine Hepburn, his current co-star in "Sumptuous." Rossano portrays in the romantic lead. He played a middle-aged German professor, and his strong good looks were hidden behind a beard. The public was unimpressed, and Rossano felt at sea, but he didn't mind. Without doing a second film—asked to be relieved of his contract. Sadly disillusioned with the ways of Hollywood, he and Lydia returned to Italy, where he was born.

By the time the stage and cinema beckoned, whenever an offer came to appear in another American film, Rossano turned it down.

But then Hollywood came to him! In 1953, Jean Negulesco, the director, was in Rome shooting exterior scenes for "Three Coins in the Fountain." He talked to Rossano into taking the role of the young Italian actor Julio Costello. Rossano was appointed as the American government agency. Since most of the film was being shot in Rome, Negulesco pointed out, Rossano would only have to spend a few weeks in Hollywood. Rossano was to round up two years in Italy turning point in his life. With that one picture, not only established himself as an exciting personality in American motion pictures—on-doing the old continent's top tourist attractions. Ever since Jean Peters tossed that coin in the fountain and got Rossano Brazzi as the answer to her wish, one of the first things Americans in Rome do is talk, "How do you get to that fountain?"

Rossano's success in this film led to his role as the Count in "The Barefoot Contessa." And although he proved to be the death of co-star Audrey Hepburn, many women felt that it was a beautiful way to die. But it was not until "Summertime" that Rossano was given a chance to display in a motion picture the versatility that made him Italy's top actor in the world. And it was not until he and Katharine Hepburn reached for a fallen garden the dark waters of a Venetian canal that Rossano really understood why, for years, Rossano Brazzi was as "the Clark Gable of Europe." Lean, director, who knew of Rossano and who was interested in testing for him. But the gift to his acting ability came Katharine Hepburn herself. Shortly after filming began, she was she who insisted he be made up and billed with her picture's title.

As it turned out, they are also sh ravine notices. "Summertime" is the title of the picture. "Always," he says, "when I see myself a picture, I hate myself. I want to get it. But this time, it is different. I have 'Summertime' four times already since I play a role. That is why I hate the picture's title."

But he even likes the beginning, which has everyone thinking the pace of the picture. "But that is Venice," he says, it's Venezia, it's Venezia, it's Venezia a song. "It is lazy, like a gondola, and I like it. I don't know why. It is the city of romance!"

Rossano still lives in Rome, as he for the past fifteen years. There, center of the city he and Lydia own a house, along with five horses and three parakeets that they never without. Living a completely unproblematic existence, they seem to have time for everything. They like chess, boating, going in for tennis, swim, and walking. The last is something new he explains: "Rome is the only city where I can go and see the moonlight."

He does not make nearly so many pictures as he used to. is: "I am just enjoying life, and I am not up to it."

With the success of "Summertime," Rossano has been mentioned for about every new film that calls for the romantic lead. It is not only a tribute appeal but a sign of the times—for there is a dearth of romantic actors. Older stars are still popular, but the longer suggest that "wonderful, my magical moment," Rossano, is finding in Venice. The y actors are either of the T-shirt, jean school, who grunt and paw into a reform school as often as they can. Rossano, who is the clearest young man, with or without horn-rimmed glasses, who suggests all the charm awkwardness of first love.

It is significant, however, for Rossano, at seventy-five, that when many others actors are all the way in character—should suddenly blossom out at the age of his romantic charm.
s you into an enthusiastic fan with charm of his first smile, it's because manner is so flattering. hence he's late, his little gesture of apol-
more than makes up for it.
exuse me," he says. "I did not get ed until four o'clock. Leonard Lyons (Broadway columnist) was showing
the town."
hat did he think of the town?
laughs. "I did not see it. Three
ite, here, three minutes there. But
garet Truman came along with us
I did get to see that she is a very
person. "But why do you photo-
h so ugly?" I asked her. She is quite
ful, you know.
Italy, the women are different," he
"There, there is beauty, yes, but—"
searches the ceiling for the right
1. "But it is—wild. Do you know
I mean?" he
phone rings, and Eugene Lerner
young American who lives in Rome,
g as his agent—comes in to announce
it is an emergency. Rossano jumps
xiety and, with a lightning shrug
es, rushes to answer in another
of his suite.
then he's back, with a scowl of
patience. "In my country," he
cks, "an emergency is someone is
Here, it turns out to be a beau-
girl."
aking of beautiful girls, how did you
Ava Gardner?" he says?
? She is a wonderful companion,
very sorry for her though. She is
very happy—a little mixed up. But
doesn't deserve it because she is
a very good girl."
 Katharine Hepburn?
strange person," he says, "but won-
when you get to know her. She
live, tempre, feeling. And a really
ior brain. The ideas come out from
mind like a river."
, he plunges into the controversy.
man," he points out, referring to the
ed but amorous art dealer he plays
movie, "he is Italian. In Italy,
is no divorce. But Jane, she is afraid.
hinks it can lead to nothing because
in see the end of their love. This is
ake, because there is always the end
ce."
, but...
no! I mean the dream of love
assion. It lasts maybe one to five
Five years," he considered this
ly, then shook his head. "I have
n it last that long."
what about your own marriage?
been married fifteen years. Every-
you and Lydia couldn't have a
er life together.
, but when the intensity of love
, then the other things take over-
ings which are more important.
fa, mutual interests. The trouble
any marriages—the first break—it
when you want to do one thing
he wants to do another. That is
you must both give a little. You
ether and see what you can do to
the rest of your lives together. For
ole, I can tell you: if another
and did some of the things my wife
would hate me. But with Lydia—
what is going on in the back of
. I know why she does it. You
ou come to love the defect."
 as he stopped to consider her de-
his smile grew downright tender.
know," he said, "if I were to
again, I would marry the same
ayday."
which perhaps explains Rossano Bra-
arm. In matters of romance, every
knows he is infallible.

The End

Holmes & Edwards
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Just as the best man won you... Holmes & Edwards wins you. It is the best...
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Two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls
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to be restored to her. Astonished friends asked: "Now what's in store for Anne?"

Anne had nothing to say, no explanation. Not the type to turn impatiently to a guy who spilt midnight club for solace or to rush into a new romance as others might, she simply went away since there were no immediate pictures on her schedule. Her friends knew that there would be no sad scene upon her return.

"Through the bad times and disappointments, Anne always shows a remarkable patience, the patience of someone who knows how to wait for happiness," says one of her friends. "It isn't that she's hurt less than anyone else would be. It's more of a faith in the future."

Anne's waited before. There was a period which, as an actress, she spent away from the cameras. It lasted over a year, which might seem more like a century to a motion-picture star who wants nothing more than to act.

True, she had a contract at 20th Century-Fox and three pictures to her credit. But then came the hull and she watched choice roles being given to others because she was told, she wasn't the right type. You could have named almost any type. Anne wouldn't have been it.

In earlier days she might have joined the nearest sympathizer in a sobbing session but she trusted in luck and instead said, "When the siege is over I'll get my chance to show what I can do! I'll be rested and ready!"

As Anne had said, her luck did turn—professionally. "It isn't easy in a dark moment to convince yourself that everything will be right again," she admitted. "It's not easy to learn to hold back a flood of self-pity and self-doubt during the trying times. It's difficult to think clearly when you're certain you have every reason to be depressed. You find that you're not reciting casual conversation when you say to yourself, 'I must be patient.'"

Anne was exposed to this philosophy early in life. Her mother had three sayings. Her daughter grew up with them. "It's always darkest before the dawn," Mrs. Francis would say. Or reassure her with the words, "Things always work out for the best," or "Remember, luck is just around the corner."

"Oh, this day, they've remained in my mind," she says. "And as I've lived my life, I've learned to call upon them."

Anne was born in Ossining, New York, a small town outside of New York City. She was a healthy child and her family life couldn't have been happier.

The beginning of her career was effortless. When she was six, friends suggested to her parents that she might do well as a model. While they were in the city one day, her mother decided to stop by the John Robert Powers agency.

Mother and daughter walked into the reception room to find dozens of people with the same idea. Mr. Powers, however, happened to be conferring with one of his employees and, en route back to his office, passed the reception desk. He glanced toward Anne. "We'll take this child," he said.

Anne became a Powers model. Just like that.

Luck seemed to be with her all the way. Soon she went into radio and television, later the stage. A search was being conducted to find a replacement for the girl who portrayed Gertrude Lawrence as child in "Lady in the Dark."

Again luck beamed on Anne. While her reading undoubtedly pleased the executives making the selection, she recalls they were more jubilant over the fact that she was the exact same height of the girl who was leaving the cast. She got the role.

Self-confidence and peace of mind come easily when things are going right. But then, as to all children, the awkward age came.

"It's a sad time for everyone, but it's like the end of the road for a professional child."

As far as Anne was concerned, she couldn't age fast enough. Photographers and television casting departments were definitely not in the market for an ugly duckling.

The crucial move was to return to radio where she might temporarily hide behind a microphone. Just about this time, Anne learned of an audition being held for a role on the radio serial, "When a Girl Marries."

Several days before the audition, she awoke feeling miserable. The doctor announced that she had a strep throat.

And each day her voice sounded more like a husky born and she became more upset. When the day of the audition arrived, her mother said, "Something tells me we'll be sorry if we don't go."

They went. Anne read, sounding for all the world like Tallulah Bankhead with a cold. When she'd finished, they returned home to bed.

The news came later, a phone call was Anne's. "Your interpretation was fine," she was told. "And by stroke of luck, your voice matches." Later she learned that the role had a husky voice. Anne's was so far that the sudden change in pitch would hardly be noticed. Eventually normal would return but it happened gradually and she was given ample time to adjust and be established in the characterization.

At fifteen, Anne made a screen-test-M-G-M's New York office, was cast for a contract. At seventeen the year she was there, she was one small role in a picture called "Summer Holiday." She worked for two months, then dropped, returned to New York. Two years later she was called to Hollywood.

It seemed that Anne's heart was tined to be broken. Her option dropped and she returned to New York where it took another year to re-establish herself and get a screen test. More time was required to return to movies. "And when it panned," says Anne, "it was complete with body—well, chance is a good word!"

An independent production company was planning a film to be made in the "Town with No Name." It was a familiar plase to Anne; one was that of a shy girl with a husky voice, a husky hussy. She stopped outside her new and supplied floor number. Time was required to return to movies. "We'll probably go to motion pictures," she said as she left. But there was no call.

A few weeks later, while making rounds of the casting offices, Anne found herself in a familiar place. Lo and behold, she discovered that she had returned to the scene of the independent production company. When the casting director spoke her name, "You don't want to see me," she took "I've been here before." and she responded. As the director informed her, "Somebody else called me."

They sat and talked for a while. Soon they were in the office of the company director and Anne was called to screen test for the production. "For part," she asked. "Both," came the reply.

To her delight and surprise, Anne was told to go home. To this day she couldn't tell you how she happened to be called back to that office. "I would never returned intentionally," she says. "The casting director later admitted he would not have called me. He completely forgotten about me."

The Henreid film led to still another production being filmed in the "Town with No Name." This was on to the screen with the 20th Century, to Hollywood.

Careerwise, Anne was on top of the world. In private life, she had held a job in a small town. She was working on her own and didn't have time when every girl would like, loved, fell in love for the first time. She was a handsome woman with some, unpredictable, and unreasonable to the unexpected. She was a cloud, a dream to dance on. In her emotional state work was being ruined. Scripts merely conglomeration of words and

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

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(1) (1)
(2) (2)

I want to read stories about:  
(1) (3)
(2) (4)

The features I like best in this issue of Photoplay are:
(1) (4)
(2) (5)
(3) (6)

NAME:
ADDRESS:
AGE:

Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

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words had no meaning to her. One day, after an argument, Anne began to cry in the middle of an important radio show.

It wasn’t easy to reach the conclusion that she’d been in love with the idea of being in love, that she was no more prepared for the responsibilities of marriage than he. She realized that failing in love takes patience, too. Patience to wait for the right man. She thought that she had found him when she came to know Bam Price.

They met at a party. Anne was in the midst of production on “Lydia Bailey.” The picture was in Technicolor and she had contracted a case of make-up poisoning from the heavy applications of grease paint. On this particular evening, she attempted to cover the ailment with more make-up.

Bam had arrived with a couple who were having a quarrel and he spent the entire evening trying to relieve the tension by making up for their lack of conversation.

Anne and Bam were introduced, but they wasted no time in talking to one another. Anne concluded that he was an impossible extrovert. Bam considered her a painted doll.

A few months later, they discovered that they had both moved into the same apartment building. Their courtship began at the incinerator, where they would meet to dump yesterday’s papers and cardboard cartons. Then they reached the stage where they would go out together if neither had another date. Anne found that Bam had graduated from pre-med school but had become interested in motion pictures while in the service and had returned to classes at UCLA to major in the subject and to take another degree—his Masters.

They were certain that they loved and understood one another—and each other’s work. And on May 17, 1952, they were married.

During Anne’s inactivity in movies, she tried to keep house. Bam was working on a feature-length film, which he had written, directed, produced, appeared in. It represented his thesis for his Master’s degree, and he also hoped to have it accepted for national release. Anne would watch him work and marvel. And sometimes attempt to help. “I’m learning more than I ever dreamed I’d know about the activities behind the camera, every phase of movie-making,” she said proudly at the time.

To all appearances, the Prices seemed to have a good and happy life. Their troubles seemed to draw them closer. There was Bam’s near-fatal illness. They had driven to the desert to celebrate their second wedding anniversary. On a Sunday evening, Bam collapsed and was rushed to the hospital. His condition, first diagnosed as a heart attack, then pneumonia, was critical. He wasn’t expected to live through the night. And Ann, distraught with fear, stayed by his side all through the long siege.

That night was an eternity. The following day, she was told that by a miracle he had passed the crisis. She could only stand there, smiling and crying at the same time.

If anything, Bam’s illness had seemed to strengthen their marriage. But something happened. There are two sides to every story. But both Anne and Bam have remained silent. Except for the court appearances, neither will talk about their failure. They want what’s past to stay that way. They tried. They failed. Neither can take the failure lightly. And now is the difficult time, the time of waiting for the heart to heal, the time again for Anne to be patient.

The END

...Are you always fresh as a daisy?

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See if your present deodorant is as effective as Fresh
Test it under one arm. Use Fresh Cream Deodorant. Your underarms will stay fresh, moisture free.

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A Fresh girl is always lovely to love

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may fringe on her personal life, Leslie granted only this one interview during her stay in Paris. Wrapped in a makeup-stained white turkish bathrobe, Leslie opened the door to her modest dressing room at Paris' Renaissance Theatre but not to her innermost thoughts. Her attitude, almost hostile at first, soon shifted as a basis of friendship was established, helped by conversation in her native language. Leslie, ill at ease at any kind of questioning, clasps up more when she would speak English. In French, she relaxes, and the rare times she smiles her face is transfixed. A classic beauty she may not be, but a smile relieves the seriousness of her countenance and makes her tremendous eyes sparkle with animation.

"I want to enlarge the scope of my roles," she said, as she lowered the flame of the gas stove under the covered dish in her dressing room. "I'm a little weary of playing tragic waifs who inspire pity, although I liked all my previous roles when I did them. 'In Daddy Long Legs,' I'm a happy person. It's a part I had lots of fun doing. In my next picture, I hope to attain my real ambition."

"It's an unhappy love story, with a tragic emotional unfulfillment. It recreates the bitterness and estrangement of a great sentiment, to which destiny has ordained a sorrowful ending. It's a love story in the fullest meaning of the word, and certainly different from anything I've ever done, but that's what I yearn for. I don't want to be, as you say, 'typéd.'"

Leslie will not define with further details her hopes for the future. "My ambitions develop as I go along," she said, "I hesitate to make statements about plans and projects and hopes, and, then if they aren't realized, I shall feel foolish."

Reticent though she may be about discussing her aspirations, Leslie's accomplishments up to now attest to her determined approach to the stage. Not satisfied with her triumphs as the leading exponent of entrechats on the American screen, she deserted Hollywood last year to make a world tour with the Roland Petit ballet troupe. Now she had descended from the summit of movie glory to the uncertainty of a stage play.

"This is not my first stage role," Leslie explained. "I made my professional debut as an actress, if you could call it that." When Leslie was fourteen she made a brief appearance on the boards of the Paris Champs-Elysées Theatre, playing Lord Fauntleroy. The part called for her to cross the stage, dressed in a white satin suit, her back turned to the audience. She didn't have a line of dialogue.

It was told in 1941 that Roland Petit, looking for dancers for his newly mounted "Les Ballets de Champs-Elysées," saw her working out at her ballet class at the Paris Conservatory. He signed her for his company, and she made her professional dance debut as a girl clown in "13 Dances." The ballet has since been forgotten, but Leslie Caron's performance is the outstanding theatrical event of that season.

The dance has been the guiding light of Leslie's life and the key that has unlocked her to the stage. "It was an accident naturally. Her mother, Margaret Petit (this name, Petit has also dominated her destiny), an American from Topeka, Kansas, was a star dancer in New York shows until her marriage to Claude Caron, a French chemist. Although Mme. Caron relinquished her place on the American stage to become a housewife in Paris, she passed on her unbridled enthusiasm for dance to her daughter. As a child, Leslie showed a natural bent for the dance, and she used to astonish her elders with her suppleness and acrobatic feats. She was twelve when she began formal ballet training with Olympe Przheboj, famed exponent of the classical Imperial Russian school of dance. She kept up her formal studies at the Convent of the Assumption in Paris until she joined Roland Petit's troupe.

The decisive event of Leslie's life was her selection; by Petit to create Christian Bérard's "The Sphinx." She was sixteen then, and the dance demanded a stay in France. Parisians still talk about that first night at the Champs-Elysées Theatre, when a round-faced, plump child inspired a sophisticated Paris audience to almost hysterical applause. Gene Kelly was among those who had come to see Leslie dance "The Sphinx" and who was unable to erase her performance from his mind. He didn't get to meet Leslie until a year later. With typical Caron shyness, Leslie left her dressing room when she learned that the great Kelly was coming backstage.

Three months after Gene tested her for the leading part in "A Star Is Born," Leslie was on her way to Hollywood. "I don't quite understand very well what's happened to me," she wrote to her paternal grandmother in Paris. "But I dance a lot, so I can't stand it another minute. I manage to sneak a banana split without anyone knowing." Leslie then went into a rapturous description of banana splits.
Leslie was greatly impressed by the luxury of her portable dressing room and the electric washing machine in the basement of her tiny apartment, where every Sunday she did her washing for twenty-five cents. After her first attempt at sewing and her gratitude to Gene Kelly who encouraged and helped her.

To her best girl friend, Danielle Dar- manne, at an after-theatre cocktail party, she bragged about Van Johnson teaching her how to drive a car. "We've put a sign on the back of his Cadillac," Leslie wrote, "with auto school at the bottom." In Hollywood, Leslie kept up the same intense grind of work and study that she had followed in Paris. On days off, she was at the practice bar at Los Angeles dance school as a student, or she would relax by painting watercolors. One of Leslie's feats is sketching, not with pencil nor charcoal but simply with her index finger dipped in India ink. And every morning, Leslie would work-out on her bicycle to keep her leg muscles in shape.

Leslie, a serious, child, whose life was built around her family, hadn't done much dating. Her lack of social life was limited to before- and after-theatre meetings with theatrical chums at her favorite "Bar du Theatre" opposite the Champs-Elysees. Was it any wonder that she fell hard and fast for the charming George Hormel, whom she married two and a half months after their first meeting in Hollywood?

In a letter written September 28, 1951, Leslie described Hormel's rapid-fire courtship. "I'm in a plane," wrote Leslie, "bound for Florida. My husband is with me, His name is George, or rather Omar. Two and a half months ago on a theatre date. He invited me to pass ten days at his family's estate in Minnesota. On our return we more or less decided to marry. Last week he asked me to go first to San Francisco for the premiere of the film ('American in Paris') and then to Florida. Because the picture is playing all over America, I'd have to have a big wedding with lots of publicity. I wanted to avoid that. So we decided to elope to Las Vegas where you can get married immediately. We bought our wedding rings in the afternoon." Leslie heard from her brother that Geordie spoke French fluently as his mother was French-born. "Geordie will not take over his father's business," Leslie wrote. "He's never taken a lesson, but he plays about three instruments very well. He also sings. He just made a record which will be released in two or three weeks. He is very talented, but he is innocent like Daddy's. I have always admired it so.

Five days before sending the letter, Leslie had sent two cables, the first addressed to her parents, who made their home in the 'Virgin Islands. The second was addressed to her maternal grandmother, "Have changed my name to that of Mrs. George Hormel this morning. Very happy. Love, Leslie." The second to her grandmother was in Paris. "A new little grandson for you, Madame." Leslie's short-lived married life with Hormel, a great part of it spent under the merciless light of unfavorable publicity, did more than anything else to intensify her mania about personal questions. Any...
ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 81

Across
1. Brando (Marlon)
2. Mamie (Van Doren)
3. Lon (Chaney)
4. Eva (Marie Saint)
5. Mar (Marlene)
6. Ulysses
7. in
8. Pat (Crowley)
9. E (Addie Elliot)
10. O (Aline)
11. R M (Robert Mitchum)
12. It's
13. nip
14. De (Dinaggio)
15. No
16. Av (Gardner)
17. Powell (Dick)
18. or ("Love Me or Leave"
31. A R (Aldo Ray)
32. Tah (Hunter)
33. York (Dick)
34. Ted
35. of
36. R (Robert Ryan)
37. After
38. Non
39. Ray (Aldo)
40. Eden
41. in
42. To
43. Ellow (Tom)
44. boats
45. Go
46. Young
47. Tall (Grayle)
48. Joanna
49. Marisa (Pavan)
50. facade
51. Art
52. "I'm
53. 36a. (Drag)
54. (Debbie)
55. (Diana)
56. fak
57. "I'm
58. (Burt)
59. (Lancaster)
60. (Lancaster)
61. Do

Down
1. Blues
2. Roland (Gilbert)
3. Any
4. Desi (Arnaz)
5. "Orvet"
6. Ma
7. Monroe (Marilyn)
8. Tattoo
9. Main (Marjorie)
10. melt
11. Parker (Fess)
12. J W (Jack Webb)
13. Ricardo (Montalban)
14. Tyrone (Power)
15. Young
16. I Do
17. I Do
18. Nef (Hildegarde)
19. (Franchot)
20. Lynn (Diana)
21. Bart (Lancaster)
22. (George)
23. ages
24. Gary
25. ads
26. Burt (Lancaster)
27. "Orvet"
28. (George)
29. (George)
30. (Lucette)
31. (Alphonse)
32. Aldo (Ray)
33. Hunter (Hunter)
34. Dick
35. "I Love Me or Leave"
36. A R (Aldo Ray)
37. Tah (Hunter)
38. York (Dick)
39. Ted
40. R (Robert Ryan)
41. After
42. Non
43. Ray (Aldo)
44. Eden
45. in
46. To
47. Ellow (Tom)
48. boats
49. Go
50. Young
51. Tall (Grayle)
52. Joanna
53. Marisa (Pavan)
54. facade
55. Art
56. I Do
57. I Do
58. (Burt)
59. (Lancaster)
60. (Lancaster)
61. Do

These days have impossible voices, sharp point-blank brought to mind a twelve-year-old child, many years before, a creature who ran wild in the forest at Fountainbridge. Leslie and I talked about one day doing a picture or a job. The result..."

In creating "Orvet," Renoir penned his heroine in the nymphet image of Leslie Caron. For another actress, the play would have been entirely different. The primary emphasis was on the character's physical attributes."

"I think Leslie has the potentialities of becoming an extraordinary actress," Renoir said, emphasizing the word, "extraordinary. "In fact, one of the greatest talents of our generation. She will either be that, or she will be nothing. And my money is on her to be great.

"Her gifts are tremendous. She has a knack to act without a trace of false passion existing in her."

With her parents in the Virgin Islands and her brother Almery in college in Los Angeles, Leslie has been left in Paris now, only her grandmother and her Aunt Lucette, a fashion writer for Madame, de. Family life has always been important to Leslie. As a young dancing star, the Panama was almost her home, and her family heard, as did so many of her friends, to go live in a picturesque Left Bank hotel.

With her at home on time for meals at the comfort of her apartment on Paris' middle-class Avenue Marceau. Her best friend and constant companion was her brother. It was Almery who taught Leslie how to jump, and she had her first chance at destruction in "Daddy Long Legs," Fred Astaire, amazed at her jazz dancing technique, called her a "real hoofer," a compliment she dearly treasures.

A knock at Leslie's dressing room interrupted these reminiscences. An attendant handed her a large bouquet of rare (at that season) violets. Leslie gave instructions for the donor to see her the following night and then explained, "He's an admirer . . . of the play," she added hastily, "He sent me a love poem last week." Leslie pointed to a paper pasted on her mirror.

A lovely poem, indeed, filled with tributes to Leslie, the actress. Leslie, the actress, Leslie, the dancer. Leslie, the tragedienne. Leslie, the comedienn. Few people these days know where they're going. With most, luck is their guide. But not Leslie Caron. She needs no compass needle to direct her to her goal. But in her careful plans, has she provided for the Prince Charming whose presence is so necessary to make the change from Ugly Duckling to Beauty a lasting one?

THE END
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WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

Jane Irwill knit dress
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Flint, Mich.—Betty Richards
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San Diego, Calif.—Kremer's

Leathermodes suede jacket
New York, N.Y.—Franklin Simon
Rochester, N.Y.—Sibley, Lindsay & Carr
Sioux City, Ia.—T. S. Martin

Jane Irwill cotton knit sheath
Cleveland, O.—Halle Bros.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Broadway Dept. Store
Newark, N.J.—Bamberger's
Sacramento, Calif.—Hale's
San Francisco, Calif.—H. Liebes

Sporteens separates
Birmingham, Ala.—New Williams
New York, N.Y.—Saks-34th Street

Smartee pull-over
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirte Scott
Columbus, O.—F. & R. Lazarus
New York, N.Y.—Lord & Taylor
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels
Seattle, Wash.—Best's Apparel
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Helen Harper overblouse
St. Louis, Mo.—
Seruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc.

Goldworm knit separates
Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirte Scott
Dayton, 0.—Rike-Kumler
New York, N.Y.—Lord & Taylor
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr

Colebrook sweater
Boston, Mass.—Wm. Filene's
New York, N.Y.—Bonwit Teller

Sidney Gould sweater
Boston, Mass.—Wm. Filene's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Bonwit Teller
Phoenix, Ariz.—Goldwater's
Washington, D.C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Hadley sweater
Buffalo, N.Y.—Flint & Kent
Iowa City, Ia.—Willard's Apparel
Lexington, Ky.—Loom & Needle

RECORD PAGE:

Nelly de Grab separates
Atlanta, Ga.—J. P. Allen
Chicago, Ill.—Blum's Vogue
Glendale, Calif.—Judd's
Houston, Tex.—Everett-Buelow
New Bedford, Mass.—Gollis
New Orleans, La.—Gus Mayer Co. Ltd.

Helen Harper striped set
Brooklyn, N.Y.—Nunn-Loezer's

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What She Goes For She Gets!

(Continued from page 68)

For even at eighteen her life was full of acting, singing and dancing. She had no doubt about her future. She wanted to be in show business. And whatever Mitzi wants, Mitzi gets.

In June, 1955, Mitzi was tired and looking forward to a vacation with her husband Jack. Just finishing a strenuous role in “Anything Goes,” she was in need of something that would stand in the way of a lengthy rest.

Don Hartman stood in the way of the comissary and the sound stage one day. “Mitzi,” he said, starting to pull the proverbial fast one over the long vacation, "you would be perfect in ‘Lady Eve’ with George Gobel. You'd be—well, it's just your part.

‘What does it start?’ she queried. Her heart began to pound.

'Well,' he hesitated, 'it starts a week. George only has a limited time to do the picture. It has to go fast.'

'Oh,' Mitzi wailed, 'it's too soon. Jack and I have promised ourselves a real live vacation. Just the two of us. I just can't.'

Don Hartman is not a successful executive without reason. The next day at lunch with George Gobel, he told the comissary he had a proposition. "We can run the schedule so you have three whole weeks off without costume fittings, script work or anything.” Jack and Mitzi looked at each other for a long moment.

Jack knew of her hidden desire to do the part. "Three weeks,” he said softly, “can be a lifetime.” Mitzi's Rock of Gibraltar had been cracked. She was ready to do the part. She bounced up and down on her chair in delight.

"Now,” said Don, “let me fill you in on the story.

Mitzi and Jack looked at each other again and roared. For the next hour Don Hartman sat fascinated while Mitzi told him the story of “Lady Eve” down to the final detail.

"Jack and I decided on San Francisco and Carmel for our vacation,” Mitzi explained, reliving the wonderful memories of that trip. "Does it sound silly if I say we decided to go so we could see each other? Our honeymoon was combined with public appearances for ‘No Business Like Show Business.’ We were constantly surrounded by people. Then when we got shipped off the coast in an old ship, we started zooming and I went into ‘Anything Goes.’"

"We figured it out one night. We were spending only fifteen per cent of our time alone,” Mitzi said, "so we decided to try to do the opposite. That was for the birds—not people. So in our three weeks, we really got to know each other. We found we like each other very much, which proves I was right. It didn't occur to me to do the part. I still told Don I was going to retire.

"The only thing I had been added with a proper show of humility. "I wanted to stay in a bay-view suite. In fact, I insisted. So Jack made the reservations. I was really unhappy with the hotel, but I went over. I thought maybe I could work out a way to make things better.

"We went up for it when we got to Carmel. Jack took her over and she was surprised. She gazed at her husband across the table. Jack, a picture of a contented man, smiled in agreement. "We stopped at that absolutely fabulous Highland Inn in Carmel."

"Bright with memories, she looked suddenly at Jack. "You're a lot of fun, Son."

"You're pretty comfortable yourself, Mother,” he returned with a quick grin.

Looking at Mitzi at the tender age of twenty-three, it is hard to realize that heartaches and hard knocks had an important place in her life. Electric, effervescent, bubbling with a naive warmth, she looked at things with difficulty to feel that she hasn't floated through life on cloud nine.

"So many kids write and ask how to start in the business,” she reflected. "All I can tell you is that you have to want it more than anything. Be aware of every chance to practice. If five people are in a group, stand up and sing. Go to the clubs and sing. Write letters and let people learn a lot. So many things happen. All of a sudden you have no accompaniment or the mike goes out. You learn to take care of yourself and you're growing. There's nothing more important.

"So many times, a girl is put under contract at a studio with six-month options. She has no background in show business, but she's pretty. Instead of studying on direction, acting, dancing and singing, she will be carried away by the glamour. Languish around in night clubs being seen, and then try to do the same thing at the microphone. She's dropped. It's the same in any job. You very seldom have a second chance. It's how good you are from the first and how you keep improving.

"I just want that I continue my singing lessons," she said with a sudden smile, "and I kept insisting I was too busy. Finally, he let me have it. He said, 'Look, little one, you want to stay on top, you know...' If you can't do that, you top there are five hundred taking lessons, working and praying for the day they'll take your place. Don't ever forget that. That just doesn't happen for nothing.

"Mitzi knows whereof she speaks. At eleven, during the war, she danced at hospitals, army posts, USO's—anywhere she got a chance. Many members of women's clubs remember little Mitzi while she was still toiling on a pirouette in Detroit. When her dance teacher decided to come to California, she insisted that Mitzi and her mother should come, too. You had to be taken, her mother said firmly. "You belong there." It was a great decision, but Mitzi wanted to come. So she and her mother came to California to start the show business life.

She concentrated furiously on her work. She was published as nice, sweet, the girl next door. Then she cut her hair, went on a diet and became a femme fatale. It was a great transformation. The public went with her and began to think that she suddenly got sick of herself.

"Do I want it?" she asked.

"I took a long look at myself," Mitzi admitted, "in my glass. I was wonder-struck. I have ultra-modern penthouse, and finally came to rest on my balcony and overlook the city I love. The false world I'd created for myself had seemed the real thing, but it was over. I didn't need a date every night or funny sayings or sophistication. I decided to relax and find a happy medium between the girl next door and the glamorous star."

And she started back at me in my mirror. I really wanted to get married, but I didn't know it then.

And whatever Mitzi wants... She had a date in Carmel. Jack and Mitzi were double escorts one night when her cousin unexpectedly became ill. After that first date, Mitzi had an emergency appendectomy. Lake crying it her company flooded with pain, she discovered that with all the calls and flowers, Jack Bean had not phoned and it bothered her. When

he finally did call, he explained he had been out of town. He asked for a date. After their second date, both made themselves available at all times.

"Jack was everything I wanted for a husband," Mitzi said softly, so the subject of marriage was raised.

"I didn't realize my own emptiness until I fell in love with Jack. Then I understood my restless lack of fulfillment. I was finding, for the first time, that there was security in my home to turn to and listen to, and the joy of loving and being loved. Naturally, I wanted to get married.

"Whatever Mitzi wants... She became Mrs. Jack Bean. She was living in the privacy and security of the lovely home of the William Frenches in San Francisco last November 18. No one, including Mitzi's mother, shed a tear. It was a happy wedding. The bride in true, whatever Mitzi wants she gets. an azure fox collar, tiny gray hat and her heart in her hands said a silent prayer that she would always make Jack happy.

"Mitzi is sitting on top of the world. She gave the courage to take a chance with her career. She asked for a release from her studio and started a free-lance career. She did two television shows with Donald O'Connor. No one, including Mitzi’s mother, shed a tear. She liked the gossip. "What could be greater than a picture with Crosby and O'Connor?" she asked. "I would have accepted a walk on.” Fortu-

nately, she did not know the truth and she was rumbled right into a lead that included singing the title song.

Again she is paired with Donald O'Connor. In “No Business Like Show Business,” they played brother and sister. On one of the two television shows they created a team dancing, singing and acting, that the public had to have separate.

Between George Gobel and Jack Bean, Mitzi is sitting on top of the world. She is fully aware of her good fortune. "I haven't made a mistake in a year and a half," she cried gaily looking at Jack. Then sudden superciliousness: "A woman needs a man. I miss you as a friend."

"I've been away, have I?" Mitzi asked, laughing instead of crying, sharing the very best, and the worst, of each other, trying to give more than the other and being comfortable and honest. With Jack I have it all, plus the steady growth of confidence in myself that he gives me. We don't," she said softly, "need things."

"For instance," Mitzi said, "we're quite happy sitting in the middle of a crowded room, when one of us has any desire to run out and buy lot and start building a dream home. We're young and we don't know what we want in a home. We'll wait until we become important to us. And, anyway, I want to try my hand at decorating a few times before I start a home."

"One way or another," Jack commented wryly. "You're not perfectly nice, but you manage. Nice, really, of course, but you manage.

"You mean not like Lola," Mitzi asked in mock shock.

"Yes, you've been times," dwelled Jack with much, "when you remind me very much of Lola."

They sat smiling into each other's eyes, oblivious of the world around them. But she also has the happy faculty of choosing the right things to want.
Choose Your Stars

(Continued from page 45)

push, with more publicity, bigger roles. Shirley Jones: debut picture, "Oklahoma!"; next picture, not yet determined. Some of you have seen "Oklahoma!" by this time; most of you probably haven't had the opportunity yet; but, take our word for it, this slim, blue-eyed, fair-haired darling is one of the most enchanting new talents to hit Hollywood in years. Her voice is remarkable; her personality, warm and sweet; her youthful loveliness, breathtaking.

Brian Keith: recent picture, "Against the House"; next picture, not yet set. He's six feet one with salt-and-pepper eyes. He's been in show business since he was three, being actually Robert Keith, Jr., son of the well-known character actor. There's just about nothing Brian hasn't done on the stage, but he didn't go over in pictures until his cop role with Ginger Rogers in "Tight Spot." Now Columbia has him under a long-term deal.

John Kerr: current picture, "The Cobweb"; next picture, "Gaby." John was born with acting blood in his veins, son of the late Jeffrey Kerr, a British stage star, and Anne Walker, the noted stage comedienne. A Harvard graduate, he scored such a hit in his second Broadway play and "sympathy," that M-G-M promptly signed him. He's happily married, father of twins. With his intelligence and background, success should be easy.

Virginia Leith: recent picture, "Violent Saturday"; next picture, to be determined. Five feet six, with chestnut hair, distinctive features and an alert mind, never-married Virginia has a 20th Century-Fox contract. It was her work as a top model in New York that brought her to Holly-

wood. She's studious and sincere—always useful qualities, if she can get roles to match her ability.

Perry Lopez: current picture, "Mister Roberts"; next picture, "I Died a Thousand Times." In less than a year and just in small parts, Perry has made himself a marked-for-stardom young man in Hollywood. Twenty-two, slight in build, definitely unmarried, Perry has the sort of screen face that first singled out Alan Ladd for attention. He also has a gift for making the right friends in high places. Warners holds his contract, backs him strongly.

Shirley MacLaine: debut picture, "The Trouble with Harry"; next picture, "Artists and Models." This crazy-faced girl with long, wonderful legs lived in real life the familiar fiction story of the under-study who makes good. Paramount producer Hal Wallis caught Broadway's "The Pajama Game" one night when Shirley was subbing for the star. He signed her up fast. She has studied ballet, drama and music; she's barely twenty, newly married; she dances vividly, sings a bit, acts terrifically. Film fans meet her next month.

Jayne Mansfield: current, "Pet Kelly's Blues"; next pictures, "Rebel Without a Cause," "Illegal." Under contract to Warners and called by that studio a "champagne blond," Jayne is notable chiefly for her fantastic figure: forty-inch bust, twenty-two-inch waist, thirty-five-and-a-half-inch hips and a weight that she keeps at 117 by the most rigid dieting.

Does this make her an actress? Maybe. She does have acting experience, in plays staged in grammar school, high school, UCLA and little theatres.

Kerwin Mathews: recent picture, "5 Against the House"; next picture, to be determined. Six feet one with brown hair and eyes, unmarried, alert-minded, Kerwin has so far encountered a mixture of very good luck and very doubtful luck in his career. Columbia has him under contract, intends to cast him in "Joseph and His Brethren" when that long-awaited movie goes into production (Rita Hayworth's walk-out stalled its schedule). Now Kerwin's just sitting tight, but if he gets the breaks he'll be set.

Colleen Miller: current picture, "The Purple Mask"; next picture, "The Rawhide Years." Colleen's dark, pretty, a fine little actress, but she is Alan Ladd's wife, and just as when he was married to Betty Hutton, Ted's work keeps him in Chicago. So Colleen, very much in love with her charming husband, is trying to spend half the year in Hollywood being a career girl, the other half in Chicago being a wife. Can she make this arrangement work? Few girls have—but this young charmer just might. Wish her luck, anyhow.

Jeff Morrow: recent picture, "This Island Earth"; next picture, "The World in My Corner." Under contract to U-I, Jeff is in his mid-thirties, older than the usual contender for stardom. But movie fans are definitely aware of this tall, dark actor, with his compelling features, magnetic voice and fine training gained on the stage and in TV. He's very much married.

George Nader: recent film, "Six Bridges to Cross"; next, "Lady Godiva," "The Second Greatest Sex." This debonair bachelor is eyed by plenty of Hollywood ladies who'd like to change his single status. As for the fans, they sat up and took notice when he appeared in "Six Bridges." A native Californian, George has traveled widely,

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gaining experience that accounts for his poise and charm. U-1 has him.

Carry Omohundro's debut picture, "The Scarlet Hour." Paramount's starring this newcomer in her first movie and putting a big publicity push behind her. Carol is a veteran of TV, stage and modeling, in her mid-twenties, black-eyed, blonde, five feet seven and measuring a neat thirty-six, twenty-four, thirty-five. She also has a sexy voice, natural style and an uncommon amount of common sense.

Oreste: debut picture, "The Vagabond King." Like Carol, Oreste has yet to be seen by moviegoers, but advance reports are so exciting that PHOTOPLAY is including him for your attention. Returning to the opera house Europe, Oreste Kirkop, this warm, friendly fellow is twenty-nine, unmarried, reddish-haired, with a singing voice that's the most—

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Gordon

"The Rose Tattoo". Pier Angeli's twin sister started slowly, but, if reports off the "Diame set are accurate, she may be as successful as her lovely sister. The same type—dark, intense, big-eyed—Pier is serious than Pier, shuns all romance in favor of her career, studies every aspect of her chosen profession and, what is more important, stirs up attention at every studio where she works.

Aldo Ray: current picture, "We're No Angels"; next, "Three Stripes in the Sun." Though the husky build with the unforgettable voice made the grade fast in Hollywood, he didn't really find his way to fans' hearts until this year's "Battle Cry." Now his home studio, Columbia, is sure that it has a hot property. Aldo's married to Jeff Donnell.

Gordon Scott: current picture, "Tarzan and the Lost Safari"; next picture, another Tarzan film. Like Kerwin Mathews, Gordon is in the good-luck, fair-luck category. It's good to be on the screen and to have a solid contract (Gordon's is with Sol Lesser), but it's limiting to be seen only in several versions of the same character. The movies' latest Tarzan is out of the hands of his wealthiest barbers in town—six feet three, with a fifty-inch chest and a thirty-inch waist, yet!

Jack Sernas: first Hollywood picture, "Jump into Hell"; next picture, "Helen of Troy." This tall, athletic blond man turned in an excellent job in his American debut, though the picture itself didn't go over. His career here will depend on "Helen." After scoring a fantastic record with the Duke, he'slimmest men's—something like that—during the war, Jack intended to become a doctor. But one Italian movie, which had the ladies of Europe swooning over him, turned him toward acting. This "East of Eden"; recent "Kid Smith; recent "Strange Lady in Town"; next picture, not yet set. She's twenty-three and happily married, but she looks sixteen. Though "East of Eden" was loaded with fine performances, Lois still wasn't overshadowed; she stood out as the barroom slavey. She's one of those dedicated actresses; through high school and college, she practically starred to pursue her art. Warners has her under contract.

Susan Strasberg: current picture, "The Cobweb"; next picture, "Picnic." Susan's the smallest of the new crop, a five-foot-one, brown-haired, hazel-eyed ninety-five-pound actress. She's a veteran of TV and the New York stage.

Gloria Talbott: current picture, "We're No Angels"; next picture, "Lucy Gallant. Another slip of the girl—five three, slim, big-eyed, with "hair-colored" hair—Glória is an earnest drama student, as well as a beauty-contest winner. Even against the competition of Bogart, Ray and Ustino in "We're No Angels," she held her own.

Russ Tamblyn: recent picture, "Hit the Deck"; next picture, "The Last Hunt." He's not tall. He's not handsome. But he has sparkling talent, a sense of humor and a deep love for show business. Everybody on his lot, M-G-M, dotes on him. Russ started stealing the show at the age of three, and he hasn't stopped yet. Barely in his twenties, unmarried, with plenty of experience, charm and drive, he should make very, very good.

Milly Vitale: current picture, "The Seven Little Foes"; next picture, "War and Peace." This warm, sweet young Italian girl made an unlucky American debut in "The Juggler," unsuccessful film shot abroad. But Paramount still brought her here to play Mrs. Foy, and then Italy lured her back for "War and Peace" (a Paramount release). In other words, Milly's in demand, now that she's proved she has what it takes. Her accent and genteel manner may be drawbacks with the American audience—or may turn out to be piquant attractions.

Pat Wayne: recent picture, "The Long Gray Line"; current picture, "Mister Roberts." His dad is John Wayne. His strongest claim is that his father's strongest backer is director John Ford. But husky, clear-eyed handsome young Pat can stand on his own and Dad is seeing to it that Pat does.

Hanniesek: debut, next month, "Annie Oakley." Other pictures in the works: "One Desire;" next picture, "Rebel Without Cause." Natalie, a real darling if there ever was one, has had thirteen years of movie experience—and she's just eclebrated her sixteenth birthday. Now that Warners is grooming her for adult portrayals, it looks as if Natalie will be one of the rare exceptions to the rule—a child star who is even better as a grown up actress. Not's five feet four, brown-eyed, weighs ninety-four pounds and is so far heart-whole.

Joanne Woodward: debut, next month, "Columbo: Three and a Qua." follow-up, no set. In the crop of young stars that you're choosing from this year, there's a surprising number of girls who have more than just physical beauty. Joanne's one of them—a very pretty young Italian from the South, with green eyes and a dreamy figure. She also quite the sophisticate and a bit that intellectual, with much stage and TV experience and a promising 20th contract.

Pickle Weeks: debut, next month, "My Sister Eileen"; next, "Three Stripes in the Sun." Though fans haven't seen Dick yet, here something for them to look forward to—a big, broad-shouldered, humorous guy, a star in a comic background, a fine singing voice and a right good head on his shoulders. Columbia hit him under contract. He's married very young, the father of two toddlers, loves Hollywood, loves life.

There's the line-up, the strongest group of nominees that PHOTOPLAY has ever presented in the "Choose Your Star Series." All this with all this weight that you're choosing from, there's a surprising number of girls who have more than just physical beauty.
Love in the Shadow of Fear

(Continued from page 46)

rack my sacroiliac in a rumba again. Lights, music, girls, Cugat's band. D'ya know, Smoky, I'm having on awful time even remembering what girls look like."

"I'll take the duty if you want to go to town," Smoky answered.

His partner brightened for a moment, then shook his head. "I wouldn't be right," he said righteously. "I took your day off last time."

So Smoky went to San Jose and stood in the stag line orning the Civic Auditorium. He stood quietly, his eyes riveted on the girl singing with the band.

All evening he watched her and listened, but, not having earned a reputation for being a talkative type, he never spoke to her.

Back at the ranger station, he made his report. No, he said, he hadn't danced with anyone. Honest! He had only listened to the music. But it was very good music. "What a waste," moaned his partner.

Months later, Rory Calhoun made a decision to spend his vacation in Hollywood, visiting his grandmother. While there, he met Alan Ladd, who, on a bridle path, was signed by David O. Selznick and given his first screen role in "The Great John L."

Meanwhile Isabella had, by 1946, left Xavier Cugat and formed her own band. She spent most of the year touring and in 1948 she returned to Hollywood to open Don Lopez's opulent, but brief, night-club venture. That first night, Rory, together with his date and the other couples, was ringside. Thereafter, for eight weeks, Rory arrived every night.

From Lopez's, Isabella's band moved to Felix Young's Pavillion for five weeks, then on to four weeks at Mocomo. Rory Calhoun followed her and became as unobtrusive and inescapable as the amusement tax. But not until the Friday beginning the rumba band's final week was something new added.

On that day, Rory picked up his pay check at the studio and realized that, because his parents had gone away for the weekend, he had no money.

Behind a choice cigar, he made his way to Mocomo where, for the first time in his life, he ordered a magnum of champagne to be iced for his table. When Isabella passed his booth after having finished one of her dance sets, Rory rose, bowed and said gravely, "I would be honored if you would join me. I'm Rory Calhoun, and I've been a fan of yours since the days when you were singing with Xavier Cugat."

Lita explained that she had a firm rule against joining patrons at their tables, no matter how much she might be inclined. "Would you dance with me then?" he wanted to know. "This is my big night and it would mean a lot to me if you'd dance with me just once."

There was a Banx rule against dancing with patrons, a girl generally with patrons. But Lita broke both rules that night. "Quite a guy," Joe Castro told his sister in approval when Rory brought her home.

Mrs. Castro said, "He could be Spanish, if you didn't know it Irish." No greater praise could have been wrung from a lady born and still emotionally rooted in Andalusia.

Rory called Lita nearly every night while he was away and, when he returned, he and Lita were together evening after evening. They found thousands of things to talk about, hundreds to laugh about and here and there a topic fraught with sandpaper.

For instance, the importance of keeping appointments on time.

Rory and Lita had made a dinner date.
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Lita's eyes sought the heavens. She then asked her friends to chauffeur her to the appointed restaurant and, once there, she spun to the secluded booth which had come to be their especially favored interlude.

Rory, convincingly disguised as a thundercloud, glowered in her direction and wanted to know if she had spent when she was out that afternoon with her French admirer.

Standing very straight, Lita said evenly, "Yes, I did. With him and his wife, my especial friend, people I have known for a great while and people whom you would have liked if you had waited around for a few minutes to meet them.

"When we have a date for six o'clock, I expect to be on time and I expect you to be on time," quoth Mr. Calhoun.

Lita let him talk himself out, agreeing furiously with his condemnation of the tardy, the forgetful, the inconsiderate.

Quite suddenly, meeting one another's eyes, they began to laugh. "If all our arguments can only end this way," said Rory.

There was no time for another quarrel before Duree was later for his engagement to go (Lita has said, "During those days it seems to me that every time I told Rory goodbye he was on his way to Durango").

Sane location, new picture: "Ticket to Rome." One afternoon during Rory's absence, a massive package was delivered to Lita. Very light. Very bulky. "I simply can't imagine," she said to her curious family. Only an executive member of the family suggested.

Within the stacks of tissue and the miles of ribbon, there lay a silver fox cape, an opulent garment that all but swallowed petite Liebelle. Her brother,Likewise, changed the initial embroidery in the lining.

"What does I.C.C. stand for besides Interstate Commerce Commission," he wanted to know.

"It's Castro Calhoun, of course," murmured Lita, hugging the foxes. "It's Rory's way of proposing, I think."

"Pretty sure of himself," grinned Joe. "What's wrong with that?" the evening-about-to-be Mrs. Calhoun wanted to know.

"Nothing," agreed the family in unison.

Much earlier Rory had told Lita, and afterward her family, about his boyhood wish and what it had cost him. When first Lita had hesitated to believe his story, since Rory is a great deadpan kidder. But gradually, she was forced to accept as past truth a confession so far removed from the Calhouns that it seemed must have happened to another person in another life.

When Rory returned from Durango, having gotten Lita's yes through a series of long-distance telephone calls, he was married at once. On his own birthday, August 8, for instance or, at least, on Lita's birthday, August 11. As things worked out, they were married in Santa Barbara at All Saints Episcopal Church on four-thirty on August 29, 1948.

Lita wore a pale grey wool jersey sheath over which spread a voluminous, but filmy, gray Clair de lune lace skirt. Her Juliet cap was made of matching lace over gray jersey, embroidered with seed pearls. She carried white orchids, wore her mother's erstwhile bridal blue garter and carried a pearl and diamond bracelet.

Rory's gift to Lita was a heavy gold link bracelet on which was hung a gold medallion. The center was a three-dimensional heart and engraved about the frame was the inscription, "I love you as long as we love, and may we love as long as we live."

Seven years later, on August 29, 1955 (Rory believes that the number seven is star-blessed), the Calhouns, having completed the necessary slack, were remarried in a nuptial mass in the Catholic Church.

Lita, not changed seven minutes by the seven years, wore the same outfit, but Rory, grown more muscular in shoulders and arms, had to have a new suit tailored.

Between these two wedding ceremonies, a marriage had been built. A marriage, like that of the Calhouns, started when the foundations have been outlined and the cornerstone set in place. The actual construction requires day by day work and prayer and laughter and mistakes, tears and successes, and an ever-growning faith in and an overwhelming conviction of the power and the glory of the love that can exist between a man and a woman.

Likewise, the Calhouns had their differences, their adjustments. Not especially unique for a young husband was Rory's first complaint. "What in the world are you going to do with all those clothes!" he wanted to know of her Wardrobe in their ranch-house closets. She and Rory had moved at once to the Ojai ranch that Mrs. Castro had bought for them after the final divorce settlement, a sentimental treasure for Rory because it had once belonged to his grandfather and the happiest days of his boyhood had been spent there.

Lita explained that she owned only two hundred and one combinations and only about a hundred suits, and that no active entertainer could maintain appearances with much less. After all, she said, expanding her theme, she still had her friend Isabelita. Her brother, Likewise, had an engagement that extended for five months, one hundred and fifty days. Naturally she had needed a change per day because much of the patronage at The Roosevelt had been regular.

"Isn't it possible that excellent condition were the gowns in which she had been photographed from time to time, which had to be put aside for a year or so before they could be worn again. Also, naturally, the social had been swelled by the wardrobe she had used at Don Loper's, at Le Pavillion and at Mocambac.

Rory dropped the matter. But inevitably, a few months after the Calhouns were married, when they were invited to a small but elegant dinner party, Lita felt she lacked the perfect apparel, so she popped down to a specialty shop and bargained for a black woolen cocktail suit for fifty-five dollars, an expenditure that almost sent her spouse through the roof. "With two closets so filled with clothes that you couldn't hang a shovel in there, you needed another outfit!"

Lita waited until the storm had subsided, then asked quietly, "How much do you pay for the rifle you bought today?"

The Irishman ducked his head. "That's different," he said in a tone mainly distinguished by charming logic. "Every gun..."
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We serve only EAST of the Mississippi
the came—and were ending the only unrefrigerated morsel they could spot.

According to the other hunters, Lita's screams could have been heard in New York harbor above the blast of an outgoing liner. In any case, everyone came running, and Lita's nerves were calmed by an afternoon of fishing.

Lita still has trouble riding horseback. Rory says she looks like a jockey closing ground toward the wire. The tid bit is that she should ride sidesaddle or a Shetland pony because of her childlike stature. Even so, she has never been thrown.

When two professional people marry there always arises the question as to which career shall be dominant. Early in the marriage, Lita felt certain that she had an answer: her career was merely going to be altered. She discovered that, while it was the case that Lita was to become a mother, Rory, upon hearing the news, rushed out and bought a new medalion for Lita's bracelet—a cherub with curly head, chubby arms and legs on one side. However, the end of four months, the stork canceled his appointment.

This was a tragic experience to accept. Rory has always wanted children. He and Lita had talked about parenthood, had dreamed of it, had agreed upon its responsibilities and its delights, its dangers and its rich rewards.

For days after, Lita could not control her tears. The final flood was shed when Rory brought her a new medalion for her bracelet: a sacred medal of Our Lady of Perpetual Sorrows. In essence, he said that their coexistence compared to the classic griefs of time, was not so great. They were young; they must place their trust in the future.

Even when the second child, planned for many years, was born, the deeply only wanted in a world in which not every child is so welcome, was taken from them, they maintained their confidence. They would wait and pray.

Meanwhile, she turned sensible for Lita to continue with her career. She had many offers for picture work and for night-club engagements. Some she accepted. Yet every time a really juicy opportunity was presented, it was accepted only on the basis of being away from Rory. No matter how carefully they planned, they could not seem to make arrangements which would give Rory time to finish his tour. Lita wrote to him without studio worry and return on schedule for a new film assignment.

When Lita appeared in Las Vegas, dancing with Billy Daniel, Rory was available during the break. The three made a round trip, over 600 miles, Las Vegas to Los Angeles and return, in slightly more than twelve hours of driving in order to fetch a gown being completed for Lita's premiere. But the time Lita was working at Mocamo, Rory was on location for "Four Guns to the Border." And he was unable to join her for her St. Regis opening of New York, although she arrived later in the week. When Rory was sent to South America for "Way of a Gauche," Lita was rehearsing for a nightclub act and couldn't go along. For the first time, Rory called his Atlantic telephone, and actually wrote. Lita saved every letter, knowing how precious a love missive is in these days of cards, telegrams and cables.

In one of the letters he wrote, "I've shot a few crocodiles for you. For me, too. I thought we could have shoes made of the skins and, one of these days, I'm going to have a croc sadness. Maybe we could have me a croc Stetson if Madison wouldn't give me such a bad time over it. I don't think I could get away with saying he was only jealous. I'm bringing him a belt and billfold.

"We sure have to come down here a vacation someday. You'd love it, and a lot of people would love you. The life is leisure and the physical beauty of the country breathing. Their pampas are like those plains of Kansas and their cities are someth ing an artist has drawn." Buenos Aires boulevards and the shops that line the are equal—everybody says so. Paris. Most those crazy mosaic sidewalks.

"We have so much to do that I saw I don't how we're going to get arout to it. Someday I want to take you to restaurant outside of called 'Funny's Cabin.' The colored boys sing ti menu, and one of the specialties ti house is a potato cooked in boiling rosi.

What a taste sensation.

"Another great place is the Purely Hotel in Taladega, Alabama, where treat serves about thirty-two courses, fami style. Love that South. While we're do there we'll have to stop in New Orleans for dinner at—where else—Antoine's, an alligator hunt with good old Char! Cure.

If all this sounds like I'm hungry, I ha to admit that's right, but not so much 1
specialists, but somehow she always knew.

The approach was always the same general pitch: "I hadn't known what Rolly when... It would be a shame for the story to hit the newspapers, he would imply. How much would silence be worth to him?"

Rolly's answer was always the same. His wife, his family, his closest friends, his studio advisers knew of his young mistakes, he would say. Sooner or later, the general public would know, so now was as good a time as any. He would not pay a bribe.

Lita, never the crying type, would wait for her husband to return, crying softly and praying. Better than anyone else, she knew how great the heartache he carried and the stamina that had gone into his flawless new life. Her early love, the young, neopercceptive girl's love, had deepened to fill a woman's soul, and with it had grown an intellectual appreciation and respect for her man's courage and his proud conviction.

Not long ago Lita received an intriguing fan letter, and to the point, "What is it like being married to Rolly Calhoun?" the writer asked.

"Lita hasn't answered it yet, but when she does, she thinks she will say, "It can be hectic. Rolly taught me to drive a car, and the sentence I remember most clearly from the lessons is Rolly's exasperated observation, 'You aren't paying attention to what I'm telling you. Driving a car is a very simple operation if you just use your head.' Of course, I was never a good driver until the gear-shifting bit was licked by engineers, and all I had to master was the technique of the brake and the choke."

She also wants to say, "It can be funny—and reassuring. There is one columnist in my who likes to announce marital separations. Whenever she sees him she begins to repeat, clear and with conviction, 'I love my wife. We are not getting divorce. We have not had an argument. We are not getting a divorce. I love my wife. We are not getting a divorce.' As a result I seldom get the is-there-a-rift-in-which troubles so many picture-business lives."

But most of all, she wants to say, "It can be a sentimental journey." And she would like to tell the story of their fifth wedding anniversary. They had been invited to a sumptuous dinner party; Lita was wearing a new gown and Rolly was wearing a new tuxedo. However, he, the most aware of men—had said nothing about the anniversary, had presented either a card nor gift—not even a very small remembrance.

When Lita emerged from her dressing room, she found Rolly sitting in a chair in the hallway, his eyes covered by interlaced hands. Alarmed, she wanted to know what was wrong. "It hit me just a few minutes ago," he explained. "One of the worst headaches I've ever had. Would you mind setting me an aspirin from the bathroom? I'd glass of water? No, not from your bathroom. From mine. I have a new bottle of pain-reliever that is supposed to be wonderful."

Scouring into the bathroom, Lita caught sight of a big, beribboned and bowed box standing in the bathtub of her. She caught her breath, and Rolly's rapt chuckle from the hallway assured her that he had staged a spontaneous recovery.

Within the box was a cerulean silver-blue ink-stole—and a card. The card said anything. But all combined they tilted out one important declaration that forever deathless: "Lita, I love you—very."

The End
The Personal War of Audie Murphy

(Continued from page 63) role in "World in My Corner" at U-I, it seems almost unbelievable that he came to Hollywood with a game hip and a limp and with his nerves and whole temperament triggered from War.

He couldn't eat and he couldn't sleep then. Home was wherever he felt comfortable hanging up his field jacket. A noisy one-room apartment in Hollywood owned by a friend was his home. Only his massage table in Terry Hunt's health club, on which he bunked for quite a while. Sometimes when he talked, the scars in his face and back had come through. The gulf between soldier and civilian was just too big and too painful to bridge. The buddies who'd died were still too alive to him. During sleepless nights he'd read and do medical charts on them in his day job and the world would know their story. He wanted to get it all down "so I won't have to think about it any more." He was an officer in John Ford's obscurity; Ford's greatest film was a visit to veterans' hospitals to boost morale.

But this was almost too much for him, and he was understandably upset about it at first. A semi-professional script writer, Dr. Aubrey Williams, was brought in to help. They sat down to work, and Audie couldn't go into a hospital. It makes me too ill — seeing those guys lying there — stuck there like yesterday's newspapers, and so few people remembering them.

He stood off a German and had to think through it almost singlehanded, but in life Audie was afraid to let his own guard down lest when he wasn't looking somebody might slip him from behind. He had a cynicism he knew he should get rid of, but he couldn't get rid of it. 'I really want to believe in people. I really want to believe in people,' he'd say.

He finally came to a Texas ranch. But when Audie asked what he really wanted and he would admit he didn't know. He just wanted to make a half-hearted attempt, and it seemed he just couldn't take root anywhere. 'I'd rather be married than to be out on the town. I want to feel good about people. I want to think he didn't talk about was the terrible gnawing fear inside him that two serious attacks of malaria might have defeated him. That he might never be a father.

Gradually, he began to live again. He made an effort, however halfhearted, to fit in and feel at home. He rented a bungalow in a court and he added a few honey touches; like putting out tea for his bronco book ends, horns over the fireplace and a busy electric coffeepot. He got a contract at Universal-International and for the first time in him. (To be continued)

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home carrying a rabbit he'd shot for supper. His line was, "Did you get another rabbit, Audie?" And his father had re-hearsed it with him over and over so he'd be ready when his moment came. But when the stage quieted and cameras started turning, Terry ad-libbed, "Action! Roll'em!" taking over the direction. This broke up the company and Terry decided it should stay in and he kept repeating it. When he was finally prevailed upon to inquire whether Audie had another rabbit, as his dad recalls, "Terry picked up a stick of wood, aimed it at my rabbit, and said 'Bang, bang bang!' He threw this in with no extra charge."

He may not take chances anymore, but today isn't without its challenges for Audie. "Just being a father is challenge enough," he writes to the studio and works out three hours in the boxing ring and I'm not too tired. I stay at home with these boys three hours and I need a vacation."

Skirner, Audie's younger son, who has blacked out his hair in a large series of rhythm and loves to dance with his dad. Every night when Audie gets home from work he has to take a delighted Skirner for a few rhythmic turns around the room. Meanwhile, Ranger's found a loose paling in the fence and initiated a cold war with the neighbors by going AWOL, and Audie must repair the fence. Then there's the instrument panel for Terry's big jet plane. "Terry's deserted the infantry. He's a jet pilot now," Audie explains. "He wants a 'man-sized' jet plane for the back yard and I've got to get it put together some day. I'll get you that tail and stick and get some instruments for a panel from the war surplus for him to fool around with. The studio special effects department's going to help with this book of everything they know it yet. But the boy's so mechanical-minded I want him to stay interested," Audie says, grabbing for a fatherly out.

Then he adds, "You love them so much, you have a tendency to be too lenient. You're overcautious with them, too. But you can't clear a path for them forever. You've got to let them fall down and pick themselves up again. I keep telling Pam this. You can't go home with the boys just everything too easy for them," Audie says, eagerly extending a hand to each. One thing sure, their father is going to see their path is never as tough as was his.

All Audie's anxiety for his own sons is in his voice in "To Hell and Back," when he puts an Italian child on the head with the home this lad will never have to go to war. When a fan gushed, "I couldn't help thinking of those two boys of yours," Audie said, quietly punching every word home, "And whom do you think I was thinking of?"

The other day Audie and Terry were scheduled to make a savings-bond film together at the studio. When Audie arrived with a well-scrubbed and clean-cut Terry in tow, he laughed a little aside, "I heard a nurse could not be found to care for Terry. "Look, we've got to have a nurse. On the lot he's too much for me."
The nurse came; Audie signed his relief. In the scene, Audie was to chat with a clerk in a bank and tell him how Terry had invested the $300 he had made in "To Hell and Back" in savings bonds, which was true. Terry was to say, "Yes, I surely did."

But when the bank teller smiled at him fondly and said, "Did you, Terry?" Terry drew himself up to his complete height and said haughtily, "I surely did not."

"Terry," Audie said. "When somebody says 'No,' I want to say 'Yes' immediately."

But not so much today. Much of Audie Murphy's innate sense of rebellion has simmered down and he is followed more to going with life, instead of counter
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Big Stories from Little Rumors Grow

(Continued from page 57)
court to a Hollywood beauty. "I thought you were crazy about her," said the jigsawed R. J. when he heard of the breakup.

"I was," she said, "because she's my best friend. But I couldn't help getting the idea that every word I uttered was subject to publication. And if she talks about her close friends, who are in the world does she say about me?"

Bob regards rumormongers as the unkindest of breed. All he wastes no time in defending a friend, an acquaintance or even a stranger who's being torn apart by word of mouth. "Now wait a minute," is his familiar beginning. "We don't know both sides of the story."

Bob's well aware of the consequences of rumors, knowing he's there, so to speak. Success, when it arrived, was bewildering to him. Still striving to learn about acting, he was both distracted and hurt when he became a public figure. He doesn't mind gossip. Some claim that this is one reason he's rarely seen "on the town" now that he's become an established star.

There are other Hollywood examples. Take that popular star, who was born in East Canton, Ohio. Elizabeth Jean Peters was studying to be a school teacher when she won a trip to the City of Stars and a motion picture contract.

Back home, Peters' telephone was on a party line shared by eleven other parties. One day after Jean's departure, Mrs. Peters picked up the receiver and happened to hear: "How could she let that sweet little Jean go out to that terrible place?" someone was asking. "Of course, you know what will happen."

"Of course," volunteered another voice. "She'll go Hollywood. They say even the most sensible girls do. From what I've heard, all movie stars get up to various fashions and live way beyond their means and..."

Mrs. Peters put down the phone. She had great faith in her daughter's good common sense. However, when she left to visit Jean for the first time, she couldn't help wishing that all the world might, "Has my daughter changed?"

Upon her arrival in California, Mrs. Peters found Jean living quietly with aunts in a modest residential section of Los Angeles, in a swimming pool in sight. She found that Jean still made her own clothes and had, with studio friends, organized a sewing-circle. She discovered, as always, preferred a neighborhood mothers in its clubbing, that her values were as high as ever. And she confessed her relief to her daughter.

"After all, Mother," said Jean, "there's bound to be gossip. All kinds. It's the same here as it is in a small town. You just have to take it with a grain of salt."

Yet how did Mrs. Peters feel when, shortly after her young marriage to Stuart Cramer III, rumors of Jean's discontent were circulated? How does she feel today as the rumors persist about her daughter's marriage failure? And how much of the time does she spend upon those who began dooming it from the very beginning?

Terry Moore's mother knows what it is to suffer slings and arrows directed toward her daughter. At one point, she reached the stage of suggesting that the unhappy Terry give up the career for which they have both worked so hard.

The vòng đấm campaign against Terry has been almost uniformly due in its viciousness, and the young star spent many a night crying herself to sleep when the attack was at its merciless heights. These days, Terry is replying with more action than ever. She's been appearing in winter and summer stock, doing important television roles, and studying as many subjects as possible, and her cooperation with the press is, as always, a delight.

In all walks of life a man or woman, boy or girl, who has gained popular success is subject to careless talk. It's unfortunate but true—particularly when the popularity and success are first attained. Alan and Sue Ladd, who have added more to their acting and addresses in their careers than you could count, well recall Alan's own trial under fire.

When Alan first became a star, he was mobbed by fans with boundless enthusiasm. And, one day, the story began making the rounds that whenever he parked his car in Hollywood, he removed the rear view mirror because the fans wouldn't know it belonged to him.

Anyone even slightly acquainted with Alan would question the story. Yet it rated an editorial in a leading paper which said, in effect, that Ladd was destroying the public that had made him a star.

Alan was hurt by the rumor. In the entire history of Hollywood, there's probably never been a star who has more consideration for his fans. "I know darned well that if it weren't for those kids I wouldn't be able to own a car," he spoke up at the time. "I'm a guy who really feels full well that those kids pay my salary."

Today, Alan could probably purchase an entire automobile factory if he had to. But his thoughtfulness to the millions of public people studying as many subjects as possible, and her cooperation with the press is, as always, a delight.

As a matter of fact, it's one of Hollywood's happiest legends.

Alan can also tell you how rumors grow out of all proportion. There was, for instance, the time someone approached him with the comment, "Hear you knocked out eight guys in your last picture."

"Eight?" Alan did a double-take. It was true that he had accidentally hurt one stunt man. It had happened during a scene which called for a free-for-all fight and had involved a large crowd.

In such scenes, the participants pull their punches, stopping short of their opponents' faces. However, during the confusion, Alan had misjudged his distance, unintentionally clipped a stunt man and was sick over the matter for weeks.

As for the boy with the bruised jaw, he may still be telling Alan who apologized to him for months, whenever they met.

It's doubtful that anyone who has ever passed along a rumor has stopped to realize how enduring it may be. And it's unfair, especially if it's the result of misunderstanding. Bing Crosby might tell you. But it's most unlikely that he would.

Somehow, among the laughter and money-going manner was taken for sheer laziness and the story grew and spread. Yet inquires of the fellow who once set up a recording session with "the crooner," "What do you think we were always asked, figuring on Bing ambling in around noon."

"Let's make it eight," replied Bing. He meant eight A.M. And he was right on time.

According to the record, Bing has never denied stories that he can't read music. However, if true, one musical director wishes to know why Crosby always asks to see the music before the lyrics? Once he went so far as to ask Bing, who characteristically replied, "Oh, I like to see..."
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THE NOTE GOING UP AND DOWN ON THE PAGE!

Few of those intent on careless talking stop to think of the heartbreaking

words can cause and of the encouragement that a kind word can bring. Marilyn Monroe knew.

While attending a party one evening, Marilyn started into the powder room of

a popular night spot. She got no further than just inside when she heard two girls talking. "Those

clothes she wears," said one. "Someone should really teach her how to dress."

And I understand her manners are just as bad," the other said. Then Marilyn heard an interruption.

"Do you know Marilyn," someone was asking. "Have you met her?"

"Well, I've seen the girls dressed.

"I believe you'll like her when you do, and you'll find that most of the things

said about her aren't at all true," came the reply.

Marilyn recognized Eleanor Parker's voice. They had met only that evening,

but the Monroe felt a lifetime's worth of gratitude.

While others sharpen their verbal claws, Marilyn is noticeably silent. "I was just a

girl when I learned to make up my own mind about right and wrong," she's said. There was no one always to

depend upon and I found it necessary to decide for myself. I'm convinced that principles and behavior are matters

for the personal conscience. And there are at least two sides to every story.

Of late, Marilyn was under fire again in her personal as well as her profes-

sional life. "I'm not completely immune to gossip even now," she'll tell you. "But

I've found that gossip doesn't alter facts. It's more like the fears and frustrations of the name callers."

It would be difficult to count the friend-

ships that have been ruined by those who spread rumors. Glenn and Ellie Ford once

had a family argument about whether Peter, their son, was seeing too much television. They'd forgotten their disagreement

due to the attention that Peter's first love, the famous actress, was getting.

And one guest remembered it entirely too well. He began murmuring around about what a

shame it was about the Fords. The poor unhappy Fords.

Glenn and Ellie were soon deluged by

calls inquiring when the divorce suit would be filed. Eventually they learned the

source of the tale and the friendship isn't at all what it used to be.

You'd think some of the other people in love would be left to themselves. Yet Tony Curtis

and Janet Leigh have been victimized by talebearers from the very start of their

romance.

Before their marriage, Tony was ac-

cused of dating Janet for publicity pur-

poses as she was the star, he a compar-

ative newcomer. In these stories you heard of Janet's past lovers, but you rarely heard a word about the many

evenings they spent with their families, or of Tony's tender devotion to Janet when photographers were absent from the scene. And when he talked back at the press, Tony and Janet were married sooner

than they had originally planned. Tony was on

his first big personal appearance tour and Janet was on her second. It was in Denver that the story reached him.

Janet, the word went, had met a hand-

some ballplayer and, as far as she was concerned, the Curtis-Leigh romance was dead.

Tony tried to call her from backstage at the

theatre, but he couldn't reach her. So he took his singing heart back to his hotel.

Maybe there was some truth to the story, he thought. It was hard to believe, but

maybe."

At 3 A.M., he was awakened by the ring

of the phone. It was Janet, who had had
trouble getting through to him. Yes, she

said, the ballplayer. They'd appeared at

the same benefit and had gone out for a

bit of a drink with a group of friends. She'd

thought about him until she'd heard the rumors—from the unhappy ballplayer and his fiancée, she'd heard them first.

So, the story, she decided to be married

as quickly as possible. Perhaps that would stop all the talk. But after their wedding stories only increased. One Day Tony

tripped on the set and hurt his ankle. The next day he was back on Broadway and kicked him. And Janet went around muttering, "Kicked him? I know who I'd like to kick!"

Tony, they both frankly admit that their

marriage was going through a period of strain and stress, as do all mar-

riages. However, experts are betting that they're far too sensible to let the lime-

light get the best of them. They value the help they receive from the above all else. "We've been trying to live

our own lives and let people say what they like, hoping that they'll give us some sort of citation for the accomplishment.

A stranger in town—any town—often

becomes the first subject of gossip. And such was the case of Fernando Lamas. Because she loved him, Arlene drew her

share.

A man of great charm, there was no

doubt that Fernando had a way with the ladies. And his first big Holly-

wood romance happened to be with his leading lady, Lana Turner. "Publicity," shrieked the rumormongers, as if Lana weren't one herself. Hollywood has its stars, one whom any man would like to date.

However, once the talk began there was no stopping it. Fernando was blamed for breaking up many a marriage. This was yet another one, whom any man would like to date.

In due time they did marry and there's

no happier couple in Hollywood. Despite the talk, they waited to make certain that the marriage was legal.

If rumors reached Stewart Granger on the

"Bhowni Junction" location in India of Jean Simmons stepping out with Frank Sinatra, he knew better than to think in
terference. The marriage of two stars of "Guys and Dolls," for he

knows the ways of Hollywood gossip.

When Jean and Stewart were first mar-

ried, a teacher said one of their frequent 

talks was at home. "Hear you

Jean and Jean are going to get a divorce," said the columnist at the other end of the line.

"What in the world are you talking about," asked Granger.

"Do you deny it?"

"Of course, I deny it," replied Granger.

The following day there came another

call. "What's this about a divorce?" Stewart was asked.

"What divorce?" he bellowed.

"Well, after all, you did make a denial. There must have been something to it, came the reply.

"Where in the blazes did you get such a

story?" asked Granger.

"From the paper. Says so right here,
Bringing Up Baby

(Continued from page 53)

good father. In fact, I never doubted it.”

"Ha!" remarked Lydia, which seemed to sum up her opinion of the situation then.

As for now, she was quick to admit, "Chuck's a better mother than I am. You should see him after the baby is born."

"I let Lydia do the easy part, like cleaning the ears. But I do the main job," boasted Mr. Heston. "A 'soapy baby is very slippery, you know."

"Chuck's the best baby bather in the Red Cross class," Lydia added, still sounding somewhat surprised. "I guess it was because he's so used to taking directions as an actor that he caught on quickly. The first time he took the baby's temperature perfectly until he took him out of the water. Then he shook him out like a rubber doll. I screamed, but Fray loved it."

"We have a lot of pictures of Fray and Chuck. All my friends keep asking why there aren't any pictures of me and Fray. It's simple. I can't get my hands on him when Chuck's around. When we have guests, Chuck usually puts the baby down out of bed and showing him to everyone. Some of our friends have seen him through eighteen repeat performances. They're thoroughly bored."

"Chuck is looking lightheaded at such a thought. "He almost drove the nurse out of her mind with the sterling silver safety pins," Lydia continued, despite distracting noises from the baby's bassinet, which was right next to the baby, but the nurse thought they weren't safe and wouldn't use them. "Every time she turned her back, Chuck would switch them."

Chuck Heston shuffled his six-foot-two frame impatiently on the small stool he was sitting on. You could tell he still thought he was right. There's always a definite difference in the way a man talks when he's master of his fate and captain of his soul. Even as a kid he had this, when he made up his mind to become an actor. He never forgot his goal. He practiced daily.

"Take the matter of Lydia, for instance. He was seventeen when he got ideas about her. She sat in front of him in drama class at Northwestern University. He'd never had a date with a girl when he first saw Lydia. He had the thought of concentrating on becoming an actor to think of them. But the pert, dark-haired Missie girl attracted him. He wanted to get to know her.

"It wasn't easy. Lydia frankly admits now she thought about the whole thing for months. Michigan looked as wild as the woods he'd come from. He asked her for countless dates before she accepted one. Then he asked her countless more times to marry him. But she didn't have the heart of a long while. She was as much in love with the theatre as Chuck was. Marriage was not included in her plans. Chuck persisted. Lydia resisted. Chuck persisted. They married.

For eleven years the Hestons had a unique but happy marriage. Chuck's clinching argument against single bliss to Lydia was that two careers in a family could flourish, but a career of two of their own they had. Chuck had his tv and movie work; Lydia, her stage plays. Of course, it meant they were oftentimes apart.

A great part of their dialogue in the pre-Frager days was a longing thing: "Hello, honey. Goodbye, dear."

But all this is changed now.

"I used to think the greatest thrill in the world was to always be in a play. But now I feel I've had the road. Fray is my greatest thrill," Lydia says.

"Fray likes Bach," Chuck Heston interrupted. "It soothes him."

"I grew up in the Michigan woods—I'd like Fray to be raised there. Of course, there are problems to living in the woods, just as there are problems anywhere. That's the problem of aloneness, but I think this is the slight price we have to pay an asset, I mean. It teaches self-reliance. I wouldn't give up my home in Michigan.
for anything," Chuck said firmly. "My grandfather once owned three hundred and fifty thousand acres there. It was all sold. We were land-poor back in the depression days. Now, I've bought back almost fifteen thousand acres. That's where my room and I'm very wild. I own a house there, vote there, have a Michigan state license on my car. And as soon as I finish "The Ten Commandments," I'll be all running back.

"Lida and I both strongly about raising Fray ourselves. We decided not to have a regular nurse for the baby. I've seen too much of that in Hollywood, where the baby is brought to mummy and daddy and that's it. Lydia takes care of the baby and we have a maid for the housework. He's really a very good child. We worried about his perhaps being a woman child but he has a wonderful special soundproofing put between the walls that connect our bedroom with his. But he didn't cry at all. In fact, we even let the window so before we planned.

"Right now I'm born between some murals in Fray's room of scenes of Michigan wild life or shepherd scenes from the A. A. Milne books, which I want to start after I finish the fresco I'm on."

"Chuck drives me wild with his painting in the house," Lydia said. "I'm neurotic about my furniture."

And no wonder. For the fresco, which is a copious and sumptuous wall that supposedly stood in Egypt in Moses' days, fills one side of the Heston apartment and rests on a beautiful ebony sideboard. Since there were no splatters of brown paint marring the shiny ebony, one can only guess that Lydia, to date, has been quick enough to outwit Chuck by getting there first with the sheen.

"Fray's a born trouper," Lydia boasted. "But then, why shouldn't he be if there's anything to preen and influence? You know, he was on-stage for one stage and seventy-five performances of "The Seven Year Itch" when I played the lead in the road company. I was horribly nauseated most of the time. I would grab the set and actually had to catapult myself on-stage each night. But I got my best notices then. I can thank Fray for that."

"Our son's career was spectacular but short," Chuck said. "He started right on the top, playing his first screen role opposite Judith Anderson in "Man with a Million," which Martha Scott was and directed by none other than C. B. DeMille. When Mr. DeMille heard about the baby, we wired our, "If it's a boy, he'll play the baby Moses.

"The week he was three months old, Moses' age according to the Bible, Fray played the scene in the bulrushes. Mr. DeMille signed his name on a solid gold contract. Fray's Foot was put on one of his left foot on a piece of white parchment to show his good faith. When our accountant, a rather whimsical fellow, applied for Fray's social security card, he asked that space be exercised in the Bible. But the application since the applicant hadn't worked in more than two weeks. When he gets his Screen Actors Guild card, he'll be the youngest member of that organization. He worked four days and his earnings he purchased Paramount stock.

"When I first heard that Fray was to be in the movie," Lydia interjected, "I was delighted. But relationship, I was afraid Fray wouldn't behave and that the noise and people on the set would frighten him and he'd cry. But he cried only once—right on cue! During the scene where it says in the Bible 'behind the baby wasp. Fray did.'"

"Once he got started," Chuck said, "he wouldn't stop crying. We decided he must be hungry, and we gave him a bottle. There were hundreds of people on the set that day, all patiently waiting until Fray finished. After what seemed an interminable period, with production costs mounting, Mr. DeMille said, 'If this baby eats at the most expensive restaurants in the world the rest of his life, he'll never have a more costly meal.'"

During the shooting, Lydia was on the set, along with a nurse, a welfare worker and a set of twin stand-ins. "We couldn't have asked for a better baby the rest of the time. I thought he might get claustrophobia and cry when the scene was shot when baby Moses is placed in the straw basket and the top's brought down. But he loved it. The scene had to be shot several times, and the basket was filled with flour to weigh it. We'd douse it into the water and place Fray in the basket. The first time, he took him out of the basket between takes, he noticed Fray felt a little limp. This being a natural phenomenon, I laughed. "Chuck didn't say anything. But the next time he took him out of the basket, Fray was soaking wet. It was then we discovered that the basket was leaking. I thought it was an error in production. But that's the first time I ever heard of a bed wetting the baby."

"Fray enjoyed all the attention. He wasn't very polite at the end though," explained Chuck. "When we took him to bid Mr. DeMille goodbye, he punched him in the nose. Maybe it's just as well he's retiring to live off his old man for about the next thirty-five years."

There was an air of finitude in Chuck's last statement. His eyes grew serious. "If he wants to become an actor when he grows up, there be fine with me, but I will actually try to prevent him from becoming one as a child. The main thing I want my baby to be now is a little boy. And I wouldn't be dismayed if he wants to become a director later on. The odds against any actor being able to make a living are so long. I wish him well in some other profession. I would feel a lot of confidence in every good actor succeeding eventually, but this is not the case—too often it's a matter of chance."

Chuck must have been thinking over the months and struggling to get his break, the months of pounding the pavements after he'd returned from the war. For almost a year Lydia's modeling jobs brought in the major portion of their income and the supply of her and that, but Lydia encouraged him to go on, looking for his break. Finally, it came—first radio soap operas, then TV. It was from his roles in a series of "Studeo One" that he got his big break in the movies. Hal Wallis admired his work in such heavy dramas as "Jane Eyre," "Of Human Bondage" and "Macbeth." By the time he arrived well on his way as a rising young actor. Things began to go easily then, but Chuck Heston has never been able to forget those long years.

"Just then a short cry came from the nursery," Lydia added. "He was waking up and decided to go to see his son Fray. He beamed and jumped up. Two minutes later he was back with Fray in his arms. Lydia looked very pleased. Fray gurgled. Chuck beamed. There was no doubt about it. Everyone was having a wonderful time."

The End
Sorority Girl

(Continued from page 87)

"Sororities weren't brought about by snobbery, and they didn't start as a way to compete into them. Originally, they were formed by people who liked one another, enjoyed the same things.

"This doesn't mean that the girls lose their individuality. On the contrary, I think it's one of the great plusses in the whole thing. Personalities are bound to enter into the matter—and grudges. But these are things that one must face during an entire life.

"You don't have to be an actress to realize that girls will compete with one another. Naturally, you'd like to be one of them.

"Stop for a moment and examine your motives. Do you honestly like them, or are you simply impressed by their sorority pins? Do they really like you for yourself? Have you given them a chance to know the real you?

"During the rushing period, the rushers try so hard to make a good first impression. They have stiff competition and that affects people in different ways. Some clam up completely, others chatter incessantly, put on airs that don't become them. It's hard to say. You might find it difficult to do. I just happened to stumble upon that secret!

"A girl should stop and ask herself just why she wants to join a sorority or a club. She should analyze the kind of group it may be. A girl who cannot join a snobbish group need have no fears about being a social failure. She should realize that people who accept her without their sorority pins have little else to flaunt.

"Although I pledged a college sorority, I do know what rejection can mean. I faced it in high school. There was a sorority in my school and I wanted to become a member. I was blackballed.

"It hurt. It always does. However, I figured you can sit around feeling sorry for yourself all day. So I looked around for other clubs. I joined a singing group. I joined the Campfire girls. I worked hard and made the Honor Society.

"And I had so many friends, and was so busy now, that I was reconciled.

"These clubs were fun, but we were also accomplishing something, learning something. To my mind, this is the way every sorority or club should be.

"I think that a lot is said about the tomfoolery that goes on in high-school and college sororities. I also know that the hazing during what they call "Hell Week" can be injurious. However, I believe that these groups are growing out of it, slowly, perhaps, but surely.

"It began, I believe, with a young veteran who returned to school after his Army days. Having suggested that "Hell Week" be turned into "Help Week," the National Interfraternity Council recommended that "Help Week" become a new tradition. All over the country, sororities and fraternities have taken it up. Instead of wasting energy in mischievous tricks, they've volunteered as aids for hospitals and recreation centers. They've asked pledges to help with Scout meetings. They've given a free lunch to boys and girls who want to graduate in this country and also more scholarships for American students doing graduate work abroad. And these scholarships are at least worthy.

"A sorority can be what it's members make it," concludes Janet. "And your life can be whatever you want to make of it."

"And while the pros and cons still rage, it's a thought to remember.

The End

Jimmy—on the Q. T.

(Continued from page 71)

believe that he does not care especially for the incidental trappings of stardom; but he faces them in the dogged, head-scratching manner of a true son of Indiana, Pennsylvania—one who assuages the assurance of Princeton, class of '32.

Not many people know James Stewart well. Only a handful, for example, would be aware that this actor has no special fondness for his more popular role in "Gloria." He says he was cast simply by his intimates. Though millions feel on rather cozy terms with him, the logical offshoot of his exceptional personality, no more a few would know that he never appears in waking hours without his shoes highly polished. And while everybody, so to speak, has knowledge of his splendid qualities, his small per-

cent of everybody would have the in-
formation that this is not to be discussed in his presence. He never, literally never, mentions it, not even to his wife, who was Gloria Hatrick McLean when they married.

Gloria Hatrick McLean met James Stewart at a dinner party at the home of Rocky and Gary Cooper early in October 1948. It was Mr. Stewart's recollection that they did not address another at all, but did a great deal of looking. Some time after that, on the heels of a devoted courthouse, Stewart invited her over to his house one night for dinner. She was pleased to accept. In the middle of the entree, Stewart—who had not exactly been babbling up to then—put down his fork and said: "Will you marry me?"

Again, she was pleased to accept. "Yes," was the sum total of her answer.

"That," a friend remarked to her later, "was a fast way of doing it."

"Why not," said Gloria. "I'm glad. I'm glad."

"I wasn't stuck for an answer," said Mr. Stewart.

Mrs. Stewart had had two sons by a prior marriage: Ronald, who is eleven now, and Michael, nine. She and Stewart are the parents of twins, Judith and Kelly, four. The combined circumstances led to a con-
tretemps during the purchase of the Ber-

evly Hills home they now occupy. The front was thickly covered with ivy, a fa-

vor which Mrs. Stewart did not like.

"I'll have to go," she said. "The place looks like a dormitory."

"Well," said Stewart, aptly enough.

"What else is it?"

The front still covered with ivy.

Methodical is perhaps too mild a term for James Stewart. More properly, he is meticulous. A handy man around the house—especially in matters having to do with tools—he maintains his tools with such fanatic precision that he could
The Stewart's wardrobe was a droll fellow in a solemn, unabtrusive way, and there are narratives to support the idea. One of these was the famous photograph of a small harp

The speech still moves Stewart to mirth. But he was nothing if not cooperative. Patiently he signed five pages of the boy's album and handed it back to him. "The boy is right! I've done this one in one operation." he observed. "Somebody good's liable to turn up any time.

For Stewart, that was quite a speech. When he was a leadoff man on the order of his friend Cooper, he was more of a conversational counter-puncher than a lead-off man, and he rarely says anything without thinking about it first. "Jim's the kind of a guy," an intimate has reflected, "that if you say to him, 'How are you?' he'll tell you. He's got no idle pater at all.

Cooper has even less. It was thus that they encountered one afternoon, the incident of the long, long drive. Stewart was enjoying an unaccustomed day off. Had it all to himself. But he wasn't enjoying it. Idleness has an abrasive effect on his nerves.

"We decided to light a little smoke," he said, "you look forward to so much, have a way of being a friend. You call friends. They're not home or they're busy doing something else. You run out of things to do. So there you are.

Well, this crisis had arrived when Cooper came by.

"Go for a drive?" he called.

"Might's well," said Stewart.

There were no objections. Not a word was exchanged. At the end of the afternoon, Cooper dropped Stewart off again.

"So long," he said.

Cooper didn't wait. "How is Cooper?" said Mrs. Stewart.

"Dunno," said Stewart. "Didn't ask him.

The Stewart household runs on a schedule about as exact as that of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Breakfast is served at a certain time, lunch at another, dinner at another. The time is set and there are no deviations. If the Stewarts lunch out, they do so at Romanoff's. No place else. Every Thursday evening, while in residence, they dine at Chasen's. Same table; same time. The rich and Famous Club elected entertainer is one they particularly like. Each July 4th, they assemble the children and go to the fireworks at Los Angeles Coliseum. Not to perform this ritual would be unthinkable. Most evenings they spend either at home or at the home of one of a limited circle of close friends. The preferred diversions here are records, talk and canasta, a game for which Gloria Stewart has displayed near genius.

Left to their own devices, on the other hand, the Stewarts like to tackle somewhat knottier problems. Stewart has a chess-player's mind. So has his life. The two also subscribe to a jig-saw puzzle library—it seems there is such a thing—which monthly services them with a staggering jigsaw. This is not kid stuff but a masonic puzzle cut over a small area of floor. Mrs. Stewart generally does the heavy duty on these while Jim kibitzes.

The two are in truth very fine parents. Their children cannot be overstated. Jimmy is kind but firm. "Discipline," he has said with a striking wisdom, "provides them with a sense of security. Undisciplined youngsters become insecure because there's no pattern they can trust."

Bad report cards mean loss of downstairs privileges for the boys, and they jolly well know that Pop means it. Asked once if he gave them allowances, Stewart said he didn't rather on the grounds that they were too young to be on salary.

The Stewarts are tireless picnickers—Stewart was never happier than when, on one birthday, he was given a fancy fitted picnic basket. They are enthusiastic golfers—to termites. They not only eat three times a day but begin to snack between meals. I'm going to have to add pepper and salt any time now.

He shows faint irritation when asked if he plans to retire. One day last spring his nasal voice sharpened notably when he addressed a full house. The famous drawl became nearly staccato.

"No, I'm not going to retire," he said. "Why should I? This is my profession. This is what I do. I love it. You pick your career and then you try to make something of it. I've been lucky enough. Not yet anyway. Lord, I can't even take a year off. The competition's gettin' too tough. Too many good young actors looking under your nose."

Stewart's story is different for other persons—is if the word is not a prissy one—almost exquisite. He would not, for example, think of imposing on his servants' time or food. He's too busy. He's a fixture at Mrs. Romanoff's. In his rare cocktail parties for visiting Eastern dignitaries, he had Chasen's cater it rather than ask his own staff to work overtime.

Unusually, Stewart's a rabid movie fan. In his converted cellar, he has a 16-mm projector, a screen and a few easy chairs, and runs whatever films he can get his hands on. Or if he hasn't got his hands on any, the Stewart's would just plain go to the movies. On occasion, he runs his own pictures for the family.

James Maitland Stewart was born in Indiana, Pennsylvania on May 20, 1908. His father was a successful lawyer and Princeton, had some idea he'd like to be an architect, majored and graduated in it, in fact, but then turned to acting. This was not ungrateful. He's a pretty hot shot Princeton's published Triangle Club, and it was more than evident that he had talent.

He worked on the New York stage for a while and the Hollywood producers, fast by conventional standards. He got off in pictures practically on top and has not stepped down since. Nor is he especially likely to.

Stewart's enlistment as a private in the Army Air Force was one of the rare times on which he was able to gain weight. Rejected the first time for a deficiency in this respect, he acquired seven pounds as fast as he could and wasn't turned down again.

He was a model private—a trifle more than a model private, according to one man who served with him, due to an anxiety to upstage Nancel in his identity as a film star. His rise to colonel thereafter was richly deserved and had no connection whatever with his being a screen celebrity. Obviously, in fact, the Army is far richer than most people are. Stewart's record in bombers flying from England in World War II is a fine story. He flew twenty-five missions over enemy territory.

Then the war was behind him. He'd done what he had been called to, and it was time to get back to work. That was all.

If there was a problem of readjustment, he has never mentioned it. Of course, the blue bloods didn't find it particularly problem there. And the career was waiting, right where he'd left it. No problem there. And Gloria McLean was waiting—somewhere—although neither knew it at the time.

It has been said of Stewart, who did not marry until he was 41, that on an earlier date he came within a whisker of wedding a top female star. This is true except for one thing. Stewart has no such Bermudian qualities as a whisker. The whisker was that, as in the case of Gary Cooper's health, he didn't ask.

That is the story of the man who plays Lindbergh.

The END
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So creamy, so lasting, you'll hardly believe your own lips.

**CASTS**
**OF CURRENT PICTURES**


**BAR SINISTER, THE**—M-G-M. Directed by Herman Hoffman: Patch Mc Gill, Jeff Richards; Mabel Hayworth, Jaron Lewis; Jeremiah Nolan, Edmund Gwenn; Mr. Wyndham, Dean Jaeger; Widgee, himself; Tom Tuttle, Willard Sage; Dorothy Wyndham, Sally Fraser; George O’Brien, Richard Anderson; Paddy Corbin, J. M. Kerrigan.

**COUNT THREE AND PRAY**—Columbia. Directed by George Sherman: Luke Fargo, Van Heflin; Lucky Joanne Woodward; Albert Lomax, Phil Carey; Nancy Hargrove, Raymond Burr, George Devers, Allison Hayes, Lloyd Miller, Myron Healey; Matty, Nancy Knell; Stowell, James Griffith; Big, Richard Waring; Mrs. Decker, Kathryn Gwenn; Bishop, Robert Burton; Cola Rosa, Vince Townsend; Charlie Vance, John Carson; Sam; Jean Willes, Mrs. Stowkas, Adrienne Marden; Jack, Steve Ranes; Louie, Jimmy Hawkins; Lily Mae, June Ethel.

**ILLEGAL**—Warner. Directed by Lewis Allen: Victor Scott, Edward G. Robinson; Ellen Miller, Nina Foch; Ray Borden, Hugh Marlowe; Angel O’Hara, Jayne Mansfield; Frank Garland, Albert Dekker; E. A. Smith, Howard St. John; Miss Helen, Ellen Corby; Ralph Ford, Edward Platt; Andy Garth, Jan Merlin; Joe Knight, Robert Elanstein; Joseph Carter, Jay Adler; Ray, Henry Kulky; Allen Parker, James McCallion; Steve Herbert, Addison Richards; Al Cattle, Lawrence Dobkin; Gary, DeForest Kelley; George Graves, Clark Howard, Phillips, Stuart Neely.

**IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER**—M-G-M. Directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen: Ted Arthur; Gene Kelly; Doug Halberton, Dan Daley; Leslie Leighton, Cyd Charisse; Mabel Marie Bradvich, Dolores Gray; Arnie Valentine, Michael Kidd; Tom, David Burns; Charles Z. Cotterman, Jay C. Flippen; Rokey, Hal March.

**KILLER'S KISS**—U. A. Directed by Stanley Kubrick: Vincent Rapinoe, Frank Silber; Davy Gordon, Jamie Smith; Gloria Price, Irene Kane.

**KISS OF FIRE**—U. I. Directed by Joseph M. Newman: El Tigre, Jack Palance; Princess Lucia, Barbara Rush; Duke of Mouton, Ray Rosson; Felicia, Martha Hyer; Diego, Alan Reed; Vega, Leslie Bradley; Padre Domingo, Larry Dobkin; Palour, Pat Hogan; Acosta, Henry Rowland; Roderico, Bernie Gosier; Victor, Joseph Waring.


**MY SISTER EILEEN**—Columbia. Directed by Richard Quine: Eileen Sherwood, Janet Leigh; Ruth Sherwood, Betty Garrett; Bob Baker, Jack Lemmon; Frank Lippencott, Robert Fosse; Annapolis, Kurt Kaszas, Breek, Richard York; Helen, Lucy Marlow; Chick Clark, Tommy Ball; Helen’s Mother, Barbara Brown; Lougan, Horace McMahon; Drunk, Henry Slate; Drunk, Hal March.

**NAKED STREET, THE**—U. A. Directed by Maxwell Anderson: Farley Granger, Fred Quimby, Anthony Quinn; Rosalie Royale, Anne Bancroft; Joe McCarthy, Peter Graves; Mrs. Royale, Else Neet; Latzi Franks, Jerry Paris; Nutty, Frank Sally; Big Eddie, John Dennis; Janet, Angie Stevens; Margot, Joy Terry; Mr. Hough, G. Pat Collins.

**SIMBA**—Lippert-Rank. Directed by Brian Desmond Hurst: Howard, Dirk Bogarde; Drummond, Donald Sindon; Mary, Virginia McKenna; Mr. Crawford, Basil Sydney; Mrs. Crawford, Marie Ney; Dr. Hughes, Joseph Tomely; Karanja, Earl Cameron; Hiccup, Orlando Martins, Kimmo, Ben Johnson; Hannah Campbell; Whiteman, Frank Singman; Chico, Slim Harris; Maud, Glyn Lawson; Tubby, Harry Ochall; Seller at Meeting, John Chandos; Colonial Bridgeaman, Desmond Roberts; African Inspector, Errol John.

**TO HELL AND BACK**—U. I. Directed by Jesse Hibbs: Frank Murphy, Audie Murphy; Johnson, Marshall Thompson; Brandon, Charles Drake; Lt. Miller, Greg Palmer; Kerigian, Jack Kelly; Valacchi, Paul Picerni; Maria, Susan Kohner; Kowak, Richard Castle; Sanchez, Art Aragon; Sando, Burt Reynolds; Mrs. Murphy, Mary Field; Cap Mark, Bruce Cowling; Col. Howe, Paul Langton; Swann, Felix Norgaard; Steiner, Julian Upton; Thompson, Denver Pyle; Lt. Lee, David Janssen.

**TRIAL**—M-G-M. Directed by Mark Robson: Dent, Glenn Ford; Abe, Dorothy McGuire; Barney, Arthur Kennedy; Distretta Atkinson, John Hodiak, Mrs. Chavez, Katy Jurado; Angel Chavez, Rafael Campos, Judge Theodore Mather, Juan Hernandez; A.A., "Pats" Sanders, Robert Middleton.

**YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG**—Paramount. Directed by Norman Taurog: Bob Miller, Dean Martin; Wilbur Hoehle, Jerry Lewis; Nancy Collin, Diana Lynn; Gretchen Brendan, Nina Foch; Noonan, Raymond Burr; Skeets, Mitzi McCall; Mrs. Noonan, Veda, Ann Borg; Mrs. Hale, Brenda More; Mande; Ticket Agent, Rono Vincent; Marty's mother, Nancy Kulp, Lt. O'Malley, Milton Frome.
"I understand you now because I've got the same feeling in me...and if anything happens to my wife, my daughter or the boy...I'll surely kill you...SO HELP ME!"

Paramount presents

HUMPHREY BOGART
and
FREDRIC MARCH

in WILLIAM WYLER'S
Production of
THE DESPERATE HOURS

co-starring
Arthur Kennedy • Martha Scott • Dewey Martin
Gig Young • Mary Murphy

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM WYLER • Screenplay by JOSEPH HAYES
Adapted from the novel and play by Joseph Hayes
How to have COVER GIRL HAIR

Take a tip from professional beauties and keep your hair a star attraction always. Quickly done with Marchand’s Rinse! Brunettes, brunettes, blondes, redheads can brighten natural color, add shining highlights. Special rinses blend in gray streaks. Others tone down yellow in white hair. 12 glamorous shades, made with Govt. approved colors, wash out easily. For bright and beautiful hair, use a Marchand’s Rinse after each shampoo. At all good variety and drugstores.

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If you’ve thought of going Blonde

Wash. Or lighten just a little, bring out sunny lights. Marchand’s is the complete home hair lightener famous for 50 years. At good drugstores everywhere. 60¢ and 90¢ plus tax.


HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE
BY EDITH GWYNN

If the “openings,” celebrations, fashion shows, charity events that ushered in the debut of the fabulous new Beverly Hilton Hotel had lasted one more night, believe me, most of Hollywood and citizens of its swanky outlying districts would have been in a state of collapse! The hotel’s private ballrooms and its various cafe rooms were the setting for tremendous shindigs—seven nights in a row before the place was open to the public! Started with the glittery Victory Ball at which hundreds of exquisitely clad diners were treated to a fashion show from Sophie, among others. Clark and Kay Gable were among the film folk who showed up— as did Bob and Mary Cummings, Ann Miller (with Bill O’Connor) in a sari-type gown of gold cloth with matching gold sandals. Guests from all over the world mingled with the local crowd of glamour-pusses and socialites . . . That was true, too, of the $100.00 a plate dinner dance—the Champagne Ball, mastered by the Nina Anderson Foundation for the benefit of the Jimmy Hugh Polio Fund. Twelve America designers exhibited their lovely clothes at this ball, plus hats by Rex, suits by Eddie Fisher, fireworks, babies painted pink! At both events the guests got souvenirs, ranging from solid gold cuff for the men to gold brooches, hat-perfumes for the women. . . Then was the opening of the gorgeous room—the hotel’s night club that is a mob including the Dan Daileys, newly divorced. Elizabeth Montgomery (you’ll see her as Gary Cooper’s lady in “The Court Martial of Mitchell”) with Gig Young. And what! Acting as a cigarette girl wearing a thousand-dollar Balinese costume was Alice Pearson, who is a secretary for dear old Photoplay.

There was also the preopening “The Traders” (a branch of San Francisco’s famed “Trader Vic’s”) . . .

Cont
Walk to the first dim light...
hurry past the man in the
rickshaw...turn left at the corner
of Sin Street and Glory Road...
draw your gun...duck your
girl...hold your breath...
you're getting close
to Blood Alley!

JOHN WAYNE
LAUREN BACALL

"BLOOD ALLEY"

WARNER BROS. PRESENT IT IN CINERAMASCPE WARNERCOLOR STEREOPHONIC SOUND

with PAUL FIX JOY KIM BERRY KROGER MIKE MAZURKI ANITA EKBERG
STORY AND SCREEN PLAY BY A.S. FLEISCHMAN A BATAIC PRODUCTION
DIRECTED BY WILLIAM A. WELLMAN PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.
Sea type restaurant in the Beverly Hilton. The L’Escoffier room, so exclusive that there will be NO prices on the menus. Along with other special events, Al Teitelbaum previewed his fine fur collection to a few hundred drooling females. Jane Powell’s eyes popped at a fifteen thousand dollar midnight-mist mink. Terry Moore sighed over a wrap of white jasmine mink—worth a fortune. (Didn’t we all?)

Terry Moore toddled into Herman Hower’s cocktail party at Ciro’s for Sammy Davis, jr., looking real dreamy in a blue silk, off-the-shoulder dress, its skirt a mass of flounces. Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher were there and Debbie, too, was in full-skirted blue. The Dean Martins were on hand—but not the Jerry Lewises, though both pairs were invited. They’ve managed to avoid each other socially with amazing “accuracy.” Also sipping and nibbling were the Jeff Chandelers, Ann Blyth (wearing a snug-topped, full-skirted black dress with a red sash, and a black velvet picture hat), Joanne Dru, in brown crepe sheath with cap sleeves, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman, Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean, Mitzi Green and Joe Pevney, the John Lunds, Gary Crosby with Peggy Connolly. Gary was stuffing in canapés like mad, saying he worries so much he doesn’t need to diet.

Glamazon Anita Ekberg “stole the show” from everything but Sammy Davis’ great show, the next night when he opened at Ciro’s. She was with F. Sinatra and the room was full of celebs. But the Ekberg, in low, low, low-cut, skintight, white lace gown, with black velvet stole trimmed in white mink, long white gloves, long earrings, long blond bob bobbing almost to her ample shoulders (she’s not a tiny gal, y’know!) knocked ringsiders for a loop. Applauding Sammy as usual, were the H. Bogarts, Marlon Brando, the Jack Bennys, Judy Garland and Sid Luft, Betty Furness and Cesar Romero, Gary Cooper, stag, Leigh Snowden and Dick Contino, and of all things, Cleo Moore, all herself!

Before Eddie Fisher took off for the East again, Debbie guess who gave him a surprise birthday that actually surprised him. She arranged a real Hawaiian luau for her feller in a home she borrowed from a chum. Feasters included Lori Nelson with Dave Halt, Barbara Ruick, the John Ericson George Nader and Martha Hyer, Jo Foreman, Lennie Gaines.

Well, kiddies, Sinatra dods it again. Meaning Frankie tossed another (175) big bash—this one less formal than the dinner dance he gave out with it month—but a heap more fun! F. took over the entire Villa Capri, his favorite Italian restaurant in Hollywood, for a bon voyage party for his p—Patsy D’Amore, who owns the pad. And for the How Crazy Can We C Dept. Frank had all the regular chums and waiters “just helping”—because he had the dinner catered by an outsi outfit and served up Mexican food! small, hot hand served up jump tur besides backgrounding such as Sam Davis, jr., Nat King Cole, Pat Stan and Frankie later when they dished o million $$$ worth of free entertain ment. None of the talent went to wa on the Milton Berles, Lauren Bac (Bogie was working), Betty Furn (snapping candid camera shots everyone for hours), the Dean Marti, George Raft with Mari Blanchard, Jerry Colonnass, Peggy Connolly, Jy van Heusen, W. Winchell, M. Wynn, Jack Entratter, handsome bo face of The Sands at Las Vegas, Samm Cahns and James Dean, b brought his semi-steady date, Urs Andress, to “the ball.”

Golly! If we don’t quickly lump lot of other doings together in a but you’d never guess how crowded we carryings-on the last month was! Th was a special showing of “Oklahoma” at M-C-M, attended by Oklahoma Governor Raymond Gary, that de gasps of awe and praise from lucky invitees—and made Shirley Jo the happiest gal in Hollywood. Si definitely a new star who was born w that showing! There was the reopen of the Huntington Hartford Theatre with the play, “A Day by the Sea” (critics couldn’t “see” it)—wh Grace Kelly and Jean Pierre Aum drew the most stares . . . And such nice cocktail soiree given by The Tlans, a group of truly ambitious, he working actors (including Jimmy De Gary Crosby, Terry Moore, Tony Co tis, Carol Ohmart, George Nader, R. Calhoun)—where they told about “do-gooding” for charitable causes the club will foster in the future. M about them soon.
There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions. Each one of the three Breck Shampoos is made for a different hair condition. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition leaves your hair clean, lustrous and fragrant. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet it cleans thoroughly. A Breck Shampoo helps bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair.
Hollywoodites returning from Hawaii are telling about the disordered village general store near a film location site. A sign outside reads:

"House of Three Wonders; 1. You wonder if we have it, 2. We wonder where it is, 3. You wonder how we find it."

Jack Carson about a movie cutie: "She's a gal who talks a blue shrimp."

Sign on a wedding chapel in Las Vegas: "Our Weddings Are Legal."

Comedian Joey Bishop about wealthy visitors in Vegas: "The other night a Cadillac drove up to the Sahara Hotel and a Jaguar got out."

John Payne asked his seven year old Tommy what he'd like to do when he grows up. The lad replied:

"Nothing, Dad. Just like you."

Don Porter claims this sign should appear on the lawn of a certain mansion in Beverly Hills:

"Beware of Juvenile Delinquent."

Bob Hope quipped it at the Royal Variety Performance in London:

"I was born English. I tell you this so that those of you with no sense of humor will at least be patriotic."

Buddy Lester's mad idea for a liquid Russian roulette game. Six shots of vodka and then you wonder which shot hit you.

Overheard in a Hollywood bistro: "She's the type of girl who likes quiet things. Like the folding of a fifty-dollar bill, for instance."

When she was married to Conrad Hilton, Zsa Zsa Gabor asked him to name one of his hotels after her.

"How can I run a hotel with a Bible in every room," Hilton's reported to have said, "if I call it the Zsa Zsa Hotel?"

Jerry Lewis masquerades as an 11 year old boy in "You're Never Too Young," and in one scene Diana Lynn tries to explain about the birds and bees.

Diana: "It's hard to explain. You see, well, some people are born boys and some are born girls."

Jerry: "I'm glad. It works out a lot better for dancing."

Fellow who spells out the names and titles on a Hollywood theatre marquee pulled a zinger when M-G-M's "Rogue Cop" opened.

The sign read: "Rouge Cop."

Overheard: "She just throws herself at men—but what an aim."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.*
Jergens most effective of all lotions tested

In a remarkable test:
Hands soaked in detergents, but without Jergens care, looked rough, red. Some were even cracked and bleeding.

In the same test:
Hands treated with Jergens Lotion after soaking were soft, smooth, lovely. No detergent damage.

Unretouched photo of Mrs. Beth Anderson's hands after soaking in detergents. Only one hand received Jergens Lotion.

PROOF: JERGENS LOTION STOPS "DETERGENT HANDS"

The test: 447 women soaked both hands in a common household detergent 3 times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied only to one hand. In 3 or 4 days the hands untreated by Jergens Lotion showed ugly detergent damage. But the hands treated with Jergens Lotion were soft, smooth, glamorous.

What to do? It's easy to keep your hands smooth and lovely. Use luxurious Jergens Lotion every day to combat punishment of wind, weather, suds and sun. Jergens Lotion is never sticky, never greasy. Takes only a few seconds to apply. Gives you the thrilling reward of glamorous-looking hands. Still only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Notice to doctors and dermatologists... for a summary of this report, write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati 21, Ohio.
Rhythm in Red! A high-key red that fairly sings... in wonderful harmony with the blues, the crimsons, the hunter greens of new Fall fashions. Rhythm-in-Red has just the right note of blue to give it a deep, exciting brilliance! And naturally, because it’s a Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick, Rhythm-in-Red stays crimson-bright on your lips... stays off everyone else!

7 Cover-Girl Colors $49 plus tax

cashmere bouquet

Indelible-Type Lipstick
Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet

"Have a lipstick wardrobe: a crimson red (Rhythm-in-Red), a true-red (Lookout Red) and a golden-red (Tropic Sun). All three cost less than $2 when, like our Conover girls, you choose Cashmere Bouquet."

Conover School, New York, N.Y.

Cover-Girl Colors 49¢ plus tax
Having someone like Marty to lean on is the reason for this Day's happiness song.
Pier is well enough and willing to leave the new baby for a few weeks, father Vic is treating her to a trip back to Italy. Her devoted husband believes an ocean voyage and the sight of her native land will erase all pain of the past for pretty Pier.

The Good Life: "I'm not in the first shot after lunch," said Doris Day on the "Man Who Knew Too Much" set. "Drop by the dressing room and we'll yak it up!" Later Cal found Doris stretched out to rest, she pulled the false chignon from the nape of her neck and sighed with serenity. "I've never been happier, because I'm a girl who needs someone to lean on and Marty has been wonderful for me. One trip to Europe was terrific. London was exhausting, but we drove all through France and not a single soul recognized me. On the boat the sea was so eerie at night, I slept in the daytime. Then my son Terry would come in loaded down with autograph books. He had a ball—won one hundred and twenty dollars at shuffleboard, too! You know Warners owned the Ruth Etting story (M-G-M's "Love Me or Leave Me") when I was under contract there. Now they let me to come back for a picture. I think it would be a sweet revenge say no! Now I'm just grateful—couldn't care less!"

Happy News: If movie exhibitors keep their business, there couldn't be a happier future for the ten young people who won the COMPO National Awards, as the stars of tomorrow. Beaming away were Anne Frank, Barbara Rush, Lori Nelson, Moreno, Cleo Moore, Jack Lemmon, George Nader, John Erickson, Ida Egan, and Tab Hunter. They were feted at a big luncheon at the Biltmore Hotel.

For the Record: People are tall about "wot happen" to that pretty Leslie Caron. Leslie's turned into an offbeat sophistiicated French fashion plate. She had all the females sighing a recent party... June Powell isn't expecting another baby, she and her husband Pat Nerney aren't feuding and she doesn't want to break her M-G-M contract. We know because we asked her!... Piper Laurie didn't meet...
Ann sighed as she looked enviously through the window at a happy group of boys and girls heading for the Bowling Alley. How she wished she were one of them.

"I'd give anything to belong," she said for the hundredth time. Why did they snub her so consistently, she wondered. Why did they leave her out of things? She was quite sure she was just as pretty—prettier, even, than some of the girls... just as nicely dressed, too... and with more personality. Yet she was outside of the charmed circle. She simply couldn't understand why. Girls with this trouble* seldom do.

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no toothpaste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath* (halitosis) instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

No tooth paste kills germs like this... instantly

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning... every night... before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

"I'd give anything to belong..."
Why worry? Wear Sani-Scants!

They really solve the problem!

For safety’s sake when “those days” are near... for peace of mind when “that time” is here... Sani-Scants really are a blessing. They look as trim as everyday panties, but they have pins and tabs inside so you need no belt. And Sani-Scants have a moisture-proof panel to guard you against embarrassing accidents.

Another wonderful thing about Sani-Scants; they conceal, never reveal! Next month, why don’t you try Sani-Scants? $1.35 to $2.50.

Longer Brief style, $1.75 to $2.50.
Small, medium, large, extra-large.

with family opposition when she decided the time had come to have her own apartment. She wanted to live closer to the studio and she still goes home for weekends... Far from being annoyed with Grace Kelly for turning down so many scripts, now that she’s making “The Swan,” the studio’s decorating the house she rented while in Hollywood.

Many Happy Returns: It was the hottest day of the year, but it was also Mrs. Rory Calhoun’s birthday. Whatever Lita wants Lita gets from her devoted husband. and this time it was a full-length ranch mink coat!... Eddie Fisher was 27, which was the reason why Debbie Reynolds gave him a surprise party and a set of diamond and emerald cuff links and studs.

Wrong Rumors: John Derek wasn’t annoyed (as printed) when Paramount borrowed Robert Wagner for “The Mountain,” John read the script first and didn’t believe an audience would accept him as Spencer Tracy’s brother... Debra Paget moving out on mama and taking an apartment of her own? “Anyone believing that rumor,” she insists, “is just plain crazy!” The lady should know!... To the contrary, Richard Widmark was delighted when William Campbell stole certain scenes in “Backlash.” It so happens Dick thinks Bill is such a terrific actor, he asked U-I to cast him in the picture!

Peeks at Productions: At first Ev Marie Saint thought it was a rib when Paramount asked her to play opposite Bob Hope in “That Certain Feeling.” When she said she thought she’d “b lost” in a comedy, Mr. Ski-Nose got on the phone and convinced her otherwise... And when Lana Turner reported the first day at 20th Century-Fox for “Rains of Ranchipur,” she was on the set at 9—and in the hospital at 12. Poor Lana suffered a brain concussion when she fell in a bathtub while vacationing in Acapulco. Headache and dizzy spells prompted the “general checkup.”

Cupid Kay-Od: Susan Hayward says she isn’t having a romance with Don Barry—or anyone. They’ve known each other for years and the gal say it’s nuttin’ but good ol’ friendship... And George Nader says he isn’t havin’ a romance with Kim Novak but—“I’ll even be grateful if someone thought I was!”

Hollywood Is Amused: At Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable turning down the invitation to the party ex-actor William Haines gave for his long-time friend Joan Crawford and new husband Alfred Steele, who was detained in New York and couldn’t attend... At the New York report on Marilyn Monroe’s endeavors to better herself as an actress. In all fairness, she’s very serious about studying at the Actors Studio where most of the students are strug...
You can’t help noticing it. All at once a girl’s complexion becomes gloriously, warmly alive.

“She must be in love,” other girls guess instantly. Men, somehow, never suspect the truth. Yet this new radiance draws them like a magnet.

“If only it would last...” people say. But the wonderful truth is—it can last!

The whole secret is to bring out that fresh, soft glow every day. And there is only one way to do that.

Only CREAM can really DEEP CLEANSE your skin

At the end of each day your complexion is half-choked with stale make-up and clinging, oily grime. Only cream is able to dissolve and clean out this greasy dirt, embedded deep in the pore openings.

The unique oil-and-moisture formula of Pond’s Cold Cream has made it the most successful deep-cleansing cream in the world.

After your Pond’s Cold Creaming each night, you’ll be aware that nothing has ever left your skin so bright and awake clean. Every pore seems to be taking deep, cool breaths of fresh air. Your skin feels completely unclogged, really free!

Today—get Pond’s Cold Cream. See it give you the glow of a girl who loves, and is loved!

Nice things happen so fast—
You can see immediate results from luxurious deep Pond’s cleansing each night. And—even more dramatic results when you “re-protect” your skin with Pond’s after each daytime face washing. Each time you wash your face, dermatologists say, you remove natural protectors that Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to re-store. Meanwhile, your skin roughens, coarsens, dries out. Pond’s Cold Cream replaces the washed-away protectors instantly. That dry feeling disappears. Your skin feels dewy soft, happy—it welcomes make-up!
ging young hopefuls. Marilyn lives at the Waldorf Towers and employs a male secretary to take notes during class. Later she lunches with the others at Childs—while the secretary transcribes the notes for her to study!

Fact or Fiction: According to June Allyson, her 16-year-old step-daughter, who spent the summer with the Dick Powells, is most enchanting. According to a close friend, June was real relieved when Missy Ellen returned to her mother (Joan Blondell) in the East. Among other worries that supposedly unnerved June was the way the young lady drove her car in heavy traffic ... When he returns from England and visiting Linda Christian in Spain, Edmund Purdom has a surprise awaiting him. Last time he visited a Spencer Tracy set he made remarks and behaved so unprofessionally, Spence wouldn't work until Purdom was asked to leave. Now 'tis said the unpredictable Britisher will be told he's barred from all Tracy sets in the future!

Storm Signal: Some say he's consulting a psychiatrist, but one thing's for sure. These are troubled days for Jeff Chandler. He looks disconsolate, his attitude is weary and dejected. Although he's temporarily refusing all interviews, Jeff was his usual kind, cooperative self when he sat down with Cal in the U-I commissary. "We've been trying to find a larger place," he began, "but now we're remaining in the house I bought for Marge when we separated, cutting off the bedrooms and enlarging the closets." About those interviews, "You reach a point where there's nothing left to say," Jeff explained, "then a few writers distort the truth to get hot copy, and lies actually make me ill. So I'll lay off until I have something interesting to talk about again." After "Pillars of the Sky," Jeff takes a long rest. Cal believes this is the answer to his problems.

Paradise Lost: That "dream" location on the Virgin Islands turned into a nightmare for Deborah Kerr, William Holden and the "Proud and Profane" company. Angry wasps bit them. They suffered weeping skin infection from

"Try and catch me!" challenged Marlon Brando as he sprinted down an alley. And a waiting photographer did
Topical plants and the resort was overrun with overbearing tourists. One persistent woman even tried to make Ebbe sit on her fat husband's lap for a snapshot!

Garbo: "Try and catch me!" challenged Marlon Brando—and news photographers took him at his word when he appeared in court on two old libel citations. Wearing sneakers and dark glasses, Marlon climbed out a window and sprinted up an alley after a judge fined him $50. A waiting photographer grabbed his shot as he asked: "I hope you move this fast when you make that Western!" For the cord, Marlon will play a gunfighter the early West in his first picture for his own Pennebaker, Inc., productions.

Times in the News: At ease kiddies! Martin and Lewis are going to keep being Martin and Lewis. The leading pair finally met at Paramount and agreed to go on making many millions as America's highest paid comedians. Her studio can't find Jean Peters to tell her she's off suspension for turning down "View from Pompey's Head." Estranged husband Stuartamer the 3rd, would like to know where she is, too! Montgomeryift helped his good friends, Julie Harris and Manning Curius, select a name for their new son—Peter Alston.

No one knows why Sheree North is so secretive about her five-month marriage to music publisher John "Bud" Freeman. They kept steady company for four years, so who was surprised? Those inevitable rift rumors about Joan Crawford and Fred Steele she could take in stride. Jan's learned to take them.

Lights Out: The tragic and untimely passing of Robert Francis, Carmen Miranda and Suzan Ball revives the dim legend that death comes in threes in Hollywood. The town will never forget Richard Long's devotion during the 16 months his courageous bride battled cancer. The Sunday afternoon ride in an unchartered plane that tumbled out the glowing, young life of Bob Francis has studios pointing to the fatal crash as a warning for their young players. Amongst Bob's many Hollywood friends, hardest hit was Van Johnson, who was so helpful during "I'm Alright." Carmen Miranda, the famous salad-bowl headgear, fed fun and gaiety. So she went right amusing others until the end came, and not even her husband knew she suffered from a heart condition. How shall we miss them?

HALO LEAVES HAIR CLEANER, SOFTER, BRIGHTER

...than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo

Halo—unlike most shampoos—contains no greasy oils or soap to dull your hair with dirt-catching film!

★ Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather, instantly, in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly, then rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff.

★ No special after-rinse needed. Halo glorifies your hair—naturally. Brings back all its clean bright beauty with each shampoo. Your hair is left cleaner, softer, brighter. Pleasantly fragrant, too.

★ Halo—so safe, so gentle—is ideal for children as well. Get Halo at your dealer's today. Make Halo your family shampoo!
Michael Kidd, Gene Kelly and Dan Dailey are off on a dancing spree, designed to help Gene forget a “Dear John” letter.

**To Hell and Back**
U-I; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

In a movie of unusual integrity, Audie Murphy retraces his own life story, up to the moment when World War II’s most decorated GI receives the Congressional Medal of Honor. Though Audie plays himself, it was no easy task to recapture his past feelings, yet he does it with quiet authority. Boyhood scenes, as he cares for his brothers and sisters, are simple and touching. There’s bright humor in Audie’s efforts to enlist and days as a green recruit. And wry humor sparks the war sequences that make up most of the movie. These are the finest re-creations of combat Hollywood has ever filmed—not merely spectacular and actionful, but charged with emotion. The warm relationship between fighting men comes across strongly, with Marshall Thompson and Charles Drake among the GI’s.

**It’s Always Fair Weather**
M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

Here’s a lively musical with lots of bounce, imaginative touches and a believable central situation. As Army pals, Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey and Michael Kidd agree to stage a reunion ten years later. The do—only to find they now can’t stand each other. Dan has become a stuffy, unhappy advertising executive. Gene’s a bum, shady promoter and gambler. Micha (who has not only a deft pair of dance feet but an appealing personality resembling Sinatra’s) is glum because he’s on a hamburger-joint proprietor. But all the disappointed men get a new outlook on life in the course of a mad day in New York. As a crisp ad exec, Cyd Charis maneuvers them onto a TV show (falling in love with Gene while she’s at it). Singer Dolores Gray and TV’s Hal March contribute hilarious comedy roles.

Continued on page 2
The \textit{revolution in lipstick} in a moment every other lipstick will be old-fashioned.

\textbf{Soft Touch}

\textit{The revolutionary new lipstick by Toni}

\ldots glides on at a touch \ldots yet stays on twice as long as \textquotedblleft long-lasting\textquotedblright lipsticks.

Twice as long? Yes! Just put on Soft Touch and forget about it. No need to retouch—\textit{with Soft Touch. No messy smear\ldots and so comfortable!}

Three new shades for the new season in Red — Rose — Coral $1.25 plus tax.
Now! Float away
even long-stay makeup
with one cleansing!

Tussy Creamy Cleanser lifts-out stubborn makeup, dirt
... even removes long-stay lipstick in minutes!

This new kind of skin-cleanser is unlike anything you have ever tried!
It does so much more than a lotion, does so much more than
a cream, so much more than a soap! The unique deep penetrating
action of Tussy Creamy Cleanser floats out soot, dust and even
long stay makeup in just one cleansing.
Stubborn makeup base is loosened, floated away! Even long
stay lipstick is removed in minutes!
And as Tussy Creamy Cleanser cleanses, it beautifies. Special
softening ingredients help your skin keep the dewy-freshness of youth!

Generous 6 ounces in unbreakable plastic bottle. Only $1.25 plus tax

TUSSY Creamy Cleanser

TURN OF A CAREER
BY ROCK HUDSON

When I was in New York City en route to Ireland for "Captain Light-foot," as usual the last minute before
plane time found me hurriedly packing. The studio press representative kept glancing at his watch. "You'll never
make it," he groaned.
Finally he went to the door. "Out," he said. "If you've left anything, we'll mail it."
We'd closed the door when the phone rang. "Forget it," he pleaded in panic. "We haven't got time."
"Never," I said and went back. It was someone wishing me bon voyage. We arrived at the airport with a half-second
to spare. "You and telephones," muttered the studio man. "You might have missed the plane."
"I remember the time I might have missed the boat if I hadn't answered the phone." I grinned. I didn't have
time to tell him the story, but it's one I'll never forget.
It happened the day I'd decided to stop beating my head against the wall in Hollywood and look for a regular
job. When I heard of an open truck driver's job, I headed out of my apartment in a hurry. Just as I closed the
door, the phone rang.
To this day I don't know why I went back. It had nothing to do with common sense. But I went back to bear a friend say, "Selznick's casting a picture.
Why not take over some photos?"
I hesitated while I thought of all the other times I'd done that and been told.
"You're not the type," or "Sorry, that part's been filled." "This will be the last time." I told myself and headed for
the studio. I left the pictures with the switchboard operator. Then I went home and waited.
When I returned, I discovered the operator had sent them to Henry Willson, a Selznick executive, who had left
a message for me. Would I come in and talk to him? Would I! Thank you. Henry Willson, And thank you, Alex-
ander Graham Bell!
I dreamed I was a social butterfly

*in my maidenform bra*

Prelude—newest maidenform bra ...the bra with the contour band that gives you a completely new kind of 'under-and-up' uplift. It curves so naturally to you...lifts from under the cups, curves snugly up between the cups to make the most of every curve you own!

In delicate nylon lace and satin (as shown) $3.00. In cotton broadcloth, $1.50 to 2.50. Strapless versions, 2.50 to 3.50. A, B and C cup sizes.
Enjoy new freedom from nicks, cuts and razor burns this safe, gentle, quick way

ONLY the Lady Sunbeam has a shaving head with one edge especially ground to shave the legs, and the other edge especially ground for underarm use. It is small as a compact. Ends muss and fuss, nicks and cuts of soap and blade. The Lady Sunbeam's gentle, sure performance gives you a new easy way to keep neat, fresh and dainty. Wonderful at home, or for travelling.

Small as a compact—and fast, sure, convenient.

The New Modern Way
to Feminine Daintiness

Only $14.95
opposed allies: Dorothy, Katy, Rafael, Glenn and Arthur

Even more convincing than "Blackboard Jungle," this
forays are staged

Also notable for the debut of pert, promising Joanne
Woodward. Returning from the Civil War to the South, Van
encounters hostility for two reasons: He fought on the Union
side, out of conviction; and, though he was once a devil-may-

99 V'V'V'V'

LOOKING for another part of the world comes
to explosive screen life in an expert British-made film, thought-
ful and violently suspenseful. The love story linking Dirk
Bogarde and Virginia McKenna (two extremely attractive young
people) is not a side issue; it's vitally affected by the Mau Mau
terror. Because Dirk's brother has been murdered by the Afri-
can fanatics, he distrusts all Africans. He even suspects that a
young Negro doctor (Earl Cameron) leads a secret life as
Simba (meaning "lion"), local chief of the Mau Mau cult.
Virginia works as a nurse at the doctor's clinic and believes that
the two races can learn to live peaceably in the same country.
Much of the action is necessarily brutal; beyond it, in rebuke,
lies the beautiful landscapes of Kenya.

Van Hefflin has a sympathetic assignment in a winning
story, also notable for the debut of pert, promising Joanne
Woodward. Returning from the Civil War to the South, Van
encounters hostility for two reasons: He fought on the Union
side, out of conviction; and, though he was once a devil-may-

- Look at the flower's color.
- Check for significant differences between this image and the previous one.

**The Bar Sinister**

Designed for dog lovers, this whimsical comedy is at its
best when it's on the infamous Bowery in old-time New York.
Wildfire, apparently a mutt, is really the son of a champion
bulldog—whom he'd like to find and kill for deserting his
mother. He embarks on a ring career when he's adopted by Jeff
Richards, engaging as a jaunty young rogue. After he has won
a fortune in staged dogfights for Jeff and his girl (Jarma
Lewis), Wildfire loses one match and gets thrown out. Taken
in by Edmund Gwenn, stableman on Dean Jagger's estate, he's
amazed to find himself competing with Aristocrats in dog shows.
The movie's too cute in places, but the curse is taken off by its
peppy running commentary, spoken for Wildfire by Vic
Morrow, head hoodlum of "Blackboard Jungle."
What's New in Colgate Toothpaste?  

**Missing—Missing—Missing**  
in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL—
To Give Up To 7 Times Longer Protection Against Tooth Decay...With Just One Brushing!

Morning brushings with Colgate help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that lasts 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate's!

CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it GUARDS YOUR TEETH

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**LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES**  

**The African Lion**  

disney, technicolor  

**VV** With Africa as its setting, the latest of Walt Disney's "True-Life Adventure" series focuses on the most spectacular concentration of animal life in the world. The title's a bit misleading, for the king of beasts shares the screen with a variety of other creatures, from the graceful antelope to the elephants, who supply some of the comedy expected of this series. Remarkable as most of the shots are, the picture's not too well organized; we don't get any clear outline of a lion's life, as in earlier films. But we are shown that in a "pride" of lions (a sort of family group), it's the lionesses who do the hunting for food, while Pop just lolls around looking majestic.

**You're Never Too Young**  

paramount; vistavision, technicolor  

**VV** Neatly tailored for Martin and Lewis fans, this slaphappy comedy-with-music occasionally lags a little between laughs, but builds up to a fast finish. Jerry spends most of the picture masquerading as a boy going on twelve, first to get a half-fare train ticket, then to save the reputation of Diana Lynn, who innocently invited him to share her room on the train. Both Diana and Dean are teachers at a swanky girls' school, where Jerry takes refuge from Raymond Burr, a robber and murderer. Jerry doesn't know that the loot, a fabulous diamond, has been slipped into one of his pockets. Some situations are faintly risqué—but funny and never out of bounds.

**The Naked Street**  

u.a.

**VV** Farley Granger makes a creditable comeback in an unassuming but generally entertaining crime story. He does an honest portrayal of a cheap young hoodlum, sentenced to die for a holdup murder, but rescued at the last minute by the machinations of Anthony Quinn, big-shot racketeer. Quinn has nothing but contempt for the small-timer. With his threats, he induces witnesses to change their testimony, so that Farley can go free to marry Quinn's sister (Anne Bancroft). A gentle girl who does not suspect the true character of her brother or her lover, she is to have Farley's child. Such a marriage is obviously headed for nothing but trouble. On the side of virtue is Peter Graves, as a dogged newspaperman out to break Quinn. **adult**

**Kiss of Fire**  

u.i., technicolor  

**VV** This pleasant costume melodrama grants Jack Palance one of his rare hero roles. He has a fine time swashbuckling and courting Barbara Rush in the American Southwest of the 17th century. Jack's a Robin Hood type; Barbara, a princess who is about to become queen of Spain. But to reach the coast and the ship, she must go through Indian country. Their further danger from a Spanish fact backing another contender for the throne. Hired as guide for Barbara's cavalier Jack finds personal as well as patriotic reasons for protecting her. Among the companions on the trail are Martha Hy as Barbara's cousin, and Rex Reason, a nobleman who seeks the princess' hand with purely political motives.

**Illegal**  

warner

**VV** Always a shrewd performer, Edmond O'Brien here has a vehicle that zooms off to a vigorous start, but later gets bogged down in a maze of plot complications. A hit-hitting district attorney, he discovers he must go to the execution—that he has convicted an innocent man. Resigning promptly, he takes first to drink, then to criminal-law practice, which leads him the service of Albert Dekker, boss racketeer. Nina Foch makes a credible lawyer, who stays on in the new D.A. office. Though she's in love with Robinson, he advises her to marry fellow attorney Hugh Marlowe, nearer her own age. That bad advice, it turns out; Marlowe is secretly in Dekker's employ.

**A Man Alone**  

republic, truoc

**VV** Ray Milland, latest in the growing list of actors-turned-directors, begins a new career with a Western. Also the star, he plays a drifter who hits a small Arizona town where there have just been seven brutal murders. Because Ray has a reputation as a gun fighter, he is suspected. By chance, he hides out in the home of the sheriff (Ward Bond), who lies ill at helpless, being nursed by his pretty daughter (Mary Murphy). Ray and May fall in love, and she helps him in his efforts to find the real killers, who want for banker Raymond Burr. It's a passable action stuff, but a slow pace reveals that Ray has much to learn as a director. An actor, he doesn't look quite at home in Western garb.

**Killer's Kiss**  

u.

**VV** Filmed in New York by people new to movie-making, this thriller strives hard for freshness and originlity. It's effective at first, nicely underplayed. Two young neighbors, each disillusioned, fall in love quickly and decide to leave town together. Jamie Smith is pleasingly natural as washed-up prize fighter; Irene Kane, del carche-featured and cool-voiced, is a dance hall hostess who wants to escape a loving (and successful) advances of her boss, Frank Silvera. Learning of the couple's plan, Silvera sends two henchmen to beat up his rival. By mistake, the kill Jamie's manager. Unfortunately, the film gets too fancy and its characters lose humanity as it goes into the inevitable chase finale.
For the Easiest Permanent of Your Life...

New

Easier-Faster CASUAL PIN-CURL PERMANENT

SET IT!

Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

WET IT!

Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!

That's all there is to it! CASUAL is self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!

Naturally lovely, carefree curls that last for weeks...

CASUAL is the word for it... soft, carefree waves and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable, perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer, natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!

takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

$1.50 PLUS TAX

27
NURSES suggest DOUCHING with ZONITE for feminine hygiene

BRIDES-TO-BE AND MARRIED WOMEN SHOULDN'T KNOW THESE INTIMATE FACTS

Every well-informed woman who values her health, physical charm and married happiness, knows how necessary a cleansing, deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods. Douching has become such an essential practice in the modern way of life, another survey showed that of the married women asked—83.3% douche after monthly periods and 86.5% at other times.

It's a great assurance for women to know that ZONITE is so highly thought of among these nurses. Scientific tests proved no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerfully effective yet so safe to body tissues.

ZONITE'S MANY ADVANTAGES

ZONITE is a powerful antiseptic-germicide yet is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use it as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away germs and waste deposits. It effectively deodorizes and leaves you with a wonderful sense of well-being and confidence—so refreshed and dainty. Inexpensive—ZONITE costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.

If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

SOAP BOX:

For five years I've been following the career of a young, talented Hollywood actor. For five years I've written to you constantly requesting a story about him. So, how about just a small picture at least?

His name is Peter Hanson, who recently appeared in "The Violent Men" and "Drum Beat." He will soon be seen in "The King's Thief," "Top of the World," "The Darkest Hour" and "The Ten Commandments." N. B. STREEBECK North Hollywood, California

The editors and staff of Photoplay also deeply regret the accidental death of promising actor Bob Francis.

CASTING:

I have just read "The Black Rose," I faintly remember the movie. I remen Orson Welles, who did a fine job, but is enough, that's all I remember. Why d they do it again, and do it to its full advantage? It is such a powerful book.

As I read the book I pictured Craig a new young star-to-be, as Walter; O'Hernly as Tris and Jean Simmons Maryam.

By the way, how about doing "Drangwyck" again, with Robert Taylor and A le McNamara as the stars?

SUSAN HAGERMAN China Lake, Calif.

After reading "Freckles," by Gene St on Porter, I believe it would be a movie, with Audie Murphy in the title! A girl with fresh, innocent beauty. Eva Marie Saint would make a lovely jeep. Jay C. Flippen would be very good as McSean.

JEANNE ALLE Portland, Ore

I have just read "The Last Days Pom Pone" and I think it would make simply marvelous movie with the following cast: Glauco, James Mason; Irene, D orah Kerr; Ondia, Jean Simmons; Ap

Continued

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 260 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column.
Doctors prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A
Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing! Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You’ll see that you didn’t remove deep-down dirt and make-up. “Ordinary-clean” is just superficially clean!

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial! Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snow-white! “Palmolive-clean” is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY!
PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That’s because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here’s the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive’s rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It’s that simple! But remember... only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That’s why Palmolive’s mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE’S BEAUTY RESULTS!
Blemished skin problem ends overnight with new "hide and heal" treatment!

In time for your next evening out, Tussy Medicare gives you freedom from the embarrassing sight of pimples, blackheads or whiteheads caused by acne.

**First, cleanse** with Tussy Creamy Masque. It removes more than surface dirt...helps get rid of deeply imbedded, dried skin oils that clog pores!

**Second, smooth** on Tussy Medicated Lotion. It hides blemishes while they heal. Together, Tussy Creamy Masque and Medicated Lotion are the famous Tussy Medicare Treatment.

Hides and heals blemishes as no single cream, lotion or medication can do! $2 and $1.10 no tax

The girls resemble each other a lot and I'd like to know if they are related.

**Bristol, Indiana**

The girls are not related. But Marion's joining the movies, too, in Warners' "The Ed Sullivan Story." Lucy's next for Columbia are "My Sister Eileen," "Bring Your Smile Along," "Queen Bee."—ED.

Could you please set me straight on one thing? I read in a book that Ann Miller is over six feet tall. Then in another book it said she wasn't quite six feet. Just how tall is she?

**Norma Bells**

Redmond, Oregon

You've been reading tall stories. Am I 5'5"—ED.

Could you please tell me if Johnnie Ray and Terry Moore are engaged and, if so, have they made any future plans?

**Donna Cartna**

Hanover, Ohio

Not according to recent reports from Johnnie, who says his heart belongs to a young English vocalist, Sylvia Drew.—ED.

**Judy Martin**

New York, N.Y.


In one magazine I read that Fess Parker was 28 years old. In another magazine I read that he was 31. Could you please tell me which article is correct?

**Judy Scully**

Cincinnati, Ohio

 Neither. He's 30.—ED.

I read that Montgomery Clift will not be making any more pictures. Is this true?

If so, what about the picture "Bannon" that he is scheduled to make with Spencer Tracy?

If he is going to make this picture, an I truly hope he will continue to make pictures, who has the feminine lead and who will the picture go into production?

**Mrs. Mary L. Collis**

Baltimore, Maryland

Monty has not said he would not make another picture. In fact, he hopes to make "P. Joey" and "Sons and Lovers" for Columbia. "Bannon" is not yet in production.—El
PLAYTEX® Introduces the Amazing New Girdle Material...Figure-Slimming FABRICON!

Sensational New PLAYTEX light-weight Girdle

Made of wonderful new split-resistant FABRICON

...a miracle blend of downy-soft cotton and latex that gives you

more freedom! Fabricon has more stretch! No other material has Fabricon's give-and-take s-t-r-e-t-c-h!

new coolness! "Open-pore" Fabricon lets your body breathe! Only Playtex Girdles are so soft, cool, absorbent.

invisible control! Not a seam, stitch or bone anywhere. No other lightweight girdle tucks in your tummy, slims down your hips like this new Playtex Girdle. Makes all your clothes fit and look better. Does more for your figure than girdles costing up to $15.00! And Light-Weight washes and dries in a wink. New Playtex Light-Weight Girdle $4.95 At department and better specialty stores everywhere.

THERE'S A PLAYTEX GIRDLE FOR EVERY FIGURE

For more control... Playtex High Style Girdle with the new non-roll top... $5.95
For most control... Playtex Magic-Controller with hidden "finger" panels $7.95

*All Playtex Girdles are now made of split-resistant Fabricon.

P. S. The girl is wearing the new Playtex Living® Bra made of elastic and nylon, $3.95

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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

“SUMMERTIME” is the clincher that the Hepburn is Katie. Some people required proof... Katie is my oddson favorite to win the Oscar. In the actor division, as this typewriter copy is transformed into type, the leading candidate is Jimmy Cagney. It looks like such a great year for the acting veterans that I heard a group of new faces at Schwab’s: “We’re a collection of young has-beens.” Margaret O’Brien fits the list as veteran and newcomer. I cased Miss O’Brien on the set of “Glory.” Margaret is 18 and cheesecake... Wonder what Rock Hudson and Tab Hunter really think of George Axelrod’s play, “Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?”... The answer given in the play is: “Why shouldn’t it? Success spoils everyone.” I don’t agree. I’ll take the stand to testify that it has made a better person out of Marlon Brando. However, wise Jimmy Stewart uttered these words in a booth at Chasen’s: “There are two times you can depend on a actress to be nice. The first six months when she signs a new contract and the last six months of that contract.”

I really dig Mamie Van Doren because she’s a friendly chick who always demonstrates her affection when she meets you... Alan Ladd, who’s also a producer, described his first story conference: “It’s a place where everybody gets a chance to speak, says nothing while nobody listens, and then everybody disagrees.”

For me, Jennifer Jones has class with a capital K, as Ethel Merman used to sing it. Have you met Miss Jones lately? She is one of the screen’s most underrated actresses, and this goes even if you were praising her... I give you my word there are moments when Rita Moreno just lets herself go and relaxes... The world’s most expensive canned goods are manufactured in Hollywood... I think June Allyson was smart to play the villainess in “The Shrike.” A meal composed wholly of milk chocolates can make you feel nauseous... I’m rooting for Lanza to sing through in a good movie... My friend and character, Mike Curtiz, talking to a new actor, said: “William Holden looks like you, only a little more so.”

Ava Gardner came home, please. I want to bump into you in person—at any of your favorite haunts, say Fairchild’s... Terry Moore has a knack of having publicity just happen for her even while she’s looking for it...

Coming out of Grauman’s Chinese Theatre, a stranger approached Charlton Heston and said: “Mr. Brown, I believe.” Heston looked at the man and replied: “If you believe that, you’ll believe anything.”

I’d like to see Judy (Garland) and Mickey (Rooney), two of the greatest hunks of talent ever seen on celluloid, get together for a movie or a TV spectacular... Wonder how Gene Kelly really feels about wife Betsy Blair’s sudden success in “Marty”... Somehow I get the impression Dan Dailey isn’t genuinely happy, even when he’s smiling. But Dan will get a role someday that will show everyone how great he really is!... I understand that Jimmy Dean is a difficult fellow to understand, which probably accounts for why we get along so well. It’s hard for Jimmy to trust a person, and easy for a person to rub him the wrong way... A rabid fan grabbed Edmond Purdom as he was leaving a party and said: “Sir, I hope you don’t object to my telling you how much I enjoyed your performance the other night.” Purdom beamed and said to the fan: “Sir, you misunderstand me entirely. I am a glutton for praise.” And that’s Hollywood for you.
There's a pretty glow to your complexion the instant you smooth it on! Woodbury Make-up Glow covers every tiny flaw — even little lines — makes your complexion look naturally flawless! Glow moisturizes skin to baby softness. It's non-greasy, yet not the least bit drying. Wear it with or without powder. In five perfect shades. 59c.

More Woodbury beautifiers... each with a pretty way about it

Woodbury Face Powder clings longer, gives smoother finish! 6 shades. $1 size, special 99c. Also 3c and 1c.

Woodbury Dream Stuff, foundation-and-powder in one. In mirrored compact, 6 shades. $1. In blue- and-gold box, 49c.

Woodbury Cream Make-up spreads on like silk and gives your skin a serene look. In 5 delicate shades, 93c.
What does stardust have to do with storage?

Of course you know the answer—because you're a woman. You know that the care with which you plan your home can help keep the excitement of romance alive in your daily living.

Smart women know how wonderfully a Lane Cedar Chest protects blankets, linens, woolens and off-season clothing. Each Lane is a proud decorative unit—because the new Lane styles are designed to grace any room of any home.

If your home is still in the dream stage—start making those dreams come true. Let your Lane start gathering stardust, dreams, and your prettiest possessions—right now! At your dealer's, today.

LANE Cedar Chests start at $49.95 Easy Terms
Over 100 styles and finishes • Also makers of Lane Tables
Go to the movies

- From November 7 through November 17, your local theatre will conduct a poll in which you, the actual theatregoer, will vote on your favorite stars, your favorite motion pictures and your choice of most promising newcomers. To Photoplay, the most important portion of this poll is the impetus it will give Hollywood to develop new talent.

Going back over the past five years, Photoplay discovered that out of 82 winners in its own Choose Your Stars contests, you, the readers, have selected 45 who are now among the top names in Hollywood. Such persons as Marlon Brando, Grace Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor, Rock Hudson were among the past winners. There is no doubt that your choices made known to Hollywood’s producers have helped these and the other 41 get the important roles they so well deserved. If your voice is again heard through the votes you cast at your local theatres, chances are that many just starting on the road to stardom will arrive at their destination much more quickly.

SUPPORT YOUR FAVORITE PLAYERS WITH YOUR VOTES
Martha Hyer keeps a special wardrobe on hand for painting, home chores—"gives my morale a boost."

“You can’t put a timetable on beauty,” says Lori Nelson, who always dresses as if a best beau might drop in.

“Better not to wear any make-up than patch it,” says Debbie. “You look worse at the end of the day.”

Son Mark is only four, but he’s never seen Mom a mess—for Gloria Talbott looks flower-fresh always.

Glamour Never Takes

No “greasy spoon” look for Natalie Wood. She uses non-oily creams at night, hides pin curls with hair net.
Keeping yourself charming at all times isn’t vanity. It’s a personal compliment to your friends and the folks at home

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

1. Do you use the proper amount of make-up for the proper time and occasion?
2. Do you keep your clothes neat and tidy at all times?
3. Do you avoid excessive use of bangles, baubles and beads?
4. Do you remember to keep your hair shining clean?
5. Do you treat your figure to the clothes that flatter it rather than fatten it?
6. Do you remember that a smile is much more becoming than a frown?
7. Are you careful about the way you look, from the tips of your fingers to the toes on your feet?
8. Do you get plenty of sleep?
9. Do you have the courage to experiment with your hair and your make-up?
10. And do you try to be charming to yourself and your family as well as to outsiders?

If you can honestly answer “yes” to eight out of the ten questions, you’re in the same league with the glamorous beauties of Hollywood, who are mothers, wives or just bachelor girls doing their own household chores—and doing them gracefully and gloriously.

“Just because a girl is at home where only her family can see her, there’s no reason in the world why she shouldn’t be as sparkling and vivacious and as good (Continued on page 99)
For Guy Madison, the long, hard trail has ended at the top of a sunlit hill. To the two girls who have given life a new meaning to the once lonesome cowboy

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

High on a hill in the Outpost in Hollywood tonight, a tall lean man in a tan buckskin suit, shoes removed, pads into a gay new yellow nursery and bends over a crib. For a while he stands there, quietly looking. And the cares of the day, and the years, fall away. “Hi, Charlie,” says Wild Bill. “How’s the girl?”

Her name is Bridget Catherine. Or you may call her Wee Belle Hickok. Her father calls her Charlie. Which at first confused their serious Swedish nurse no end. “Why does your husband call the baby Charlie?” she finally asked Mrs. Madison. “Well,” Sheila began, and tried with, “well, it’s sort of an expression. Sometimes he calls me Charlie. It’s a habit. It’s just…”

They may say it differently in Sweden, but it’s just that, to Guy Madison, Charlie also means “I love you.”

Here in this happy new homestead high in the Outpost section of the Hollywood hills, Wee Belle Hickok tells her father with one flick of a dimple and a cling of her tiny (Continued on page 92)
Of his past tragedies, Guy says, "It was all part of growing up. I wasn't hurt too much . . . I feel I've been very lucky." There's no room for memories which don't include Sheila, who brought him love, laughter—and daughter Bridget.
Salute to France program took thrilled Shirley to Paris with such stars as Judith Anderson, right.
EVERYTHING’S GOING HER WAY

This is the story of Cinderella Jones, the young unknown who left an obscure mining town to become the star of “Oklahoma!”

BY ERNST JACOBI

The dock was sheer madness. Photographers rushed and stumbled about the gangplank, sending off a steady flash of light bulbs; someone pushed through with four huge bouquets of roses, and fans shoved in more anxiously as a gang of reporters, in some five languages, started shouting to the four women descending the gangplank. The last—a sunnypaced, scrubbed-looking young blond—took one look and stopped in awe. Then, regaining her usual composure, she followed her three illustrious companions, managed the plank without a stumble. Everyone agreed, it was an admirable performance for a twenty-one-year-old from Smithton, Pennsylvania, who two years before was an unknown.

Later, speeding through the streets of Paris in a slick black official limousine, Shirley Jones’ natural enthusiasm burst through. “Yipes, how could this be me?” she repeated in dizzy disbelief. “Me in Paris, with Helen Hayes, Judith Anderson and Mary Martin!” How this could be is, indeed, a Cinderella story.

All stories have a beginning and Shirley’s begins somewhere in Pennsylvania, in a small mining town, just outside Pittsburgh. The town, Smithton, boasts lazy lawns, a small-size grocery and a good-size brewery. The brewery—Stoney’s—belongs to Shirley’s dad and his four brothers. Life for Shirley began one bustling spring (Continued on page 90)
WIN A PRESENT FROM

1 Anita Ekberg (“Artists and Models”—Hal Wallis, Para.) gifts Cutex manicure kit, year’s supply of Slightly Scarlet lipstick, nail polish and chic matching cocktail hat by N.Y. designer William J.

2 Oreste (“The Vagabond King”) has an exciting gift for hi-fi fans—RCA’s new Mark IV, Model 61H4, Orthophonic High Fidelity Victrola console. Cabinet in mahogany or light rift oak finish.

3 Mitzi Gaynor (“Anything Goes”) gives this luxurious Tussy Midnight gift set which includes lotions, perfumes, powder and cologne, plus Vanity Fair’s last blue pleated nylon and lace peignoir.


8 Martin & Lewis (“Artists and Models”—Hal Wallis production for Para.) removed this painting, their joint work, from an exhibit so that some lucky winner may own a Martin & Lewis original.

At Paramount studios, no expense is spared to give moviegoers the best in entertainment, the best in star talent. Now, through this studio, Photoplay readers are being given a chance to win fifty fabulous prizes. Starting here are fifty pictures showing you the gifts your favorite stars have selected for you. For details on how you can win a present from a star, see the coupon on page 47.

harlton Heston not only gives the shirt [his back, he autographs it, too! Western shirt, designed especially for luck to wear in his latest movie, "Lucy allant," has his name on the inside.

Shirley MacLaine ("The Trouble with Harry" and "Artists and Models"—Wallis, Para.) has a dream of a gift for a girl in a daydream—a beautiful Lane Cedar chest for those trousseau pretties.

John Derek ("The Ten Commandments") thinks this should send you—a set of Samsonite's handsome, sturdy luggage that includes Train Case, Wardrobe and O'Nite convertible, all in Bermuda green.

Carol Ohmart ("The Scarlet Hour") has a smooth gift for a smart contestant—Leathermades' turquoise smooth leather jacket with petal collar. Lined in printed silk, it can be worn belted or loose.

Jimmy Stewart ("The Man Who Knew Too Much") shows sample of what to expect from him—a Bigelow multi-colored carpet, size 12' x 15' in a choice of 9 colors. Sample is Glowing Embers.

Rita Moreno ("The Vagabond King") chose this for you—Tempo's filmy nylon tricot peignoir, waltz-length gown with embroidered lace trim. Also, matching fluffy petticoat, half slip (not shown).

Coupon on page 47
Jeanette Miller ("Artists and Models") packs a gay and capacious tote bag for you with Toni's famous home permanent products, as well as other hair and skin preparations, Viv lipsticks. Larry Pennell ("The Vagabond King") gifts this for your hope chest or linen closet—set of 6 Cannon Promenade bath towels, 6 matching hand towels, 6 face cloths in marine and sea green stripes. Jody Lawrance ("The Scarlet Hour") will have you walking on air with 3 pairs of Grace Walker shoes—Star-Stepper, in tropic tan antique calf; Heddy, a dressy black suede; Viscay in avocado calf. Yvonne DeCarlo ("Ten Commandments") gifts Revlon custom-designed jeweler's onyx-black enamel lipstick case, with silver floral motif, by Van Cleef & Arpels, with Revlon Swivel Stick refill. Gloria Talbott ("Lucy Gallant") tried this prize on son Mark for size—set of junior-sized furniture called Furniture. Modern in design, sturdily built, it will be an asset in any room.

WIN A PRESENT FROM A STAR

Continued

When the "Win a Present from a Star" contest was started some years ago, we were amazed at the thousands of entries we received. This time we expect to be deluged (no complaints from the editors)! For this year, through Paramount studio and its stars, you are being given a chance to win fabulous, breath-taking prizes. So don't wait until it's too late—or you'll be sorry. Fill in the coupon, send in your entry—and good luck!

Coupon on page 47
Anne Baxter ("The Ten Commandments") presents a precious prize—diamond and sapphire bracelet in palladium, newest of jewelry metals, designed by Spinl Manufacturing Jeweler, N. Y.

Ben Cooper ("Rose Tattoo"—a Hal Wallis prod. for Para.) sports something for your favorite male—Catalina's sensational new Belgimere Sweater, with long sleeves, easy-to-wear V neckline.

Marla English ("The Mountain") has a perfect gem of a gift for the girl with a dream in her heart—a Keepsake diamond ring. The symbol of romance, it's a prize any girl will treasure forever.

George Gobel ("The Birds and the Bees") can't hardly wait to give set of Frostbrand Folding lightweight furniture. Table, 2 benches, 2 stools, 2 yacht chairs are easy to move, pack.

Debra Paget ("The Ten Commandments") chose Pond's famous beauty preparations in white leather case and Jerry Gilden's Angel-look princess sheath in embroidered gold wool jersey, 8 to 18.
WIN A PRESENT FROM A STAR

Continued

23 Tom Tryon ("The Scarlet Hour") is all set to brighten up your life with this handsome Ronson table model lighter. If you like to entertain, you'll appreciate the extra oomph Ronson gives to parties!

24 Roz Russell ("The Girl Rush") chose this glamour gift—an elegant white ladies' train case by Platt, filled with over a year's supply of Helene Curtis preparations for making hair glamorous

25 David Niven ("The Birds and the Bees") tunes in 8 RCA Victor "Perfect for Dancing" LP Record Albums. Selections, by the Fred Astaire-Dance Studios, include everything from waltzes to mambos.

27 Jackie Beer ("The Court Jester") steps up with 3 pairs of Honeyed casual shoes—Lana, a black leather sweater pump; Teddy, a peaked vamp suede pump; Doreen, button-strap red kid pump

28 Bing Crosby ("Anything Goes") will have you chuckling over his gift—Bob Hope's own story, "Have Tax, Will Travel." A personal gift from Bing with a personal touch for you—Bob's autograph

29 Carolyn Miller ("The Girl Rush") will send you drifting into dreamland with this pair of Playtex Heart-rest pillows of foam latex. Light as a cloud, you'll think you're sleeping on one!
Valerie Allen ("Artists and Models") chose stockings for every occasion—12 pairs of Bur-Mil Cameo's Shape-2-U sheer stretch hosiery, from Sheer Elegance to daytime sheers, all in Skin-Tone colors.

Dick Shannon ("The Vagabond King") has a smart accessory for your bedroom. North Star 100% wool, year-round all-season blanket. Black, with bright multicolor striped acetate taffeta binding.

WRITE A LAST LINE FOR THIS JINGLE

In these days of screens that are super
Movies no longer look like they useter
On the Paramount lot
VistaVision they've got

(Fill in line to rhyme with "useter")

EXAMPLE:
Plus Crosby and Hope as a booster!

Fill in the number and name of the prize for which you are competing. Also your name and address, and mail to:

Win a Present from a Star
P. O. Box 1751
Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

I WANT ________________________________

[number and name of prize]

NAME ________________________________

STREET ________________________________

CITY ________________________________ ZONE

STATE ________________________________

For rules and more prizes, see page 88)
FAITH BEGAN WITH A

Kim Novak appears next in "Picnic"
WISHING TREE

It was really a cherry tree.
And she never got what she asked for. But for Kim Novak, it did have a magic power.

BY HELEN LIMKE

"If you have love and faith," says Kim, "you have everything. These are happiness." And for Kim, the tree, the signet ring she wears on the opposite page, the other "lucky" pieces she treasures, tell a story of something or someone whose importance to her has been so great as to change the course of her life. She is never without one of them.

Kim calls them her lucky pieces. In reality, they are symbols of love and faith—tangible evidence that she is loved and there are those who have faith in her:

"If you have love and faith," Kim says, "you have everything. These are happiness.

"If faith and love will be your guide, the Lord will walk at your side. That's a phrase I made up to sing to Brahm's Lullaby," Kim rose from her chair and picked up a large clown with a big red nose. She twisted the wooden nose and a music box tinkled out the "Lullaby."

"I play this often. It (Continued on page 108)"
"MY SISTER EILEEN"

Young hopefuls, young lovers—these are the guiding spirits of Columbia's delectable new musical. As two sisters from Ohio, Janet Leigh and Betty Garrett storm New York, Janet to become an actress, Betty to seek a writing career—they say. But would girls travel that far if they didn't have something else in mind? These two certainly have. Betty, the brain of the pair, is doubtful about her own chances to catch a man. Men forget her, she laments tunefully, "As Soon as They See Eileen." That's sister Janet, so beautiful that she makes even subway riders go chivalrous. Each girl does snare a man of her own—and it's all done to music. Let the sisters sight a bandstand in the park, and they're doing "Give Me a Band and My Baby," as your heart gaily keeps time.

To succeed, landlord Kurt Kasznar tells Betty, Janet and neighbor Dick York, you must believe in yourself. So the sisters go job-hunting, singing, "I'm Great!"

Writer Betty's campaign to get into print first gets her into publisher Jack Lemmon's arms. He gives her the old line, crooning, "It's Bigger than Both of Us"
In a theatre-district drugstore, stage-struck Janet meets clerk Bob Fosse. During a charming back-yard interlude, the two echo, "There's Nothing like Love".

"What Happened to the Conga?" What happens is hilarious, with all principals, half of Greenwich Village and the Brazilian Navy joyously getting into the act.

He'll dress for occasions, but at home he's comfortable! "He either looks like a Greek god—or this!" sighs Jeff. 

Biggest kick and biggest role for Aldo was appearing with Bogey, Peter Ustinov in hilarious "We're No Angels." 

BY DEE PHILLIPS

Along a shady, tree-lined street in North Hollywood, in a lovely sprawling corner house, live the Aldo Rays. Their house is much like every other home on the block, with this exception—the doorbell doesn't work. To raise the household, one must be clairvoyant and beat on the door at the exact moment. Aldo, Jeff, Sally or Mike might be peering out from behind the front window. This is no easy feat—they're usually elsewhere. Behind the house, there used to be a back yard—until Aldo filled it in with brick, cement and water and converted it into a swimming pool. The pool, incidentally, is the reason why the Rays both drive around in old cars. They had their choice.

Every day, except Saturday nights when she plays to the whims of George Gobel, Jeff Donnell bows to a bigger, more whimsical guy whom she affectionately calls "Altitude." If you think this is a joke, ask Alice—I mean Jeff.

"Before we were married," Jeff confides dismally, "Aldo looked like a Greek god. He bought eight beautiful suits and was slicked up all the time. Now he looks like a—"

"Slob," rasped Aldo coming from underneath the ground. He was still working on the swimming pool—in T-shirt and ragged jeans. "It kills me to slick up," he confessed honestly. "Typical male story, (Continued on page 105)
His feathers are sometimes ruffled. And he often growls in most unangelic tones. But he's a heavenly guy to live with. Ask Mrs. Aldo Ray!

WHO'S NO ANGEL?
You haven't heard the half about JIMMY!
The writer worked with Jimmy Dean—and she's all steamed up. But we'll let her tell you why!

BY NATALIE WOOD

James Dean and I sat in his plush white Porsche, sipping a Coke at Hamburger Hamlet on the Sunset Strip. We'd just finished a long hard day on the set of "Rebel Without a Cause" and were in that delightful state of silence that only comes when the air is slightly tangy, the company really companionable and you've had a terrific day at the studio.

"Hi, Jimmy," said a man who appeared to be a little older than either of us. Jimmy flushed slightly and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, I don't think I know your name." It was not only an apology to the man but to me, too.

The man gave Jimmy his name, and I could tell by the expression on Jimmy's face that this recalled nothing and with (Continued on page 82)
Cool, Crazy and Jolly Exciting

She's a bundle of fire who talks bop with a British accent. But it's not what Joan Collins does that intrigues Hollywood. It's the way she does it!

Joan Collins, 20th's newest British importation who seems destined to quicken pulses from eighteen to eighty, thinks America is "real crazy." Mixing bop talk, somewhat bewilderingly, with clipped British phrasing, she seems quite unaware that she may be the heat-wave that will shake Marilyn Monroe to the very tips of her pink toes. Dressed in matador pants, which she loves to wear—they look as though they had been put on with a spray-gun—she could fill in for any of Mickey Spillane's sultrier heroines, with her smoky gray-green eyes, small triangular face, donkey bangs, shoulder-length brunette hair and steep curves. In time, one discovers a candor that is completely disarming. This girl has no postures. Her convictions come from an utterly honest mind, are sincere as a child's. She is incapable of pretense.

A few days ago, for instance, she came into the 20th press office, saw a pile of about-to-be-released press items and began rifling through them. "She didn't realize the obviousness of her action," he said, "and when she found a story about herself, she yelped like a delighted kid. That was what she was looking for and she went about it in the most direct manner possible."

Married at nineteen to (Continued on page 102)

BY HYATT DOWNING
FOR SALE:

ONE PAIR OF TRAVELING BOOTS
For the first time in his life
Kirk Douglas has lost that
faraway look. After all, why would
a man want to wander with so
many things happening close to home?

BY MAXINE BLOCK

His chair tilted back against the wall of his tiny office,
Kirk Douglas, full-time actor and part-time producer, sat relaxed
in slacks, sport jacket and polo shirt, the picture of a
contented man.
The office was his own, headquarters of his newly formed
Bryna Productions, dedicated to the filming of at least six in-
dependent pictures under Kirk's own banner. His hair was
still damp and his face ruddy with a steam-room glow; he was
fresh from the gym where he had worked out for an hour.
He chuckled in reminiscence at the comment of a fellow
independent, Otto Preminger, who had said wryly, "Kirk,
you're the only producer at this health club with real muscles."
"But here's the thing," said Kirk. "A year ago you wouldn't
have caught me dead in a gym. It would have seemed
a waste of time; there were too many other things to be done.
Or, if I did go, I would have used the gym to try to prove
something—what, I don't know. But I'm beginning to take a
breath now and then; I've stopped (Continued on page 96)
It was really an unbelievable coincidence that these two should both become movie stars. Because all their lives they were looking for different things.

In the hot noonday sun of a sweltering midwestern summer, Billie Cassin rested against the wooden steps of her house and let the garden hose cool her feet.

She was caught in a dream. A dream in which she was dancing in front of a red velvet curtain on a red velvet stage—the greatest dancer in the world. In the audience sat a prince. Now he stood, now he bowed, now he asked her to marry him. And as six-year-old Billie had done many times before, she refused. She wasn’t quite sure why. It had something to do with too much to do, too much to see and, somehow, a prince was not quite enough for her. There was a yearning in her that a prince couldn’t satisfy.

She shook her head at the thought. Then standing up, she ran across the wet lawn. Suddenly, screaming in pain, she collapsed. She’d stepped on a broken bottle, cut a vein. Her foot was covered with blood. (Continued on page 116)
Women and A Dream

BY ALJEAN MELTSIR

Joan Crawford is in "Female on the Beach," "The Queen Bee"

In 1925, ambitious, determined Billie Cassin began movie career as extra player in "Pretty Ladies"

Now young Joan Crawford, she danced nearer to her dream of being the greatest dancer in the world

The years brought changes, marriages, divorces. The make-believe world became real, the dancer an actress

Always searching for perfection, never accepting defeat. Joan went on to Oscar for "Mildred Pierce"

In adopted children Chris, Cathy, Cynthia, Christina (not shown) she found some outlet for need to love

Today, with marriage to Al Steele, those who know her courage, her fighting heart, hope for happiness
Things might have been very different.
She might even not be the Piper Laurie
you know, if it hadn’t been for

THE MEN IN HER


Ronald Reagan’s advice, at premiere of their film “Louisa,” (with his mother) helped a starry-eyed young starlet avoid one of the pitfalls of fame in Hollywood.

With Bob Goldstein, Ann Sheridan, late producer Leonard Goldstein, Gable. Leonard’s understanding, wisdom played a great part in Piper’s growth as a star.
Piper Laurie had her long red hair tied up neatly in a ribbon. She had just finished recording her first song for "Ain't Misbehavin'"—which, incidentally, is her first musical, too—and life seemed touched with happiness and magic.

That she was finally an established actress was no startling disclosure. For years, Hollywood talent-tellers were predicting that Rosetta Jacobs, now Piper Laurie of the flower-eating fame, was riding to stardom. The part that interested gossip gloaters was the last comment. "I could never have done it alone," Who was the one? Rumors buzzed. "I always knew it," gossips wagged. "Such a beautiful girl remaining single? She's probably been secretly wed for years." "You rarely see her hitting the night spots," came back a second guesser. "Notice how she stays away from column gossip?" There must be a man in Piper Laurie's life was the final consensus of opinion. But who? Piper wasn't talking though—not until one afternoon recently. What made her open up? Who knows, maybe the gossips. Anyway, this is the way Piper explains it.

"I have no idea what I'd be now if it weren't for the various men who have done so much for me," she said, smiling gently. Basically a shy person, Piper speaks softly, but there is about her a sparkle.

"As I look back on it now, my Uncle Morris was probably the first to help me put my dreams into action," Piper said. "He was my father's youngest brother—and he was the comedian of the family.

Continued
Everybody used to love to have him come for a visit. He and I were both hams—we loved being on center stage, so we used to put on shows for the family. We’d get out the kitchen ladder and I’d stand on top of it—using it as the stage. I’d sing and he’d tell jokes and wear funny hats. I was five years old then.

“Uncle Morris is now in New York, but he gets a big kick out of my career. I think he was the first to guide me towards a life as a motion-picture actress.

“It was around this time that I was influenced by another man, a movie star—and I’ve even forgotten his name. He made a personal appearance in a theatre and I saw him. He was the embodiment of all I hoped, deep inside, I would become someday.”

In Piper’s immediate family, her father naturally had great influence on her. Something he said once to her hurt her deeply—and yet she isn’t sure even now if that incident wasn’t the one thing that actually started her on her career.

“It all happened when I first began studying to be an actress,” Piper commented quietly as her mind retraced the details of the moment. “I was taking my father’s hard-earned money and was living in my own little world of make-believe. He used to watch me and wonder what I was coming to. It was odd to him that I should want to be an actress. Nobody in our family ever had such inclinations. He said, ‘I think you’re foolish to try to be an actress. I don’t think you have what it takes.’ This hurt me terribly—and yet it made me mad. But looking back on it, I’m not at all sure that this didn’t make me prove to father I could be a success as an actress.

Before then I had been living in a kind of dreamworld. He woke me up fast.

“My father is the strongest influence I’ve had in my life—for that one thing he said and for other reasons. Yet, now when I think of him, I realize how little any young person is aware of what a father teaches her. You kind of think of a father as someone who is gone from the house all day, who comes in at night, has dinner, says a few words to you, gets his paper, and then kisses you good night. And yet I know that all of the basic ideals I live by stem from my father’s wisdom. He is one of the most honest and straightforward men I’ve ever known. I don’t even remember his telling so much as a white lie. I always try to be as truthful and as honest as he is.

“My father never coddled me or treated me like a china doll. He is a strict disciplinarian. I think his means of discipline gave me a sense of values I would never have had otherwise. His ways of showing me how to discipline myself have helped me to take whatever success I may have attained and not let it throw me. Even now, if I ever get carried away, he’s there to level me off.

“I had my share of spankings, but I never regretted any. I can’t ever recall once being spanked when I thought I was being unjustly punished.

“Father was very particular about my health habits, too. There was always quite a routine before dinner. I’d come to the table, he’d inspect my hands to see if they were clean and, if they weren’t, he’d escort me into the bathroom and stand over me while I washed. He was also particular about my eating the right foods (Continued on page 111)
Light up the holidays ahead with the glamorous glow of date-bait fashions co-starring precious fabrics and an elegant new look.

Watch that stag line dance your way when you make a star entrance in the bright new clothes shown here. The king-sized dolls are just for fun, but you'll be a living doll in glittery new fabrics such as the gold medallion-printed silk and cotton Anne Francis wears above. The cowled cape collar is gold braid-bound, the waist drawn to a point above a wide pleated flare. Janet Leigh Original by Natlynn. About $25. Capezio sandals. Lame purse, Ingber.
You'll have a real fashion fling this holiday season.

**Top left:** First example, Julie Adams whirling away in party cotton, pure white and lit up with flowers and bold gilded bird cages. The gently curved blouse, about $6.50, tops a gilt-belted swirling skirt, under $15. 7-15 Modern Juniors.

**Center:** Lighting up the dance floor, Margia Dean in gleaming coffee and brown rayon satin separates. The full skirt, under $15, is gathered to a minimal waist, joined by its cummerbund to a shoulder-tied blouse, about $9. Misses' junior sizes. By Tween Jane. Beaded satin clutch bag, Ingber.

**Right:** She's having a ball—Pretty Anne Francis wearing a mass of turquoise and violet flowers based on a silky rayon taffeta ground. The waist is deeply V'd over an expanse-of-skirt. She covers up with a crisp cotton faille color reversible Spenser jacket. Underneath: a sleekly bared bodice. Sizes 7-15. By Pat Hartly. About $25. Capezio sandals
look like a living doll

The party line takes a pretty turn in these star fashions.


Top right: Margia Dean in a camel wool and rayon well-reared jumper (add a blouse for movie dates): The lined camisole top is poised over a full-circle skirt splashed with black. Misses, juniors. By Sabot for Goodman-Sheinhorn. Under $30.

Right: Anne Francis, a picture of pure elegance in richly etched oyster brocade shot with golden Lurex threads to catch the holiday lights. The princess line forms a gently belled skirt, flatters you with draped cowl neckline set upon a bowed Empire bodice. Also pink, blue. Sizes 7-15. By Patricia Fair. About $20. Satin sandals, Capezio
look like a living doll

continued

Sitting this one out, but definitely in the fashion picture, our stars wear separates with an elegant look. **Left:** Margia Dean starring the Eastern influence in sari separates of rustling turquoise silk and rayon enriched with embroidery of gold Lurex. The taffeta petticoated swish of skirt, about $25, is cinched with a wide gilt belt to a sleeveless wisp of top, under $10. Sizes 7-15. By Modern Juniors. Gold bag, Ingber. **Above:** White brocade shapes a tunic—the line of the year—sleeveless and sleek to a gentle flare. Under $18. Julie Adams wears it over a Lyons-type velvet flared skirt, smoothly lined. Under $15. By Tween Jane.

*For Where to Buy party fashions turn to page 118*
going formal?

How to be poised, pretty and polished

Got the jitters over that bid for the formal? Relax, my chum, you're one of many. Formals present a few etiquette ticklers, but they needn't catch you with your manners down. Rule one: once you've accepted a bid, no matter how handsome the second, you play rue to the first. And don't be shy about asking him the vital particulars if you're doubtful as to time, place, etc. Comes the big night, have Dad and Mother on hand to meet him and see you off. If he brings you flowers (not always essential), pin them on stems down—the way they grow. If the flowers are positively the wrong color you should have hinted), tactfully say something when you meet him and see you off. If he brings you flowers (not always essential), pin them on stems down—

Rule one: once you've accepted a bid, no matter how handsome the second, you play rue to the first. And don't be shy about asking him the vital particulars if you're doubtful as to time, place, etc.

Comes the big night, have Dad and Mother on hand to meet him and see you off. If he brings you flowers (not always essential), pin them on stems down—

5 PM Fri. - Big weekend ahead

Carry a classic Clifton...

it goes everywhere with everything!

A Clifton hand tooled bag is that rare delight — one fine accessory that adapts itself to: the time, the place, the girl. What better choice for your busy life, your thrifty nature? For fashion's sake, get a handsome, long wearing Clifton... fondly carried by over four million American girls.

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For dealer nearest you write: Western Supply Company, Ardmore, Oklahoma
how to be very, very charming

BY GLADYS HALL

In 1949, when Marilyn Monroe made her first appearance in New York City for a publicity stint, no one got terribly excited. "Just a sweet young thing—eager and cooperative, but lacking any spark," said one publicity executive. "Another starlet," predicted a hardened editor.

In 1954, the next time Marilyn chose to return, for the shooting of "Seven Year Itch," she achieved total invasion, created complete mayhem. It is said that airplanes were off-schedule at La Guardia while air-line personnel beat a hot trail to help her deplane. New York's police force suddenly found all its top men volunteering for La Guardia duty. Newsmen were too numb to write in their little black notebooks and photographers shot an unnecessarily large quantity of film. All Marilyn had to do later was stand at Fifty-first Street and Lexington Avenue over a subway grating. Five hundred men chose to lose a good night's sleep by showing up at midnight to watch her emote for an hour. The most inconspicuous cab driver became a hero because he had driven her across town. Two weeks after she left, the city had yet to return to normal.

What happened? "Charm," says Paris-born Helena Sorrel, dramatic coach at 20th. "And charm can happen to you, too. "When Marilyn Monroe first came to

1946: The basic charm was there, but Marilyn Monroe, as teenager, lacked the poise, self-confidence she needed

1949: As movie starlet, she learned art of make-up, but with tousled hair-do she was still just a pretty girl

1953: The Monroe magnetism charms the press. In seven years she'd learned how to dress, walk, talk way to fame
Do you get lost in a crowd?
Tense up with fear? Then relax. Learn how to star in your own private world.

me, she was the most frightened young girl I've ever seen. She was completely sure she couldn't do anything. She insisted she could never learn, that she could never be anything. She was absolutely unsure of herself. With Marilyn it was not a question of building her self-confidence. It was a problem of giving her self-confidence. She had none.

"But Marilyn was not alone. Debra Paget, Jeff Hunter, Johnnie Ray, Jean Peters (how I struggled to free Jean from tension!), Sheree North, all these youngsters have come to me so stiff and scared that their motions were actually jerky. When I asked (Continued on page 76)
Elegant velveteen, glistening white Folk-er satin team up in Anne Francis’ party separates. The deeply V’d top, under $9. The skirt, printed with glittery gold leaves, Pellon-lined for crisp shape, under $18. Melba Hobson for Heather-lane. Anne’s phonograph: a gem for Christmas giving—or treat yourself to its high-fidelity sound in three speeds, two speakers, simple control. Smart black or tan. Holiday Coronet by Webcor. $99.50

With fall here once more, comes time for all of us to get together, sit back and relax in our easy chairs and listen to a pile of our favorite discs spinning on the old machine. In a sentimental mood, we should be able to go to the record cabinet and pull out such piano pieces as Roger Williams’ record of “Autumn Leaves,” cut on the Knapp label. There’s one by Felicia Saunders called “Blue Star,” on Columbia. A beautiful song for a very beautiful voice. And Bobby Milano has two very pretty ballads on Capitol which should sell you on him: “It’s Within Your Power” and “Won’t the Angels Be Amazed.” Or perhaps you like Don Shirley. If you don’t yet, you will after hearing his new 12” LP, his second for Cadence, “Piano Perspec-
tives.” It contains such selections as “Someone to Watch Over Me,” “Love for Sale,” “Blue Moon,” “How High the Moon,” “I Can’t Give You Anything but Love,” “I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart,” “I Can’t Get Started with You,” “Luillabay of Birdland” and “Makin’ Whoopee.” In a mood for dancing? Les Elgart has a wonderful 12” LP on Columbia especially de-
signed just to dance to. “Les’ Tango!” “I Hadn’t Anyone Till You,” “Love Is Just Around the Corner” and “Senior Hop” are a few of the varied pieces on “The Dancing Sound.” Capitol has re-
leased two more Arthur Murray dance albums. One, “Arthur Murray Rock ‘n’ Roll,” features “Big Dave” Cava-

**Facts and New Faces**

1 The Four Tophatters is a new group with a new record for a fairly new company. The record is “Forty-five Men in a Telephone Booth” and the
what’s spinning?

BY CHRIS DAGGETT

Now’s the time when you begin thinking of platter parties. And if you want to be the hostess with the mostest, take your cue from this record roundup

label is Cadence. Besides being talented singers, each of the boys plays a musical instrument: Pat Vassallo, electric guitar; Carmen Falcon, trumpet; Chet Lane, electric accordion and Benny Grimes, bass. Although the boys make a lot of music on their respective instruments, the biggest noise is being made in the singing category.

Don Cornell
Born in New York City, Don has had one of the most phenomenal rises of any band singer graduate in the past. Don joined Sammy Kaye in January, 1942 and left Kaye to do his bit in October, 1942 for the Army Air Corps. He rejoined Kaye in 1946 and stayed with him until 1949, when he decided to try it as a single. In 1952 Don signed a Coral recording contract. His first release for them was “I’ll Walk Alone.” And since that time he has made hit after hit. His record, “The Bible Tells Me So,” has once again put him on top.

Teresa Brewer
Teresa, otherwise known as “Miss Music,” is one of the brightest stars on the musical horizon. She has made three records that sold over a million. Her first, “Music, Music, Music,” was the first, “Till I Waltz Again with You,” her second, “Ricochet,” her third. Now she’s done it again, another hit which promises to top all her previous sides, “The Banjo’s Back in Town.” You can catch Teresa now exclusively on the Coral label. (Continued on page 80)
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL—To Give Up To 7 Times Longer Protection Against Tooth Decay ...With Just One Brushing!

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

**MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTHPASTE**

**12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS**

DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!

STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!

Get these leading Dental Needs at...

5-10 BEN FRANKLIN 5-10

Over 2,400 Ben Franklin Stores... coast to coast

FRANCHISED BY BUTLER BROTHERS - CHICAGO

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria come back in minutes, to form acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* keeps on fighting tooth decay 12 hours or more!

Thus, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate’s forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often you should brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, give them the protection of Gardol in Colgate's, found in no other leading toothpaste!

Economy Size

63c

Also 47c

27c, 15c

Sizes

Cleans your breath while it guards your teeth

*The Top Three Brands After Colgate's

No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against decay you get with Colgate's with Gardol
“Don’t try to match your natural skin tones,” say Paramount studio’s make-up experts. “Instead, make up for what your complexion lacks.”

A frankly fake look is almost as old-fashioned as no make-up at all, in the opinion of the make-up experts at Paramount studios. “But that doesn’t mean you can’t improve on nature,” says Wally Westmore, make-up head of Paramount Pictures. “For most of our stars, as for most women everywhere, the right shade of make-up foundation and face powder is not the one that matches the natural skin tone. The trick is to make up for what nature left out, adding color where needed, taking away where there is too much. The only exception,” he goes on to say, “is fair, almost white, or pale ivory skin. Stars like Grace Kelly, Carol Ohmart and Audrey Hepburn would look artificial if we did not match their make-up exactly to their delicate coloring.” For Doris Day’s light, beige-y skin—the kind that usually comes with freckles—Dan Greenway, make-up man for “The Man Who Knew Too Much,” uses a warm, peach shade with creamy undertones. Paramount experts favor a rosy rachel tone to lend a glow to a medium skin like June Allyson’s. Flame-haired Shirley MacLaine’s ruddy complexion is toned down with a cool beige tint. To Photoplay readers, Wally Westmore advises, “Experiment with different shades. It’s well worth the trouble. The right one for you will add a delicate bloom to your skin, soften your features and highlight your eyes, lips and hair.”

BY HARRIET SEGMAN

"Doris Day's freckles can face the public in 'The Man Who Knew Too Much,'" decrees Dan Greenway
YOUNG IDEAS: CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across
1. Jane Wyman's latest role
8. "'- Came from Beneath the Sea"
10. "The Girl...the Red Velvet Swing"
11. That sensational blond
13. He's "The King's Thief" (initials)
14. Native country of Glenn Ford, Raymond Massey
17. Disney's 6'5" Gold mine
19. Bob Taylor's current role
20. Dr. McNulty's wife
22. "...Always Fair Weather"
24. "Kiss...Fire"
25. Dancin' fool of "Hit the Deck" (initials)
26. "People Will Say...in Love"
28. Monroe is definitely a...
29. Ex-agent who married her star client
31. Any cowboy from the Lone Star State
32. Still "The King"
34. A villain's expression
36. One of "5 Against the House"
37. When Gordon MacRae sings, you lend an...
40. Ava Gardner's native state (abbreviation)
41. In two current movie titles, the...hides a hunter and holds terror
43. "The Left...of God"
46. "The Barefoot Contessa" won him an Oscar (initials)
47. First part of the movie capital's location
49. He'll stick with his partner
52. What Mike may call Mrs. Wilding
54. Dean Martin's real name
55. Movies are often worth reviving
57. Belonging to Miss Elkeber
59. Liberace's admirers
60. John Wayne is Pat's...
61. Half of year's most-publicized romance (initials)
62. "...for Cover"
63. You root for the...
64. "...Lady" (de Haviland film)
66. If you took an...in movies, you'd get an "A"
68. Peggy Lee does this well
70. "...Age Crime Wave"
71. Good guy in "Six Bridges to Cross" (initials)
72. Nurse in "Mister Roberts"

Down
1. The former Mrs. Power
2. The hero of "The McConnell Story" flies jets for the...
3. Italy's most luminous star
4. Movies' Capt. McConnell
5. Bad guy in "The Man from Laramie" (initials)
6. "High...
7. Many movie stars are also on...
8. He gets applause in newsmen's articles
9. "Living It...
10. Heroine of "Blackboard Jungle" (initials)
11. She's gone into the aquacade business
12. Singer who went dramatic, won an Oscar
13. 1937 film classic, "The...of Truth"
14. "The Things You..." (song)
15. Juliet Leigh plays Betty Garrett's...
16. "The Bridges...Tokyo-Ri"
17. James Dean's current leading lady (initials)
18. Movies with too much...have censorship trouble
19. Second half of dancing beauty's name
20. Comice...Horton
21. Star of "Camille" (initials)
22. He's reliving his own war experiences on-screen
23. "...To...His Own"
24. Star of "One Desire"
25. Handsome Englishman's screen first name and real last name
26. "Seven Cities of...
27. Some male stars go broke paying...
28. "...but the Lonely Heart"
29. "I'm..." says Jack Webb
30. "Footsteps...the Fog"
31. Another name for an odd-time vamp
32. Blond lost seen as a German spy
33. "Love...a Many-Splendor'd Thing"
34. She played Ruth Etting
35. Never arrive...for a mystery film
36. Bob Hope's "Have...Will Travel"
37. Where horse operas take place
38. Star currently hoofing with Gene Kelly
39. "...it's a Tramp" (song in Disney film)
40. He started the sweatshirt-blue jeans cliche (initials)
41. Gentleman who marries a brunette (initials)

Answers to Crossword Puzzle on page 106

how to be very, very

them, as I usually do, 'What are you thinking of?' they'd inevitably tell me, in almost the same words: 'I'm thinking I may make mistakes, I may not be liked or attractive.' Then, almost always, they'd add, 'I'm so self-conscious.'

"Charm, in other words, means forgetting one's self.

"Two things are essential for an actor. Relaxation—physical and mental—and observation—of everyone and everything. These are important for everyone—including you.

"How to begin? I'll tell you what I do. Usually I sit and talk with the person. With Marilyn, we chatted and got to know one another. I'd ask about obvious things. The weather. The smog. Headlines in the daily paper. Books, tennis, skin diving—anything which I thought might interest her enough to forget herself.

"With most of the young players, I ask, 'What do you do when you're alone? Have you hobbies?' I try especially to discover what are their enthusiasms. Enthusiasm helps more than anything I know to overcome self-consciousness. You should have enthusiasm about everything—a sunset, a beautiful flower, a good book—if it appeals to you. And don't be frightened to show it. An enthusiastic person is always charming.

"Once a young player is sufficiently relaxed, we start to work on specific problems. First of all, on the voice. A few of us are born with a quality or timbre of voice that charms the listening ear—like Jean Simmons and Jeffrey Hunter. Unfortunately most of us have to work on our voices. Shallow breathing, talking in short panting breaths, speaking too hurriedly and shuffling the words can make your voice come out high, thin, flat or gaspy.

"When I have a voice to train, I begin by asking the pupil to lie flat on the floor. The moment you relax, you automatically breathe properly. Test yourself. When you inhale, the air should be drawn in to the very bottom of the lungs; exhale correctly and the tone will come forth round. In order to produce a tone that is both round and rich, your lips should be round, too, and the jaw relaxed. Use the tip of the tongue, not only the back, when you talk. Practice over and over again. Your speech should be clearer. Remember, inhale full, exhale with lips rounded. Relax your jaw and round your lips.

"Another important thing to remember when talking is to put color into the words you use. By this, I mean inflections, intonation and above all imagination. Think about what you are saying, visualize it. Don't talk in a monotone. The speaking voice has great
range. Try making the most of it."

"If you have a speech defect," suggests M-G-M's Lillian Burns, "consult a speech-correction teacher. She can help you and it's worth your time. For better diction, though, you don't need a voice teacher—you need a dictionary. The dictionary not only helps build an interesting vocabulary, it tells you proper pronunciation. A girl saying *kin* for *can* can never be charming."

"At Paramount," Charlotte Cleary says, "we never try to change a personality. My business is to help an actor or actress realize that her particular personality is her little gold money. Even an unattractive voice can belong to a personality, and we leave it alone. A beautiful example is Aldo. Without his gravel voice, he wouldn't be Aldo. Marlon Brando's way of speaking doesn't conform, but it belongs to him and is extraordinarily interesting. So don't despair if you've an odd voice. Sometimes a so-called handicap can be captivating."

"Next to the voice, you'll probably have to work hardest on your walk. A good walk is so important," insists Helena Sorrel. "It's the basis for all first impressions. Most people walk badly because they break in the small of the back. They slump—and frequently lead with their heads like a turtle. Lead with your diaphragm, never with your head," insists Miss Sorrel. "Watch how Marilyn Monroe holds her head high—as though she were the most confident person in the world.

"Look in the mirror. Now align your body properly. A simple way is to stand straight, inflate the chest, relax the shoulders. Keep the buttocks tucked under! Think of a strand of pearls which you are mentally holding erect, making sure each pearl fits perfectly above the other.

"When you sit down or rise, do it gracefully. Imagine you are equipped with invisible strings which are controlling you. Keep your feet under you when you sit. Now try standing up, as though strings were pulling you. Notice how relaxed you feel?"

"At the studio we do stretching and bending exercises to improve the walk. Everyone should stretch every day. Before you get out of bed in the morning, stretch your body—it makes for suppleness. Bend over a couple of times from the waist. Feel stiff? Then you needed it! Walk well," says Miss Sorrel, "and you'll carry your clothes well. Wear clothes well and you'll be noticed."

You won't overcome self-consciousness overnight, but keep trying. U-I's Katharine Warren suggests you try to remember these tips.

"When you're going to a party, or

---

7175—He wears boys' size 2 clothes—stands 32 inches high. A real playmate for a lucky child! Use flesh-colored cotton for his body, straw yarn for hair.

667—Crochet this shell-stitch jumper of knitting worsted. Wear it over a blouse for daytime—for evening, trim with metallic-thread-flowers. Directions for crocheted jumper, sizes 12-14, 16-18 included.

---

7316—Easy-sew apron takes one yard 35-inch fabric—no embroidery! Iron-on red petunias with green leaves. Tissue pattern, washable color transfer. Medium size only.

771—Forty-eight colorful birds—each nestling against its own state flower. Easy, fun to embroider on a cozy quilt. Diagrams, transfers of every state bird and flower. Quilt 72 x 102 inches, double-bed size.

7327—Crochet roses in color—to decorate this unusual doily! They stand up in lifelike form against their background. Larger, 22 inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller measures 13 inches.

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send extra twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalog.
YOUNG IDEAS:
PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN OF THE MONTH

holiday glamour you can sew

- You'll be a picture of party poise, whirling away in a dream of a dress by American designer John Moore of Talmack. You can whisk it up in time for the Christmas rush—and in a range of fabrics from shimmering satin or velvet to one of the pretty floral prints such as the left view above. The divine neckline is V'd to the shoulder in front, with a deep fold over the armhole that's seamed at top to a softly rounded back collar. Waist-whitening bodice is set above a full-gathered skirt that billows over your petticoats. A pocket is fitted in the right seam, zipper at left. Eight pieces shape up the most danceable dress you'll find. Sizes 12-18. Size 16 takes 6 yards of 39-inch fabric, 5½ yards of 44-inch fabric. Wear with a narrow self or novelty belt. Pattern includes illustrated instructions for cutting and making.

To order your Pattern of the Month, send 50¢ in coin, with pattern number and size, to Advance Pattern Company, Dept. F, P.O. Box 21, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, New York

be charming continued

anywhere for that matter, look your best. Make certain your hair is combed becomingly, that your slip is not showing, your shoulder straps are put, that the seams in your nylon are straight and your dress is held together by thread not pins. A girl who doesn't have to tug at her shoulder straps is free to listen. Learn to be a good listener," pleads Miss Warren. "This is the easiest way to forget yourself. Even if you're bored, listen, try to draw the person out. I guarantee you'll be popular."

"Why in the world do so many people want to look like and be like people in the movies or TV?" Lillian Burns suddenly demanded. "At M-G-M our hardest job is to make certain Debbie Reynolds is not becoming like Janet Leigh, that Kelly and Turner keep their identity.

"Yet the greatest lack I find in young people today is that lack of individuality—they seem compelled to copy. To wear the same things, copy the same hair styles, mimic the same talk."

What Miss Burns would like to see every young girl do is to study herself and find one or two qualities that are completely hers—red hair, freckles, tallness, whatever—and find out how to make the most of them.

"I can only tell you that the important thing is not to copy, or attempt to copy," is Miss Burns' advice to you. "I can only suggest that you think, read, learn to analyze yourself, if possible with the help of your parents, a teacher, a counselor or even a friend. Develop yourself and pursue this development endlessly."

If you've a few free minutes, sit down alone and see how you rate.

1. How is my walk? Do I slump? Do I panic at entering a room?
3. Am I observant of people and things around me? Do I listen well? Can I make conversation? Am I really interested in people?
4. Do people consider me enthusiastic? Do I get a bang out of many things? Do people like to be with me?
5. Am I self-conscious? Do I know why? How can I overcome this?
6. Am I a copycat? Do I buy the same clothes as the other girls? Do I follow the crowd in entertaining, hairdo, etc.?
7. Do I have any interests? Any hobbies? Are there things I'd like to do?
8. Do I tell people my problems? Am I fun to be with? Do I smile often?
9. When was the last time I learned a new word? Read a book?
10. Do I like myself? What have I to offer other people?

Well, how did you do? Are you charming?

The End
From the sweeping grace of the "curve of beauty" ... the charm of a tiny bouquet.

... a new pattern in Töwle Sterling—Silver Spray

In concept and execution Silver Spray embodies in every detail the superb artistry, the painstaking craftsmanship that are the hallmark of The Towle Touch in sterling.

SILVER SPRAY captures in glowing, living sterling the classic "curve of beauty"—the flowing / curve considered by generations of artists to be the most pleasing form in art or nature. Towle designers have added to the pure, sweeping sculptured lines of the curve of beauty a simple spray of flowerettes that, in addition to their delightful decorative effect, give each piece a focus of functional balance.

SILVER SPRAY you will feel—invites the hand—and more—it is that rarity in tableware, a pattern that looks beautiful in the hand. And on your table you will enjoy yet another virtually unique characteristic of Silver Spray—each place setting piece has been designed to be in complete harmony with the other.

SILVER SPRAY embodies many useful Towle Touches, of course. Among them the practical "place size" for knife, fork, and spoon—that happy in-between lunch- and dinner size that Towle was first to introduce. But see Silver Spray in all its enchanting beauty and learn first hand of its many features. Any of the fine stores that carry Towle will be happy to show you Silver Spray. And also discuss with you convenient plans that will make Silver Spray yours to enjoy at once. Six piece place setting ... $35.00.

The Töwle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Massachusetts.
What's Spinning?

(Continued from page 73)

Peggy Lee

Chalk up another one for sweet Peggy who now has an album out for Decca called "Pete Kelly Blues." Included are all the songs from the picture of the same name. Peggy and Ella Fitzgerald, who sings two songs in the album, have done one tremendous job rendering such hit selections as "Oh, Didn't He Ramble," "He Needs Me," "Sugar," "Hard-Hearted Hannah," "I'm Gonna Meet My Sweetie Now," "After I Say I'm Sorry" and "I Never Knew." Peggy, the little country girl who finally made good in the big city, had a hard time of it at first until Benny Goodman finally discovered her and offered her a job with his band. Touring with the Goodman band for two years is something Peggy will never forget. It gave her the opportunity to sing with some of the nation's top musicians, smooth out her style. Moreover, it was during this time that Peggy became a "name" with her big-selling record of "Why Don't You Do Right." Since then, Peggy's become one of America's top vocalists, has had a successful crack at song writing (she wrote the lyrics to the songs in Walt Disney's "Lady and the Tramp") and has given her "voice" to a Peke whose one in "Lady and the Tramp." She is one girl who deserves the best!

Carmen McRae

"The girl with the haunt in her voice," as Carmen McRae has been dubbed, is a native of Brooklyn, New York. As an accomplished concert pianist, Carmen would have followed her career at the keyboard if she had taken the advice of her parents. However she had always wanted to sing. Carmen has played most of the top jazz spots and now has an album out for Bethlehem called simply "Carmen McRae."

Nick Noble

They say where there is a will there is a way, and Nick has just the will to get his way. Nick had a tremendous desire to become a singer; a desire that got started in high school. Upon graduation in 1944, he was booked into the famed Glass Hat in Chicago, soon after got booked into the US Navy for a tour of duty. After his discharge from the Navy, Nick entered Loyola University and received his B.Sc. in 1950. He then started on the road to cut a demonstration record to submit to the record companies. At Mercury he found a buyer and now all of us are buying his record of "The Bible Tells Me So."

Caterina Valente

Since the beginning of 1955, American audiences have been thrilled by a voice that has been thrilling European music lovers for several years, the voice of Caterina Valente. The record that brought stardom in the U.S. to Caterina was her rendition of "Malaguena." Caterina possesses a talent that has been very helpful in her career: She speaks six languages fluently! Now she is currently on a new Decca disc, "This Must Be Wrong." Miss Valente, only 23, has a wealth of professional experience behind her. In addition to her vocal talent, she is versatile as an actress, plays the guitar and dances. She appears on the upcoming "The New Faces of Broadway."

Johnny Desmond

Born in Detroit, Michigan, Johnny is one of four children of Italian parents, only one in the family that is musically inclined. He has been on the radio, television, stage and records. The day after Johnny was discharged from the Army, he went to work on his first network show, two weeks later he was headlining the stage bill at the Strand Theatre on Broadway. Johnny then went on to other things, like being featured on "Face the Music," his first musical show on tv. Two and a half years ago, he joined the Breakfast Club on the ABC network out of Chicago. Now we are hoping to see more records like his latest, "Yellow Rose of Texas," on Coral label.

Rock and Roll

Charlie Hughes, a new member of the rock and roll circle, has made his first slice for Groove label, "Itsy Bitsy Pudding Pie." It's a real going record that promises Charlie number-one following. Flip side, "That's All I'm Asking For," is a slow ballad.

Lillian Briggs on Epic label and Georgia Gibbs, recording for Mercury, are fighting it out for top billing on "I Want You To Be My Baby." In our opinion, Miss Briggs is going to come out on top for this particular record. However Georgia has a particularly good rendition of "Come Rain or Come Shine" on the flip side of her record that has good sales possibility.

The Fireside Boys recording, for Chess, of "Maybelline" is really going strong. It moved one teenager to say, "Man, I dig him the most." And she should. It's a good disc.

The Jacks have hit the top with their recording of "Why Don't You Write Me" on R.P.M. label. Every gal that has ever had a boy friend that had writer's cramp is asking for this one at her favorite record shop.

The Penguins have another big hit, even bigger than "Don't Do It," on Mercury label, called "Walking Down Broadway" and "It Only Happens With You."

The Four Fellows have come up with a big hit, "Soldier Boy's Gone." On Capitol label, the Paul Williams band features Jimmy Brown on two rockin' sides, "Hello" and "Rock It Davy Crockett."

Boyd Bennett, who wrote "Seventeen," has really been going strong on the King label. What girl hasn't gone crazy over "Seventeen"?

For Your Collection

If you can call all ten your own, you have the busiest turntable in the neighborhood. Eight, and you haven't been listening. If you only have six, what are you doing with your allowance.

1. Capitol has released the album from the sound track of the movie, "Oklahoma!" starring Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones and Gloria Grahame. Get it, the word. And I do mean you.

2. "Sailin' Boys Have Talk Me To In English," by Rosemary Clooney on Columbia label.

3. Mandy Carson's "Wake the Town and Tell the People." You'd better wake up yourself and get hold of this one if you haven't already. (Columbia.)

4. The mambo isn't dead yet. Al Castellanos record of "Speak-Up Mambo," on Mardi Gras label, has all the girls itching to dance.

5. If you enjoy take-offs on records, "Pancho Lopez," by Lalo Guerrero, on the Real label, is a very funny side on "Davy Crockett."

6. Danny Gale has attempted to enter the field of Rock and Roll with her first R & R recording, "Certainly Baby." On the RCA Victor flip, she has a good rendition of "Soldier Boy."

7. Gun Drop" and "Present Arms."

8. Two very cute sides by The Crew-Cuts, for Mercury.

9. Four Coins have a record that promises to get someplace, "The Song That Brought Us Together" and "Need You." (Bucky.)

10. "Yellow Rose of Texas." Take your pick of Mitch Miller on Columbia or Johnny Desmond on Coral. They are both good ones.

The Watch for a surprise Christmas package from RCA Victor, coming out soon with an album of unreleased Glenn Miller Army Air Corps songs! 33⅓ and 45 rpm.

At Your Newsstand, November 8th

June Allyson and Dick Powell say,

"A MARRIAGE DOESN'T END SO EASILY"

Why Debbie Reynolds is smiling again

Introductions to three bright newcomers

Marisa Pavan, Susan Strasberg, Shirley MaClaine

YOU'LL FIND IT IN PHOTOPLAY—THE DECEMBER ISSUE
for the softest, smoothest skin in the world... a daily LINIT bath!

Mrs. Herb Shriner, wife of the famous stage, screen and TV star, with twin sons Kin and Wil.

It's a happy, happy day for your baby when you discover Linit for the bath. Because a Linit bath soothes and protects delicate skin as nothing else can.

The reason is simple: As you know, diapers, clothes, everything that touches your baby's tender skin—the air, even the very water in which you bathe him—can be a source of irritation.

Linit guards sensitive skin!
A small amount of Linit, starch from corn, makes bath water feel soft and cooling... leaves a smooth, invisible film that absorbs excessive moisture and actually guards the skin. Remember, too, a Linit bath not only protects baby from prickly heat, diaper rash and other annoying skin irritations, but helps to relieve these conditions once they develop.

Preferred by mothers everywhere! Next time you bathe your baby, give him a Linit bath. You'll see his skin become fresher, softer—and ever so much smoother. Be sure to put Linit Starch on your shopping list today!

MRS. HERB SHRINER says, "My doctor recommended a daily LINIT bath to keep the twins' delicate skin soft, smooth, free from irritation."

Swish approximately half a cup of LINIT STARCH into your baby's bath. See how smoothly, quickly it dissolves. Bathe baby as usual. Then pat dry with a soft towel to leave a sheer veil of protecting Unit on the skin.
You Haven't Heard the Half About Jimmy!

(Continued from page 55)

very good reason—he'd never met him before. Jimmy listened politely as the man explained he'd been sitting in the drive-in when we arrived and couldn't help hoping that a fellow actor, who'd succeeded, would give him a few tips on how to get his foot in a studio door.

With that quick sympathy Jimmy has for a person trying, they were soon off comparing notes. I sat and listened and, as I did, I grinned all over. I thought, What a whale of a lot of things people don't know about James Dean.

Jimmy, an oddball? Jimmy, weird? Jimmy, sullen?

The first time we met was while Jimmy was working on an adjoining sound stage where he had several pals. We were introduced when he came over for a visit. He was nicely dressed in well-pressed slacks and a sport shirt, was polite and intelligently interesting. There was nothing strange about him.

Six months later, in an old abandoned theater in Los Angeles, the two of us were working on a television script that was to be my first grown-up role. I had been cast opposite James Dean and, like everyone else in Hollywood, I had heard the stories. I was, frankly, afraid of him. During the morning absolutely nothing out of the ordinary happened. The two of us worked, took our breaks when the director called them and finally lunchtime rolled around.

It had been a long time since I'd walked in this particular neighborhood, so I made my way through the crowds, hoping I'd see a little restaurant. There was no roar of motorcycles with brakes screeching to a stop to announce the fact that James Dean was following me. I simply caught up to me and asked, "Mind sharing lunch?"

We found a cafe and, like actors, gabbed about the script we were working on and the show. During the four days we worked together, I brought my portable radio, tuned to the classical music Jimmy likes, and he brought hamburgers which I like. "Eden" made Jimmy Dean into a juvenile delinquent. I shudder to think what "Rebel Without a Cause" is going to do. In one terrific scene Jimmy, carried away by rage, knocks his father down the steps into the living room and almost kills him. Poor Jim Bachus—who plays his dad—really thought he was going to finish him. In "Rebel" both Jimmy and I played disturbed teenagers who go wrong from lack of sympathetic understanding and turn to each other for comfort. But there's no sense diagnosing Dean a delinquent and explaining his symptoms in unlaid terms.

"I had a happy childhood," Jimmy will tell you. After his mother died—he was nine—his dad sent him out to live with his sister and her husband in Iowa. They were thoughtful, religious folks—Quakers, I believe—and owned a farm. It was a fine place to grow up, to go to school. Although Jimmy never had any aspirations for farm life, the only rebellion he ever did was to skip cleaning the chicken coops once in a while. In school, he was an A student in art, an easy mixer, the class athlete.

After graduating from high school, Jimmy headed west to California and Santa Monica College for a degree in Physical Education and, he hoped, later a career in basketball, his dad's sport. He'd won the Indiana State Dramatic Contest as the best high-school actor and this started him thinking. When a junior, he switched to UCLA and law. One day, he says, he finally faced facts. He quit school to tackle Hollywood. This was no cinch.

Hollywood didn't exactly welcome Jimmy Dean with open arms. He managed to get an usher's job at CBS-TV, landed a one-man commercial for a soft drink, and (Jimmy danced around a juice box, sang the ad—for $30). An agent helped him get a few bit parts, but that was all. In one Rock Hudson film, he had two lines. (I bet Rock thought he'd reminded them when they met for "Giant".)

Realizing he wasn't the Hollywood matinee-idol type and lead roles were not destined to come to him fast, Jimmy pocketed his last few dollars and climbed aboard a cross-country bus for New York. Arriving in New York, he made the round of Broadway producers, getting nowhere in a hurry. Finally, he turned to TV agencies, wangled jobs as an extra. At one time, he was a stand-in on "Beat the Bank." They tested the consistency of custard pies—later to be thrown in jest at contestants—by throwing them first at Jimmy.

Jimmy says there were plenty of nights he'd walk up and down Broadway, alone and pretty despondent, sure he'd never make it. Plenty of times, too, when he didn't have the rent or food money. Temporary jobs—and a series of little miracles—helped tide him over.

His first break on Broadway came in a rather peculiar way. He was told one evening of a job opened for a crewhand on a sloop—and he needed a job. Besides, the skipper knew someone who knew someone who might arrange a tryout. What could he lose, Jimmy decided. He took the job, got the tryout, won the role—and the play, "See the Jaguar," was a flop. It did one thing for Jimmy though—it brought TV leads, gave him money for good drama coaches. With his top performance, Jimmy is now a member of the Imperial. He received rave notices, won the David Blum award for the most promising new comer of 1954 and caught Hollywood's eye.

Believe it or not, Jimmy's a sentimentalist. He's gotten a lot of sympathy, so we after we started shooting "Rebel." We were sitting around, killing time, while the lights were being adjusted and readied. I hardly knew Jimmy then, so I busied myself, helping clean up, talking a little. Suddenly, I felt that he was telling me a story—of what a hero he was. He'd die for his friends—of the star who'd meant so much to him, who'd flown higher than Jimmy. He'd die for his friends—of the star who'd meant just as much to me, and I'm sure just as much to everyone.

Jimmy's proud to be an actor, don't ever doubt that. But it's not for the fame, the glamour, the money. It's the sense of achievement, the thrill of doing a good job. "I'm an actor not a personality," he'll complain, sometimes giving the wrong impression, getting labeled non-cooperative, ungrateful.

I had plenty of opportunity to see how good an actor he is. "Rebel" was shot all over Los Angeles and we had a chance to meet a lot of people. For one sequence we used the Planetarium and some high-school students. I had a late call for the last night Jimmy arrived at the Planetarium after Jimmy.

Rushing to makeup, I turned the corner full speed, came to a dead stop! Sitting in a big old trash can was the star of the film! A remarkable picture of the brightest, most talented boy actor—James Dean. Crumpled up in an awkward ball, he busily signed autographs, exchanged stories—very obviously unaware that he'd been shot at, that he'd been shot at!—and equally unaware of his position or dignity!

Photographers have been reported to complain that Dean is uncooperative. If so, that doesn't explain the twenty minutes I had to wait on the set to lunch.

Everything was humming along smoothly—

(Continued on page 84)

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

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

In color I want to see: ACTOR: (1) (2)

I want to read stories about: ACTRESS: (3) (4)

The features I like best in this issue of Photoplay are: (1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6)

NAME: (Continued from page 55)
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B Tussy’s Wind and Weather lotion and hand cream now contain Allantoin for faster healing, Silicone for added protection against chapping and Hexachlorophene to fight bacteria. Lotion, 6 oz., $1.00*; hand cream, 8 oz. jar, $2.00*

C This’ll make your hair curl: new End Curl permanent by Richard Hudnut, designed to wave ends, give a partial wave or touch up straggling endline curls or bangs between regular home permanents. Kit includes 22 end curlers. $1.10*

D Meet Mr. Stopette, new spray deodorant for men, formulated by Dr. Jules Monticelli, with a special man’s formula and a pleasantly refreshing man-type fragrance. In masculine-looking dark blue plastic squeeze bottle; 1 oz., 60c*

E Jazz, Red-Hot and Cool, vibrant new lip-stick by Helena Rubinstein, comes in a Combo package with another shade of lipstick and a Columbia record featuring four leading jazz musicians; $2.00*. Single Jazz lipstick, $1.10* + plus tax

(Continued from page 82)

and we all found ourselves working a little longer than usual one morning. When lunch was mentioned, we realized we’d have to cut it short, so I hustled my belongings together, plus Mr. Dean, and we started for the commissary. I hadn’t noticed, but Jimmy, in his uncanny ability to sense people’s needs and problems, did. Standing off by the camera were three women, one shyly pushed her companion toward us.

“Can I do something for you?” Jimmy asked.

“Would you mind—posing for a picture—for us—she hesitantly inquired.”

“Sure,” obliged Jimmy.

He hammed it up with me, stood on one foot, clowned around, posed and postulated until their hearts were content. A shutter bug himself, he offered composition suggestions, pointed out camera angles and gave tips on lighting—while I starved.

When I badgered him, in a deathlike whisper, about my hunger, he looked surprised, at a little boy, said, “Aw, we’re having fun.”

Despite stories, Jimmy Dean does have fun. Acting can be fun. In “Rebel” I played my first grown-up film and I also get my first kiss—from Jimmy. There’s no sense denying it, I was a little nervous.

“You look green,” Jimmy complimented me while we waited for the signal to begin the love scene. “And you know how green photographs in color.”

I managed a grin, I think. I really can’t remember. I felt like a fighter before, but I got over it and got over with. Jimmy was saying something, but all I could think of was, “Is this the way—I should do it the way I rehearsed? Maybe that was too smooth. Maybe I should fumble a little.”

“Come on,” coaxed Jimmy. Suddenly I realized we were on. Complete silence. Then—“Roll,” shouted the director and the camera began clicking.

It was Jimmy’s move. I listened to him and felt almost inspired. He played it so gently, he brought out the best in me—under the circumstances. Then came the kiss. I heard him director call “Cut,” but the cameramen seemed to be grinding away. I didn’t exactly know what to do, but I had no choice. Jimmy held and held. Held as well enjoy it, he kid- ded afterwards as I turned from green to red. But the nervous spell was broken. His kidding did it; I relaxed and the rest of the shooting went like a breeze.

Comes a big dramatic scene, Jimmy’s the opposite. Boy, is he intent. I didn’t know what he was going through the first time he prepared for an important scene.

“Hi, Jimmy, what are you doing?” I asked. He mumbled something—and completely unlike him—made it plain he didn’t want to talk. He was kind of working himself into the role. Plying his arms about, going through a bicycletype movement with his legs. “I’m concentrating,” is all he said.

“But do you?” I asked, sure that he’d be worn out before he began the scene. Patiently, he put up with me. “It gets me in form.”

“Okay,” him. By the time the cameras rolled, he was no longer Jimmy Dean. He was the confused, rebellious, unwanted Jim of “Rebel.”

Something went wrong, lights or camera position, and the director called cut to the scene. Jimmy stood where he left off, motionless. Then—and I remember this clearly—one of the fellows went up to him and started to kid. Wow! Was Jimmy mad! Made him break, no talk. He has to stay in “char-

actor.” This is true even when it takes a whole day to complete a scene.

Later that afternoon, Jimmy was scheduled to finish some sequences. It was hot, the cast had worked hard all day and most of us were exhausted. I had one idea—shared by the rest of the cast and Jimmy—let’s go home. “For those who aren’t in the scene, scream,” came the welcome reprieve.

For some reason, we hung around for a few minutes—and I’ll never forget this experience. Camera rolled, the set quieted and Jimmy began to go into one of the most tragic, heartbreaking scenes I’ve ever seen. One by one, members of the cast turned and stood, gripped by the tremendous emotional impact of the moment. We were carried away. At the end, not one of us could honestly confess there weren’t tears in our eyes. It was electrically.

Director Nick Ray asserts Jimmy is the finest actor for his age he’s ever directed, also adds that, contrary to reports, he’s a breeze to handle. For his fine work and cooperation, the production staff gifted Jimmy with a movie roll of “Red River” and $200 for a color featurette for Warners. Talks about doing the life of Harry Greb, the middleweight fighter of years ago, too. He and stand-in Mushi Calahan, the champion ex-fighter, were forever “getting into shape,” for the role.

Jimmy’s 5 foot 10 and looks short (“because I slump,” he says), but he’s amazingly strong. Always a good athlete, he keeps his edge by swimming, playing volleyball, sailing and deep-sea diving. Ask, “Tennis anyone—boxing, riding, baseball or basketball?”—and you’ve got a partner. But his chief love, I think, is bigfighting. Someday he wants to get into the ring himself.

I don’t mean to imply that Jimmy isn’t a character. He is—but a pretty interesting one. He’ll hardly say a word in a crowd until someone mentions architecture, hi-fi, sports—car racing or music. Then try and stop him. Question him about himself, he’ll answer straight. Show some ultra-rare motive, he’s off even if you’re a V.P. in charge of world news. He can talk about carburetors in one breath, discuss William James’ pragmatic philosophy in another and blow off on the subject of degust two minutes later.

If he has a free moment, chances are you’ll find him behind a serious book or buried underneath a pile of travel folders. Mention music (he’s into jazz, medication, and African rhythms, Beethoven’s Ninth or aggressive jazz. Take a drive with him, and you’ll be tuned in to classical music. Jimmy studied violin as a child, has picked up his studies again with Leonard Kopelman, who was his roommate in New York and is now a Warners composer. Invite him to Sunday dinner, he’ll accept. What’s more, he’ll win your parents over with charm and intelligence.

An oddball, did you ask? Yes, if you call talent odd. A weirdie? Maybe, if you don’t like individualists. Sullen? Never! Jimmy Dean’s too busy living to sulk.

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I Know Susan's Secret!

BY MARGARET LANE

Scarred and skinny in ten-dollar coats, Susan Hayward and I waited anxiously outside a Radio City casting agent's office. When the secretary beckoned us, Susan straightened her shoulders, raised her head and, holding it majestically high, floated through the door into the agent's office. Nobody could have guessed that she was scared.

Modeling through Walter Thornton's agency, we were both broke, both trying to get started, back in 1938. Susan was Edythe Marrener of Brooklyn and I was from Astoria—two long subway rides from the midtown Manhattan modeling center.

We had to break into modeling the hard way then. Armed with a folio of our pictures and a scrapbook, we'd call on photographers, artists and fashion directors—and there were about 500 of them on our list. We cut down on subways to save money, which meant a lot of walking. Models got five dollars per hour for photographic posing and ten dollars for a fashion show, with a fitting thrown in free.

Right from the start, Susan acted success, and I don't think she ever let herself think anything else. She was sure she was a great actress and sure she would become a top model fast, so that she could earn enough money to help her look her best when she called on casting agents.

Susan's self-confidence was so great and so apparent, that it made her outstanding and kept her in the minds of photographers and artists. "Who was that little redhead that swept in here yesterday like she owned the studio?"

I heard illustrator Ralph Crawley once say. "Let's book her for that cover job."

In a business where self-confidence is not rare and where the clamor for attention is great, Susan, fresh from high school, made herself outstanding. She was not conceited, though, in the unpleasant sense. Susan was merely quietly and calmly confident.

Susan became artist Jon Whitecomb's most beguiling cover girl when he began drawing her wistful, saucy loveliness, and that was the start of her climb as a model. Soon she was posing for cigarettes, toothpaste and soaps and appearing in mail-order catalogues.

Luckily for Susan, Walter Thornton had somehow managed to sell his own story to The Saturday Evening Post and when the photographers appeared at the agency to get pictures of all of us to illustrate the story, that glorious mane of red hair seemed a natural for the color shots and Susan was featured. The rest is history. Shortly after these pictures appeared, she was en route to Hollywood.

When we waited in reception rooms together, clutching our scrapbooks and hoping, Susan was scarred, but she was wise enough to concentrate on the positive—the strong belief she had in herself and the secret that has carried her to stardom.
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1. Write or print in the coupon provided on page 47—or on a reasonable facsimile thereof—your last line of the jingle. Your last line must rhyme with “usest.” Then fill in the number and name of the prize for which you are competing. You may compete for as many prizes as you wish. However, no person may win more than one prize. Fill in, too, your complete name and address and mail your entry to: Win a Present from a Star, P. O. Box 1751, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. By filling out this coupon, each entrant agrees to accept the decisions of the judges as final.

2. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight November 10, 1955.

3. Anyone living in the continental United States may enter this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Paramount Studios and the advertising agencies of both.

4. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his or her name. Joint entries not accepted.

5. Entries will be judged for originality, interest and aptness of thought by the editors of Photoplay magazine. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

6. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications and may be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned.

7. The winners will be announced in the March 1956 issue of Photoplay. This contest is subject to all Federal and State regulations.
A really fabulous prize is Lancome's imported Magic perfume. The lovely heavy crystal flacon is set in sequin-spangled white satin-covered jewel case. This should fire your imagination! A dainty ladies' Ronson lighter. You will love the feminine floral design, the neat way it fits into your purse. The French touch—Lucien Lelong's Indiscret toilet water in rich golden bottle; Lilly Dache's jeweled boudoir blackboard for beauty notes and dates.

For special dress-up occasions, handsome black and gold evening bag fitted with Bourjois' Evening in Paris fragrance products, which can be removed.

A prize of distinction—handsome Jana calf handbag in lovely cinnamon shade. Roomy—it's double-sided—you'll love the bracelet handle, its smooth lines.

This exquisite beribboned flower basket is filled with world-famous Gourielli fragrances—Five O'Clock, Fourth Dimension, Moonlight Mist, soap, Foam Bath.

A prize your favorite guy will go for—a streamlined Ronson pocket lighter. Handsomely decorated, smartly styled, it's a gift that will make anyone glow.

If you like to sparkle, try for these Escapade bath, afterbath accessories by Shulton. Modern, free-form containers will be gay addition to your boudoir.

If you haven't tried this, aim to win it! For you'll love Coty's exotic Accomplice perfume, handsomely cased in black, white and gold scroll-motif box.

For shining hair beauty—a golden gift box filled with Breck's hair products—shampoo, hair lotion, Hairdress, Cream Treatment, Breck Bouquet hair perfume.

A touch of perfume adds to a gal's glamour. Ask any man! And Shalimar, world-famous perfume classic by Guerlain, is a perfume that will make you memorable!
Comfortable, she writes, "Through the many years of family get-togethers on Grandfather's property, Shirley lived with her mother, dad and Grandmother. She grew up with the smell of homemade bread baking on Saturdays, the excitement of huge family get-togethers on birthdays, and the presence of her mother in the kitchen." (Continued from page 41)

Everythings Going Her Way

Day, March 31, 1934, and until two years ago, centered completely around this hometown community of eight hundred people.

In a comfortable fourteen-room clapboard house that Grandfather Jones had built for his family of ten children, Shirley lived with her mother, dad and Grandmother. She grew up with the smell of homemade bread baking on Saturdays, the excitement of huge family get-togethers on birthdays, and the presence of her mother in the kitchen.

Even today, spend ten minutes with Shirley and she's telling you about Smithton and her eighty-three-year-old grandmother. "I've been told Granny really brags a lot about me to the neighbors," Shirley laughs. "But when I'm around she won't let on that she cares one bit that I'm in movies. She insists I do all my chores, too. Secretly, I think, she feels this will prevent me from becoming spoiled!"

Shirley's famous now, has finished "Oklahoma!" and is making "Carousel," but her ambition is to keep the memories of her free weekend she has, she's packing and riding the rails back to Smithton. "Back to the folks, old friends and church, and to church," she says. As you may have guessed, already, Smithton holds many pleasant memories.

Unlike most girls who get an early start in show business, Shirley can honestly say, "I grew up like millions of other American girls." She was an excellent student—admitting a little difficulty with math—made national honor society, captained the basketball and softball teams and put in her supply of school spirit as drum majorette and cheerleader. These were warm, unclouded sunny years, unwarped by driving ambition or toll.

"I've always wanted to be on the stage and I don't mean to be just a pretty face. I want to admit, somehow still amazed that her dreams came true. "It's the only thing I ever dreamed of and there was never anything else I wanted to do," The way Shirley's dad remembers, Shirley continues singing before she learned to talk, began to form vocal voices when she was twelve. "Singing's always been as natural to me as breathing," says Shirley, who still looks upon her singing as kind of a hobby.

Although shy, as a kid, there was no problem coaxing Shirley to perform for family or friends. "Shirley's natural to sing. On Sundays she sang in church, and in school she could always be counted on to give recitals or participate in dramatic shows."

"Nobody in my family has ever had any tendency toward the theatrical," Shirley explains, in gratitude to her family. "But Mother and Dad have always been wonderful about my hopes. They felt it was important that I did what I wanted to do—and that I did it well."

During high school, Shirley studied singing part-time at the Pittsburgh School of Music, and during the summer vacation, when she won a two-year scholarship to Pittsburgh, and began studying acting, dancing and voice in earnest, appeared in several productions of the Pittsburgh Light Opera Company, was chosen to appear in the water dance (the lead) in 'Best Foot Forward,' and was in 'Three to One,' 'Dance for Joy' and others. Through my work with the Company, I met Ken Welch, who was then musical director," Shirley explained. Ken Welch was to become the most important person in Shirley's career, even after he left Pittsburgh for New York.

"My folks took me to New York on a holiday," Shirley remembers rather happily. "While we were there, we went to see Ken and he asked me to sing."

"I was amazed at the rapid progress she made in the few months since I'd last seen her," Ken Welch said. "I asked her to work with me for a few afternoons while in the city. After three or four sessions, I was convinced she was ready to try her luck on Broadway."

Welch sent Shirley to a friend, Guss Schirmer, an actor's agent who specializes in singers. Schirmer listened to her, liked her and agreed to take her on as a client. To his surprise—and Ken Welch's—Shirley refused.

"I've seen a reputable agent is usually the first big obstacle and the first goal of every newcomer to Broadway," Schirmer explained recently. "I expected her to be completely overjoyed—instead she turned me down."

"I wanted to think it over," Shirley explains, whose Welsh ancestry has endowed her with a strong, independent mind of her own. "I didn't think I was quite ready. Besides, I told myself, she hadn't even handed in an application and I didn't even apply to her. Just for one number," Fearnley asked Rodgers.

Rodgers did. "I took one look at her and liked her immediately," he reports. "She was nineteen already, very lovely with a round, sweet face, sparkling eyes, a cute nose and blond, wavy hair gathered in a ponytail. She was only nineteen and looked younger. She had a fat was there, and she looked as jolly as a butterball. 'Butterball'—is what I still call her. And she could sing, too. I accompanied her at the piano, but after listening to a Gershwin song I told her to stick to the soprano line, because it was too much for her."

Then, when "Me and Juliet" went on the road a couple of months later, she landed the second lead in that as well as understanding Isabel Bigley's leading part of Juliet. In Chicago, Miss Bigley accidentally caught the flu and Shirley confidently stepped into her shoes, winning rave notices from the Chicago press.

Meanwhile, Shirley had just about given up hope of landing the role of Juliet. But in February, less than five months after she'd made her appearance at the opening, she received a wire from the coast summoning her for a screen test. Rodgers and Hammerstein had cast Shirley in the film version of "Oklahoma!" and they hadn't forgotten the impression Shirley had made on them. She took her test with Gordon MacRae and Chita Rivera were among the screen tests of "Me and Juliet."

"Nothing happened for a couple of months," Shirley confides. "I continued to read of other girls being tested for the part of Juliet. (They're all the times box office stars. Shirley felt sure she'd been passed over. Then one morning the telephone rang. "Hello, Laury," her agent greeted her from Hollywood. "She'd won the part."

Laury was, of course, one of the biggest plums of the year. By giving it to Shirley, an unknown, Rodgers and Hammerstein underscored the confidence they
had in her. And they made a good choice.

After one try at glamour, Shirley re-
verted back to her old self and has re-
mained so ever since. She wears little
make-up and is concerned only with her
weight. Every little extra ounce shows
up before the cameras. Sweaters and
skirts are her favorites, or blouses and
full gathered skirts. She lives in a mod-
estly furnished apartment, not on New
York's fashionable East Side, but in the
West Seventies, and is "thrilled" because
she could "afford" it at last. The apart-
ment she shares with the same roommate
she had when she first came to New York.
Both were in the road company of "Okla-
 homers!" (her roommate still is) and both
went to Paris together this time Shirley
was the star) for the A.T.A sponsored
program, "Salute to France."

"My parents would love to go to Europe,
but here I'm going instead," she exclaimed
before her trip. The whole opportunity
just dropped in my lap—imagine! It's al-
most unfair that at my age I should go.
My mother and dad have worked so hard
and have yet to enjoy many of the things
that have come my way just because I'm
in the movies.

"I would have loved for Mother and
Dad to have met me in Rome when we
toured there with 'Oklahoma'! but they
couldn't make it," she said disappointedly
upon her return. "But what a trip! What
a wonderful time they could have had. I
could hardly wait till I got back to Smith-
ton to show them all the pictures and
things."

Listening to Shirley chatter, it's easy to
see that she's still more in tune with the
social goings on of Smithton than she is
concerned with the glamour of Hollywood.
"'Oklahoma!' was shot on location," she
explains. "I only spent one month in
Hollywood getting fitted for costumes.
I went to a night club once—my first—and
we sat at a table right next to Lana Tur-
ner." For Shirley, though, it's more
of a name. It's a pretty sure bet Smith-
ton will never take second place in
her affections. "I miss not having hills
and trees—and I miss Shane, too," Shirley
will tell you, reminiscing about home.
Shane is her Shetland sheep dog, given
her when she was on location for "Okl-
ahoma!' in Arizona. He's home in Smith-
ton. But, aside from that, Shirley finds
her career rewarding and not overdemand-
ing. "I have time to watch television or
go to the movies," she'll explain. "I love to
go in the afternoon to a double feature
and find another and double in the even-
ing. Movies are my great passion. I also
like to cook—always did at home."

One of Shirley's long-range ambitions
is to sing Grand Opera. She's studying
coloratura and operatic scores with Pro-
fessor Ricardo Camillucci, well-known sing-
ing teacher, who is confident that Shirley
has enough talent and drive to reach her
goal in the not too distant future.
But Shirley—at twenty-one—also dreams
of falling in love, getting married, settling
down and having lots of children. "My
mother thinks that's the most important
ing thing in any girl's life," she says. "And
I kind of agree with her."

Shirley has many dates but isn't going
steady with anybody at present. She is
much too busy now and her life is much
too exciting, but when she does fall in
love, she doesn't think there will be any
conflict. She won't even mind giving up
her career. "That's the nice part about
getting started while you're still young,"
she says. "You can enjoy success and
needn't mind giving it up again before it's
too late for all the rest."

However, it's a safe bet we'll be seeing
a lot more of Shirley Jones till then.

The Era

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You may never have seen the true beauty of your hair
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Scientific photomicrograph shows how a film of alkaline
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91
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The Dividends of Courage

(Continued from page 38)

him back his change—and a little more. But if a few trimmings had escaped him, Guy Madison was well-heeled with life’s more basic ingredients. With character and principle. With respect and devotion for his father, a Bakersfield mechanic, his mother and sister and three brothers. Honesty, truth, sincerity and loyalty he knew. He’d grown up knowing words like these and honoring them.

Out-of-doors he was king then, too. He loved to hunt, swim, dive for abalone, and soak up the sun. He was hot with a bow and arrow and he went hunting for wild bear on Catalina Island, often accompanied by a salty dog named Discharge.

In the sun, in action, Guy Madison warmed to his full height. The out-of-doors was his life and that’s where all his fans all-but-forgotten Guy came to life again, as “Wild Bill Hickok,” riding across television screens throughout the land and on to the motion-picture screen again. This time to stay.

But today from their own sunlit hill, Bridget's father can also look down on some defeating days in-between, remembering when his contract was terminated at Selznick International and one executive told his agent pithily, “Well, you’ve certainly got a dud on your hands. Nothing’s going to happen with him.”

During the years that followed, many Hollywood producers were of the same
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Producers of Continuous Process Rayon Yarns; Tyron Cord for Tires and The New Nylon Staple Fiber.

option. Not in the same words, but they all added up to, "Go home, Sailor Boy. You've overstayed your leave." Bakersfield's Bob Moseley had never asked to be a movie star. Hollywood had invited him. But now he aimed to stay.

Tonight, looking down on those lights that twinkle back at him from Beverly Hills, he will remember that day five years ago that made this possible. He'd been turned down for another part, and Guy and Helen Ainsworth stood in a parking lot on Camden Drive with one thought, unspoken, "What now?"

Standing there beside her car, the large, calm, authoritative woman said suddenly, almost thinking aloud, "Do you know what?"

"No. What?" "You're going to be one of the top Western stars. That's what you're going to be!" she said, her voice rising with confidence and enthusiasm.

"You think so, Helen?"

"Yep."

Today Guy Madison knows many answers that weren't to be found in any books or dictionaries. But he holds no bitterness for the past. "It's all part of growing up. I wasn't hurt too much," he says.

With today's success and happiness, Guy can afford to be generous. There's no room for memories which don't include the lovely dark-eyed Irish colleen who's brought so much warmth and love and laughter into Guy Madison's life today—as well as a daughter who's so much "more than usual."

Bridget Catherine, alias Charlie, has a wealth of red hair. "There's red hair on Sheila's side of the family and mine, too," her father says. And her hair curls "when we dapple it and turn it," her mother affirms. Her nose? "It's so turned up—it's up in the sky." Each is quick to give all credit to the other. "She doesn't look a bit like me—look at those dimples. Just like Sheila's," Guy tells friends proudly. While her mother's just as busy being equally fair about the whole thing. "She has your eyes, Guy. Now Guy, she has your eyes."

She has his eyes, all right, and there's still the same happy wonderment in them Guy felt when he fell asleep in Sheila's hospital room and awakened to find himself her father.

"I was pretty exhausted. I'd been in Mexico on location for two pictures, and I'd also been sick. We finished shooting one night and I was on the plane all the next day flying home. The baby was born that night. I stayed awake until midnight. "I'll never go through that again," Guy told a friend grimly. "I'll never be away from Sheila when she may need me. Nothing could make me go through those last four weeks again."

They remember how they felt when Guy had to return to Mexico for four weeks' location for Columbia's "The Last Frontier" just before their baby arrived. They're sure Fate must have been watching over them with a very benevolent and maternal eye, for Guy flew in from Mexico on a 5:30 P.M. plane and rushed Sheila to the hospital at that same night.

Sheila had insisted on meeting his plane. "When I picked him up at the airport I didn't feel well and we stopped at the doctor's office on the way home." The doctor advised skipping any other immediate plans and going on to the hospital. But Guy had been away a month and I wanted to talk to him. I had a nice roast cooked for him to come home to and I wanted to have dinner with him at home. I was very ill. I'd have been better off if I hadn't eaten. I know that now."

Later that night at the hospital, Guy wanted to stay with her in the labor room. "He stayed as long as he could, but

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he was so tired he couldn’t keep his eyes open. I got the nurse to give him my room to sleep in.

“Guy’s efficiencies were the first I saw when I finally came to blow roses, about four dozen of them,” Sheila remembers dreamily now. “He gave me a beautiful gold pendant, a calendar disc with her birthday marked with a diamond. Some day I’ll give it to Bridge’s.”

When Sheila got home from the hospital, Guy told her she should get a whole new wardrobe. And she got it—all gingham!

“Guy liked gingham. Not long after we first met, he asked me why I never wore it. So I bought gingham. Shorts, sports dresses, afternoon dresses—everything.”

Guy came home from the studio one night to find Sheila in his living room, tired from stem to stern in gingham. “I even got gingham checkered diapers for the baby,” she laughs.

With his customary serious application, Guy takes fatherhood no less seriously than usual. At the hospital when Bridge was first born, Guy worried because he never heard her cry. “Are you sure she has vocal chords?” he asked the doctor. Finally, the doctor snapped her bottle and she yelled. “Oh yes, she can cry,” he assured Guy calmly. Of this, Guy soon had no cause for doubt. Then he worried because she didn’t.

One day the nurse was trying to teach the baby to roll over by herself. “She’ll be crawling before you know it,” the nurse observed proudly to Bridge’s dad. “Yes, I hope you’re training her,” he said earnestly. “Guy thinks she has to be trained to do everything,” her mother laughs. And he’s beginning to suspect the same holds true for her dad.

On the nurse’s first Sunday off, Guy and Sheila were taking care of the baby and having a ball. Guy went to the kitchen to fix her Pablum, and Sheila could hear him yelling dishes around. “Oh, in cup on the shelf,” she called. “Guy came back with a dish of something mealy that looked like Pablum, but the baby cried and wouldn’t eat it. I kept trying to make her eat it,” she recalls now with a wince. Finally she asked Guy, “Are you sure that was Pablum?”

“I’ll go back and look,” he said.

It wasn’t. He mixed whole-wheat flour with her formula. Sheila was aghast. “And I forced it down her!” she said. Guy was on the phone calling the pediatrician in nothing flat, with Sheila prompting. ‘You’d better tell him you did it— I don’t want him to think I did it.

Fortunately the pediatrician assured us no harm was done.

“I think her father’s going to turn the baby into a tombor,” her mother muses fondly. “She’s going to ride and swim and shoot. And we’re taking her on a wild boar hunt on Catalina,” says Guy’s piquant-faced wife with a twinkle in her eyes. “She’s as glamorous as she is gay and glamorous. “Guy’s made a dozen of the most beautiful arrows you’ve ever seen,” boasts Sheila, who’s as intrigued about arrows as other women are about stocks.

For all today’s happiness, Bridge’s father is still a man of relatively few words, even fewer where those he loves so much are concerned. Sheila’s a case in point. She gets a rare quick smile. “That’s why I married her.” Ask what he loves most about her, and he says quietly—and decisively—“She loves somebody, you love everything about her.”

You can take Sheila’s word for this, too. “He’s exactly the man I was looking for— in every way,” she says. As for what she most admires about him, “I think his patience and understanding with people. I’ve never heard him say anything bad about anybody. He can always find some excuse for them. I don’t think Guy’s ever done a wrong thing in his life. It’s like she adds slowly. Her career? “I never miss a career—and Guy says he has my career all mapped out for me.” Sheila suspects, with some degree of reason, that the stage he’s mapped out may be the same one she wants. It has a lovely view, and when we started planning the house, my husband said, ‘You’re going to spend a lot of time there—we might as well get what you like.” Nothing was too good for their kitchen. There’s a beamed ceiling, a lush copper stove, a glorious yellow refrigerator and other yellow appliances. A kitchen guaranteed to inspire and bring out the creative, except, say, when it comes to cooking corn bread.

“I’d never even heard of corn bread before I met Guy. And he doesn’t like the ready-mixed kind. I have to make it myself, and Guy taught me!”

A Wealthy Girl, Charlie. From her mother, she has beauty and wit and tenderness. From her father, spirit, sincerity and the demeanor of a lady. The legacy he’s homesteaded for her. She will have all the answers her father’s found. Those that weren’t in the dictionary he used to carry in the back of his old beat-up car.

The girl he calls Charlie will be exposed to her father’s own wholesome evaluation of the world, and believe it or not, discriminating between people only as individuals. She picked his people one by one for what was inside them.

Nobody would know better than her father how cruel other discriminations and snobbish behavior can be. Back in Bakersfield, a hub for many migratory workers, Bob Moseley was never part of the town’s leadership circle. The ‘head ones,’ as he used to explain, “If you didn’t have a car or good clothes or wouldn’t take a drink, you weren’t in.” Not that this particularly bothered him.

No, he did worry too much about whether or not Hollywood would accept him socially later on. The way he sized this up, there really couldn’t be too many legitimate cliques in Hollywood. “It would be hard to have them here. Some people might like to, but they can’t very well. They don’t know who’s going to make out, or whether they themselves will continue making out. They don’t know who’s
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(Continued from page 59)
running so fast. I'm no longer tilting at windmills, trying to knock them over just because they're there. Now I know you can't bull your way through every wall that gets in your path. Sometimes you have to go around it or even wait for the wall to fall down by itself."

For Kirk, of course, the lean years are long since gone—the long, lean years when the boy from Amsterdam, New York, was fighting to overcome something: poverty, lack of opportunity, the pain and hurts of the things he hated in his youth. His fight seemed more against things, than for something concrete, positive, constructive. He was the man without a star, a kind of wanderer without a positive philosophy of living, too busy carving out success for himself to really live.

He remembered starting to work even before he started in school, "running errands for the guys down at the carpet mill." When he was seven he was already in business, getting up at five A.M. seven days a week, to meet the train from New York, to pick up and deliver the city newspapers, returning home, if he was lucky, by 7:30 at night.

At his house the cupboard was always bare, or so it seemed, and there was hardly ever anything in the icebox—sometimes nothing but a can of cooking oil, the smallest size. Said Kirk, "It drives me crazy today if the refrigerator at my house isn't crammed with food. When I go to a fancy dinner party (I have a complex about food) or an expensive restaurant, I feel I have to eat everything on my plate. I can remember to well when there simply wasn't enough to eat."

There was also in Kirk—for a long time, anyway—a terrible urgency to get going, to work, to run through life as fast as he could towards the things he wanted. There seemed never time for real happiness; he was always waiting for the time when he could "afford it." For a long while, too, all that mattered to Kirk was success. Not the work he did, only the success from it.

What seemed to mean most was what people might say about his work, not what the work itself said. And he wanted to be admired and loved, just as everyone wants to be loved. But there was a hitch. He wanted to be loved just for himself.

So this was the way Kirk was building his life, unconsciously spending time and energy getting "even" with what had hurt him in his youth. He had nothing left for creating happiness in the present. And then he met a girl named Annie Buydens in Paris—he met her, fell in love and asked her to be his wife. They were married in Las Vegas, Nevada, May 29th, 1954, and came back to a house Kirk had bought in Beverly Hills—the first house he had owned in his life. He said goodbye to wanderlust and settled down—with Annie and his two boys, Michael and Joel, sons of his first marriage, whose custody he shares.

Today he has his own home, his own production company, his name on an office door and many lessons learned. A thoroughly happy man? "No," smiled Kirk. "Who is? But say I'm almost happy—anyway, ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredths per cent. And I've discovered when not to fight. I've found out how wasteful it is to create opponents, get mad without reason.

"How many times in the past would I make an appointment to go in and see a producer about a part and then start building up anger in advance, feeling sure the part he intended offering me would be too small? Even before I'd go in I was already mad, and for nothing, no reason at all."

"But I've learned there's no percentage in that anymore. It's like that wonderful story that Danny Thomas tells, about the man who gets a flat tire on a lonely road at night and has to find someone from whom he can borrow a tire jack. The man starts down the road looking for a garage, telling himself that the owner of the jack will probably want at least fifty cents to lend it. The farther the man walks, the higher the imaginary price rises. Pretty soon it's a dollar, then one-fifty, then two dollars, and he's getting angrier and angrier at the thought of anybody asking that much just to lend a jack. And remember, he hasn't even found a garage! After about an hour of walking, the man is just beside himself with self-pity and anger, and in his own mind the price for the loan of the jack starts to rise to a fantastic figure."

"Finally, and at long last, the man finds a garage. He knocks on the door. When the door is opened, does the man with the flat

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tire explain his predicament? No. 'Robber, thief, highbinder!' he screams at the mechanic before he can say a word. 'Pay you five dollars for the loan of a lousy jack? Never, Keep your jack, you crook; I'll see you in hades before I borrow anything from you.'

"Well," laughed Kirk, "I was like that man who needed the jack. Boiling mad and without good reason. One day I stopped and asked myself, 'What are you fighting against? Why must you be a Don Quixote all the time?' And finally I learned just to walk in and say, 'Please, sir, may I borrow your jack?' Simply, just like that. No fighting, no building up anger in advance. I started taking inventory of myself. I mellowed, began to take a quiet breath now and then, instead of running nowhere at full speed. Finally I became aware that when I was aggressive, always fighting, I wasn't really enjoying my life."

It takes an honest man to admit all this, and Kirk Douglas is an honest man. Long ago he discovered that something happens to dreams when they come true. "Did you ever try to catch a snowflake?" he asked. "Once you put your hands on it, it's gone. A dream is just as fragile and dissolves as soon as you attain it. Yet a man must always have a dream, a goal, an ambition—or his life is just a series of aimless wanderings."

So, always he fought and, fighting, wondered why all the success didn't add up to happiness. He was forever The Young Man in a Hurry. Life couldn't wait; it had to be now, now, NOW. "Kirk," said a close friend, "learned to play the banjo, for instance, in two weeks, when other people would still have been mystified by the fingering. He learned juggling the same way (it was for a role in a picture)—quickly, at a hundred miles an hour. He learned the harmonica, tennis, skiing, boxing, French, Hebrew, Italian at the same speed—furiously, almost violently. Once, in Switzerland, when he was taking skiing lessons, he couldn't seem to get the knack of a certain turn. The instructor tried to tell him it would take time, it couldn't be learned in a moment. 'No,' said Kirk, clenching his fists, 'make me do it. Make me do it!'"

"Another time, in New York, he went to dine at the Colony with some friends and insisted on speaking French. When the friends suggested that English would be perfectly acceptable, Kirk declined to yield, 'No, I want it this way,' he insisted. 'How else can I learn?' With Italian it was the same. He wanted to use his talents, always wanted to use his talents."

It was, of course, this same intense drive of Kirk's that led him to become what he is. Born the only boy in a family of six girls, of Swiss parentage, Kirk received none of the coddling and spoiling that usually goes with being little brother to a lot of girls. At high school he led assemblies, won oratorical contests, recited poetry, staged plays, and did his share on the debating team. At St. Lawrence University, to which, as has been told before, he hitchhiked atop a load of oranges, Kirk worked as a part-time waiter and still found time for sports, becoming, within a few months, the college's undefeated wrestling champion.

During his senior year he was Student Body president, Campus Council president, president of the Dramatic Society, president of the German Club and president of the National Student Federation of America. During the lean years of his theatre training and apprenticeship in New York, he was a wrestler with a carnival, bellhop, punch press operator, parking station attendant, waiter and usher.

With a background like this, with an ambition and a drive so unrelenting, Kirk...
was catapulted to stardom with his performance in "Champion." Describing the Kirk Douglas of that period, one writer said, "He was not a movie star in Hollywood; but there was something about his remarkable portrayal of the fighter to whom nothing was important except to win. He played a vicious man with such incalculable understanding Midge Kelly, pitied him." 

So, too, was his way of immersing himself, body and soul, heart, spirit, and ambition, and that is why he was never easy. He studied for three weeks with Harry James to learn trumpet fingering for "Young Man with a Horn." He worked as a general assignment reporter on the Los Angeles Herald Examiner, wrote a novel, signed a movie contract, and his first picture, "Ace in the Hole." And before he would even tackle "Detective Story," he spent considerable time with New York detectives and then played the real guy on the real case.
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Glamour Never Takes a Holiday

(Continued from page 37)
to look at as when she's on public parade."

The quote is from Barbara Rush. We were discussing the problem of bringing glamour and gaiety into everyday living.

"Sheliah, yesterday I went to the market to do my weekly grocery shopping," Barbara continued. "At the vegetable counter, while I was busy pinching some tomatoes and seeing if the strawberries were as nice at the bottom of the box as they were on top, I glanced up and saw a very good friend of mine, also shopping.

"I really had to look twice, though, to be sure it was the girl I thought it was. She's really very lovely, with beautiful hair, wonderful complexion and a nice figure. But you'd never have guessed it from the way she looked in that store. She had an ugly scarf tied around her hair, and bobby pins were sticking out from under it. Her lipstick was half eaten-off and her make-up smeared. She had on a shapeless housedress which did absolutely nothing for her, and her shoes looked as if she'd been wearing them steadily for at least a year. In short, she looked a perfect mess."

Barbara paused for breath, then went on: "Admittedly, grocery shopping isn't the greatest thrill in the world. But since it has to be done, there's no reason why a girl can't look nice while she's doing it. It's as much trouble to slip into something that's droopy and drarary as it is to put on an outfit that will give your morale a lift and, at the same time, give the morale of others a boost, too. I think it's the duty of every girl not to look like a horror when she runs around the neighborhood doing her shopping. After all, she's much more likely to meet someone she knows in her own bailiwick than if she were going downtown to do her shopping. Yet a lot of girls dress to the hilt when they go downtown, but don't give a hoot what they look like when they're on their own home ground."

Lori Nelson is another Hollywood doll who knows the value of looking groomed at all times, whether she's in the kitchen preparing dinner or in the parlor entertaining her date, whether it's a blue Monday or a swell Saturday night.

"There's really no secret formula for glamour," Lori claims. "Any girl can attain it, whether she's a movie star, a secretary, or still attending school. I think the fundamental basis for glamour can be summed up in just two words: cleanliness and cleanliness. These are the keystones to beauty in both person and dress."

Lori has a routine which she follows each night and morning, and it doesn't matter what day of the week it is, or if I'm going to stay home or go out. A girl can't put a timetable on beauty and use it only when she's out in the public eye. It's just as important that she look nice in her own eyes as in the eyes of others."

Lori's plan is a simple, yet obviously effective one, for she's one of the most sought-after dates in this glamorous city where girls outnumber the male three to one. Here's what she does, as she told me:

"Before going to bed, I wash my face thoroughly with soap and water and, after that, I spend at least ten minutes brushing my hair. A fresh complexion and lustrous hair can do more for a girl's looks than almost anything else. Then I check the clothes I'm going to wear the next day to see if they need a quick pressing, if any of the seams are ripped, or if there are any
spots on them. I also check my shoes to see if they need brushing or polishing.

In the morning, after I bathe, I sprinkle myself with a nicely scented body powder. I don't know why, but this gives a lift to my entire day. Then I add a little face powder and lipstick and comb my hair. If I'm staying home, I wear an attractive cotton dress or apron. In fact, I dress as though someone is going to look. After all, I can't very well go around the house looking like a spook. My folks would have a fit, and my younger sister would tease me unmercifully. Besides, I think too much of my family ever to depress them!"

"I like to massage my feet at night with a liquid cream. I rub my hands and nails with cream. In this way, I get my beauty treatment while I'm sleeping.

"But in the morning, off comes the hair net. I comb my hair, and it's all right. After all, I can't very well go around the house looking like a spook. My folks would have a fit, and my younger sister would tease me unmercifully. Besides, I think too much of my family ever to depress them!"

Gloria Talbott has authority as an actress, dignity as a mother and yet she preserves the girlishness of a child. This youthfulness is no accident because Gloria has always had respect for her body.

"You shine up merchandise you display in a store," Gloria told me, "so isn't it intelligent to take the extra daily. I don't look so good for—my son, Mark. Although he's only four, I love him too much to take advantage of his age and let him see me looking a mess. But charm isn't entirely a matter of looks and grooming. It's also a matter of thoughtfulness and graciousness. I know that around our home I want to do little things that add a cheerful note to both you and your joy of living. For instance, it's so easy to pick some flowers from your garden—if you have a garden—or buy little bouquets from the florist—

to brighten up your table or a corner in

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the living room. It helps add warmth. "But getting back to looks, no amount of make-up sorcery can give you true beauty unless you also cultivate warm inner understanding and friendliness. It takes a genuine heartfelt smile to make even the most beautiful face appealing and alive. It's as necessary to concentrate on your personality as it is your surface glamour, because the latter means nothing without the former."

Marisa Pavan has a favorite expression for a woman who lets herself go. "In Italy," she says, "we call such a woman disordinapa. That means—I don't know how you say it exactly in English—but out of order, not kept well, run-down looking. There's certainly no reason why a girl should be disordinapa here in America where everything is on hand to make her lovely."

Marisa herself is not disordinapa, "although sometimes I get a little lazy and forget to put make-up on at home. Then my mother complains and says: 'You look like a dead person. Put on some color.' And I do. Really, all a girl has to do to look presentable is to wear some lipstick and see that her face is clean and her hair combed. I am very fastidious about my face. I wash it two, three, maybe even four times a day. And I am also fussy about my nails. I spend a great deal of time doing my nails. Sometimes my mother complains about that, too, because she says I could be doing useful things with the time I'm spending on my nails. But I believe that for a girl, lovely hands are very important."

One of the useful things that Marisa's mother refers to is sewing. "I'm no expert at it," Marisa confesses, "but I'm learning. And it's such a pleasure to make things for my little sister and my mother as well as for myself. And if a girl can sew, she's certain that she will always have nice clothes to wear, for it's such an inexpensive way to have a beautiful wardrobe. Then she won't ever have to worry about being called disordinapa."

"Being natural, well turned out and being clean will carry you a long way," vivacious Debbie Reynolds remarked. "That's all glamour is—learning the trick of being immaculate in every detail—straight seams, well-shod heels, clean skin, hair and nails. But the busier you are the more you have to learn about organizing your time.

"One thing to avoid if you wear make-up, and I wear very little, is pasting it up. It cakes in the laugh lines and makes you look worse at the end of a day or evening than if you hadn't worn any at all. I believe that even if you're not in the public eye that first impressions in your appearance influence one hundred percent."

So there you are, as George Gobel might say. It's quite evident that everybody appreciates the extra time you take with the way you look and dress. And believe me, it isn't vanity to spend time on yourself, to beautify you, to make yourself charming for your most intimate circle. It's more of a compliment to your friends and family.

The END

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Cool, Crazy and Jolly Exciting

After her first ride through Los Angeles traffic, she was asked by newsmen how she liked it. "Cool, crazy and jolly good," she said.

Any naive, however, which Joan exhibited when talking about life in America, disappears the moment she goes before the camera. At once she becomes a trained, coolly efficient performer who knows precisely what she is doing and why. Currently she is making "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," which is the cinema version of the life of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, that beautiful and tragic central figure in one of the nation's most sensational murder trials. It is a difficult role, demanding the best that any mature actress could give, and veterans of the stage and screen are amazed at the sure interpretation she brings to her part. Directors, accustomed to temperament tantrums, have had to refurbish some of their early illusions as a result of working with Joan. She is as pliable as a reed in the wind, they say. How long this will last, they add hastily, no one can say. If she ever becomes fully aware that she's a living bonfire, only the Good Lord knows what will happen—and what we will do then.

Problematic as that may be, the Joan of today is as unself-conscious as a kitten on sun-warmed bricks. She declines to believe that people have ulterior or sinister motives. And even if they have, she says, they can be talked out of them. "People are almost always wonderful," she says, "if you will give them a chance." She bolsters this statement by an incident which occurred soon after she landed in Los Angeles.

Having learned to economize after she went broke in New York, Joan found rooms in a transient residential hotel. The establishment, not in Los Angeles, had no restaurant, and one night, being hungry, Joan set out in search of food. "I walked and walked," she said, "but all I saw were boarded-up places where food was sold, not even a delicatessen. "Starting back I suddenly heard steps behind me. I glanced over my shoulder and saw a man wearing a leather jacket and a hat pulled down over his eyes following me. I walked fast and he walked faster. So I slowed down and all at once he was there beside me. He took hold of my arm and said, ‘Hello, baby. Out for a little stroll?’"

"I wrenched my arm free. ‘Look here, I}
said very severely. "What do you want?"

"He Imperial, and it wasn't a very pleasant laugh. 'How about taking a walk with me?' he said.

"I began talking then. I told him, of course, he was a gentleman and would understand. I know how he felt about the Pharaohs. And with him would be nice, it would be impossible because I must get home at once."

"He stopped dead still and stared at me, shook his head and said, "All right, kid. Good night."

She added then with complete sincerity, "You know, I think he may have been nice. He tipped his hat to me and walked away."

Well, the poor bloke was licked. In the face of such simplicity, what else could he do?

Despite her present bemusement with Sydney Chatsworth, the Pharaohs that she was so far from ready to settle down. During the past year she had lived in a suite and this seems to satisfy her. She has visited every country in Europe, but of all the lands she has found the British Isles the "sweetest" five minutes after you've met them. In England, following a few years of close acquaintance, someone might unbend and call you "duck" or "duckie." When that happens the bridge to the castle is down and you're in.

The bob talk, which occasionally springs up in her naturally precise and conservatively speech, has definitely caught on in England, she said. She is beginning to learn manners and the friendlier, less constricted relations between the sexes. This she believes is true, to a certain extent, of all Europe countries except Spain. That, she thinks, is a hard country to be young in. There, if a girl were to appear on the street in slacks, she'd find herself the object of shocked and disdainful insinuations. The people of most of the free world, she has learned, speak of the Spaniards.

One of the aspects of America that she especially enjoyed is the country's young people. She says the little island is the frenzied longing of almost everybody to get something "big" done in a hurry. Unless one has struggled mightily and suffered, he hasn't really lived in England, she says, people are more like to shrug their shoulders at that will-'o'-the-wisp called success. Struggle there, she says, is definitely frowned upon, especially at tea-time.

She herself has never struggled, she said, obviously holding the opinion that too much emphasis on such things is not only unnecessary, but actually tastes. She will admit under pressure, that she worked hard at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art getting a solid background for her career, "but it was a gruesome sweating it out." Asked how she felt about coming to America, she said: "Well, I met Howard Hawks one day in Paris. Six months later he called me on the phone and offered me the part of the Pharaoh. It was as simple as that. He gave me three days to make up my mind, but he needn't have. That was done before he'd finished talking."

It was "Land of the Pharaohs" which led her to being signed to a long-term contract at 20th, and she considers this the most fortunate event that ever happened to her. From here she was whisked into America up to her neck, bought a Ford convertible...
and was thronging to the asphalt mating call, commonly known as the wolf whistle. Coming from young men she thinks these are cute but reveal the whistler is old enough to be her father.

Her first picture at 20th is "The Virgin Queen," a story about the life of Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh. For this role, she was compelled to learn and then ride a horse and a jet from London to the lead角色, a feat she considers only slightly less hazardous than going over Niagara in a barrel. "The horse they gave me to learn on was Old Jim," she said. This protocol, having been loaned out again and again to other studios. It was the last of these, to Warner Brothers for the picture, "Land of the Pharaohs," that led to the peaceful contract by Darryl F. Zanuck or 20th.

"I can't see a thing that will stop the
Who’s No Angel?
(Continued from page 52)
I know. But men will thank me for being honest, won’t they do? 
“And women will hate you,” responded his mate. 
“My mother doesn’t hate me,” Aldo commented quickly. “Although Jeff thinks I’m cruel to her.”
“Well, you’re too blunt.” 
“I merely said that her dinner was lousy. That sure was one time when her food experiment didn’t turn out.”
Conversation deadlocked. Jeff changed the subject tactfully, hinted that she’d like to see the work he’d done on the pool. “Ha!,” his grin broadened. “I’ll be finished soon. Twenty by forty—enough room to really swim. Then,” casting a defensive eye at Jeff and covering his midrift with his hand, “I’ll swim down to a hundred and ninety pounds.”
Finding no sympathy in Jeff’s eye, he added ruefully, “Look, I burned my hands. That new brick I laid in the patio. I found the cement had chloride acid.”
Jeff and Aldo are happy. They planned it that way. Friends use to plague them with “When are you two getting married?!”
Finally, when everyone had given up, they married. “The reason was a very practical one,” says Aldo. “We had to be sure we had enough money for marriage.”
Aldo, the oldest of seven children, six boys and a girl, knew poverty as a child. “My father was a poor laborer who sacrificed all for his family—and Mother sacrificed even more.” Aldo’s careful consideration for money was understandable and Jeff realized that for him happiness had to be planned—like their house, their swimming pool and Jeff’s holdout with his studio for better roles.
With the success of “We’re No Angels,” Aldo thought it time to take a stand for better roles. He refused “Jubil Troop.”
His career is important to him, but so are the roles he plays. He took suspension on the chin with his natural good humor. “Now I’ll have time to enjoy people.”
“Aldo loves meeting people,” Jeff confides. “He has kind of a happy vitality that people like me to get close to. Mrs. Hammond, who’s been with me and the children for years, has fallen in love with him. Now everything takes a back seat to Aldo. If we can’t find her, we know she’s in her room, filling her scrapbook with his clipings. Recently, Aldo filled in for Marlon Brando at an award dinner of the Sound Technicians Union. He loved it. ‘With my voice, nobody knows better than I do how important you guys are,’ he thanked them. ‘And you should have seen him at the Hollywood Woman’s Press Club party. All those women and one man. He was in his glory. For a minute, when he came in, he was thrown. But, of course, he would never admit it.’”
“Admit what?” interrupted the object of the conversation. “I admit I think special days for special things are ridiculous. Like Mother’s Day, anniversaries, Father’s Day, dog day. Name it, I think it’s crazy. I like to remember people with presents when I feel like it and I don’t want an advertising genius to tell me when to honor my mother. I admit it.”
“Jeff’s really serious, you know,” Jeff explained. “For two reasons, I think. One, he really does hate to be told—his whole family is that way. But the other reason, I think, is that they didn’t have enough money to celebrate birthdays, anniversaries, Mother’s and Father’s Days, and he just naturally built up dislike for the idea.”
Mike, Jeff’s young son, came cautiously into the living room. “Is he out back?” he
asked with a conspiratorial wink. "I hid where I can't find it. Okay?"

"Okay," his mother affirmed. After the introductions, she explained, "It's not as mysterious as it sounds. It's just Aldo's birthday present. He's really like a small boy when you give him a present, and he even wrapped both cars to get enough money to buy it. He couldn't decide between bullets for hunting or an axe. That's why I was so bushed this morning—I ran out of North Hollywood. Aldo smelled a mouse and he's going crazy trying to get in on it. He can't stand a secret. That's why he pops in unexpectedly. On his birthday he promised to read, but he loves every minute of it."

"Loves every minute of what?" interrupted Aldo as he came through the door.

"What do I love, huh?"

Jeff looked at him in despair as he sidled self-consciously to a chair, settled himself into the conversation. In a monotonous, singong voice he started: "Aldo Ray was born in Pen Argyl, Pennsylvania, September twenty-fifth, nineteen-twenty-six. He was one of seven children. He . . ."

"Everybody knows that. I know that. You know that—everybody knows that. Crime in Georgia had been in a Georgia voice with a heavy cold. "Hey," he roared suddenly, "I gotta prize possession. Gotta show you." He disappeared toward the bedroom a la Gobel.

"Aldo goes out of my mind being Mrs. George Gobel on Saturday nights," Jeff said. "They have a mutual admiration society. Saturday nights I have George in front of me and Aldo behind me. With that Aldo bounced out of the bedroom, struck an attitude and flexed his chest muscles. He had changed one white T-shirt for another. The only difference was that this one said "Lonesome George." The A-B-C (Bio-Dyne) across the front in three-inch red letters. "How about that?" asked husband number one. "I go to the store in this and I really get the attention."

Jeff continued, "You get more attention from me after you go to the store," Jeff responded dryly. "When he shops, he buys the best steaks, anchovies, the very best. I go and buy the drugstore fare. It makes for an erratic diet—the case of the plain and fancy food. Of course, he's a wonderful cook. Does mad things with food—allways experimenting. Terrible on fish, liver, steak. He's a.whale. On his first formal—personal—tour, he ate his way around the country. When he was in Japan, making Three Stripes in the Sun, he was so busy eating he didn't have time to write me."

"You got one letter to your five."

"He'd rather phone than write. He is not practical about gift giving," Jeff added. "From Texas, Honolulu, Japan."

"Look who's talking," Aldo interrupted. "Who called who in Japan?"

"We called whom," corrected Jeff. "All right—who called whom in Japan?"

"That was different," Jeff's voice softened and the banter was all gone.

"You've" came with a growl of acknowledgment, "that was different."

The living room was silent for a moment, both remembering how excited they were to begin a family. They bought an acre lot in Encino, planned their dream home on paper. Then Jeff lost the baby and had to call her unhappy news to Aldo in Japan.

"I used the brick from the Encino lot on our patio today. We were going to build there, but with the house, retaining wall, landscaping, furniture and a pool it would have run around sixty thousand dollars. So we decided to build a pool in the back yard here and stay. It's big enough and it's comfortable."

"You know, it's practical," he continued, throwing off the momentary sadness. "We both work, so we have to have two cars. One's a fifty-one and one's a fifty-two. We figured it up. A new car costs more than a pool. And with maintenance and all it's even more expensive. Also a car you get to drive and—"

"You've got a swimming pool you've got forever. It figures."

"Our friends are right here in the neighborhood. To cut down on gas prices or anything."

"And a bust developer, sales man," he continued bashfully. "I just love to throw him into the conversation and Jeff always dies when he knows it's coming. Any way, we don't believe in going in over our heads in the buying department. But if I have to pay cash I have to do it now."

"Aldo learned to be responsible when

### ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 76

ACROSS

1. Lucy Gallant  
3. It  
4. Novak (Kim)  
5. E P (Edmund Purdom)  
6. Canada  
7. Fess (Parker)  
9. (Quentin) Durward  
10. Ann (Blyth)  
21. H (Edmond O'Brien)  
24. T (Rus Tamblyn)  
25. B (Budd)  
29. Sue (Ladd)  
31. travelling  
32. Gable (Clark)  
34. jean  
36. A (Madison)  
37. ear  
39. N. C.  
41. Night  
42. Hand  
46. E O (Edmund O'Brien)  
47. Los (Angela)  
49. T (Jerry)  
52. Lia

DOWN

1. Linda (Christian)  
2. T (Natalie Wood)  
3. G (Debbie Reynolds)  
4. (Edmond Purdom)  
5. (Ann Blyth)  
6. At  
7. D  
8. D (Greer Garbo)  
9. Audie (Murphy)  
10. Each  
11. Hudson (Rock)  
12. Stewart (Granger, born James Stewart)  
13. alimony  
14. None  
15. cop  
16. in  
17. siren  
18. Lana (Turner)  
19. Is  
20. Doris (Day)  
21. late  
22. Tax  
23. West  
24. Dan (Dailey)  
25. He  
26. Marlon (Brando)  
27. Scott (Bradby)
he was a kid." Jeff reflected as he left the room. "As the oldest of seven kids, they were all looking to him for the answers by the time he was in high school—even his mother and father leaned on his advice. They all knew Aldo would be somebody. To them, he was somebody then. Maria, his mother, is adorable. Aldo suddenly got the idea of buying a big refrigerator for her a few months ago. He drove it all the way up to Crockett just to see his mother's face when she got it. Maria was thrilled with it, but she keeps the old one ready on the back porch, just in case the new one breaks down. Years of being careful can't be wiped away quickly. When Aldo gave her a huge television set, she thought it pure extravagance.

"Aldo says he's not sentimental," Jeff continued, and he's not, in the usual sense. His love runs deep for his family and he takes it out in sudden, unexpected acts. Like the time he was in New York and suddenly thought of Maria's brother. He looked him up and had him over to the hotel. They swapped stories for a while and Aldo said suddenly, "You haven't talked to Maria for twenty-five years. Tonight, you talk." He got his mother on the phone in Crockett and put his uncle on. When Maria realized she was talking to her brother, she started to cry. The uncle started to cry . . ."

"And I started to cry," added Aldo from the doorway. "For fifteen minutes while the dollars ticked away, those two sat at opposite ends of the country not saying a word, just crying. So I sat looking at my uncle and I cried.

"I have a dream," he said abruptly, placing the coffee and settling into a chair. "Someday I am going to send my mother to Brazil to see her father. He has a big ranch there. When Maria was eight, he sent her to Italy. Then she came to Pennsylvania, married Papa and came West. Someday I'm going to send her to visit the father she hasn't seen for forty years. He is a handsome white-haired man. While she is gone," he said, changing his mood abruptly, "Papa can dance with Jeff."

Jeff grinned, "Last New Year's Eve I spent the whole evening dancing with Papa. The house was bursting with Dantes. Aldo was out in the garage trying to sleep on an Army cot. He had an early morning call. So Papa and I danced until I was worn out. He could have gone on forever.

"The boys drop in all the time," Aldo explained. "They just pop in when they're in town. Dante will be here pretty soon. He's stationed in Long Beach waiting to get his Navy discharge. Mario," he shook his head sadly, "will not be with us much longer."

"For heaven's sake, Aldo," Jeff said sharply, "he's only getting married. He's not dying."

"Remember the time the studio took me out to USC to take pictures of my brother Mario and me?" Aldo said with a proud smile. "I do," retorted Jeff. "Those girls kept driving by the campus waving and calling. And our hero here waved and called back, making like a movie star. Finally it dawned on my knight that the girls were waving at Mario—not Aldo. Who was Aldo? Mario was a big campus football player!"

"Dante is the funny one," Aldo commented getting his long legs comfortable on the ottoman. "One day he drops in and I say, proud-like, 'Hey, Dante, I'm going to make a movie at M-G-M.' Real quick he comes back, 'What are you going to do, the Lion's roar?' Sharp tongue, sharp eye. When he was a kid, he went out and shot a hundred and fifty wild birds for food. Boy, we had birds for a week and a half, every way Mama could think of to cook them. It saved the day. "Dante's wonderful around the house. Once he painted a friend of our house because I bet him fifty cents he couldn't do it. They paid him of course, but you just can't never say you can't to a Darte. "My mother, ever since I was in the seventh grade, she expected great things from me," Aldo reminisced. "So did I; I expected to be president. But she was afraid of my drive. Always felt I might push too hard. Things are different for Louie, my five-year-old brother. He is a real personality kid. He's got big black heavy eyebrows and, when he gets mad, he squints his eyes and those eyebrows arch just like the devil's. He's got a mind of his own, too. When Mother started to drag him to the show to see 'The Marrying Kind' for the fourth time, he dug in his heels and howled. 'No, I'm not going. I've seen enough of Aldo.' He was able to sit through it three times, though. How am I doing?" he winked at Jeff, as she shook him out of the room.

"Even though Aldo kids around a lot, he takes his work seriously," Jeff explained. "He's a natural actor and works hard at it besides. I've watched him grow on the screen and I know he can do any-thing—and will. I don't say this in front of him often, but . . ."

"But what?" asked Aldo, bouncing into the room with Jeff's daughter, Sally, on his arm.

"Jeff. stopped, burst into a wonderful warm smile. "I don't say it often—but you just can't get them types of husbands like Altitude no more."

The End

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modeling. I'd take it along with me on every job I do for good luck. I still kiss this clonk for good luck before I go into a scene.

'Grandmother used to call me a kissing bug, because when I was a child I always wanted to be close and cuddle to someone. I'd always be rushing up to her to kiss her. She would kid me about it. Sometimes, when she was very busy, she'd scold me. This hurt me very much. Grandmother was a very good woman, always doing things for people, but she had been raised in the old country in a very strict atmosphere. She didn't understand my need for her to demonstrate her affection for me. Because she wasn't demonstrative, I felt she didn't love me, that she favored my sister. I wanted to do something to win her love. She was a very religious woman and it grieved her that neither my sister nor I had been confirmed. When I realized this, I decided to make my confirmation to show her how much I loved her. Even though I had a heavy schedule in high school, I learned all the prayers, went to church every morning before school and then to study after school. My grandmother was so touched by my efforts that we became closer.

'Shortly before she passed away, she asked me to help her sort through some of her jewelry. She wanted to know what I would like to have. She had a pair of diamond earrings and one, she said, was for my sister and one was for me. But out of the pile of jewelry I picked up a plain black beaded rosary. 'I love these,' I told her. She took the rosary into her hands and, as she fingered the beads, I felt that a flood of memories was passing through her mind. That's my special one,' she said quietly, 'the one I've had all my life. It will be for you when I am gone.' It was strange but I felt a sense of exhalation.

I'd never experienced before. I knew that with the rosary I'd always have tangible evidence of the love I've won and the faith my grandmother had in me. I vowed then that I'd give up to that faith. Realizing how much this sentiment meant to me, I vowed that I would not be afraid to show my true feelings to other people.

'I don't believe that people should gush over others and say things they don't mean just to win friends. But everyone needs tenderness, an expression from others that they are liked or loved. Trying to get up to that faith. Realization like trying to live in a world without flowers.

'They've made it a point to show people my sincere thanks when they do me a favor, to tell my friends when they look particularly well in some dress or color and to give them little gifts that may mean to them what my lucky pieces mean to me.

'When I was in Kansas making 'Picnic,' on the set there was the sweetest little boy who was under the supervision of the Children's Authority. He was so delighted at being a part of something, of belonging, that he knocked himself out doing little things for us, like bringing us a cool drink or candy bar. He was particularly nice to me and followed me around wherever I went. Shortly before he wore an ordinary key chain around his neck with nothing on it. I asked him why. His reply was 'Oh, this is my good-luck piece.' My heart went out to him because I knew how deeply he felt a need to know that something or someone was watching over him. He was doing what I had done the day I bought myself a clown to bolster up my courage when I had modeling job to do. I sent to Hollywood for a gold chain with a little medallion on it and it had it inscribed 'Thanks for the Picnic. Love, Kim.' When I gave it to him, he took off his key chain and put it around my neck. I still have it.

"He's had a rough time in his first twelve years, and I know the going won't always be easy for him during the next twelve. It seldom is for anyone. But I hope the medallion I gave him will be a reminder that someone has faith in him, that he'll make the grade, just as the miniature Oscar given me by Dick Quine reminds me of the faith he and so many others have in my ability as an actress.

"Dick gave me the medallion when I'd completed my last scene in 'Pushover.' I don't think anyone was more frightened of failure than I was during the shooting of my first picture. If it hadn't been for his constant encouragement and that of Max Arnow, who is executive in charge of talent, I might have given up and fled back to Chicago.

"So many people have given me so much help and encouragement. My grandmother gave me faith in religion. Norma Kasel gave me faith in my looks; the girls at the Studio Club gave me faith in my judgment by electing me to the House Council; my stand-in, Diane, gave me faith that the women I work with like me."

Kim looked down at the gold signet ring she was wearing on her right hand. There are several rings in her collection of lucky pieces, but she never wears them. She seldom wears any jewelry.

"Mac gave me this," she volunteered. "He gave me faith in myself as a woman."

"There was a knock on the door. It was the hairdresser come to take the clips out of Kim's hair. In a few moments she would be on the sound stage. Her ability, her beauty, her womanliness would be under scrutiny. She would slip her rosary into her pocket, kiss her clown, glance down at her gold ring and walk confidently into the glare of the white, hot lights, knowing there were those who loved her.

THE END"
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The Men in Her Life

(Continued from page 64) —which has helped me to be conscious of proper diet and health even now. It wasn't that he'd force me to eat anything. He'd kid me into eating. I remember how I devoured Brussels sprouts. One day I said to my father, "But they look just like small cabbages—like something was wrong with them." He laughed and said they were delicacies because they were so small. When it came to carrots, another food I could do without, he'd say, "They'll keep your hair red." I eat practically everything now.

"I hope I have acquired most of my father's ideal habits—his sense of humor, his genuine kindness, his great patience. I watch him today with real love. Here is a man with a tremendous devotion to his family. I hope to be as successful in marriage as he has been in his life."

"Did you tell me at times about what to expect from marriage. He has set up no lofty ideals for me to follow. He has only said, "I hope you will find someone who will love you for who you are—love all, who will love you very much and someone whom you will love,"

From the time Piper started to school, there was one pattern throughout her life—a very real fight to gain self-confidence, to overcome her shyness. She tried to do everything well because she loved, as do all children, approval. She has never forgotten the first complete approval she was given. It was from the athletic director at the school she attended in Tujunga, California.

"His name was Frank," Piper began. "He was a big man, a giant of a man. He taught me swimming—but with these lessons he also taught me the importance of taking care of myself physically and mentally."

"I can never forget him because he was the first person to put a challenge in front of me and help me meet it. I learned to swim in just two days, and I can still remember how proud I was about this, how confident I felt. I was especially proud because the other kids hadn't learned as quickly. I was about seven at the time, and that first lesson in learning how not to be afraid. Frank purposely made me swim in the water alone and I had absolutely no fear.

"But then he taught me something else. One day I was feeling a little cocky. He quickly assured me I was just beginning, that I didn't know it all, and that there was much I had to accomplish. I think from this I have learned never to be too satisfied with anything I do, but to look ahead to the next challenge.

"There was a boy named David, too," Piper said quietly. "I can't ever forget the day he kissed me—on the cheek. Oh, I was so upset! I was sure I had been ruined for life. I just ran away from him. I had never played with boys very much and this only convinced me that I couldn't get along with them.

"And then there was another boy, whose name I don't remember, who taught me that there is a kindness in all people. It was a little incident. It's odd I still remember it. But I was picking some flowers outside the school garden one day and I cut my finger. It began to bleed and this little boy came by and gave me his handkerchief. Even now I can recall that warm glow I felt inside because of this gesture."

"But it didn't change my attitude towards boys. They still continued to be a mystery to me—an awesome mystery."

"There was one boy named Irving Lebow who was very obvious in letting me know he loved me. We were both quite

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dancer at the studio. I was really scared. He was so thorough and after shaking hands with me he kept holding onto my hand. I recall his telling me to sit down, but I felt my hands too gently with his hand hanging onto my hand and I slowly did sit down—and then Leonard just stared at me. This made me feel all the more nervous. Finally, my agent started to laugh and so did Leonard. It seems that the gruffness and the abrupt manner were only a pose Leonard put on.

"When I left I had to ask my agent what Leonard's name was. I was so nervous I couldn't remember.

"I saw him again when I was making my second picture on the lot. A little later, the contract players at the studio did scenes from plays and I was showcased for producers. I did a part in one of the plays and Leonard came back to see me afterwards. He shook my hand this time and said how good I was. But it was the way he said it that impressed me. I knew he wasn't making polite stage talk."

"A little later I went on a tour and, while I was away, I got a wire asking me to come right back to test for a big picture with Tony. Leonard was to produce it. Well, I got the part and from the beginning, Leonard was constantly on the set bolstering Tony and me, whenever he needed and giving us encouragement."

"Rudy Mate, the director, was helpful, too. One scene, my first appearance in the picture—although it was shot last—bothered me. I didn't feel right in it and Rudy noticed how ill at ease I was, so he asked me how I'd like to do it. I explained my idea, never thinking he'd pay much attention. He not only listened, but he let me do the scene my way. This was the first recognition I had had as an actress—and it meant so much to me."

"By the time the picture was finished Leonard and I were good friends. By everything he said—especially his criticisms—I knew he believed in me. Before I had been unsure of myself in pictures. I was working under pressure, trying so hard to prove something. Now, with Leonard's confidence, I began to relax and enjoy what I was doing. And I found myself turning to him more and more for advice. One bit of advice he gave me, though, was hard to take."

"Tony and I both heard that the picture was being sneaked one night, and naturally we wanted to go, but Leonard advised us not to. We told him the studio because of the studio policy about stars showing up at sneak. To be sure I didn't go, he had a friend of his take me out to dinner. I was so nervous all during dinner I could hardly eat. After the preview we went to Romanoff's where a kind of party was given for those in the picture."

"But the biggest lesson he taught me was his death. His being gone has underlined everything he ever said to me. Since he died I have gained a new perspective—just because I knew him. Lots of things I once thought were important are now unimportant. I can laugh at them."

"When Leonard died he lost the will he said someone you loved all the other things take on new meanings. Matriarch possessions are suddenly completely unimportant, and we have no richer treasure than that of knowing Leonard. His death made me look into myself and to try to be all the things he believed I was."

"It taught me to never return."

When she was in Korea some time back on a tour entertaining the troops, she had an experience that has left its mark on her. She sat up all night talking to a GI who actually died a life of instant death, she held his hand. For months Pipe

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can't shake that memory. It was a shattering thing—and yet an important lesson.

"When you see someone die, you're taken out of yourself. You simply could hardly hear her, "You realize how dependent you are upon others and how much better it is to think of what you can do for someone, else than to gratify your own personal whims. I can still see that boy's face. He knew he was dying and yet he was so grateful to me because he thought I had cured him. Grateful to me! It is I who am grateful because I learned the true meaning of unselfishness from him."

His mother recently sent me a beautiful gift for my birthday—a set of bath towels, hand towels and face cloths she had made herself.

The death of Leonard Goldstein and that of G.I. have made Piper a much more mature, thinking person. She stopped being just a young movie actress, and she became a young woman with a purpose in life.

Piper never takes anything for granted now, and she never stops being grateful for all that has come to her. The process of learning to believe in herself is still going on, but she is making progress. She has found so much to strive for, so many obstacles to overcome, that she has learned to try and improve—and she's glad for each new challenge. Just recently she took a big step—and another man came into her life.

"I knew I had to sing in 'Ain't Nothing to Do,'" Piper teased with a laugh. "All my life I'd wanted to be able to sing, but I was afraid to open my mouth. I was afraid even to hum. I'd start to sing and nothing would come out. But when I was assigned to the picture I faced the fact that I would have to sing. I didn't even think of finding an excuse to get out of it. I just went to Johnny Scott and he understood and was very patient. He somehow got me to believe in myself."

As you may have noted, romantic experiences have been few and far between in Piper's life. No romance has apparently influenced her. And yet what about Dick Contino and David Schine? Didn't she have her moments paired in gossip columns?

"Dick did—and still does—have an influence on me, but contrary to all reports, this has been a real friendship rather than a romance. Piper was just too busy to know that sounds trite and perhaps there will be those who won't believe it."

"Dick has been important in my life for several reasons—the biggest that I was given an opportunity, to be one of the first times in my life. When Dick was having his troubles, it was a very gratifying and wonderful experience to feel I was needed and that I could help. Again, it was the value of the thinking of someone else instead of myself. Dick has been just as good a friend to me in many instances. After Leonard passed away, Dick was one of the first to come to me, to help me. He was one of the clubs, but he immediately sent for me and my family to join him. He wanted to help me over this rough emotional experience, together."

Piper summed up everything with "All these men have changed me. All are responsible for what I am as an actress and as a person. I am a different person from the kind of people they were because otherwise I might have had influences that would have steered my life in an entirely different direction. They actually gave me life."

The END
(Continued from page 60)

Before she could cry, the world wavered in front of her. She stood ten minutes later, soaked in blood, and taken to the hospital. When she awoke, she was in the operating room. Starting to speak, she was silenced by an usher cone pressed against her face. She tried to scream, but the cone was held tighter and tighter until terror and fear turned into blackness. Her last conscious thought was that she was now dead. For Billie Grable for Joan Crawford—childhood was over.

Several years later, a few hundred miles to the northeast, another six-year-old child sat in the back of the car on a hot, western summer. Her dreams were of a horse she would someday own and the name she would give it.

A little later, when there were shadows on the wall, she galloped down the street, hitting herself occasionally with a penny licorice whip and shouting, "Go Pinto, go Thunder."

Two children living a few hundred miles apart, feeling the same heat, seeing the same fields of rising wheat, born into the middle strata of the American middle class, each of the younger of two children, each destined for a single dream.

But people differ from the moment of their birth, they can grow up in the same state, in the same city, and their lives will turn, and the remarkable things and want different things and their lives will grow apart to get them.

At the Cassin home, there were arguments. Mrs. Cassin left one night. When Billie awoke, she knew that her mother, and her mother and her brother moved to the lower fringes of a middle-class section. Mrs. Cassin no longer sang, her face took on a harsh look. She put up with many problems. Mrs. Cassin operated a laundry, and Billie took her baths in a laundry tub. She slept in a room above the laundry where the smell of freshly pressed sheets was the last thing she remembered before dropping off to sleep. Sometimes she cried herself to sleep because she still limped and might never be able to dance. But no one knew that—Mother had no time.

Ambitious, shy, and insecure, Billie Cassin—sure of what she wanted but bewildered about how to get it—spent one year behind the big iron gates of a private school, St. Agnes Academy in Kansas City, Missouri. She was freckle-faced and undisciplined, and at night she would stand with her face pressed against the gates, wondering how she could get out. So young, so fast, she had already learned the top of the son—anything she was, she would have to get for herself.

After a while, she invented a world that was more to her liking than the real world, in a wonderful world that she had created, a lovely country road in the green of spring with a man—who was still faceless—by her side.

As someone was to say of her many years later in Hollywood, "For Joan the make-believe world is real—the world of movies and of the characters she plays. Hiding behind a character for her is the real truth, I think she learned the knack long ago to cover up her shyness. Even between pictures she creates a make-believe world."

It was true of her even at thirteen. She had a need for a make-believe world. So she ran away to Chicago and a twenty-five-dollar-a-week night-club job. "I can dance," she told the owner of the club.

"Well..." he paused hesitantly.

She stood in front of him, with a determined look on her face. "I know how to dance."

"You don't feel. "I can dance. I can dance better than anyone you've got."

She was hired.

Back in Kansas City, Mrs. Cassin was completely shocked. She was not equipped to handle a daughter who aspired to be the best dancer in the world. For better or for worse, Billie Cassin was on her way.

In St. Louis, Missouri, Betty Grable also went to a private school—Mary Institute. She liked life there as well as she liked anything, including horseback riding. And she liked it, too.

Both she and her sister Marjorie were beautiful, but Marjorie had—from the beginning—a stubborn streak that Betty didn't have. Mrs. Grable, unlike Mrs. Cassin, understood a girl's desire to be a star. She had had it herself and had transferred her yearnings to her daughters. Marjorie smiled and refused to take lessons. But Betty accepted a career as a model. She was tall and beautiful and could be bribed, listened to her mother.

One dancing lesson was traded for an hour's ride on Sunday; one singing lesson was traded for her ticket to the top of the drills in a horse show. Most of the time her drill team won, and the lessons did not seem to Betty to be too high a price to pay for that glory.

Many years later in Hollywood, the price she paid was small, and the desire was not ambitious. Perhaps she didn't need to be. She was often described as lazy. Luckily for her future, she had a mother who would see that Betty never needed help, that any other star would have gotten raving mad and abandoned to the front office. Betty just asked please not to let it happen again.

In all her childhood, there was only one thing that Betty could never do—a horse. "Daddy bought me a saddle once," she has said, "but the horse never came. A saddle was useless without a horse, so I made him talk it back."

When Betty was thirteen, her mother decided she was ready. They came to California. Her mother was with her constantly: teaching, exerting. When Betty's first dance was scheduled, she was afraid that she would have to do something that she was not trained for, so she slipped on the steep movie steps. She picked herself up, crying.

"Do it again," Mrs. Grable whispered. Betty sat down on the steps. She slipped on the steps again. She slipped for the second time. She ran to the side of the stage, and Mrs. Grable followed her.

"Go back," she said, "Do it again."

"No," Betty sobbed. "I'm going to rub my back."

"Look at me," Mrs. Grable said. "You won't slip again. Go back."

Betty Grable went to the top of the stairs for the third time and danced down them.

The studio let her—and a dozen other chorus girls—out a few months later, and Mrs. Grable decided they should go to New York.

"I'm not ready," Betty said. "I'm not ready at all."

"Of course you're ready darling," Mrs. Grable said. And the packing began.

In the meantime, Billie Cassin had al-
money-making Duke. Sears,<br>angels, found over was and A/ewtfospifa/ movie Joan house? time!
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Douglas Fairbanks, jr., prince of Hollywood, son of its king and stepson of its queen. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, jr., were young and in love. They walked the beach at night, threw baseballs at con-

asson on the amusement pier and ate candy apples. They invented a private language so that they could talk to each other in crowded rooms. Jo was overwhelm-
ingly happy.

Joan Crawford has since said, "With Douglas I was young for the first time. My childhood had ended so early, almost things herself, to fight for them and fight to hold them. She has wanted to learn everything—how to walk, how to dress, who Aristotle was, what fork to use at a formal dinner, the proper way to address a Duke. She's learned all these things through the years—and more, much more. Because of this, people have called her a social climber, a few more names.

She pretended not to hear. Sensible people sometimes put highly arm-sored walls about themselves and look out on the world from tiny slits in the top of the wall. The world sees only a determined chin, a diamond-hard exterior. It doesn't know of the soft and helpless soul under-

neath.

Joan Crawford is one of these people, and it has always been important to her what people think. That is why the lack of recognition by Douglas' stepmother, Mary Pickford, hurt her so deeply and injured her marriage so much.

"How do you do? Miss Pickford said when they were first introduced. And Joan's audience with the queen was at an end.

This, too much youth, two careers and Joan's own fierce striving for perfection, for knowledge, were too much. Four years after their marriage, Doug and Joan were divorced.

Betty Grable's first marriage also ended in failure. She had returned to Hollywood, played the cheerleader of Wabash U. in a dozen college pictures and married Jackie Coogan. He was the first boy that she had ever seriously dated and had given herself a chance to find out about others. But she is not the kind of person to be divorced even once. She is too relaxed too casual with life in general, too easy to live with. And the marriage might have lasted if it had not been for Jackie's tre-
mendous personal problems. Betty learned from experience and decided not to make the same mistake again. When the next time came, she didn't.

Joan Crawford was not so lucky. Even before Betty Grable's marriage ended, Joan had loved her. This was her "great love," another man from whom she could learn, another man who was above her, she thought, in charm and grace and wit and knowledge and acting ability—Franchot Tone. Hollywood had brought him from the stage to act and then encased him in a series of sophisti-
cated playboy roles.

Joan Crawford was still reaching and, in her marriage to Tone, she learned. She learned what words like "expeditious," "juxtaposition" and "montage" meant. She found there could be pain in learning.

The première of the Lux Group was at the Paramount Theatre, a brilliant gathering of serious actors and directors.

"The only time," Joan has said, "that I didn't want to be a movie star was the first night I had the Group Theatre for dinner."

She had spent all day working on hors d'oeuvres and setting the tables by the swimming pool. When the guests arrived they didn't ignore her, they were very kind. But she was lost by their talk, and so angry with herself for her lack of knowledge, she felt like throwing the whole dinner into the pool.

After they left, she turned to her hus-

band and again there were no tears on her cheeks. "The next time they come," she said, "I'll be able to talk to them. I will." She took books from the library. And the next time they came, she was.

The little dancing girl learned. She turned herself into an actress and a popu-
lar one. In 1927 she was top woman on the annual poll of money-making boxoffice personalities. In 1938, she was still there, but Tone wasn't. Saddled with parts that

before it began, and when I married Douglas I found it again. We sat on curbs and laughed at senseless things and rode roller coasters at the beach and loved each other with all the intensity of the young.

But nothing had come very easily to Billie Cassin and a happy marriage did not come easily either.

Before her marriage she had bought a house.

Douglas laughed and looked at it and asked, "Why so big a house? For our twelve kids?"

She was not quite able to explain that she needed something securely fastened to the ground for security, the emotional security that had been missing most of her life. She has the house still.

At the first party given in their honor after their marriage, Joan attacked the seafood cocktail with a large and cumbersome fork. When she saw her mistake, she put the fork down quickly—and someone laughed. Joan ran from the room; Douglas found her in the hall.

"It's all right, honey," he said. "It's all right."

"It isn't all right," she said. And there were no tears on her cheeks. "I won't make the same mistake again."

If you are deprived of something when you are very young, you sometimes want it out of all proportion to its importance. Joan is this way about learning—all kinds of learning. She has had to grab these

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gave him no chance to act, he was at first frustrated, then angry, finally enraged. And there were no children to help hold the marriage together, Joan had had two children, but when Frank looked into adoption agencies, before they could adopt a child, their marriage ended.

Two years later, Joan was in Franchot Tone's play 'The Athenian.' For one of the parts she was playing the rich girl who marries the poor boy or the poor girl who marries the rich boy. Suddenly the public discovered one thing about Miss Grable.

At the same time, Betty Grable was becoming an American institution. Five million pictures of her were hammered into the barracks walls of the Aleutians, pasted on the wings of fighter aircraft. American fliers carried in the pockets of a million American soldiers through the mud of Okinawa and New Guinea. Airplanes were named after her. When Betty Grable married her second husband, the American public made her the top boxoffice personality of 1943 and 1944.

And she took her new fame with the same calmness she had taken the years of being a nobody. There was no pretense about Betty.

"There's a wonderful new art exhibit in town, Miss Grable," a society matron said to her once. "I have a private card for tonight, and it's something you really must see."

"I'm sorry," Betty said. "But I've got a date to play cards with my hairdresser and my hairdresser looks.

She attributed her sudden fame to luck and got violently angry at people who prostrated themselves at her feet and called her "dear." She did not like movies. She only did more operas or concerts or art exhibitions, because operas and concerts and art exhibitions did not intensely interest her. And she refused to pretend an interest she didn't have.

And she fell in love. You can call her happy marriage luck if you like, because neither she nor Harry worked at being happy, they simply weren't lucky. She had learned, too. She had learned from her first marriage that any little faults you find should be left below the surface, where they would not disturb the calm tone of the day.

"I met Harry James," she says, "at the Hollywood Canteen. We were both entertaining the soldiers—but on different nights. I loved his music, so I had my nights all to myself. After the show, I asked him to drive me home.

Betty knew what she wanted when she saw it. They had a hamburger at a drive-in, then dates, and the fourth day he left for Chicago. Every night for the next eight weeks, they spoke on the telephone. He asked her to meet him in Las Vegas. He would slip off his train and they could be married, he said. She agreed.

Only fragments of the weekend can she remember now. "His train was late and, by the time it arrived, there was such a pile of cigarette stubs in the car, he couldn't have found his seat even if he tried. We ran to meet each other, and he tripped over a chain and all his suitcases slid around the station floor. When we got to the hotel, the milkman was on the bell, ringing his speech. He was terribly guilty when we caught him at it."

"Do you want the three-minute ceremony or the five-minute ceremony?" he asked.

"Three-minute," they said together. A three-minute ceremony can be more binding than a formal wedding in a church.

After their marriage, Betty continued enjoying the same things she had enjoyed all her life. Neither she nor Harry tried to change or improve one another. Another couple who had married after four dates might not have had a lasting marriage.
Modess... because Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new whisper-soft fabric covering... no gauze... no chafe.
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It's marvelous!—with radiant beauty in every drop—exciting, new Liquid Prell! It's extra-rich—that's why it leaves your hair looking so 'Radiantly Alive'... feeling so angelically soft... behaving so beautifully! You'll love Liquid Prell and its unique, extra-rich formula that bursts instantly into mounds of richer, more effective lather. Try it today!

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New! Doctor's deodorant discovery now safely stops odor 24 hours a day

What matter if that “castle” is still a blue-print? For him, the girl’s a dream-come-true already . . . so sweet, so pert, so always huggable. (And she stays that way with New Mum.)

This original doctor’s deodorant now contains M-3, an invisible ingredient that keeps on destroying odor bacteria 24 hours a day.

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Proved in comparison tests made by a doctor. A deodorant without M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. Yet New Mum with M-3, tested under the other arm, stopped odor for a full 24 hours.

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Why don't they invite that nice Mrs. J—-?

Mrs. J— is pretty, poised and friendly. You'd think that both men and women would like to talk to her, like to have her around. But she's careless about "the one unforgivable fault." So she's seldom invited back a second time.

Any woman may be the victim of "embarrassing odor" without realizing it. For a douche is ineffective unless it both cleanses and deodorizes. What a difference just a teaspoonful of "Lysol" brand disinfectant makes, when it's added to the douche water! It kills odor-producing bacteria rapidly, on contact. It helps keep you free from "embarrassing odor" for long periods. It spreads into all the folds and crevices to give you complete assurance of personal cleanliness.

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MANY TRIED... BUT ONLY ONE SUCCEEDED...
SEE HOW SHE DID IT IN

The Tender Trap

from M-G-M starring
FRANK SINATRA - DEBBIE REYNOLDS - DAVID WAYNE - CELESTE HOLM

(NOW AN EXPERT ON "THE TENDER TRAP")

with JARMA LEWIS  *  Screen Play by JULIUS EPSTEIN
Based on the Play by MAX SHULMAN and ROBERT PAUL SMITH And Presented On the New York Stage by CLINTON WILDER
Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR

Directed by CHARLES WALTERS  *  Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN

in COLOR and CINEMASCOPE!
I believe that Mario Lanza is misunderstood, even by himself . . . Saw Liz Taylor with gray hair after she played a scene for “Giant.” If this is a preview of things to come, I’m putting in my bid for Liz Taylor as an old, gray-haired lady . . . Joan Crawford goes on kicks. At present she is on a “Summertime” kick, having seen Katharine Hepburn five times. “I’ll see it many more times,” said Joan. “Katie Hepburn—what a face!—what a performance!” . . . I have to agree with Joan. As this typewriter goes to post, it’s Katie Hepburn and Jimmy Cagney winners in the Oscar Derby, for the best performances by actress and actor . . . The best comment I heard on Oscars was made by Marlon Brando during the last struggle. Said Brando: “Everyone talks like you’ll go to jail if you don’t win one.” . . . Whatever became of Elaine Stewart? . . . I turn on the TV set the minute I hear Eva Marie Saint is going to be on.

I wonder how Rodgers and Hammerstein went for the miscasting of Gloria Grahame (Ado Annie) and Eddie Albert (the peddler) in “Oklahoma!” Toddy-AO

. . . Frank Sinatra is a rooter who goes all the way for you if he goes for you . . . Movie starlets who have done it many times tell me that a sexy pose is uncomfortable. Look at the next batch of sexy photographs and see what I mean . . . Jane Russell’s comment on this: “Every time I’m photographed, I feel as though the camera is looking down my neck—and it usually is.”

I’m waiting for a movie layout of Mel Ferrer which doesn’t have a picture of Audrey Hepburn . . . Always remember that it takes more than wearing a pair of white gloves to make a lady! . . . I thought Jeanne Crain was sexier when she wasn’t deliberately trying to be . . . Jean Simmons has it, as far as I’m concerned, without even trying . . . Judy Holliday breaks me up when I’m having just a normal conversation with her. I think she’s the most off-screen as well as on-screen . . . I’m weary of reading those catch titles: “What Hollywood Has Done to Marilyn Monroe!” There’s also something to be said for: “What Hollywood Has Done for Marilyn Monroe!” and I believe MM is fair enough to agree . . . I can’t remember William Holden giving a bad performance in a movie.

Cyd Charisse could be the biggest sex bundle in the business . . . Liberace smiles a lot, but I wonder how much genuine mirth is connected with it . . . Janet Leigh told me: “Since I became a blond I had to make less conversation.” . . . While here making a movie, English actress Joan Greenwood was as entertaining when a camera wasn’t looking. Among many things, Joan said: “I think you must be alone part of every day with your clothes off. No radio, no TV, just silence. Gives your body a chance to rest.”

I wonder if Rock Hudson is sorry now that he allowed agent Henry Willson to tag him with such a label . . . At a recent party, Zsa Zsa Gabor told me: “I’ve been married almost all of my life . . . anyway, ever since I was sixteen. Of course, it was to three different men. I feel more at home when I’m married.” That’s Hollywood for you.
It's the Big Christmas and New Year Treat in Leading Theatres Throughout the Country!

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GLAMOR and HI-JINKS!
GIRLS! and GLORIOUS TUNES!

SHIRLEY MACLAINE - The exciting new star discovery!

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DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS
in HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION
ARTISTS and MODELS
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SONGS:
Innamorata
You Look So Familiar
When You Pretend Artists and Models
The Lucky Song
The Bat Lady

VISTAVISION
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
Let's Go to the Movies

with Janet Graves

The Desperate Hours

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

Excellent

Sharp teamwork by a first-rate cast keeps the tension tight in this close-up of an average household invaded by criminals. Fredric March sets the pace as the father, hardly the man of action, but capable of courage and strategy when his wife (Martha Scott), daughter (Mary Murphy) and young son (Richard Eyer) are threatened. As the shrewd, ruthless leader in the prison break and the plan to hide out in March’s house. Humphrey Bogart contends not only with his frightened yet rebellious hostages, but with his fellow convicts. Kid brother Dewey Martin, corrupted by Bogart, longs for a decent life he can never have. And Robert Middleton, as the third crook, is a mentally twisted brute. Gig Young, as Mary’s beau, and Arthur Kennedy, as a deputy sheriff, offer strong support.

Three Stripes in the Sun

COLUMBIA

Excellent

Like Aldo Ray’s endearing lead performance, his new film radiates warm humor and humanity. Shot in Japan and based on a true incident of the American occupation, the story presents Aldo as a sergeant who learned to hate Japs during wartime service. His tough, truculent attitude gets him into trouble with his commanding officer (Phil Carey). But Aldo begins to change his mind (and heart) after he meets Mitsuko Kimura, a charming interpreter, and a group of Japanese war orphans. Along with his breezy pal portrayed engagingly by Dick York, Aldo gets his whole regiment to “adopt” the orphanage, doing some amusing finagling with Army supplies to give the children better food and shelter. His romance with Mitsuko is not so smooth. Realistically, his prejudice isn’t cured in a flash.

Visiting his sweetheart, Mitsuko Kimura, and her parents, Tatsuo Saito and Teruko Omi, Aldo has an etiquette problem.

Fredric thanks Gig Young for protecting daughter Mary in a deadly crisis.

Continued
Germs are the major cause of bad breath—and no toothpaste kills germs like Listerine... instantly, by millions.

The most common cause of bad breath is the fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth. Germs in your mouth attack proteins, cause them to ferment, and bad breath results. So, the more you reduce germs in the mouth, the longer your breath stays sweeter.

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You see, toothpaste depends largely on mechanical and masking methods of removing unpleasant mouth odors. But Listerine acts antiseptically on many surfaces... the teeth, mouth, throat. It kills disease-producing germs as well as many types of odor-producing germs. No toothpaste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC... THE MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD
Meeting Deb, Frank doesn’t know his bachelorhood’s doomed

The Tender Trap

Four deft comedy performances by four likable people—Frank Sinatra, Debbie Reynolds, David Wayne, Celeste Holm—bring you a wealth of laughs and lively romance. Frank’s a New York agent, whose carefree bachelor life inspires envy in his house guest, David, a domesticated husband and father. Celeste is one of Frank’s numerous girls, a violinist quite open in her desire to get married. And Debbie, a new singer signed by Frank’s agency, is even more direct: She has a wedding date set, though she hasn’t yet chosen a groom. When she decides Frank’s her boy, the poor bachelor is in for it. Based on a Broadway hit, the film is pretty talkative—but it’s good talk, one bright line following another. All four principals have a go at the title song, reprised often.

Old sports Rudy Vallee, Guy Middleton court Jane and Jeanne

Gentlemen Marry Brunettes

Thanks to Jeanne Crain, Jane Russell and the city of Paris, this frivolous musical farce is very easy on the eyes. Jeanne and Jane team as show-girl sisters lured to France by Scott Brady, agent who promises them a job. He has trouble keeping the promise, mostly because Paris night spots frown on singers who wear clothes. Romance enters the picture, as Jane and Scott fall in love and Jeanne looks tenderly on Alan Young, gentle would-be actor. The funniest sequences—far too brief—are flashbacks to 1926, with the girls turning blond to play their mother and aunt, a pair of gay gold diggers. Unfortunately, the up-to-date part of the story gets too wound up in plot; lines and musical numbers are a little short on imagination. But in general it’s lightweight fun.

Vivien faces a decision: Can she share Kenneth More’s life?

The Deep Blue Sea

Vivien Leigh’s exquisite features mirror a variety of powerful emotions in a British-made story of a tragic infatuation. Kenneth More matches her every step of the way, though he plays a character usually classified as a cad. For him, Vivien deserts her kind, aristocratic husband (Emlyn Williams). An intelligent woman, she knows she has nothing—except love—in common with Kenneth. He’s a dashing, shallow-minded fellow, who still talks the weird slang of his RAF days and has no more sense of responsibility than a twelve-year-old boy. But More manages to rouse sympathy for this man, as hopelessly trapped as Vivien. With Eric Portman as a philosophical upstairs neighbor, Moira Lister as the nosy blond next door, the problem is worked out in plentiful, complex dialogue.

Between battles, John and Lauren realize that they’re in love

Blood Alley

John Wayne has a typical Wayne role in this quaint yet vigorous adventure yarn. He’s a hard-bitten sea captain, prisoner of the Chinese Reds. After a mysteriously arranged escape, Wayne learns that he owes his freedom to the leaders of a Chinese village. They ask him to take command in a crazy scheme: Disgusted with Communist tyranny, the entire village wants to sail for Hong Kong in an ancient ferryboat. Skeptical at first, Wayne is finally persuaded by the people’s stubborn heroism and by Lauren Bacall, gallant daughter of an American doctor. Loaded with families, household goods and livestock, the battered stern-wheeler sets forth to defy the sea, the Red Navy and treachery aboard. Wild as the tale is, it holds the attention for most of its length.
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Rhythm in Red! A high-key red that fairly sings... in wonderful harmony with the blues, the crimsons, the hunter greens of new Fall fashions. Rhythm-in-Red has just the right note of blue to give it a deep, exciting brilliance! And, because it's a Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick, Rhythm-in-Red stays crimson-bright on your lips, stays off everyone else!

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Director Conover School, New York, N.Y.

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BRIEF

AFRICAN LION. THE—Disney, Technicolor: A spectacular variety of other wild life overshadows the lion families in this interesting "True-Life Adventure." (F) November

BAR SINISTER. THE—M-G-M; Cinemascope, Eastman Color: Engaging fable of a dog's life on the old-time Bowery. Used in pit fights by no-good young Jeff Richards, the canine hero later joins a rich household. (F) November

COUNT THREE AND PRAY—Columbia; Cinemascope, Technicolor: Van Heflin's sympathetic as a Civil War vet who turns preacher in a tough Southern town, with Joanne Woodward showing promise as tomboy heroine. (F) November

FEMALE ON THE BEACH—U-I: Not too plausible murder mystery. Joan Crawford's a rich widow who falls in love with chief suspect Jeff Chandler, charming good-for-nothing. (A) October

FOOTSTEPS IN THE FOG—Columbia, Technicolor: Leisurely, very British. Servant Jean Simmons profits by her discovery that boss Stewart Granger poisoned his wife. (A) October

ILLEGAL—Warners: Edward G. Robinson's shrewd acting enlivens a muddled melodrama about an ex-D.A. who enters a racketeer's employ. Nina Foch is a credible lady lawyer. (F) November

IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER—M-G-M; Cinemascope, Eastman Color: In an imaginative musical, former GI pals Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Michael Kidd stage an amusing reunion. Cyd Charisse maneuvers them onto tv, with hilarious consequences. (F) November

KENTUCKIAN. THE—U-A.; Cinemascope, Technicolor: Warm, flavorful story of America's youth. In 1820, backwoodsman Burt Lancaster must decide whether to settle down as a businessman or seek adventure in Texas. Plenty of action and humor. (F) October


KISS OF FIRE—U-I, Technicolor: Jack Palance shields Spanish princess Barbara Rush from Indians and traitors in the 17th century Southwest. Light, easygoing. (F) November

LADY AND THE TRAMP—Disney; Cinemascope, Technicolor: Beguiling cartoon feature, with songs, relates the love story of a gentle lady spaniel and a detestable mutt. (F) August

LAST COMMAND. THE—Republic, Technicolor: Goo! sturdy Americans, with the siege of the Alamo as climax. Sterling Hayden plays Jim Bowie; Anna Maria Alberghetti, his sweetheart, who's also loved by Ben Cooper. (F) October

LEFT HAND OF GOD. THE—20th; Cinemascope, De Luxe Color: Unusual adventure film casts Bogart as a soldier of fortune in China, masquerading as a priest. The romance, with Gene Tierney, is handled tactfully. (F) October

LOVE IS A MANY-SPLENDORED THING—20th: Cinemascope, De Luxe Color: Gentle romance of an American (Bill Holden) and an Eurasian (Jennifer Jones). (A) September

MAN FROM LARAMIE. THE—Columbia; Cinemascope, Technicolor: Substantial Western.
Men love women who love...

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**REVIEWS**

- **GOOD**  
  James Stewart seeks an unknown who sells guns to hostile Indians. (F) October
- **FAIR**  
  - **McCONNELL STORY, THE**—Warner: CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Straightforward tribute to a real-life hero, with Alan Ladd as the jet ace, June Allyson as his wife. (F) October
- **MY SISTER EILEEN—Columbia:** CinemaScope, Technicolor: Gay, charming tune-film presents Betty Garrett, Janet Leigh as small-town sisters storming New York, finding romance with Jack Lemmon, Bob Fosse. (F) November
- **NIGHT HOLDS TERROR, THE**—Columbia: Modest but expert thriller, Jack Kelly and Hedy Parks are held captive in their own home by three ruthless criminals. (F) October
- **NOT AS A STRANGER—U.A.:** Moments of emotional power and strong detail distinguish this account of a doctor's career. Fancifully cast, voiced to medicine, Robert Mitchum slighted wife Olivia de Havilland, friend Sinatra. (A) August
- **PETE KELLY'S BLUES—Warner:** CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Fanciful p't, fascinating 1920's atmosphere. Jazzman Jack Webb is threatened by racketeer Edmund O'Brien and pursued by heiress Janet Leigh. (F) October
- **PRIVATE WAR OF MAJOR BENSON, THE—U.A., Technicolor:** Delightful comedy. As a tough Army officer assigned to a military school, Charlton Heston is baffled by his young charges— notably tiny Tim Hovey. (F) September
- **SIMBA—Lippert, Eastman Color:** Violent yet thoughtful British film about the Man-Mau terror. Attractive Dirk Bogarde, Virginia McKenna face Africa's problems. (A) November
- **TO CATCH A THIEF—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor:** Against lovely Riviera locales, ex-thief Cary Grant tracks a thief to clear his own name, meantime doing some amusing romantic sparring with Grace Kelly. (F) October
- **TO HELL AND BACK—U.A.: CinemaScope, Technicolor:** Audie Murphy retreads his own boyhood and war experiences, touching and sometimes humorous. Combat scenes are among the best ever filmed. (F) November
- **TRIAL—M-G-M:** Smashing exposé of the way Reds exploit race prejudice. Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy, Dorothy McGuire defend a Mexican-American boy held for murder. (F) November
- **ULYSSES—Paramount, Technicolor:** In an adventure-epic of ancient times, Kirk Douglas is the warrior king delayed on his homeward trip by sorceress Silvana Mangano. (F) October
- **YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor:** Slaphappy Martin & Lewis fare, Jerry masquerades as a twelve-year-old to escape a killer. (F) November

Indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 6.
What do Christmas presents have to do with Christmas futures?

There's something you ought to know about the person—husband, sweetheart, or parent—who gives you a Lane. It's this: he—or she—knows and cares very deeply about the kind of person you are. He knows you're a woman who wants the future to be even more wonderful than the present... who wants a Lane because in the years to come it will always be a beautiful Christmas wrapping for household and personal treasures.

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Seven Cities of Gold  

This action-packed epic of early American history, set out from 18th century Mexico, tells the story of three strong men leading an expedition to claim California. As the elder Father Junipero Serra, a man whose passion is scattered with miracles, Michael Rennie is intent on establishing the first missions. As the soldier in command, Anthony Quinn is the rough, practical military man. As Quinn's lieutenant, Richard Egan is the arrogant hothead, whose romance with an Indian girl (Rita Moreno) has tragic consequences for the whole group. And Jeffrey Hunter spiritedly plays the young chief of the first tribe that Rennie seeks to convert. Though all members of the cast don't always seem at home in the period, they come across as human beings, taking part in a vital event.

The Tall Men  

This big, amiable Western sends Clark Gable, Jane Russell and Robert Ryan on a pioneering cattle drive from Texas to Montana. Tart-tongued Jane is set on marrying the ambitious Ryan, but it's obvious that she loves the not so ambitious Gable, for all their quarrels. As Gable's violent younger brother, Cameron Mitchell adds to the tensions on the hazardous drive.

Tennessee's Partner  

A roundup of colorful characters keeps the entertainment bubbling in this adaptation of a story by Bret Harte, sentimental chronicler of the frontier. As a gentlemanly gambler, John Payne has a comfortable understanding with flamboyant Rhonda Fleming, owner of the mining town's entertainment headquarters. As a naive cowhand, Ronald Reagan gets his fortunes thoroughly entangled with theirs after he saves John's life in a gun fight. Payne returns the favor by keeping sweet-faced, money-minded Coleen Gray from fleeing the innocent Reagan. But the stratagem used fractures the two men's friendship. And the murder of an old prospector who has just made a rich strikeouches off the rip-roaring finish. Here's a Western with the humor and mellow flavor of long tradition.

I Died a Thousand Times  

A younger tradition is saluted in a remake of "High Sierra," with Jack Palance in the former Bogart role. Jack (too young for the part he plays) is the tired, veteran bandit sprung from jail by master mind Lon Chaney for the purpose of a tightly planned robbery. As a shrewd, upstanding crook of the old school (hi there, Jesse James and John Dillinger!), Jack despises the amateurish young punks he must work with. But he soon gets Lee Marvin, Earl Holliman and Perry Lopez in line to carry through a stick-up in a fabulous desert resort. Though Jack and Lee's mistreated girl friend (Shelley Winters) become lovers, Jack takes a misguided interest in the crippled, supposedly respectable Lori Nelson. This is a rather glorified view of the crime business, but handsome mountain scenery and the sturdy plot give it punch.

Magic Fire  

An American picture filmed in Germany retraces the life of composer Richard Wagner—and quite a life it was. Its spectacular qualities overcome an occasionally stuffy script and the chopped-up presentation of the music. Alan Badel gives an honest portrayal of Wagner, the struggling nobody, the court composer, the revolutionary of the 1840's, the honored (and foilously concealed) genius. The ladies in Wagner's somewhat untidy love life are interpreted with charm by Yvonne De Carlo (oddly cast as his conservative, domestic first wife), Valentina Cortese (as his patron's wife and his romantic inspiration) and Rita Gam (as his second wife). Carlos Thompson also has an unusual assignment, as gentle Franz Liszt.

The Naked Sea  

Glimpsed in earlier films but never before covered so thoroughly, the life of California's tuna fishermen is explored in a fascinating documentary account of a typical voyage. To the landlubber, it looks like adventure; to the fishermen, it is bitterly hard and sometimes unprofitable work. The Portuguese-descended seamen are seen leaving their families, setting off on the long trip that may take them all the way to Peru's coastal waters. Though the task of hauling in the huge fish is impressive to watch, the picture also expresses beautifully the pride these men take in their job.

Man with the Gun  

In a conventional but crisply effective Western, Robert Mitchum plays a professional "town-tamer." Leading citizens hire him to oppose the local tyrant whose gunmen keep the town terrorized and helpless. Carrying out his dangerous job with skill, Bob also has personal problems. Wife Jan Sterling, left him because she hated his work, is in town, as manager of a troupe of song-and-dance girls (it says here). And he's involved in the lives of two young lovers, portrayed appealingly by Karen Sharpe and John Lupton. Nice touches of characterization give the story warmth.

Lady Godiva  

Designed to entertain, rather than to record history or legend, this genial adventure movie casts Maureen O'Hara as the medieval lady who shed her clothes to help her people. A peasant girl, she joins the aristocracy as bride of nobleman George Nader. There's a Norman plot afoot to wrest England from the Saxons, and for a time husband and wife seem to be on opposing sides in the struggle. But Maureen remains the Saxons patriot. (A look at the history books would read the edge off that happy ending.)

The Big Knife  

Though this earnest drama attempts a sort of exposé job on Hollywood, it never achieves credibility, in spite of several brilliant performances. Jack Palance has the toughest role, that of a star who's supposed to be fighting to regain his integrity. As a ruthless producer with a hold over Palance, Rod Steiger dominates the picture. Splendid jobs are turned in by Ida Lupino, as Jack's estranged wife, Everett Sloane, as his agent. Shelley Winters, as a would-be actress ruined by Hollywood. Wendell Corey, as Steiger's cold-eyed assistant, and Jean Hagen, as a faithless wife.

The Treasure of Pauncho Villa  

With all the thrills of the chase theme, this melodrama returns to Mexico of 1914. Rory Calhoun, a tough American, serves Villa for money. But side-kick Gilbert Roland, a Mexican patriot, believes the rebel leader is in the right. So does Shelley Winters, as a brave American girl. All three make the dangerous trip toward Villa's hide-out, convolging gold stolen from the government.

Queen Bee  

Joan Crawford draws a thankless assignment in this case study of a destructive woman. As seen through the innocent eyes of Lucy Marlow, a guest in a Southern household, Joan's wickedness slowly unfolds. She has driven husband Barry Sullivan to drink. She wants to thwart the romance of sister-in-law Betsy Palmer and John Ireland, once Joan's lover. She is even careless of the welfare of her own small children. The situations should be dramatically explosive, but the people involved never seem real.
Moments of suppressed emotion put Dewey Martin and Mary Murphy to the test in their finest roles so far.

**the DESPERATE HOURS**

Bogart, Fredric March and Martha Scott set high standards for the young pair.

It takes courage to wait, to hang on when there seems to be no hope. Both Dewey Martin and Mary Murphy have had to go through periods of near-despair, when it looked as if their careers had hit a dead end. But when executive producer Don Hartman of Paramount gave them their chance in "The Desperate Hours," their waiting was over.

Dewey's the husky youth who got off to a flying start in "The Big Sky"—and didn't make another picture for two years. Mary's the soft-eyed brunette who was named officially as one of her studio's most promising newcomers—and then faded from view, the promise unkept. After their anxious interlude, both Dewey and Mary did go on working: lead roles in minor pictures, subordinate roles in big pictures. He signed with another studio; she tried turning blond. Now "The Desperate Hours" brings a just reward for their long persistence. And their story carries a message of encouragement.

In this suspense epic, they're bucking a big-name cast, loaded with such well-established talents as Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March, Martha Scott, Arthur Kennedy. Producer-director William Wyler knew the talent he had in Mary and Dewey; his work with them shows true imagination. The breaks that come to young players keep movies fresh and vital—and keep would-be stars, opportunity still to come. from losing heart in the desperate hours.
They say you can tell by a girl's complexion when she's in love...

A girl may not even know how attractive love makes her. But just watch men's eyes as she comes into a room. For there's a special enchanted glow in the complexion of a girl in love—a luminous look too precious to lose.

"If only it could last..." people say. The wonderful truth is—you can make it last. With just a little loving encouragement you can bring out that sweet happy glow, reveal it newly each day. And there is only one way to do that.

**ONLY cream can really DEEP-CLEANSE your skin**

At the end of each day your face is dulled by stale make-up and oily grime. *Only cream* is able to dissolve and completely clean out this greasy dirt embedded deep in the pore openings.

The unique oil-and-moisture formula of Pond's Cold Cream has made it today's most successful deep-cleansing cream.

After your Pond's Cold Creaming each night, every tiny pore seems to be taking deep cool breaths of fresh air. You're joyfully aware that nothing has ever left your skin so radiantly clean. Because Pond's fluffy texture does not skim over your skin. It melts into it... reaches deep into pore openings, leaves them unclogged, completely free!

That's why—among great beauties of society, among all women who value a lovely complexion—more women use Pond's than any face cream ever made.

Today—get a big, luxurious jar of Pond's Cold Cream. See it give you the glow of a girl who loves, and is loved!

Remember—only cream can really deep-cleanse your skin. So if you want your complexion to "rest" completely at night, to grow prettier as you sleep, never skip your Pond's Cold Creaming each night.

To the girl who wants to be loved—You can see immediate results from luxurious deep Pond's cleansings each night... and—even more dramatic results—when you "re-protect" your skin with Pond's after each daytime face washing. Each time you wash your face, dermatologists say, you remove natural protectors that Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to restore. Meantime your skin roughens, coarsens, dries out. Pond's Cold Cream replaces the washed-away protectors instantly. That dry feeling disappears... your skin feels "right" again, dewy, soft, happy!
"Never again to be apart," said a radiant Debbie and a beaming Eddie as they happily cut into a 5-foot wedding cake after their surprise marriage.

Cal York's
INSIDE STUFF

Congratulations: To Debbie and Eddie, who held onto their love and took it to a happy ending in a surprise ceremony in Liberty, New York. For their story, read page 42 of this issue of Photoplay.

Marriage à la Hollywood: Determined to have his marital freedom, John Derek filed a divorce suit despite the pleas of advisers to "take time and think it over." Equally insistent is Pati Behrs Derek, who plans to fight the charges. (See page 45 for full story of why Derek filed his suit.) . . . The surprise shocker was Aldo Ray walking out on Jeff Donnell, who loves the guy—and how! She says he doesn’t want to be married, but he says he isn’t sure. Some time back Jeff lost their expected baby. Then she lost out as George Gobel’s wife on his TV show. Now she may lose Aldo in real life, but Hollywood sincerely hopes she won’t . . . On the other hand, no one expected the marriage of moody-broody Gloria Grahame and egocentric Cy Howard, to last as long as it did. They were battling and beefing—before the honeymoon was over!

Cal Salutes: Audie Murphy! He doesn’t resort to beefcake art, cheap publicity stunts or night-club brawls to get his name in print. He doesn’t pop off about his studio and "what they’re doing to me." He loves his work, his family, and he’s grateful for his success. He toured the country recently, selling "To Hell and Back" and broke boxoffice records. "It’s part of my job," Audie told Cal, "and only one thing bothers me today. The traffic in the Valley is
Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A

Cleaner, Fresher Complexion Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!
1. Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!
2. Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild
CAND WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember ... only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!
getting so heavy where we live, but I can't find another place. I worry about the kids!"

**Uninvited Guests:** Robert Wagner had a little surprise awaiting him when he returned from Chamonix, France. While he was away emoting in "The Mountain," souvenir hunters invaded his apartment back in Beverly Hills and took monogrammed handkerchiefs, personal stationery and, of all things—an old toothbrush! Incidentally, Bob met a Swiss miss named Heidi while abroad and was so impressed with her and her beauty, he turned talent scout. His agent is showing the young lady's photographs to Hollywood casting directors. If she comes over for a screen test, for obvious reasons Bob plans to make it with her!

**Rugged Individualists:** It can happen here! Sheree North took the body beautiful into boss-man Zanuck's office and begged him to take her out of "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts." With typical honesty, "I'm a dancer, not an actress," she pleaded. But wise Mr. Z., talked her out of it and Sheree's rushes are now the talk of the lot! ... John Kerr (he screen-debutted in "The Cobweb") has the courage of his convictions. Now playing opposite Leslie Caron in "Gaby," he is the perfect type and age for "The Spirit of St. Louis." Director Billy Wilder tried in vain to get him, and John, who has twin daughters, could have used the job. He turned it down because Lindbergh was never his idol! When practical-thinking James Stewart took over the wheel, Warners flipped. Jimmy's name on a picture always means mucho moola at the box-office!

**For Your Information:** Unless there's a last-minute switcheroo, by the time you read this, Marilyn Monroe will be back in Hollywood playing the shopworn night-club singer in "Bus Stop." And her number-one choice for the naive, lovestruck cowboy is—Guy Madison! He's under contract to 20th, and he'd only be perfect—so what are they waiting for!

**Delightful Dates:** High time, too, that lovely Anne Francis snapped out of her divorce blues. Now she has a Jeff to the right of her and a Jeff to the left of her—Hunter and Richards that is. The boys take turns dating one of the nicest gals in town . . . Both Piper Laurie and Tab Hunter are furnishing apartments and that's what brought 'em together. They started bidding on the same desk at a public auction! Piper is still evasive about David Schine (now managing the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel) and Tab's interest in cute Natalie Wood is purely platonic. So the coast is clear for everyone.

**New Look:** According to the preview cards, the fans didn't like Jane Russell's role, or her close-cropped hairdo in "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." It won't be long now—until it grows out again! . . . His intentional loss of weight gave Jeff Chandler a terrific torso, but studio camera men are unhappy because Jeff's

*Continued*
JAMES DEAN
The overnight sensation of 'East of Eden'

A portrayal of surpassing impact --
the story of a teenage kid caught in
the undertow of today's juvenile violence...

"REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE"

WARNER BROS. present it in CINEMASCOPE and WARNERCOLOR
also starring NATALIE WOOD with SAL MINEO - JIM BACKUS - ANN DORAN - COREY ALLEN - WILLIAM HOPPER - Screen Play by STEWART STERN
Produced by DAVID WEISBART - Directed by NICHOLAS RAY - Music by Leonard Rosenman

watch, watch, watch for LIBERACE in his first starring picture 'SINCERELY YOURS'
Vote for Audience Awards at your favorite theatre November 17-27
INSIDE STUFF

continued

Grace Kelly greets her new leading man—British actor Alec Guinness. What Kelly asks for these days, Kelly gets

handsome face now looks too small on the screen . . . They used to fret and fume about Leslie Caron’s “natural” looks. Now that she’s a redhead with a stunning wardrobe, the little French girl would like a crack at a chic and sophisticated role. So the studio’s still fumin’ and frettin’!

Baby Talk: These new mothers are amazing! Despite all her suffering, Pier Angeli, like Ann Blyth, is anxious to have another baby! Vic Damone’s teaching pretty Pier how to make home movies. When he’s out on the road singing for his supper, she can keep up their film library on Perry Como Luigi Damone! . . . And don’t be surprised if the Rory Calhouns sign those adoption papers. Rory is so at peace with the world these days, it shines right through his performance in “Treasure of Pancho Villa.” Now he and Lita are anxious to share all they have to offer with their own little family.

Only In Hollywood: Kim Novak’s costumes in “Music by Duchin” won’t be 100% authentic. Columbia calls it “artistic license”—but that ain’t the reason! Women wore that flat-chested look in 1927, and, after several futile attempts, designer Jean Louis compromised . . . When Gary Cooper turned down the role of Daniel Boone, the studio proceeded to test Tab Hunter who is 29 years younger than Gary!

True Blue: Alan Ladd never forgets a friend, which is why he remembers Robert Higgins. They were buddy-buddies back in their North Hollywood high-school days, both had schemes and dreams, but Alan’s materialized first. When Bob wanted to open a hardware store in Palm Springs recently, he needed a partner. The sign on the door reads—Higgins-Ladd. You can find Alan behind the counter any weekend!

Man at Work: After four pictures in a row, William Holden “retires” for six months—it says here! In the meantime, Bill believes he’s been spoiled by such super-charmers as Audrey Hepburn, Grace Kelly and Deborah Kerr (no, he didn’t mention Jennifer Jones). "They are real professionals and give everything in every scene," says Bill. When he was in the Virgin Islands making “The Proud and Profane,” Bill bought his wife an 80-piece grey and yellow Wedgwood dinner set. It arrived on her birthday—in 160 pieces!

Growing Pains: Sometimes it takes a good jolt to bring an actor to his senses. It happened to Tab Hunter and now he’s really going places and accomplishing things. He didn’t work for a year and, although he got paid, his salary is small and his pride and confidence got smaller by the moment. When all the good gusty parts went to such stars as Brando, Tab took mental inventory. Result, he buckled down, hired himself a dramatic coach, stayed home nights and studied. Tab recently appeared on “Climax,” his first live dramatic show for TV. He was so superior, both “Studio One” and Perry Como offered him $3500 for one guest appearance. If Warners can’t come up with that good role they’re frantically search-

Continued
The wonderful story of a pianist who brings a crescendo of romance and joy and faith into a number of empty lives... including his own...

Liberace plays everything from Chopin to 'Chopsticks' and his own new hit 'Sincerely Yours' (lyrics by Paul Francis Webster)

CO-STARRING: JOANNE DRU • DOROTHY MALONE • ALEX NICOL
WITH: WILLIAM DEMAREST • LORI NELSON • LURENE TUTTLE • Screen Play by IRVING WALLACE
Produced by HENRY BLANKE • Music Advisor George Liberace • An INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS LTD. Production
Directed by GORDON DOUGLAS • Presented by WARNER BROS.

VOTE FOR AUDIENCE AWARDS AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE NOVEMBER 17-27
No longer singing the blues is lovely Anne Francis, with Jeff Hunter and John Lupton. Her social and career lives are soaring.

For Audie Murphy, "To Hell and Back" has turned into a personal triumph.

Things are MMMMing again around Hollywood, for Marilyn, it's said, is home to stay.

INSIDE STUFF

continued

ing for, Tab gets to go to New York. As a well-earned reward, he also gets to keep all that money the studio might collect, legally speaking, from his TV work.

_one Man's Meat:_ In Hollywood they refer to him as "Lucky" Gordon MacRae. When a younger man was wanted for "Oklahoma!" Howard Keel (under contract to M-G-M) lost out and Gordon (who is great) got the role. Now he succeeds Frank Sinatra who walked out on "Carousel" after prerecording his songs, which go to waste. 20th Century-Fox threatens to sue Frankie, but he'll probably "give" them another picture. In the meantime, Warners is wearing a grim smile. They discovered Gordon (ditto Doris Day) and put up with his shenanigans while building him to today's startling success—for someone else to share!

_Hollywood Dines Out:_ Some actresses complain about working too hard, but Jane Powell's miserable over her long inactivity. To help kill time, she gave a dinner party and, instead of using the usual place cards, Janie embroidered individual napkins with each guest's name... And Doris Day had to say it after staring at Joan Crawford in wide-eyed wonder, "Why do you keep those long gold kid gloves on while your eating hors d'oeuvres?" Joan burst out laughing. "I'll show you why," she said. Then she peeled off a glove and displayed the nails she'd broken while scrubbing the kitchen floor!

_New Year's News:_ December 30th will be a big day for Russ Tamblyn. He'll be 21, so he'll be eligible to collect $19,000 in bonds, accumulated by law from his juvenile earnings. Then, says Russ, "I'll feel free to announce my engagement to Venetia Stevenson and make plans for a June wedding!"... Unless the stork detours, Ann Blyth welcomes the new baby and the new year simultaneously. Do you know she shopped for and wrapped Christmas presents during California's hottest September in 57 years!

_New Deal:_ Spiking those rampant rumors, Michael Wilding got up daily at dawn and drove Elizabeth Taylor to Warners until she finished "Giant." He even returned later with Michael, jr., and the day they filmed the swimming pool sequence, all three Wildings took a dip. They looked might happy to us!

_Hollywood After Dark:_ Jeff Richards who's getting around these days, finally got around to tall, blond, super-stacked Anita Ekberg. Serious about his promising career, Jeff takes the Swedish siren home at nine when he's working... Sammy Davis, jr.'s recent opening night was a bang-up, sell-out sensation. When Frank Sinatra flippanantly announced free drinks for anyone who was a veteran of the Spanish-American war—incomparable Humphrey Bogart stood up! Baby Bacall yanked him back to his seat again... Rival hostesses bent on pep up their parties, haven't succeeded in snaring the man of the moment—Fess Parker. "An early movie and sippin' a soda is speedy enough for me," he says.

_With Sympathy:_ Hollywood reeled at the sudden death of Jimmy Dean in an automobile crash. At 24, he was already known as one of the finest actors of his generation. He had talent, drive, conviction, idealism. He forever struggled within himself to find truth in his personal and professional life. Jimmy's death cut short a highly promising career and robbed every one of us of the many important contributions he had to make. He leaves behind two great monuments to his acting ability: "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Giant."
For the Easiest Permanent of Your Life...

New

Easiest-Faster
CASUAL PIN-CURL PERMANENT

SET IT!

Set your pin-curls just as you always do.  
No need for anyone to help.

WET IT!

Apply CASUAL lotion just once.  *
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!

That's all there is to it! CASUAL is self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.  
Your work is finished!

Naturally lovely, carefree curls that last for weeks...

CASUAL is the word for it... soft, carefree waves and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable, perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer, natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!

takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

$1.50 PLUS TAX
We’re waiting. Hollywood’s waiting.
For you to choose your favorite stars and movie.
Put your ballot in the mail today!

PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL

We’re listening—for the voice of American moviegoers. Because it’s that time of the year again when you, the readers, will tell us who, in your opinion, will be the outstanding male and female performers of the current year. And which of the films you have seen in 1955 is outstanding in your movie memory.

You proved you knew your players and pictures last year. So let’s hear from you again.

The ballot below is your chance to register your opinion. Don’t forget, your votes will decide the final awards.

To help you select your favorite stars and movies, we are listing, on these two pages, the top movies released in 1955 and the names of the players featured in them.

Vote for your Favorite Stars and Movie of 1955

BEST MALE PERFORMER

BEST FEMALE PERFORMER

BEST FILM OF 1955

Mail your ballot to PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS, Box 1424, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Ballots must be received no later than January 7, 1956. You need not sign your name—but do mail your vote today!

MOVIES

African Lion, The
Ain’t Misbehavin’
Americano, The
Animal World, The
Bad Day at Black Rock
Bar Sinister, The
Battle Cry
Bengazi
Blackboard Jungle
Blood Alley
Bridges at Toko-Ri, The
Captain Lightfoot
Carmen Jones
Chief Crazy Horse
Colweb, The
Conquest of Space
Count Three and Pray
Court Jester, The
Daddy Long Legs
Davy Crockett
Deep Blue Sea, The
Desperate Hours, The
Divided Heart, The
East of Eden
End of the Affair, The
Far Country, The
Female on the Beach

STARS

Adams, Julie
Allyson, June
Angeli, Pier
Astaire, Fred
Bacall, Lauren
Baxter, Anne
Belafonte, Harry
Blaine, Vivian
Blair, Betsy
Blyth, Ann
Bogart, Humphrey
Borchers, Correll
Borgnine, Ernest
Brady, Scott
Brando, Marlon
Brazi, Rossano
Burton, Richard
Cagney, James
Calhoun, Rory
Campbell, William
Caron, Leslie
Champion, Gower
Champion, Marge
Chandler, Jeff
Charisse, Cyd
Collins, Joan
Cooper, Ben
Cooper, Gary
Crain, Jeanne
Crawford, Joan
Curtis, Tony
Dailey, Dan
Damone, Vic
Footsteps in the Fog
Gentlemen Marry Brunettes
Girl in the Red Velvet Swing, The
Girl Rush, The
Glow Slipper, The
Glory
Good Morning, Miss Dove
Guys and Dolls
Hell's Island
Hit the Deck
House of Bamboo
How to Be Very, Very Popular
I Died a Thousand Times
I'll Cry Tomorrow
Interrupted Melody
It's Always Fair Weather
Kentuckian, The
King's Thief, The
Kismet
Lady and the Tramp
Lady Godiva
Land of the Pharaohs
Last Command, The
Lawless Street, A
Left Hand of God, The
Life in the Balance, A
Long Gray Line, The

Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing
Love Me or Leave Me
Lucy Gallant
Majestic Matador, The
Mambo
Man Called Peter, A
Man from Laramie, The
Man Without a Star
Marty
McConnell Story, The
Miracle in the Rain
Mister Roberts
Moonfleet
My Sister Eileen
Night Holds Terror, The
Night of the Hunter, The
Not as a Stranger
Oklahoma!
One Desire
Pearl of the South Pacific
Pete Kelly's Blues
Phife
Prince of Players
Private War of Major Reason, The
Prize of Gold
Prodigal, The
Purple Mask, The

Purple Plain, The
Queen Bee
Quest for the Lost City
Racers, The
Rage at Dawn
Rains of Ranchipur, The
Rebel Without a Cause
Rose Tattoo, The
Run for Cover
Scarlet Coat, The
Sea Chase, The
Second Greatest Sex, The
Seven Cities of Gold
Seven Little Fays, The
Seven Year Itch, The
Shrike, The
Silver Chalice, The
Sincerely Yours
Six Bridges to Cross
So This Is Paris
Soldier of Fortune
Son of Sinbad
Strange Lady in Town
Strategic Air Command
Summertime
Tall Men, The

Tender Trap, The
Tennessee's Partner
Texas Lady
That Lady
There's No Business like Show Business
Three for the Show
Three Ring Circus
Three Stripes in the Sun
Tight Spot
To Catch a Thief
To Hell and Back
Treasure of Pancho Villa
Trial
Trouble with Harry, The
20,000 Leagues Under the Sea
Ulysses
Unchained
Underwater!
Untamed
View from Pompey's Head, The
Violent Men, The
Violent Saturday
Virgin Queen, The
We're No Angels
White Feather
You're Never Too Young

AWARDS BALLOT FOR 1955-56

Danridge, Dorothy
Davis, Bette
Day, Doris
DeHaven, Gloria
de Havilland, Olivia
Derek, John
Douglas, Kirk
Egan, Richard
Ellen, Vera
Ewell, Tom
Ferrer, Jose
Fleming, Rhonda
Fonda, Henry
Ford, Glenn
Forst, John
Fosse, Bob
Francis, Anne
Gable, Clark
Garrett, Betty
Garson, Greer
Gaynor, Mitzi
Grable, Betty
Grahame, Gloria
Granger, Farley
Granger, Stewart
Grant, Cary
Harris, Julie
Hayden, Sterling
Hayward, Susan
Heflin, Van
Hepburn, Katharine
Heston, Charlton
Holden, William
Holliday, Judy
Hope, Bob
Hudson, Rock
Hunter, Jeff
Hunter, Tab
Johnson, Van
Jones, Jennifer
Jones, Shirley
Kaye, Danny
Keel, Howard
Kelly, Gene
Kelly, Grace
Kennedy, Arthur
Kerr, John
Ladd, Alan
Lamas, Fernando
Lancaster, Burt
Laurie, Piper
Lee, Peggy
Leigh, Janet
Leigh, Vivien
Lemmon, Jack
Lewis, Jerry
Liberace
MacLaine, Shirley
MacMurray, Fred
MacRae, Gordon
Madison, Guy
March, Fredric
Martin, Dean
Martin, Dewey
Mason, James
Mature, Victor
Mayo, Virginia
McGuire, Dorothy
Merman, Ethel
Milland, Ray
Mitchell, Cameron
Mitchum, Robert
Monroe, Marilyn
Murphy, Audie
Nader, George
Nelson, Gene
Nelson, Lori
Newman, Paul
North, Sheree
Novak, Kim
O'Brien, Margaret
O'Connor, Donald
O'Hara, Maureen
Olson, Nancy
Paget, Debra
Palance, Jack
Parker, Eleanor
Parker, Fess
Pavan, Marisa
Payne, John
Peck, Gregory
Peters, Jean
Powell, Jane
Power, Tyrone
Purdom, Edmund
Quinn, Anthony
Ray, Aldo
Reagan, Ronald
Reed, Donna

Reynolds, Debbie
Richards, Jeff
Rogers, Ginger
Roland, Gilbert
Rush, Barbara
Russell, Jane
Russell, Rosalind
Ryan, Robert
Scott, Martha
Simmons, Jean
Sinatra, Frank
Smith, Lois
Stark, Robert
Stanwyck, Barbara
Stewart, James
Strasberg, Susan
Tamblyn, Russ
Taylor, Robert
Tierney, Gene
Todd, Richard
Tracy, Spencer
Turner, Lana
Wagner, Robert
Wayne, John
Webb, Jack
Widmark, Richard
Wild, Cornel
Wilding, Michael
Williams, Esther
Winters, Shelley
Wood, Natalie
Wyman, Jane
Young, Alan

25
The Thalians is a new social group comprising about two hundred members of movietown's younger set, both sexes. But plenty older celebs are joining up or lending a hand to this bunch of "do-gooders." Aside from talking shop at their meetings, they also stage charity events and parties—mostly to raise money for their pet causes, mental health. At their dinner dance, plus an hilarious show at Ciro's, they raised more than $10,000 for mental health centers. The "they" consisted of such as Debbie Reynolds, Hugh O'Brian, Gary Crosby, Maureen O'Hara, Frank Sinatra, Danny Thomas, who are among the club's officers. For their first big bash, ringsiders included Rita Moreno, Anne Francis with John Lupton, Carol Ohmart with Tom Tryon, Jack Benny, the Guy Madison, the Dean Martins, Cleo Moore, Lori Nelson with Tab Hunter, the Danny Kayes, Rhonda Fleming with Dr. Lew Morrill (freshly reconciled), Natalie Wood with Perry Lopez, May Wynn—and everyone enjoying Don McGuire's funny satire of "Love Me or Leave Me."

Two big prems this month. One was the glittery opening of "The Tall Men" at Grauman's Chinese. Indoors—natch. The other, the bow of the Ice Follies at the Pan-Pacific Auditorium. The Clark Gable. Jane Russell, Bob Ryan starrer had an appropriately Western flavor for its glittery debut, what with L. A. Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz handing Gable a deputy sheriff's badge, after a parade by a posse down Hollywood Boulevard. Jane wore rhinestone earrings a mile long and a long black fox stole. It was first "night out" for Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Kay Gable so far as a premiere is concerned and the bleacher crowd went mad for 'em. Kim Novak, in black lace, with Mac Krim (she could be Kim Krim any minute!) sat in front of me and I noted her hair, which she had to dye darker for "Picnic," is back to its original light, light blond.

At the Ice Follies the Clark Gables were the center of attention, though Liberace, Doris Day with Marty Melcher, Joan Crawford with dotter, Christina and John Payne's dotter, Sally, Charlton and Lydia Heston got their share of stars. Ann Miller was with Conrad Hilton, the hotel "typhoon." This time out, Natalie Wood was Tab Hunter's date, Ann Blyth was here with her doc looking lovely in an emerald green street dress. Liberace was "dressed to the teeth." A red polka-dotted evening skirt fulla ruffles, a white bolero jacket, black trousers (the conservative touch!), a black tie made of bugle beads, a cummerbund of bugle beads, and cuff links, shirt studs and ring of diamonds—all in the shape of pianos!

Grace Kelly wore a simple, dark suit to the welcome-to-Hollywood cocktail party M-G-M bosses tossed for Alec Guinness, the swelegant Britisher who'd just arrived to play opposite Grace in "The Swan." Grace wouldn't tell where she got the new gold and pearl cherub brooch she had on, but you could well guess there's an inscription from Jean Pierre Aumont on the back of it! Alec Guinness was telling how his bed collapsed under him as his plane was over the North Pole en route here. He added amusingly, "I just stayed on the floor a bit, gawking at the northern lights and such things. Very pleasant." Later that evening, the Kelly gal gave a hamburger barbecue for Guinness at her house. Her guests were mostly of filmville's British colony and included Elizabeth Taylor and Mike Wilding—and, of course, a lot of English accents!

John Ireland and Joanne Dru tossed a soiree at The Captain's Table to celebrate opening of the new resort club they've opened at Phoenix, Arizona. Anna Maria Alberghetti took over a new Italian cafe, Abruzzi, tossed a dinner to celebrate the whole family's recent TV success and engagement at Las Vegas.
Your dream can
WIN $10,000!

maidenform

dream contest

That dream you’ve been waiting to see in a Maidenform advertisement... it may win you $10,000 in cash!—or any one of 239 other cash prizes! So send in your dream ideas immediately—you may be one of the lucky winners!

NOTHING TO BUY! EVERYONE CAN TRY! SEND IN AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU WISH!

Put on your thinking cap. Dream up a dream like: “I dreamed I played Cleopatra in my Maidenform bra”. Remember? Or—“I dreamed I was a toreador” —“I dreamed I was a social butterfly”. What's your prize-winning dream?

FIRST PRIZE $10,000 CASH! SECOND PRIZE $3,000 CASH! THIRD PRIZE $1,000 CASH! 4 PRIZES OF $250 EACH; 10 PRIZES OF $100 EACH; 25 PRIZES OF $50 EACH AND 200 PRIZES OF $20 EACH! OVER $20,000 IN CASH PRIZES!

Rules for the Maidenform Dream Contest

1. Nothing to buy—no box tops to send in, just 'dream up' as many suggestions as you wish. However, each entry must be submitted with an official entry blank. Additional entry blanks may be picked up at any Maidenform dealer. Each entry must also be accompanied by a different statement of twenty-five words or less which completes this sentence. "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because..."

2. All entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness and general interest of the dream suggestion and statement which accompanies it. Fancy entries won't count extra. Judges' decisions will be final. All entries become the exclusive property of the sponsor; and all rights are given by the contestant without compensation, for use of all or any part of his entry in the sponsor's advertising. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. The entry must be the original work of the contestant.

3. Any person, residing in the United States, its possessions and Canada, may enter the contest, except employees, or members of their immediate families, of the sponsor and its advertising agencies. All members of a family may enter, but only one prize will be awarded to a family. Contest is subject to government regulations.

4. Send all entries to, Maidenform Dream Contest, P. O. Box 57A, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Entries must be postmarked no later than November 30th, 1955 to be eligible.

5. All winners will be notified by mail within four weeks of closing date. Winners' list will be sent to all who request it with a self addressed, stamped envelope.

Official Entry Blank

MAIDENFORM DREAM CONTEST
P. O. Box 57A, Dept. 132B
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

"I dreamed __________ in my Maidenform bra".

NAME

STREET.

CITY. STATE

Complete this sentence in 25 words or less. I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because...
I have just seen “Not As A Stranger,” and it left me absolutely spellbound, for I discovered a great new actor who starred in the role of Lucus Marsh. That actor was Robert Mitchum. To me and many others he was new, for this was a Robert Mitchum I have never seen before. He completely captured my heart and the hearts of millions. I want to thank Stanley Kramer and all the others who were responsible for having cast Robert Mitchum in his first real movie. I sincerely hope that they will see to it that from now on he isn’t just a movie star but an enormously gifted actor!

Andrea Dale
Raleigh, North Carolina

We have seen Marlon Brando several times in each of his terrific performances, and we believe that he is the greatest actor living today. Therefore, we would like to offer our sincere praise and deep admiration.

To possess a talent such as his;
To perform roles that never miss;
To thrill an audience with fascination;
Then receive the Oscar nomination.

We believe that from “T” to “Tex,”
With or without links on his cuffs,
The greatest star to come our way,
Is Marlon Brando...hip, hip, hooray!
He’s exciting in pictures, terrific,
Sensational.
Even though imitated, he’s the original.
The one and only, cream of the crop,
To his fans he’ll always remain on top.
Marlon is the guy for us all.
May we also add, “This Guy’s a Doll!”

Priscilla Pomotny
Montreal, Canada

My reason for writing PhotoPlay is to boost a new actor named Todd Markham. He appeared in “Jubilee Trail.” I think he’ll become the rave of the bobby soxers.

Georgia Sargent
Muncie, Indiana

PhotoPlay has had many requests in the past few months for information about Todd Markham. For all his fans, Todd was born Raymond Johnson, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, on September 21, 1929. He stands 6’1”, weighs 180 lbs., has brown hair and blue eyes.

Todd Markham—request granted

I have just finished reading “Step to the Music,” by Phyllis A. Whitney, and I think it would be a good story for movie adaptation.
In the leading roles I would like to see Jean Simmons as Abbie Garrett; Race Gentry as Stuart McIntyre; Leigh Snowden as Lorena Benten and John Ericson as Douglas McIntyre.

David Clarke
Wellington, Ohio
New lanolin shampoo adds rich sparkle...can't dry hair!

Get ready for the softest, silkiest, most sparkly hair of your life! For the instant this new double-rich lanolin shampoo goes into action, it starts enriching your hair with a beauty you have never witnessed before!

What manageability! What a joy to set! Instead of after-shampoo dryness, you discover a new dream-like softness that only this "twice-as-rich" lanolin shampoo can bring! Your waves ripple into place...luscious deep waves...softer, lovelier than you ever hoped they'd be!

You'll enjoy the great clouds of fleecy lather you get with this new double-rich lanolin shampoo. Wonderful feeling, luxurious lather that feels twice as rich, and is twice as rich. Busy lather that actually polishes your hair—brilliantly. A sensational new Helene Curtis beauty discovery!

When your hair sparkles, you do! Make your hair your loveliest feature...soft as summer clouds and shimmering like satin in moonlight—with this new shampoo miracle—Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo. Sounds wonderful? It is! Try it and you'll agree. 29¢, 59¢ and $1, everywhere!
You’ll hardly believe your own lips!

You'll hardly believe a lipstick could be so creamy-smooth—but your own lips will tell you it's true! Cutex Lipstick with pure, Sheer Lanolin is creamiest, smoothest! Keeps lips soft as satin...glowing with that lovely dewy look.

So lasting. Color stays on all day, all evening...actually stays on till you decide to wash or cream it off. Cutex Lipstick doesn’t smear off on cups, napkins, or people...keeps lips always rosy-bright.

So radiant at night...because Cutex is based on a "night and day" formula that doesn’t fade or go flat after dark. Choose a lovely Cutex color today for your lips—for more lipstick quality...more lipstick value...your very best buy is Cutex!

NEW! Luxurious! Cutex "Gold Mesh" Case Cutex brings you a new size, bigger than other dollar lipsticks, plated with 24 carat gold, $1.00. Regular size 50¢. For matching fingertips, Chip-pruf Diamond Cutex, 25¢. At your favorite toiletries counter. Prices plus tax.

READERS INC...

continued

Will any studio ever make a movie of John Cosgrove's "Cedars of Lebanon"? CinemaScope and color could be at their best, and stars such as Michael Rennie in the role of Christ; Tony Curtis as Vitus Curtius; Janet Leigh and Constance Smith would make it better than "The Robe"!

ROBERT DOESBURG
Granby, Quebec, Canada

I read recently that a movie of Lloyd C. Douglas' novel "The Big Fisherman" is being planned. After seeing "The Robe" and "Demetrius and the Gladiators," I believe that only Michael Rennie is capable of playing the title role. I hope he is chosen. It would be an outstanding picture.

J. LIPPELS
Winston Salem, North Carolina

My sister and I, having just read "Reno... look
...hundred," by Inglis Fletcher, agree that the following actors and actresses would be good in these parts: Stewart Granger as Sir Richard Grenville; Angela Lansbury as Philipa; Jean Simmons as Thomasine; Robert Wagner as Colin; and Nina Foch as Lady Mary Grenville.

MARILYNE DUNN
Ossian, Iowa

Daphne DuMaurier's "The King's General" would make a fine movie with Ann Blyth as Honor and Charlton Heston as Richard Grenville.

WILLIAM NEVILLE
Ogden, Utah

I have recently read "Bloom of the Cactus," by Robert Ames Bennett. It is a marvelous book and would make an excellent motion picture, in my opinion. The scenery would be colorful and beautiful. If filmed in picturesque Arizona, a truer Western story could never be filmed. As a movie, my idea of casting would be as follows: Tony Curtis as Jack Lennon; Maggie McNamara as Carmen Farley; Anne Francis as Elsie. I hope studio thinks I'm right.

NAN KILTON
Hanover, Pennsylvania

I have just finished reading "The Distant Shore," by Jan de Hartog. I enjoyed it very much and I think it would make an excellent picture, starring Gregory Peck or Robert Mitchum as Skipper; Russ Tamblyn as Goutskin and Jan Sterling as Stella.

ROSI ANN FRITIANO
Brooklyn, New York

Continued
Nylon and living elastic! You'll love the feel of it ... the fit of it ... the way it adjusts to your every movement. And its shape is forever ... no matter how often laundered. Now in black guaranteed not to run ... or in wonderfully washable white! All sizes and in-between sizes: 32A to 10C, $3.95. D-Cup (white only), $4.95. In the blue package at your favorite store. See the High Style Bra, too, in white "party pretty" cotton. $2.95.

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Playtex Girdle too ... for every figure.

Light-Weight for wonderful control. $4.95
High Style for more control. $5.95
Magic-Controller for most control. $7.95
New 100% Non-Alkaline
Palmolive Soft SHAMPOO

Removes ALKALINE FILM
that clouds hair beauty!

Gentles your hair as it cleans and sheens!
Leaves it more obedient, easier to set!
Will not dry or devitalize!

You may never have seen the true beauty of your hair until you try new Palmolive Soft Shampoo. For this new 100% non-alkaline shampoo gentles your hair. Sheens it to its natural loveliness. Softens it so curls set easier...and stay set longer.

New Palmolive Soft Shampoo contains no harsh, drying, devitalizing chemicals...no sticky oils...no dulling alkali. And its exclusive 100% non-alkaline formula agrees with the natural, healthy, non-alkaline condition of your scalp and hair.

So remove alkaline film that clouds hair beauty with new—and oh, so gentle—Palmolive Soft Shampoo.

READERS INC...

QUESTION BOX:
In a recent issue of Photoplay, I noticed that Rock Hudson's real name is Roy Fitzgerald and that he was born November 17, 1925. In another magazine his name was Roy Sherer and he was born November 17, 1924. Which is correct?
BRENDA MITCHELL
Birmingham, Alabama

Born Roy Sherer, November 17, 1925, Rock became Roy Fitzgerald when adopted by his mother's second husband.—ED.

Would you please tell me what has become of Ralph Meeker? Is he in California or New York? Where may a fan write him?
JOAN FETTERS
Belleville, Pennsylvania

Ralph Meekers in three films for U.A.; "Big House, U.S.A.;" "Kiss Me Deadly;" "Desert Sands."—ED.

To settle a long, bitter dispute between quite a few fellows here: Who sang the title song in the picture "Three Coins in the Fountain?" Some of the fellows say the Four Aces, and I and some others say Frank Sinatra. Who is correct?
SAL F. FATI JR.
Keesler A.F.B., Mississippi

You are right. It was Frank Sinatra.—ED.

Could you please settle an argument? My girl friend says that Gene Tierney, Lawrence Tierney and Scott Brady are brothers and sister. I say only Scott Brady and Lawrence Tierney are brothers and Gene Tierney is no relation. Who is right?
Marilyn Schachter
Plainview, New York

You're right—Scott and Lawrence are brothers. Gene is not their sister.—ED.

Would you please tell me who played the parts of Spurs and David in "Strange Lady in Town?"
Jesse J. Jones
Augusta, Kansas

Lois Smith played Spurs, Cameron Mitchell, David.—ED.

Could you please tell me if they're making any more motion pictures out of Mickey Spillane's mystery novels? And if so, who will play the role of Mike Hammer?
Joyce Halbro
Hartford, Connecticut

Yes, in '56, but no cast set as yet.—ED.
My sister says that Victor Mature is forty and Don Taylor is forty-one. I can’t believe they are that old. They certainly don’t look it. We can’t believe they’re over forty. Could you settle this disagreement?

SHARON JONES
White Plains, New York

Victor Mature is 39; Don Taylor, 35.—ED.

I have just seen “The Sea Chase,” a Republic picture, and last week I saw “East of Eden.”

I would appreciate it if you could tell me who played the part of Aron in “East of Eden.” I believe that the person who played Aron in “East of Eden” also played the part of cadet seaman Stemme in “The Sea Chase.” Am I right?

I believe this boy has talent, and his acting in both pictures was superb!

Mr. Tom Gurtner
Wabash, Indiana

Yes, you’re right—Richard Davalos.—ED.

Among the usual news I received from my brother way back from Malta, G.C., was a press photo of a Maltese guy named Oreste Kirkop.

It seems that Mr. Kirkop is playing the leading male role, opposite Kathryn Grayson, in the “Vagabond King,” which is being filmed by Paramount in VistaVision.

When will the film “Vagabond King” be released, and who are the other stars in the film?

J. Kuerer
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

The film will be released in early 1956—with Rita Moreno.—ED.

=x= glamour plus comfort...
yours in FLOATING ACTION
the bra with action-free tangent straps!

Gives you more real appeal than all the perfumes in the world! It’s probably the most famous bra in America because of those amazing tangent straps that move as you move... yet keep the bra exactly in place!

Bend or stretch... Exquisite Form’s Floating Action bra stays put without binding or pressure. Twist or turn... your rounded, uplifted contours stay up! Floating Action makes you feel so good, and feels so good on you; actually re-SHAPES you to new beauty, no matter what your size. It’s the bra that gives you X* appeal morning, noon and night!

Exquisite Form brassieres give you X* appeal

AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE, OR WRITE DEPT. P-12, EXQUISITE FORM BRASSIÈRES INC., 155 MADISON AVE., N.Y., FOR STORE NEAREST YOU.
"Do you think I go walking on the beach for the exercise?"

TODAY'S BEST-SELLER ABOUT THE MODERN SOUTH!

20th Century-Fox presents

The View from Pompey's Head

Actually photographed in America's Southland in CINEMASCOPE COLOR by DELUXE

starring

RICHARD EGAN • DANA WYNTER
CAMERON MITCHELL

with Sidney Blackmer • Marjorie Rambeau • Dorothy Patrick Davis
Rosemarie Bowe • Jerry Paris • Ruby Goodwin

Produced, Directed and Written for the Screen by
PHILIP DUNNE
In the Wonder of STEREOPHONIC SOUND
Casts

CURRENT PICTURES

BIG KNIFE, THE—U. A. Directed by Robert Aldrich; Charles Castle, Jack Palance; Marian Carle, Ida Lupino; Smiley Burnette, Wendell Corey; Connie Huius, Jean Hagen; Stanley Hoff, Rod Sterling; Patty Bowman, Ida Lupino; Nat D'Amour, Everett Sloane; Dore Evans, Shelley Winters; Hank George, Wesley Addys; Buddy Blye, Paul Langton.

BLOOD ALLEY—Warner. Directed by William A. Wellman; Peter, John Wayne; Cabby, Lauren Bacall; Mr. Tso, Paul Fix; Susan, Joy Kim; Old Peng, Barry Kegler; Big Man, Mike Mazurki; Wei Long, Anita Ekberg; Jack, Henry Nakamura.

DEEP BLUE SEA, THE—20th. Directed by Anthony Mann; Hunter, Vivien Leigh, Freddie Page; Kenneth More, Sir William Collver, Emlyn Williams; Miller, Eric Portman; Darrow Whitman, Moira Lister; Mrs. Elton, Dandy Nichols.

DESPERATE HOURS, THE—Paramount. Directed by William Wyler; Gene, Humphrey Bogart; Dan Hilliard, Frederic March; Jess Ford, Arthur Kennedy; Eleanor Hilliard, Martha Scott; Hal, Dewey Martin; Chuck, Gig Young; Cindy, Mary Murphy; Ralphie, Richard Eyer; Kabib, Robert Middleton.

GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES—U. A. Directed by Richard Sale; Bonnie Jones, Mimi Jones (1926); June Russell; Connie Jones, Mimi Jones (1926); Joanne Crain; Charlie Biddle, Miss Biddle, Mr. Biddle, Senior, Alan Young; David Action, Scott Brady; Rudy Oates, Rudy Vallee; Earl; of Wicken- ware, Guy Middleton.

I DIED A THOUSAND TIMES—Warners. Directed by Stuart Heisler; Rex, Earl, Jack Palance; Marie, Shelley Winters; Velma, Len Nelson; Babe, Lee Marvin; Chloe, Gonzales-Gonzales; Big Mac, Lon Chaney; Red, Earl Holliman; Mencken, Perry Lopez; Lon Pretzer, Richard Davide; Ma, Olive Carey; Pe, Ralph Moody; Jack Krammer, James Millican.

LADY GODIVA—U. A. Directed by Arthur Lubin; Lady Godiva, Maureen O'Hara; Lord Leifso, George Nader; King Edward, Edward Franz; Count Ursula, Leslie Bradley; Griffin; Victor McLaglen; Lord Godiva, Torin Thatcher; Harold, Rex Reason.

MAGE FIRE—Republic. Directed by William Dieterle; Minna, Yvonne De Carlo; Franz Lizet, Carlos Thompson; Celia, Rita Gam; Mathilde, Valentia Cortez; Richard Wagner, Alon Bade; Otte Wegener, Peter Cushing; Minister von Moll, Frederick Valk; King Ludwig II, Gerhard Riedmann.

MAN WITH THE GUN—U. A. Directed by Richard Wilson; Chin Tullings, Robert Mitchum; Kally Bates, Jan Sterling; Stella Atkins, Karen Sharpe; Marshall Stone, Henry Hull; Santa Atkins, Emilie Meyer; Jeff Castle, John Lupton; Ann Wabick, Barbara Lawrence; Rex, Ted de Corsia.

NAKED SEA, THE—RKO. Documentary directed by Allen Miner.

QUEEN BEE—Columbia. Directed by Ronald Mack- dougal; Eva Phillips, Joan Crawford; Avery Phillips, Barry Sullivan; Carol Lee Phillips, Betsy Palmers; Judson Pratt; John Ireland; Jeremiah Stengel, Lucy Marlowe; Ty McKiernan, William Leslie; Sue McKiernan, Fay Wray; Miss Bron, Kate Anderson; Ted, Tim Hovey.

SEVEN CITIES OF GOLD—20th. Directed by Robert D. Webb; Joe, Richard Egan; Captive Portal, Artie Quin; Father Justinian, Michael Rennie; Matron, Jeffrey Hunter; Uly, Rita Moreno.


TENDER TRAP, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Walters; Charles V. Reade, Frank Sinatra; Julie Gilbert, Debbie Reynolds; Joe McColl, David Wayne; Sybil Jason; Karen Haskins; Leslie Caron, James Mac; Poppy Masters, Lora Altbrout; Helen, Carolyn Jones; Bob Longham; Tom Helmore.

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER—RKO. Directed by Allen Dwan; Tennessee, John Payne; Cowpokes, Ronald Reagan; The Duchess, Rhonda Fleming; Goldie, Colleen Gray; Turner, Anthony Caruso; The Judge, Morris Ankrum; Greatbake, Chubby Johnson.

THREE STRIPES IN THE SUN—Columbia. Directed by Richard Murphy; Hugh O'Brian, Aldo Ray; Colonel, Phil Carey; Cpl. Neely Mahlendorf, Dick York; Yaku, Mitsuko Kindaichi; Jack, Chuck Connors; Sister Genevieve, Camille Jackson; Father Yashiya, Henry Okawa; Konoya, Tatsuo Saito.

TREASURE OF PANCHO VILLA, THE—RKO. Directed by George Sherman; Tom Brown, Rory Cal- don; Ruth March, Shelley Winters; Juan Castro, Gilbert Roland; Pablo Morales, Joseph Callela.

SMART GIRLS NEVER GO OUTDOORS WITHOUT IT...

Helene Curtis spray net

No breeze can worry the hair that's softly set in place by SPRAY NET.

Have you tried Helene Curtis SPRAY NET?

Nothing in the world holds hair so softly, naturally in place all day long. Only Helene Curtis SPRAY NET contains spray-on Lanolin Lotion—can't stiffen or dry your hair, never leaves it sticky.

Smart girls never go outdoors without Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. Or, if they do, they're on their way to get a fresh supply. You'll find it wherever cosmetics are sold.

Used and recommended by professional beauticians everywhere.

TWO FABULOUS FORMULAS:

SUPER SOFT, without lacquer, for gentle control . . . REGULAR, for more elaborate styles, harder-to-manage hair.

THREE SIZES:

New 69¢ size, Large $1.25, Giant $1.89

Newt 69¢ size, Large $1.25, Giant $1.89

Now you can try SPRAY NET for only 69¢! Perfect for purse, travel, office desk, bathroom cabinet.

Why set pin curls every night? SPRAY NET makes them last for days!

Just roll them up. Spray. In minutes, your pin curls are set . . . softly . . . and they'll last for days.

2 T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
“What about the double life you lead?” I asked Rory Calhoun. “Does your wife approve?”

“Approve? She helps me lead it! Matter of fact, we’ve been leading a double life together ever since we were married seven years ago.

“When Lita and I were married on August 29, 1943, we faced the same problem all actors face: How to combine a career with marriage. Except that ours was even tougher. Lita, you see, was a night-club singer and dancer. I was a movie actor—mostly in Westerns. Our hours were completely different: I would be getting up when she was retiring and when it was time for her to go to work I was ready to hit the hay.”

I asked Rory how they worked out the big problem—separation.

“Most of the credit must go to Lita,” he said. “This girl is terrific. Show business is in her blood just as it is in mine, but she made up her mind when we were married that being Mrs. Rory Calhoun was to her much more important than being the famous Lita Baron, night-club star. So she decided that unless I am busy making a movie or unless I can accompany her, out-of-town engagements are out. And if I’m working, this gal of mine won’t accept a booking for longer than two weeks at a stretch. When we are apart, we spend most of our free time talking to each other over the long-distance telephone!”

I recalled Lita’s successful Las Vegas and New York singing engagements while Rory was on location in Wyoming, and all the good-natured banter of friends about how she and her handsome husband chattered away their earnings. It was immediately after the completion of this film Rory flew East to meet his wife and took her up to Canada for a fishing trip.

Lita knew nothing about sports when she first met Rory. But she did know if their marriage was to be happy she would have to develop an interest in the fishing, skiing, archery and golf which play such an important part in Rory’s off-screen life.

“Lita didn’t enjoy any of it at first,” Rory recalled, “but she was game and kept trying. Now she has a whale of a time—and she’s good, too! I remember that at David Selznick’s Arrowhead lodge I gave Lita a gun and taught her how to aim at a sycamore leaf. I told her not to shoot till she sighted the middle of the leaf. It was simple for her. She has the wonderful coordination of a dancer. She took six shots and hit it dead center.

“My pal Guy Madison and I took her fishing on the Colorado River and she caught her first fish. In fact, it got to the point where Guy manned the boat, Lita caught all the fish and I did nothing but take the fish off her line!”

Seven happy years of married life—in Hollywood! Rory and Lita Calhoun’s double life together is paying off.
you haven’t lived until you’ve known **EVENING IN PARIS**

says JEANMAIRE, captivating French premiere ballerina.

More French women wear Evening in Paris than any other perfume (and the French really know!). It is one of the world’s great perfumes... and the most wanted for Christmas. See many gala new gifts from $1 to $25.

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**Evening in Paris Trio:** cologne, talc, and purse perfume flacon... **2.50**

**Slide-Top Set with cologne, talc, cologne stick, purse perfume**... **3.50**

**Dresser Box:** perfume, toilet water, cologne, talc, purse perfume... **5.00**

**Jewel Box,** lined and mirrored, With 6 fragrant accessories... **8.50**

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**Evening in Paris** **BY BOURJOIS... CREATED IN FRANCE... MADE IN U.S.A.**
THAT IVORY LOOK

YOUNG AMERICA HAS IT...
YOU CAN HAVE IT IN 7 DAYS!

It's easy to see . . . That Ivory Look sets up a girl—at any age! For it's true—the milder your beauty soap, the prettier your skin! And pure, mild Ivory is the soap more doctors advise for baby's skin—and yours—than any other soap!

Seeing is believing . . . and That Ivory Look shows up in your mirror in 7 short days! A simple change to regular care with baby's pure, mild Ivory will leave your skin looking fresher and finer . . . just altogether prettier!

99.95% PURE . . . IT FLOATS

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It's like getting one FREE! 4 cakes of Personal Size Ivory cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps. It all adds up . . .

PERSONAL SIZE IVORY IS YOUR BEST BEAUTY BUY!
Get Your BIG Holiday Bargain!

YOU'LL RECEIVE PHOTOPLAY OR LESS THAN 14¢ A COPY!

Imagine! You'll receive 15 exciting months of Photoplay for only $2, if you act now. That's less than 14¢ a copy! You save $1 under newsstand prices by mailing the attached card right away. (Offer good in U.S.A. only)

Tear out and mail attached card today! No Stamp Needed!
THE ATTACHED CARD IS WORTH CASH TO YOU—IF YOU USE IT NOW! FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY. NO STAMP NEEDED. ACT NOW—SAVE NOW—WHILE YOU CAN

PHOTOPLAY, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.
Ten years ago, twelve-year-olds like Pat Crowley didn’t spend their movie allowances to see stars like Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Bill Powell, Jimmy Cagney, Edward G. Robinson. They were old—only people like parents went to see them!

But ten years make a difference to a twelve-year-old. They bring changes on the screen, too. Gable, the others, appeared less and less on the screen. Some disappeared altogether—Henry Fonda, to the stage, Robinson, Bill Powell, Cagney, into semi-retirement. Katie Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, Ty Power, Cary Grant traveled, found other interests. And the screen lost something for their going. Young faces replaced them—Pat, Rock Hudson, Debbie Reynolds, Dewey Martin, Russ Tamblyn, others. They had talent, ambition and the world—and Hollywood—was their oyster.

Then gradually the “old” actresses, the “old” actors came back. King Gable resumed the throne no one had filled, with “Mogambo.” Jimmy Cagney exploded back into movies with “Run for Cover,” “Love Me or Leave Me,” and “Mister Roberts.” That master of underplaying, Spencer Tracy, quietly took command with “Broken Lance” and “Bad Day at Black Rock.” Grant’s sophisticated comedy in “To Catch a Thief,” Bill Powell’s suave assurance in “Mister Roberts,” once more filled the screen with wit and charm. Inimitable Katie, in “Summertime,” Henry Fonda in “Mister Roberts,” Ginger Rogers, in “Tight Spot,” stimulated the boxoffice with their spice, drama and grace.

And with them came others—younger veterans like Gordon MacRae, too long absent from the screen. Now he’s adding zest to the movie scene with his exuberant singing, fresh personality in “Oklahoma!” and “Carousel.”

And the youngsters felt the impact. The once-twelve-year-olds were grown-up now. Old enough to appreciate the acting know-how, experience, sure technique that had kept these magic names from fading from movie memories.

And the world has room for both—the older actors to teach the young, the young who must some day replace them as “older” stars. Movies have never looked brighter—or more exciting.
The Christmas I'll Never Forget

Ghosts of a Christmas past still haunt these stars.
But they're jolly ghosts with a gift—for recalling treasured times!

BY GLADYS HALL

The air was bristling with Christmas spirit and the shops down Wilshire Boulevard were decked with holly and filled with carols. The lights in the windows, having just been turned on, added even a warmer glow to the holiday shopping. Jack Lemmon, struggling behind an awkward package, tried to maneuver the revolving door, finally gave up. In despair he put his packages down on the floor in an effort to reorganize. Photoplay's reporter nabbed him with his packages down; it was the only way to see him in this busy holiday season. 

"What was your most unforgettable Christmas?" we asked. 

"Last one," flipped Jack without a minute's hesitation. "It was our first Christmas in our first home with our first baby. (He didn't need to add—his first career was booming.) I remember we had mums from my garden on the table as the Christmas centerpiece. I gave Cynthia a new shining Ford station wagon—a pretty fabulous gift," emphasized Mr. Lemmon. "And it was Chris' first Christ-
mas. He was six months old and what a delight. He pulled the tree off its base, chewed on the colored ribbon and tinsel, messed up the presents under the tree. He gurgled and laughed in appreciation—completely delighting his proud parents and grandparents. What’s more, he was nice enough to show that he enjoyed our gift of an oversized Teddy bear. Every time we took it away from him he’d bawl. I’ve been listening to ‘Christmas is for children’ all my life, but not until (Continued on page 99)

Tab’s next is “The Girl He Left Behind”

‘He was in the Coast Guard far out to sea, but Mom knew he’d be home for Xmas. Tab Hunter will never forget how he got there!’

Jane’s next in “Robin Hood”

Debbie Reynolds is in “The Tender Trap”

‘The GI’s were far from home and the children were homeless, but they made that Xmas in Korea one Debbie won’t forget

Piper was last in “Ain’t Misbehavin’”

Piper’s negligee by Juel Park • Feather Wreath by Jasper House Ltd.

All he did was touch her hair, but Piper Laurie will never forget the GI—or the reason he gave that Christmas, 1951

Someday Sissy, here with Santa and brother Ga, will own the toy Jane Powell has treasured since that Xmas she was five
Debbie Reynolds is in “The Tender Trap”

With the courage of the young in heart and the strength of their love, Debbie and Eddie took their future into their own hands and made

A Dream Come True

Today a girl who no longer laughed is laughing again. Today a boy for whom all music had stopped is singing from his heart again. Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher are making beautiful music together once more. This in spite of the miles and misunderstandings which once divided them, in spite of the vicious rumors, the phony speculations, the many untruths of fickle members of the press who exploited their romance and then jilted them. With the courage of the young in heart, with wisdom beyond their years and with the strength of their own love, Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher took their future into their own hands and began putting all the broken pieces back together again.

In late September, in a simple private marriage ceremony, Debbie and Eddie wrote their own chapter to the love story that captured the imagination of the whole world and once seemed almost destined not to be. Not, that is, until a few weeks ago when a kid from the poor side of the tracks in Philadelphia and a spunky little girl from El Paso, Texas who’d found their way to fame, stiffened their backs, examined their own hearts and sifted through the maze of hurtful rumors and half-truths and untruths (Continued on page 105)
The truth behind John Derek's BUST-UP

This is the tragedy of John and Pati Derek. Two people whose marriage was always haunted by the shadows of the past

BY DIANE SCOTT

John and Pati have had problems in the past, but they have had happiness, too—something neither can forget.

John used to say, “Marriage is mostly companionship and children.” Openly adores 5-year-old Russ, 2-year-old Sean.
"Got any arguments?" said John, cuffing him playfully.
A little embarrassed, Russ said, "No—now we won't get to sleep in the big bedroom with Mommy anymore."
Russ had no arguments until his Dad started to leave again.
John had been gone for two weeks then. Any future for Pati and himself still looked pretty hopeless to him. He was convinced their marriage was at an end. He'd gone back to pick up a few clothes and to see his children and talk to them. But the words still would not come. And Russel, watching his Dad, kept at John's heels. And questioned him.
"Why do you have to go, Daddy?"
"I have to go to work," John said.
"I'll go with you," he offered eagerly.
"No, you can't go, lover. It's a big studio and there are so many people working there—and..."
"But I wouldn't be in the way, Daddy. Why would I be in the way?"
"Because I'll be busy working in front of the cameras for Mr. DeMille." "I'll work, (Continued on page 88)
Guys will flip when Pat Crowley flips her skirts dancing! But you can't blame her for wanting to show these sassy stockings. Knee-high, they're topped with eyelet lace and ribbons.

The Christmas Stocking Story

It was the night before Christmas when Santa appeared—for a preview of what the ladies would wear. What he saw sent him chuckling back to the North Pole—"We want stockings in our stockings!" they declared. Lacy stockings, colored stockings, stockings twinkling with rhinestones bright. For it's glamour gams that star in this stocking story—and walk away with the holiday spotlight!
Here's a pretty conceit—hand-painted roses on long, sheer black stockings. Gives a gal that long-stemmed beauty look. No wonder Lucy Marlow sends Santa—the way she fills them!

A symphony in pink, right down to her pretty toes, Taina Elg matches her dancing legs to her gown with sheer stockings in a hot pink called American Beauty.

Natalie Wood likes sophisticated stockings with jeweled, hand-painted lace medallions on the instep.

But Elaine Stewart is a girl who goes for the saucy back view—black velvet bow-knots at her heels!

What a pretty way to end a stocking story! Martha Hyer's would make any lass feel luxurious, for these elegant stocking tops are real black Chantilly lace.
Marisa Pavan suggests sparkling wines, exotic food, romance in Rome. But she’d rather have a soda—served with hamburger—any day!

BY FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

Marisa Pavan (pronounced Mah-REE-sah Pah-VAHN) was born Marisa Pierangeli, twenty minutes after her twin sister, Anna, on the island of Sardinia on June 19, 1932. She has a haunting dark beauty, large round brown eyes, brown-black hair and an elfin, mobile face. She is five feet two, weighs 108 pounds and, besides talent, has a mysterious excitement of spirit that fascinates people. Totaled together, Hollywood predicts these statistics add up to sure stardom.

While Marisa’s career tumbled off to a slower start than her twin Pier’s, it’s not exactly news in Hollywood that Marisa is catching up. Maybe, say some—sticking their necks out—she will even surpass Pier. For Marisa, as she has grown older, shows signs of depth and maturity that can take her on to important, serious, character roles.

“The Rose Tattoo” should be her big movie break. Playing the daughter of Italy’s great actress, Anna Magnani, offers her a chance to really act. To give you an idea what to expect, when the picture was completed, Magnani had only one thing to say about Marisa: “She’ll be one of the top actresses of tomorrow.” Paramount saw her potential, too. They nabbed her for the role of the beautiful Catherine de Médicis in “Diane.”

Serious, hard-working and dedicated to her work, Marisa confesses, “I really wanted to be, since five, a ballerina.”

This was a secret yearning, shared for a long time only with her twin Pier. In their childhood days in Italy, lying together in their great bed at night, they exchanged confi- (Continued on page 100)
Everyone’s given reasons why June and Dick are on the verge of divorce. But no one, apparently, has discovered the one reason why they’re still together!

Rumors of an impending separation in the Powell household persist. To read the papers, you’d think that divorce is a simple matter, that love’s too uncertain to be believed, that marital vows may be recalled as a casual conversation that happened to take place one day.

You can’t crowd ten years of memories into a sentence. You can’t know the meanings of those memories unless they belong to you. You can’t cut the roots of a marriage with sharp, insinuating words. When a couple has worked day by day, year after year, to build and strengthen their marriage, it’s unlikely that they’ll suddenly turn their
backs upon it and call it worthless. A marriage doesn't end so easily. A real marriage doesn't end at all. And though no one seems to have thought of it as yet, this may be the very reason that June and Richard Powell are still together.

On August 19 they celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary. Richard had warned June even before their first year was over, "I never remember birthdays or anniversaries, so don't be angry. You'll just have to forgive me."

"Oh, Richard," she'd cried. "Try to remember. They're such sweet ideas."

Along about the first of last August, due to the force of a nine-year habit, Mr. Powell inquired as to what Mrs. Powell might like for a gift. "A Thunderbird," she said. "That's what I'd like. With a Continental kit on the back."

"A Continental kit is too much added expense. You can't have it," replied her husband who, on a hunch, had already placed an order for a Thunderbird in her favorite color, pink... with a Continental kit on the back.

"I drove it home a couple of days before our anniversary," he smiles. "June ran out and danced around it and you'd have thought she was Pam's age."

After ten years, he still delights in delighting her. (Continued on page 90)
If you fall flat on your face, at least you're trying. It's murder to just sit back and dream. You may wake up with a blank future, says George Nader

Don't Kid Yourself!

BY RUTH WATERBURY

George Nader squirmed in his seat and shuffled his position. Feeling his way around the darkened floor for the moccasin he'd kicked off in exasperation, he kept one eye on the screen in front of him. "Oh, awful," he groaned half-aloud as he watched himself on film and got an annoyed grunt from the man sitting next to him. He got up, pulled down his sweater and went for a drink of water. Returning to his seat, he checked his watch—only twenty more minutes of agony to go. When the lights went on and the audience emptied the preview room, he slouched out inconspicuously.

"There's something shocking about seeing yourself on the screen for the first time," George still insists. "I really never knew myself until I got a glimpse in 'Monsoon,' my first movie. I was shocked by my voice, hated my appearance—literally crept home in despair. I never really knew what I was like till then.

"It's funny. I never went for that know-yourself business. You know the kind of advice people hand out to you when you're in your teens. It takes a lifetime to do this—and then you can't be sure. The only thing you can try for is to play it straight. Don't kid yourself."

At this point, the tall, charming and very intelligent Mr. Nader sat back and gave the relaxed grin which won moviegoers by the thousands in "Six Bridges to Cross" and won George the coveted Henrietta from the Foreign Press Association as a "newcomer with most promise of becoming a star in 1955." (Continued on page 94)
Singer Sinatra is back, playing a lovable sharpie
Out to save souls, Jean Simmons wins hearts, too

“GUYS
Here’s Broadway set to music,

Have a double helping of romance. Love story No. 1 in the Goldwyn-M-G-M version of the smash Broadway musical begins as gambler Marlon Brando hears Jean’s street sermon.

Love story No. 2 teams Frankie with Vivian Blaine, from the original stage cast. She’s the doll in the mink stole ‘way up on the right, doing the hilarious “Take Back Your Mink”
AND DOLLS"  
with all the laughs and loves of the liveliest street in the world

On a fling in Cuba, Marlon finds his mission doll isn't so prim after all. Jean snares him; Vivian gets her man (after a fourteen-year engagement!) in a Times Square wedding.

Eighteen musical numbers keep the rhythm going. When you hear Marlon begging, "Luck, Be a Lady Tonight," that's the real Brando baritone. Jean also makes her own song debut.
Meet Hollywood's newest find — a sprite with steel springs in her legs, who

Shirley MacLaine danced in when the star of “The Pajama Game” was ill — whirled away with a movie contract!

SWEET, HOT AND
BY JOHN MUNDY

The turning point in the career of Shirley MacLaine, new Wallis-Paramount star, came at the most unexpected moment. She was on a Seventh Avenue subway in New York when the motor suddenly conked out, and the train stalled in the tunnel.

With only seconds to spare this meant catastrophe. She would be late for the evening performance of "The Pajama Game," where she was a specialty dancer and understudy to Miss Carol Haney. "There goes my job," she fretted frantically, looking with revulsion at the peanut butter sandwich she was munching on. For the past two years she had practically existed on them and the mere thought of more dreary months of such fare seemed more than she could bear. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she sat huddled in a corner of the subway car.

Twenty precious minutes later and all but the last hope gone, she was tearing (Continued on page 86)

SASSY

sings, dances and acts like a house afire!
A cool breeze was blowing along the observation tower as Tony paced back and forth, one eye on the airport clock, the other on the sky, on the lookout for the twinkling red lights of Janet's plane. Suddenly a messenger boy came running toward him. "Monsieur Curteeees?" he asked shyly. Tony nodded and smiled at the youngster. "Zee arrangements are made for you to go on..."
French. And “It’s forevermore,” said Tony and Janet after that reunion in Paris

see field,” the boy told Tony. “The plane, it will be here any minute. We must hurry.” As the two of them dashed along to the gate, the boy pulled out a pad from his pocket and breathlessly asked Tony for his signature. Tony wrote as he ran.

There had been no need for the rush. The plane still hadn’t arrived, so Tony sat down in the lounge and took out a cigarette. Before he could reach for his lighter, a match was struck and his cigarette lit. He glanced up at the smiling GI behind the match, and, before he knew it, was signing autographs and posing alongside of, and for, a bunch of homesick soldiers.

“Air France Flight 279 from London, now landing,” the speakerine’s voice broke through the noisy overtones of the airport lounge. A friendly arm took his, and an airport official rushed Tony through the door out to the landing strip.

What a spectrum of color the night was! The moon was a luminous red, like fire against the electric blue of the star-specked sky, as the graceful silver bird came to rest on its home grounds. Tony, standing (Continued on page 96)
This I Believe!

As a Marine, Glenn Ford wasn’t fighting just for laughs. As an actor, he’s still in combat—against a problem that touches all of us!

Several years ago, a magazine published the story of an actor whose soul had been shattered by playing a part in the war-is-hell picture “All Quiet on the Western Front.” The more sophisticated among the readers tended to snicker, and a few even wrote testy letters. But they were wrong. As a consequence of the feeling the role had generated, Lew Ayres, famed screen figure, became an avowed pacifist, stood gamely by his principles in the draft for World War II and finally went to battle without changing his mind. He served well—but unarmed, with a medic unit.

It wasn’t funny—never was. Any working man and actor must in time feel a close identification with his work and begin to absorb in his personal life the coloration of his film material. Often external circumstances bring pressure on him.

With Glenn Ford, most certainly a sensitive and intelligent person, it has been a case of both. But the external circumstances would not have been necessary. Well before “Blackboard Jungle” had been completed, Ford’s normal concern with the problems of juvenile delinquency had developed. And by the time “Trial” was finished, he was deeply concerned with the problems of racial bias, both actual (Continued on page 98)

By John Maynard

"Trial" deals with racial problems. “All of us are guilty of throwing loose words around,” says Glenn...
Jane Russell, the focal point of more inane chatter than any other Hollywood personality—with the possible exception of Marilyn Monroe—has spent fifteen years in building a career. But twelve of those years were even more intensely devoted to the building of a marriage.

Recently Jane signed a new contract with Howard Hughes, which will pay her $1000 per week for the next twenty years. In addition to this she has with her husband, Bob Waterfield, formed her own company—the Russ-Field—which promises to be even more lucrative. Dunn and Bradstreet conservatively consider this achievement remarkable. Hollywood, in turn, looks upon her success in marriage as colossal. Ask Jane which, in her opinion, is the more important and you'll get an answer as definite as a dropped option. She is grateful that her career has turned out so well. But she thanks God daily for her marriage.

"I have had wonderful breaks in Hollywood," she says. "I also have a fair amount of brains and, let's face it, a publicity build-up the like of which no one else ever had. Pure unadulterated luck has been an important element in my career."

"As regards my successful marriage, I possess a secret. I got it from my mother, and she, I feel certain, got it straight from Eve. It is this: never forget to let the guy you're in love with know that he's the big wheel in your wagon. And if, being in love with you, he shows signs of disregarding it, put him back on the right track. Men are funny. Since the days when they dragged their women into some bachelor cave by the hair, they've been thinking of themselves as the ones who bring home the bacon and, as such, entitled to a little hero worship. And they're absolutely right. It is only in the last (Continued on page 103)
Jane is fabulous—her life, her love, her luck!

Jane Russell is also in "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes"
Stars played with 4½ Susie and brother

Susan Strasberg as she appears in "Picnic"
It makes a girl stop and think. All her life Susan Strasberg’s been living in another world—and now it’s caught up with her!

BY RADIE HARRIS

• She shares her bedroom with Marilyn Monroe. Marlon Brando drops in to call whenever he’s in the neighborhood. Tallulah Bankhead gave her her first party dress. Clifford Odets bought her her first painting—an original Marie Laurencin. In the short span of her seventeen years, she has known the great and near-great of show business. No wonder that, to Susan Strasberg, Hollywood is not the wonderland it would have been to any other awe-struck youngster arriving here to make her screen debut with such an all-star cast as Charles Boyer, Lauren Bacall, Richard Widmark, Lillian Gish, Gloria Grahame and Oscar Levant. To Hollywood, accustomed to starry-eyed, well-stacked starlets, five-foot one-inch, 95 lb. Susie, with her natural brown, long hair, which she has steadfastly refused to cut, uncapped teeth, fresh, young beauty, is so completely normal that she’s considered abnormal.

When she first checked in on the Metro lot for “Cobweb,” she was asked if Strasberg was her real name. Since Strasberg is hardly a name you would choose for electric lights, Susie knew that this was a tactful prelude to the suggestion that she change it.

SUSIE

Continued
But Susie is very proud of her father, Lee Strasberg, well-known stage director who is now devoting all his time to the famous Actors Studio, and she wears his name like a badge of honor. “Besides,” as she explained to the same-changing department, “a plain name like Bergman never hurt Ingrid when she came to Hollywood, so I’ll take my chances on Strasberg!” If this sounds like an inflated ego, coming from a seventeen-year-old newcomer, it isn’t meant to be. It’s just that Susie knows, from her ringside seat in show business, that talent makes the name, and without it, all the fancy, manufactured handles are useless.

Susie was literally carried on the stage before she was born! Her actressmother, Paula Miller, an old friend of mine, was in a play called “Many Mansions.” I found Paula in her dressing room one day in pent-up fury. The management had just informed her she’d have to hand in her notice because her costume could no longer hide Susie’s obvious presence!

Did this prenatal experience influence Susie to follow in her mother’s footsteps? No, amazingly enough, she never wanted to be an actress. With a natural flair for drawing, her aspirations were to be a commercial artist. At all the schools—public and private—she attended in Hollywood (where her father was dramatic coach at 20th) and New York, she never won a leading role. When she was in the seventh grade she tried out for the part of Dorothy in “The Wizard of Oz,” and wound up playing Dorothy’s mother! In the graduation play, she was ignominiously placed in the chorus. But brought up, as she was, in the atmosphere where theatre is the breath of life to her mother and father, where their apartment was always filled with young students from the Actors Studio—Marlon Brando, Julie Harris, Jimmy Dean, Jo Van Fleet, Pat Neal, Kim Stanley, Johnny Kerr—where such established writers and directors as Tennessee Williams, Elia Kazan, Maxwell Anderson, Clifford Odet and Truman Capote are the stimulating conversationalists, it was inevitable that Susie couldn’t escape her predestined fate.

She made her professional debut at the age of twelve. Her mother was appearing in a play called “Me and Mollie,” starring Mollie Goldberg, and one night, as a lark, Paula pinned her into a costume and let her go on with one line. Susie remembered her father’s advice to all his new students, “Even if you have a poor script, you must rise above the dialogue and make every line your own.” Susie delivered her one line as if she were Juliet saying farewell to Romeo! Three years later she did play Juliet in her TV debut, thereby seeing a dream come true. Her first stage appearance was also in a highly dramatic role in an off-Broadway production of “Maya” at the Theater de Lys. Playing the lead was one of Lee Strasberg’s prize pupils, Jo Van Fleet, whose screen performance of Susan Hayward’s mother in “I’ll Cry Tomorrow” is already bruited to be of Academy Award dimension.

Susie herself has never been a pupil of her father in the classroom. During her excursions into the theatre and TV, she studied at Music and Art. When she was in Hollywood filming “Cobweb” and “Picnic,” she had a teacher on the set, and, now that she’s back in New York making her Broadway debut in the title role of “Diary of Anne Frank,” she attends Professional School at 61st Street and Broadway. To all her teachers, she is far beyond the average student. The advantages she’s had in the intellectual stimulus of her surroundings, in traveling abroad at an impressionable age, in her keen interest in people of all ages and social brackets, in her passionate devotion to everything connected with acting (her bookshelves include every contemporary and classic book about the theatre)—all these things have made her an exception.

“You can discuss anything with Susie,” director Josh Logan told me, when I visited the “Picnic” set. “She’s pored the wisdom of the ages in her seventeen young years. And she doesn’t just play a part—she lives it. As Millie, the rebellious tomboy who is always being compared to her beautiful older sister (played by Kim Novak), Susie understood every facet of Millie’s complex personality. One day just before we were to (Continued on page 84)
LIVING WITH

YOUNG IDEAS

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

for a starry-eyed christmas...

With stars lighting up her eyes, Margaret O'Brien selects Christmas gifts for you to wrap or unwrap with delight. Here and following—fashion presents with a future. Margaret wears velvety black elbow-length gloves with a decorative streak of rhinestones. Marcel Wagner. $7.95. Sparkle at the throat—Coro's single strand of square-cut rhinestones. $1.* Her blouse, black velveteen and sleeveless, softly bowed under the V'd neckline. Dorothy Korby. $7.95

ON THE TABLE, CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT FRONT:
Gilt compact, newly octagonal in shape, topped with clustered colored stones and entwined with golden rope. By Volupté. $10*

Glitter for the waistline you admire most—a belt of well-set rhinestones that stretch to fit, set any dress ablaze. Criterion. $10.95

Well-bred sweater in cuddly wool, short-sleeved and banded with white grosgrain at winged collar. Palette colors. By Catalina. $5.95

Sterling Nordic bowl, open to centerpiece ideas, vegetables, fruit—or just handsomely decorative by itself. By Towle. $30 incl. tax

Cameo compact of Mother of Pearl, domed, pierced with roses and leaves. By Bennington, Conn. $6

Gleaming satin slipper for a modern Cinderella in ice-cream pastels with a fluffy nylon net pouf, pancake heel. By Daniel Green. $6

Subtle wisps of stockings for a most impeccable female. Here, a new fashionable brown tint, Mink. Mysterie sheers by Gotham. $1.65

The large jewel (on cage), a new vogue. To glitter strategically at collar, cuff or waist, a bursting star of rhinestones. By Coro. $4*

A bird in a gilded cage—what's more logical for the pet lover on your list? This one, a pretty, conversational parakeet. Trefflich's

Two-strand necklaces of pearls strung with diamonds—pseudo of course—new look for evening, worn massed. By Marvella. Each $10*

Evening foldover clutch purse in almost any shade of gleaming satin, bordered with gilt and large fake jewels. By Ingber. $12.95*

Embroidered pettiskirt for the undercover fashion-conscious. Nylon tricot, its scalloped flounce bedecked with roses. By Eye-ful. $7.95

For shops in cities near you, see page 93
Pretty Christmas package, Jeanne Crain in an Italian collared shirt of silken cotton. Ship 'n Shore. $3.98. Her scarf, a large silk crepe striped square. Glentex. $3.98. Etched gilt bracelet with mock sapphires, $12.50*; oval earrings, $5.00.* Castlecliff

READING CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT:
Minute-sized watch set with two honest-to-goodness diamonds. 23 jewels and the jewel of all your gifts. La Petite by Bulova. $59.50*
Reed-slim umbrella, smartly topped with a black whangee bracelet handle. Uncle Sam. $6
Saucy pantaloons in black nylon tricot peek beneath a dripping-with-lace, beribboned camisole top. By Munsingwear. $16.95
Trim train case (just what she needed) — with mirrored top and divided inner tray, all very fit for fittings. Samsonite. $17.50*
Clear plastic rainboots, bringing style to a rainy day. They slide on, off easily, never slip, tie neatly. Rain Dears. About $2
Sleek pants in yellow corduroy, Mexican embroidered side stripe. By Fliegelman. $9
White glace kid gloves touched with avocado at cuff and button trim, and newly sudusable via LaunderLeather. By Fownes. $6
Treasury of metallic coins gleam on a velveteen ground in flat, square satchel bag that sports buckled straps. Ronay. $12.95*
The leopard spots before your eyes are printed on a one-shouldered shortie sleeper, black cotton knit pants. Tommies. $5.95
Welcome gift, the comfy slipper—here a beaded mocassin-type, trimmed with rabbit fur and soft as a cloud. Huskies. $3.99
The turtle-neck pull-over, center, turned classic. It's buttoned-up high, raglan-sleeved, comes in rainbow colors. By Garland. $6.95
Hobnailed gilt jewelry, shiny knobs set on textured background. The necklace, $16*; bracelet, $10*; earrings, $5.* By Castlecliff
*plus tax
Looking very like Christina's, Jane Russell in a cardigan of snowy white Orlon with petal collar of sequins and gift, a "pearl" dotted front. By Rosanna. $14.95. Jane's jewelry, glistening filigree, mock pearls, rhinestones in a double circlet bracelet. $10*; handcuff band, $10*; fanlike earrings, $6* By Duchess. Below, eleven ways to a man's thanks.

Clockwise from left:
Six foot wool muffler in bold striped tubular knit (and meant to be stolen back from him). School colors. By Handcraft. $5
A floating dial wrist compass—to help a man find his way (to you). In a polished metal case, luminous points. By Taylor. $3.50
Handsome desk lighting this. Walnut lighter, gold-finished base. Ronson. $13.50
Argyle socks for a stylish male. These will be welcome in triplicate—all stretch nylon in one size to fit anyone. Interwoven. $1.50
Continental slippers—these plus a fireplace make a happy lounging. Wool knit top with soft leather soles. By Interwoven. $2.95

Straightforward masculine gift, the zippered travel kit, new in charcoal, white trim, red waterproof lining. By Hickok. $5.95
Tattersall thirsty terry robe, well-cut and smart for junior to Gramp. Generous pockets. Sizes S, M, L, XL. By Rabhor Robes. $12.95
A Big Present, for a special male—Brownie movie camera, 8 mm., and a special lens (the better to see you with, my dear). $37.50
Pair of sterling silver military brushes—shiny gift reminder that you think nothing's too good. By Gorham. $30 pair, incl. tax
Tartan vest for the sportsman you know to wear with his flannels. Cotton-lined, pearl-buttoned and very dashing. McGregor. $6.95
A narrow sports belt in imported pigskin, for ending a list in extra-good shape. This has brass billet buckle. By Hickok. $3.50

For stores near you, turn to page 93
For giving and receiving, with love—Elizabeth Montgomery stars gifts that make a merry Christmas even merrier. For a holiday you—the season’s fur look. Her looped leopard ascot, $25.* Barrel muff, under $40.* By Fleisher. News: fur bracelets in sham leopard rimmed with gilt. The wide cuff, $8.* Linked handcuffs, $5.* Oval button earrings, $2.* By Bergère. Black, fur-blend cardigan. Tish-U-Knit. $10.95

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT:

**Poppy red slip** to underscore the fashion for red, here in nylon tricot lavishly black embroidered at entire bodice and deep flounce. Sizes 32-40. Luxite. $10.95

**The knit look** gone straight to the hand in a knitted glove blended of fur, wool and nylon, spiked with leather buttons. Nothing smarter, newsier. By Hansen. $3.50

**Handsome portable radio** encased in natural cowhide—important gift for a VIP. Plays three ways—battery-powered, AC or DC. The Sportster by Philco. $39.95

**Sleep-prettty pajamas** (they lounge, too) with Val lace-edged pleated yoke on a flared top that drifts over slim tapered trousers. Sizes 34-40. By Mojud. $6.95

**Mink**, lending its stripes and lustre to an almost-fur pouch bag, mock tortoise shell-handled and all news. It’s a fur accessories year, no question. This by MM. $12.95*

**Stripes** strike it rich in a startling length of scarf to flash at your throat (or as a lovely gift). Black and white rayon satin from France. By Baar & Beards. $2

**Simple choker** of the loveliest uniform pseudo-pearls you’ll find, jewel-clasped and adjustable—in a carryall of gilt and black. By Deltah. $12.50 including tax

**Textured country stockings** in ribbed cotton lisle—a brand-new fashion becoming quite citified. In hot pink here, and all smart, brisk colors, by Phoenix. $1.65

**Pierced vegetable server** in silverplate for a hostess with the mostest. Delicately wrought, deep-bowled Danish Princess pattern. By Holmes & Edwards. $3.50

**Leopard-look lounge slippers**—news at your feet. With a smart low wedge and sweater band, it brings real fashion to your leisure hours. By Honeybugs. $3.99

**Wedgwood blue enameled purse lighter** with three white cherubs cavorting on its surface. It’s the perfect gift for a girl who lights her own. By Ronson. $9.95

*plus tax

For shops nearest you, turn to page 93
while Santa still sleeps...

wide awake folks are gift-buying at

Samsonite's

PRE-CHRISTMAS JUBILEE

Small wonder women adore the famous Samsonite Train Case. Holds 52 travel needs; has waterproof lining and plastic tray for cosmetics and jewelry. Other grand gifts are the new Personal O'Nite and Hat Box, left. All have tight tongue-in-groove closures and come in six "better-than-leather" finishes that resist scuffing and wipe clean as new with a damp cloth. (Shown here in Rawhide Finish.) All are big values for small prices.

Streamlite Samsonite

world's most popular luggage...because it's strongest and smartest

Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Division, Denver 7, Colo. - Makers of Samsonite Card Tables and Chairs - Subject to existing taxes; prices higher outside continental U.S.
Now Every Woman wants Lady Sunbeam

with the exclusive MICRO-TWIN Head

Enjoy new freedom from nicks, cuts and razor burns this safe, gentle, quick way

ONLY the Lady Sunbeam has a shaving head with one edge especially ground to shave the legs, and the other edge especially ground for underarm use. It is small as a compact. Ends muss and fuss, nicks and cuts of soap and blade. The Lady Sunbeam’s gentle, sure performance gives you a new easy way to keep neat, fresh and dainty. Wonderful at home, or for travelling.

Small as a compact — and fast, sure, convenient.
The modern way to feminine daintiness

Only $14.95

See Sunbeam appliances on these great NBC-TV shows:
Sunday Night Color Spectaculars
Milton Berle and Martha Raye Tuesday Night Shows.

© Sunbeam Corporation, 1955

By makers of Sunbeam Shavemaster, Toaster, Mixmaster, Frypan, Coffeemaster
Nicest thing about a party is the way it goes to your head! At this year's holiday doings, Hollywood hairdos will be simply styled, topped with decorations that are simply—delirious! The hairdos on this page were created by Joan St. Oegger, head hair stylist of Universal-International studios, with decorations by Andy of Hollywood. They're easy to copy or adapt for the girl who can roll her own. Barbara Rush's heart-shaped face is softly framed by a medium-length page-boy with top lock rolled smoothly back from the forehead, sides brushed forward. The glittering shower of stars is made of cardboard and mounted on wires. A sleeky backswept hairdo dramatizes Mara Corday's long, oval face with classically chiseled features and high cheekbones. Her chignon is circled by a spray of snowy heather wired to silvered pine cones. For Colleen Miller's round pixie face, a fluffy halo of short curls is topped by a shiny coronet made of Christmas package decorations wired to a plain headband.
Maggie's mad about costume jewelry—has no money sense at all. Mom faints when bill comes in!

"It's important that each one of us, who are teens, try to combat some of the bad publicity we get"
Maggie O'Brien has been acting all her life—and she'd rather face a raging lion than a packed auditorium.
But when people start talking about those "awful" teens, Maggie really speaks her piece!

all teenagers aren't delinquent!

BY DEE PHILLIPS

Talking before a youth forum in Hollywood recently, Margaret O'Brien took the microphone in hand and announced to the packed hall: "All teenagers aren't delinquents. Most teenagers, in fact, are pretty wonderful. The trouble is the only ones you ever hear about are the small percentage that get into trouble. Kids are the same everywhere. They have similar interests. They ask the same questions, do the same things. They're good, intelligent and healthy-minded. Considering that the teenagers today will be the leaders of the world tomorrow, it might help if adults took a good honest look at us. They'd truly be proud—and perhaps give us a little more encouragement."

Then—as is typical of all the speeches Margaret makes for teenage causes, she ended with the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Prayer for Peace. Her teenage audience understood and responded with deep feeling.

"It's important that each one of us, who are teens, try to combat some of the bad publicity we receive," Margaret said later. Naturally shy and retiring, Margaret would just as soon face a raging lion as stand up to a packed auditorium of unknown faces. "But we have to face up to our respon-

Continued
Across

1. She plays Eileen (initials)
6. Cinema—-
11. Movie's Mrs. McConnell (initials)
13. Pit the - - - - - -rs on Oscar night
14. Star of "The View from Pompey's Head"
16. Yvonne - Carlo
17. Must - - - so for Monroe
18. Mrs. Ronald Reagan (initials)
19. Only a top star can afford a
26. Walk, don't run, to the - - - - - - exit
27. Bridges, Brothers or Foy's
28. In her new film, she does history's most famous strip act (initials)
29. "Lucky - - -
30. He recently scored in a psychiatrist role (initials)
31. It's - - - , but is it boxoffice?
33. Fine character actress in "The Left Hand of God"
35. " - - Hell and Back"
36. New male heartthrob, currently in a costume role
38. - - - a lot to their discoverers
40. Heroine of "Trial" (initials)
41. Aldo's real name is Da-
42. Dancer in "Oklahoma!" (initials)
43. One of the "Guys" (initials)
45. Aly Khan is Rita's -
46. Heroine of "The Far Horizons"
48. " - - Happened One Night"
49. "The Desperate" - - - -
53. Bob Hope's latest role
54. Rita Hayworth's real sur-name
57. " - - - and Day"
59. Lovable old fellow in "The Bar Sinister" (initials)
60. What harms do
61. Dancer who didn't dance in "The Prodigal"
62. Janie Powell and Pat
64. Hero of "The Girl Rush"
67. "A Star - - Born"
68. tv's (and soon movies) favorite schoolmarm
69. Gable began his movie career as an

Down

1. " - - Godiva"
2. Her opera-star role may put her in the Oscar race
3. "So This - - Love"
4. Nickname for the locale of "Guys and Dolls"
5. "Adam's - - -
6. Terry Moore isn't exactly the - - type
7. Big pictures often have all-star - - - - - -
8. " - - Nothing at All" (song)
9. Jan Sterling's husband (initials)
10. Films like "Forbidden Planet" have an - - - - - - atmospere
11. Star of "Miracle in the Rain"
12. Hero of "Strange Lady in Town"
14. super-spectacles - - - - -
20. Singer nicknamed Ukulele Ike, who was Jimmy Cricht-
21. Oscar-winner now in "Lucy Gallant"
23. Star of tv's "This Is Your Life" (initials)
24. Jimmy Stewart's role in "Strategic Air Command"
25. Pretty blond currently in "I Died a Thousand Times" (initials)
28. " - - - - - - - Obsession"
30. In "Trial," Arthur Kennedy plays a - - - - -
32. Movie's Peter Marshall and Sir Walter Raleigh
34. Marge's husband-partner
37. tv's Faye
39. Gravel-voiced cop in "Pete Kelly's Blues"
42. Locale of "Gone with the Wind"
44. Most stars have - - - - experience
47. Very famous hagridegroom (initials)
49. A cowboy actor couldn't get anywhere without his -
50. - - Sam takes a big bite out of Hollywood salaries
51. Pert brunette in "Seven Cities of Gold"
52. He recently co-starred with his wife (initials)
55. " - - Never Been in Love Before" (song)
56. Ex-husband of Greer Garson
58. Newcomers must make a - - - - - - - for a big role
63. Crooner making a comeback in "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes" (initials)
65. " - - and My Gal"
66. Temperamental stars often get the - - - - - - - - - -

Answers to Crossword Puzzle on page 90
ing. It is still the passion and dedication of her life, but now she's having the happiness of other interests. Someone said once when she was a little girl that Margaret was like a poet—lost in her own little dreamworld peppered with little people and seasoned with the delicate imagery of fairy tales. In one way she still is in her own world, and that's because of me. Trying to be mother, manager, teacher and all things to one tiny person, I took all the responsibilities and decisions on my own shoulders. Now when I try to give some to Margaret, she finds she likes it the old way.

"The other day," she remembered, "a producer called about a script that was just right for Margaret. So I handed her the phone before she realized what it was all about. She stuttered and fumbled and finally said she'd think about it. When she hung up, she turned to me and said, 'Why did you do that? You know I can't talk about myself!' But she's learning.

"Margaret is learning to take the initiative, make decisions and stand on her own feet. Like any teenager, she is testing her own abilities. Sometimes successfully and other times falling flat, but at least she's trying. Under her quiet nature," Gladys said thoughtfully, "Margaret has a determination about her career that is as strong as any I've seen. She has never stopped acting. When she was released from M-G-M at that 'awkward age,' she immediately turned to the stage and television. Her inner drive has never let her contemplate for a moment the possibility of life without theatre.

"She learned a lot in that period. While everyone was advising her to relax and wait until she was old enough for ingénues, Margaret was reading scripts constantly. She learned the thrill of a live audience when she toured with 'The Intruder.' Then she found the perfect part in Clare Booth Luce's 'Child of the Morning.' The play didn't make it to New York, but Margaret's reviews put new strength and determination in her. She was consistently called a young Helen Hayes. And when she won a nomination for her performance in 'Jennie Kissed Me' from Chicago's Sarah Siddons Society, she was ecstatic. Not so much at the thought of winning the award, but rather that she was competing with Lillian Gish and Deborah Kerr."

Her performance in Chicago broke all records for four years. Margaret played winter stock, summer stock, television and did one motion picture during that period. Columbia starred her in "The First Kiss." However, the name had to be changed to "The Romantic Age" when all agreed that Margaret's little pixie face and long dark hair gave her the (Continued on page 82)

---

Coleen Gray, starring in Allied Artists' "Los Vegas Shakedown."

Handsome Carry-All in brown Steerhide with hand tooled design. About $17.50*

Take a peek at the meekers

Coleen Gray wrapped for Christmas

Satin Cowhide embossed with jewel clasp. Variety of colors. $6*

Practical and good-looking. In black, blue, red or tan Calif. About $17.50*

Travelling Man's delight! Has two pass cases! Cowhide. $5* Holds more because of patented expansion across bottom. In Calif. $10*

Plus 10% Fed. Tax.* For all the "hims" and "hers" on your list... luxurious gifts of leather... at your nearest Meeker dealer.

THE MEEKER CO., Joplin, Mo. • New York Office: 347 Fifth Ave.
what's spinning?

BY CHRIS DAGGETT

There is no time like holiday time for enjoying good music. Whether it's an old standard or a hot jazz piece, a record is an ideal gift to tell your hostess how much you enjoyed her party, or to let your relatives know that you have not forgotten their musical tastes at Christmas time.

Albums You Should Know About

For those of you who appreciate semi-classics or "opera for orchestra," Columbia has re-released a number of André Kostelanetz albums on its Masterworks series. On these colorful 12" LP's, there are such selections as "Romeo and Juliet," "Swan Lake," "Grand Canyon Suite," "La Bohème," "Invitation to the Dance," "Aida" and "The Sleeping Beauty Ballet."

For the jazz fans, an ideal gift is a Chris Connor album. Chris has three albums out for Bethlehem. The best of the three is "Lullabys of Birdland," her first. Chris has a way of presenting a song that makes you stop and wonder why you haven't heard anything more like it. Give a listen to "I Hear Music," "What Is There to Say," "Why Shouldn't I," "Come Back to Sorrento," "Lullaby of Birdland," "Try a Little Tenderness," "All About Ronnie" and "Spring Is Here," all on this terrific 10" LP.

For those that enjoy folk music—and the magnificent voice of Harry Belafonte—we have just the thing. Belafonte's new album called "Mark Twain," on RCA Victor. Some of the wonderful old favorites sung to the hilt by Belafonte are "John Henry," "The Drummer and the Cook," "The Next Big River," "Tol' My Captain," "Soldier, Soldier," "Lord Randall" and "Kalenda Rock."

One of the most talked-about figures this year has been Jackie Gleason. Jackie, excelling in all fields of endeavor, has risen to the top in the field of music. We recommend his first release for Capitol, an excellent example of beautiful music played well. Contained in this album, "Music for Lovers Only," are some of the most melodic and touching tunes available for sheer pleasure and listening, "I'm in the Mood for Love," "Love Is Here to Stay," "Love Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere," "I Only Have Eyes for You," "Body and Soul," "Alone Together," "But Not for Me" and "My Funny Valentine."

Mercury records have put out a new label for their jazz series called EmArcy. One of the best products to come out of this line has been an album called "Dinah Jams," featuring Dinah Washington. Dinah shows her inimitable style on such standards as "Lover Come Back to Me," "Come Rain or Come Shine," "I've Got You Under My Skin" and "You Go to My Head."

Crazy Otto is really one of Germany's best-loved and best-known composer-pianists—Fritz Schultz-Reichel. The unusual sound of his famous "Tipsy Wire Box" is one of the secrets of the recording world. Without the use of metal or paper
Looking her holiday prettiest, Margaret O'Brien in a crisp silk and rayon long torso dress. Cape collar forms a jeweled bodice bow. 5-15. Teena Paige. $14.95.

Christmas treasure: her compact, quick-play battery radio and 45 phonograph combination that boasts outside radio controls, rich tone system and a holiday-looking red and white case that stores records in its lid. The Skipper by RCA Victor. $59.95

For Where to Buy dress, see page 93

slips, Otto creates the sound on his off-tune piano of a Beer Hall piano. And he won't tell how. Decca has released an album of Crazy Otto and his unusual piano, simply called "Crazy Otto." The album contains all the wonderful honky-tonk type music he's so famous for. "Piano Music from Spain," featuring William Masselos, is one of the best albums to come out this year. On the MGM label, it contains such pieces as "España, a Suite of Six Dances," "Iberian Dance" and "Poema Fantastico."

Donald Shirley was born at Kingston, Jamaica in 1927. At the age of nine, he was extended an invitation to study theory at the Leningrad Conservatory of Music. He has to his credit four organ symphonies, a group of small pieces for piano, two string quartets and a piano concerto. He is presently working on a one-act opera. On the Cadence label, Don has made two wonderful albums, "Tonal Expressions" and "Piano Perspectives." Shirley's style mixes classical with jazz.

*Now Fran chooses
Skippies Pantie No. 846
...a shape-making success in light, light elastic net. Ribbon-sheer front panel and elastic back panel provide to end fro flattery. The 2½" waistband smooths and slims midriff to hand-span lillteness. All achieved in wonderful, action-free comfort! No. 846, S, M, L, $6.50. Also available on Skippies Girdle No. 946.

For further figure beauty Fran is wearing the new Life Romance Bro No. 582, $3.50.

Adventures of FRAN, the Formfit Gal...or

American Bombshell Makes Brazil Surrender

Whee, what a flurry, my-o-me-o,
I caused in gay, romantic Rio!

I drove the natives near to frantic
In this jeweled spa by the Atlantic.

Who needs that coffee in Brazil?
I kept 'em sleepless longer still:

The Lobos named me "Top Banana"
As I tanned on the sand at Copacabana.

One said, "'Ye're sweet, and pretty, too...
A 'Little Sugar Loaf'... that's you!"

And what a cheering, mad hubbub
My Samba started at the Club!

The Carnival took on new glamor:
'Twas all for me, the hue, the clamor!

What made my Rio holiday?
My Formfit outfit*! ¡Olé! ¡¡Olé!!

The Formfit Company • Chicago • New York • Toronto
YOUNG IDEAS:

RECORD

for you and yours

Something to sing about.

If you want to make it the best Christmas
ty they ever heard - enter now!

Say it with music! That's the Christmas theme at RCA Victor Records. Whether you want to win a prize gift for someone else or just want to add to your own record collection, you'll find this contest fun to try. All you do is fill in the last line of the jingle printed in the accompanying coupon. We've given you an example—it should be easy to go on from there. Try it! Because the prizes are really super. There are fifty of them, so you can't say you haven't a chance

ENTRY BLANK

Write a last line for this jingle:

If you want a yuletide with joy unconfined
Put that gift problem out of your mind
Make this Christmas gay
Give them records to play

(Fill in line to rhyme with "mind")

Example:
'T will make a lasting impression, you'll find!

Your name

Street

City Zone State

RULES

1. Write or print in this coupon—or on a reasonable facsimile thereof—your last line of the jingle. Your last line must rhyme with "mind." Then fill in your name and address and mail your entry to: Photoplay's RCA Victor Records Contest, P.O. Box 1679, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. By filling out this coupon, each entrant agrees to accept the decisions of the judges as final.

2. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight December 7, 1955.

3. Anyone living in the continental United States may enter this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, RCA Victor Records and the advertising agencies of both.

4. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his or her name. Joint entries not accepted.

5. Entries will be judged for originality, interest and aptness of thought by the editors of Photoplay magazine.

6. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications and may be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned.

7. The winners will be notified by wire on December 19 and their names published in the March issue of Photoplay. This contest is subject to all Federal and State regulations.
CONTEST

PRIZES

For the first five best entries:
$24.95 Gift Certificate for RCA Victor's special Glenn Miller Army Air Force Band album
(The album is handsomely bound in satin-finished lacquered cloth and contains more than sixty never-before-released big band arrangements—the music of the greatest of all the great Glenn Miller bands. Gift Certificate includes a "Where Is the Band Now?" folder with pictures, autographs and current biographies of all the Army Air Force Band members. With the album is a 16-page booklet of photos and the story of the band. In addition, winners will receive a special record of four selections played by the Band, unavailable in records elsewhere, plus an historic BBC interview with Glenn Miller himself. Album in choice of five LP's or fifteen 45 EP's.)

For the next forty-five best entries:
$12.00 Gift Certificate, which will entitle the winner to make his or her choice of three $3.98 LP records or four $2.98 45 EP albums from a 24-page Gift Selector (included with the certificate) listing the 132 most-wanted RCA Victor albums. In addition, winners will receive a special 45 EP record of four Christmas carols played and sung by famous RCA Victor Record artists.

Read the rules in the coupon, put your wits to work—and let's see you come out a winner in this new, exciting contest!
Looking scene. clean over a brief think child. quick-to-sew back 35-inch PHOTOPLAY'S round-collared, third half-inch dress? to your lace. Make one bodice contrast of in real shirt floating a in the that's reffed a in the ruffled make one skirt, and is take of one shirtwaist matching 6% Junior of all wool 15. camisole to New of one All of one camisole margin, and a appearance fold of it tide. She her subject is, but it was filled with slightly wonder. "Cut," murmured David. He walked up to Margaret, took her hand in his and said, "Thank you." Wiping her eyes, she smiled timorously. "Was it all right?" "It was slightly wonderful," he responded, and Margaret dropped back on the folding chair with a bright smile and asked her mother, "What were we talking about?"

Her ability to create a mood and snap out of it over and over again has been the subject of much comment since she was a child. One memorable time as a tot, she climbed up on Edward Arnold's lap and gave a long speech with only an occasional answer from Arnold. Time after time she would go through the scene, even veteran actor Arnold would fluff one of his few lines. It was a heart-rending scene. But after each take little Margaret would go smiling back to her mother and talk the things that little girls talk until time to go back and do it again.

Here, on the set of "Glory," she was proving unconsciously that she hadn't lost her ability to become completely absorbed in her character and then flash back to normality at the sound of Cut. "Glory," incidentally, is the kind of a picture that has everyone in the cast and crew crowing. It is the answer to the "awful teens." It's a beautiful picture of a girl's love and faith in a horse. With Charlotte Greenwood and Walter Brennan backing her, the horse finally wins for her. To prove how grown up she is, Margaret also wins Gus Lupton, the hero!

Gus Schilling, who plays an important role in the picture, was really enthusiastic. "Psychologically, I think we're all tired of the downbeat pictures about kids - motorcycle maniacs, but rodders, drug-addict dandies. 'Glory' is the turning of the tide. It's a clean picture, beautiful and exciting, and the kids are real. Everyone's excited about it. I've been in movies since Thirty Eight; I've never seen a cast so concerned with each other. No-

all teenagers aren't appearance of a child much too young for a first kiss. She was fourteen at the time and she didn't get kissed. It was during this period that her mother and her aunt, Marissa, started the insidious campaign to whisk off their protégé's long tresses. The answer was firm but gentle, "Nope." Margaret liked her hair long.

"Short hair will make you look older—more mature," argued her agent.

"If the script calls for long hair, you can wear a wig," wailed Gladys.

"Short hair will make you look sophisticated—smart," urged Marissa.

As producers in all entertainment media continued to look at her as a sweet, young twelve-year-old, she suddenly acquired. "At first," she said putting her swirling short hair, "I felt naked. But then I got to like it—temporarily that is. When I'm twenty or twenty-one, then I'd let it grow long again. But for now, it's effective."

She was sitting on the stage of RKO's studio 10 waiting to be called for a scene. She is back in pictures as an ingénue. She is ready now for the next lap in her career. David Butler, the producer-director of "Glory," is so pleased with Margaret you would think he'd conjured her up himself.

Margaret excused herself as she was called for a scene. After a brief conference with Mr. Butler, she went to her coach, Gladys O'Brien. They had a low, studied conversation. Margaret took her place in front of the camera. "Roll 'em," said David Butler softly. Margaret's eyes filled with tears, inner defeat fought its way to her sensitive features, her body slumped slightly in dejection. The tears flowed fully. "Cut," murmured David.

He walked up to Margaret, took her hand in his and said, "Thank you." Wiping her eyes, she smiled timorously. "Was it all right?"

"It was slightly wonderful," he responded, and Margaret dropped back on the folding chair with a bright smile and asked her mother, "What were we talking about?"

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be a christmas belle

Looking for a quick-to-sew party dress? Here's one you can make in a jiffy for the holidays ahead. Its first two parts combine a full, floating skirt and a bared camisole bodice that's ruffled with half-inch lace. Make it in rich velvet or rustling taffeta for real party flavor. A third part (included in the pattern) is the round-collared, cuffed shirt you can make in white satin to contrast with the skirt, or, for everyday, in lightweight wool or rayon with matching skirt. An American Designer pattern by Anne Klein of Junior Sophisticates. Junior sizes 9-17. The camisole and skirt take 5% yards of 35-inch fabric. The shirtwaist alone, 2½ yards of 35-inch fabric. The three separates all in one fabric take 6½ yards of 42-inch fabric. All yardages here are figured for size 15. Remember to allow additional fabric for a self belt.

To order your Pattern of the Month, send 50¢ in coin, with pattern number and size, to Advance Pattern Company, Dept. P. P.O. Box 21, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, New York
delinquent! continued from page 77

body steps on anybody else’s lines or upstages. I think Margaret’s quiet dedication has a lot to do with the whole atmosphere.

Gus didn’t mention that for the first time Margaret lets loose with her vocal chords in this picture. She sings three numbers. The title song, “Glory,” has a chance of being a hit. She also does a blues number, “Walking Nowhere Road,” that will prove to many that she is not a kid anymore.

When Margaret fluffs, it is painful to watch her self-condemnation. While recording one of the songs with Byron Palmer and Joe and three other fellows, she fluffed a few times. “What a stupid jerk I am!” she would moan pounding her head.

“Honey, even Peggy Lee doesn’t always get it perfect the first time,” soothed David Butler.

But Margaret would not be soothed; she’s the villain and she knows it. I’m so sorry,” she would apologize, her big eyes full of humiliation. “It’s all my fault.” Then she would settle into complete concentration and do the job. For Margaret is a perfectionist wherever her career is concerned. Fortunately, or unfortunately, she is not a perfectionist in her personal life.

Margaret is guilty of youth’s number-one crime—laziness. When not working, she will not, except for cause of fire, move. She will sit all day. She will walk downstairs only under duress. She loves to be babied and is overjoyed when Gladys succumbs and brings her breakfast in bed. She is completely blind about household duties—seeing nothing that needs doing. And her clothes are exactly where she steps out of them.

Although she loves to design her own clothes and decorate her home, and particularly her own room, after the creative end of the job is done—so is Margaret. She decorated her own bedroom with green carpet and drapes. The drapes match the quilted bedspread of green with strawberries. Now she has a handkerking to redo the whole room around a fancy canopied bed. She helped Gladys decorate the house in a green and white motif, but once her aesthetic sense is appeased, her interest wanes. Upholst and tidying are unknown to her.

She is particularly addicted to skirts with contrasting blouses. These she dresses up with scarves and belts. With her deep brown eyes and lovely glowing complexion, she leans toward pinks, reds, navy blue and white. She has a passion for costume jewelry and, as Margaret has no money sense whatsoever, Gladys is continually speechless. It seems Margaret has learned that old American pastime, ‘Charge it.’

“She must,” admitted Gladys in despair, “have at least five-thousand dollars worth of costume jewelry. She doesn’t think to ask the price and I’ve found out the hard way that costume jewelry can be very expensive. I caught her stuffing something under the sofa pillow when I came in the other day.”

“What are you hiding, Margaret?” I asked.

“Just a cheap old string of pearls,” Margaret explained pulling her treasure out in the open.

“When the bill came in, I almost fainted,” Gladys continued. “That cheap old string of pearls cost three hundred dollars! She picked up another television set the other day—only three hundred fifty dollars. Now we have a set in every room in the house. She loves to buy clothes, but she usually wears the same small group of dresses all the time. Once she paid two-

649—She’s 44 inches tall—and she dances! See the elastic strap that holds doll’s feet to your little girl’s. Thrilling Christmas gift. Transfer of 44-inch doll, cutting chart for dress. Use straw yarn for hair.

574—Mom-to-be: Make these sew-easy tops in a variety of fabrics! Embroider flowers on dress-up jacket. Maternity Misses’ sizes 12-20. Pattern pieces, transfer of embroidery. State size.
hundred fifty dollars for an evening dress and after wearing it once gave it to a girl friend.

Because her mother is anxious for Margaret to make her own decisions, the sudden sprees are accepted with as little show of apoplexy as possible. As money means nothing to Margaret, it is taking time to get a hold on her. She is a snob who isn't going to change her ways.

A few weeks ago, the spending subsided and it was felt that Margaret was beginning to put the line. Whereupon she returned home one day, bringing a beautiful Victorian-styled silver center piece. From her a wave of pride came with her, and the reaction was, "I was almost sold on the Thunderbird, but I remembered what you said, Mother, and I decided that I would only seat two people—so that was two thousand dollars a seat. That was too expensive, so I bought the Victoria!"

Perhaps that unusual childhood explains a lot of Margaret's self-assertion and bold complexities in Margaret's personality. As a child she met more dignitaries than Queen Elizabeth. She had lunch two and three times with Prime Minister Ascher at Ten Downing Street; she has been to Europe three times and around the world. At five and six she was an habitué of the Stork Club, Twenty-One and the best hotels in New York. In the minds of some people, little wonder that she found no desire to date just to go someplace where other girls were beginning to sit impatiently at their limited world.

"I know," she concluded with a twinkle, "that I haven't grown up completely. I've never wanted to be older than I am. I don't think girls should try to hurry. We feel no rush on ourselves. If we take our time in learning and don't mistake the maturity to get to adulthood pretty well rounded."

Margaret's ability to admit her mistakes and not to let them make her a victim comes partly from the good teaching of her mother and partly because of her steady devotion to her religion. She has always combined her spiritual life with everyday living, as much as a little girl she was quick to see the deep faith in God has given her a balance wheel of humility and gratitude to outweigh the onus of being a child star. She regularly attends services at the Church of the Goddess. She's an agnostic.

Her dainty dressing table is covered in religious statues. One beautiful one of Christ with the crown of thorns was given to her by Charles Laughton. As he handed it to her, he muttered, "Don't tell my wife. ELS, I gave this to you. I stole it from her!"

Her religion has given her an outgoing interest in others. She does charity work in her own way. She never turns down a request to do a benefit. She received a citation from Washington, D. C., for Most Funds for Overseas Veterans, and raised a million dollars and it took over a year to do. One of the projects closest to her heart is the youth program of Dr. Irving Ress. A leading Los Angeles gynecologist, he has taught Margaret that, "bring more babies into the world than anyone else; I want to help them to grow up to be good citizens. Dr. Res's theory captivated Margaret. She has made at least a hundred dollars to help him get his fee.

Margaret's confidence in God and people is heart-warming. To her everyone is equal. One evening, when Gladys has taught her that all the people connected with a picture are as important to the finished product as she is. She has also taught her not to be jealous of anybody. She never says, "but you are," if you are, then that's your fault," she told her daughter. And Margaret learned her lesson well. But her quiet determination to get what she wanted was inborn.

When she read that "The Life of Esther Costello," she knew the part was for her. A girl, deaf, dumb and blind, who eventually gets her faculties back in a dramatic climax—that is bread and butter material, and Margaret was eager.

"Mother," she cried, "you've got to get this for me." She promptly started saying a prayer each night for the part.

"If Margaret makes up your mind, you can't change it," her mother added. She loved her role in "Journey for Margaret" and was tremendously happy when she decided she was Margaret. So we went to court to legalize it. The judge looked at her and said, But what if your name is Jennie in your next picture? Will you continue using the name Margaret?" She looked him steadily and said, "My name is Margaret."

(Continued from page 66)

If You Knew Susie

susie's film career got into a scene in her bedroom, she came to me and said, "Mr. Logan, will you please change those books on my shelf? Millie wouldn't own popular fiction. She'd have a more classic library! And it wasn't until I explained that the camera would never close-up to the titles that she was satisfied the books were in character!"

Susie first arrived in the small town of Hutchinsburg as a "finishing school person" as are novel as a smile from Garbo, a breathless fan rushed up to her and asked, "Are you Kim Novak?" Susie didn't know what to say, so she just thought, that must have been for this luscious blond or disappointed that she wasn't recognized as Susan Strasberg. She finally decided that she preferred to be mistaken for Kim—until "The Wild Duck." Although Susie may not, as yet, be a familiar face to movie fans, the Hollywood grapevine about her unusual dramatic talent has put her in studio demand. Actually, it is Susie's fondest hope to divide her career between three mediums—stage, screen and television. She also hopes that one of them will offer her the opportunity to play two of her favorite roles: the young woman and the young lady in "The Wild Duck." Although Susie can play comedy, too, as will be seen in "Picnic," she is essentially a dramatic actress. For her crying scene in "Coward," she astounded director Vincent Minnelli with the spontaneous flow of her tears. No one else ever got the amount of grief she needed to get her going! And once she started, she couldn't stop. Minnelli had to shoot around her until her red-dened, swollen eyes were cleared. Her own talent is roused by the work of her co-stars—Marlon Brando. Her favorite actresses—Garbo, Vivien Leigh, Judy Garland, Kate Hepburn and Ethel Barrymore. When "Sons and Lovers" went to England, she had always longed to meet her, this great First Lady exclaimed, "Not that divine child whom I saw in 'Duchess and the Smug's' on tv! Tell her I want to meet her, too!" Susie thought she was just being polite, although she confided that she is so stingy that she pays cash for everything because she hates to go into her checking account! To date, her biggest extravagance was paying $50 for a skirt. Shopping isn't easy for her as she is so tiny— even a size 5 must be taken in! She gets a small percentage of her four-figure salary and banks the rest, for the year she hopes to spend in Europe, that are desperate hopes to and for her hobby of collecting books, records and drawing paraphernalia.

In those rare, leisure moments when she isn't working or at school, Susan can be found sketching away madly at her easel. She hasn't yet been shown while she was vacationing at her parents' summer home on Fire Island, before starting rehearsals for her first Broadway play, "Diary of Anne Frank," her art companion was Mr. Eastman.

Marlyn used to share Susie's bedroom. Her friendship with the entire Strasberg family began when she first became a student at the Actors Studio. She endeared herself to Susie immediately, when on meeting her, Marlyn said, "I don't know whether you remember me, but we met on the street. "There's No Business Like Show Business!"

Marlyn seems equally charmed by Susie. They gossip like two girls in a college dormitory. Marlyn is the sister that Susie never had, and she is the secret ambition to appear someday in a film together. They might even call it "The Sisters Karamazov!" In the meantime, though, Susie's busy keeping up with a rapidly growing slice of the market.
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The Towle Silversmiths
Newburyport, Massachusetts
through the Times Square crush, knocking startled pedestrians out of her path, running like a scared cat.

Arriving at the theatre, panting with near exhaustion, she was greeted by a half-dozen does-a-management man who was tearing out handfuls of hair and screaming, "Where have you been?" Haney sprained her ankle and you're on!"

"I know I've got into something, not knowing whether it was a party or a bathing suit," Shirley said, "and before I knew what had happened I was out there on the stage, staring into that sea of upturned faces in the dark. The back of my head, the top of my head, the back of my hand, my mouth and my legs turned to jelly. In the wings were the other members of the cast, their eyes fixed on me imploringly. It was only the third night after the opening and I knew they had all kissed their jobs goodbye.

"When the curtain fell on the first act, I knew I was in. The burst of applause surging up from the audience was the sweetest music I ever heard. The cast knew it, too. They crowded round me and a couple of veterans touched my shoulder and said, 'Nice work, kid.' That was the high spot.

The next two acts for Shirley were a breeze, and when it was all over, she was sobered as that never—never land of dreams-true—true. I was a little drunk with success, she said, and I didn't want that wonderful moment to end. I wanted it to go on forever.

It was precisely at this instant that fate—or the kindly providence that cares for actresses and—intervened—intervened more. Hal Wallis, famed producer on the Paramount lot who had journeyed East to look over Carol Haney, remained to watch Shirley. When the show was over, he stepped backstage, and Shirley, spotting him, asked with naivete, "Were you looking for me?"  

Wallis, who had discovered such luminaries as Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, Shirley MacLaine, both in the获得了Motion Picture Academy Award
was, and many others, signed her almost on the spot. Her subsequent screen test, directed by Daniel Mann, confirmed his quick decision.

For a month Miss MacLaine continued to dazzle the jaded eyes of Broadway. Then Carol Haney recovered and Shirley stepped back into the chorus.  

One night at the Palace, Carol Haney was forced to drop out of the cast again and once more Shirley's good fairy waved her wand. A New York representative of producer-director Alfred Hitchcock was in the theatre that evening to see "Muriel". He was so bemused by the brash youngster substituting for her that afterward he wired his superior, somewhat ecstatically, that he had seen a sprite with steel springs in her shoes. Shirley could dance but sing and act like a house affre. Hitchcock, a skeptical realist who believes that sprites and elves are found only beneath40-foot tall trees in Ireland, hopped a plane for New York. There, to his dismay, he found that she was already signed by the ubiquitous Mr. Wallis. Telegrams crackled between Los Angeles and Bagdad-on-Hudson. The offer was rescinded and secured for Hitchcock's new picture, 'The Trouble with Harry'.

Just prior to Hitchcock's advent upon the scene, Shirley had met a young actor-director named Stern. "We bumped into each other in a soda bar," Stern said. "She seemed to be trying to swallow the glass. Shirley has the widest mouth in the business, this side of Martha Raye, and I watched her in fascination as she gave the

entire end of the glass between her teeth. I went over and stood beside her, afraid to speak lest she'd bite down on it and cut her lip. She tired of the trick after a while and I said, 'Look, kid, don't you know that glass isn't good to eat?'"

"She glanced up then and I got my first good look at her pixyish, slant-eyed face. I guess something happened to me at that moment. Anyway, I was in one of the front rows at The Twilight Game' every night from then on."

"My luck was still in," said Shirley. "Steve saved me from being just another flash-in-the-pan. He taught me to speak, literally, not chew words or spit them out like something I wanted to get rid of. After every performance, Steve went with me to my cheap little apartment and worked me like a slave. I improved so, eager chorines began coming to me after the show and asking who my dramatic coach was."

When Shirley went to Vermont to make "The Trouble with Harry", Shirley followed her. They were married September 17, 1954. Since then Steve has been her personal director-manager, a function which he pursues simultaneously with efforts to start a little theatre in Malibu. There he and Shirley maintain a house. The place is tiny—you'd hardly dare to let your pants get baggy in—it but the view is magnificent. On bright days the great Pacific coughs at the millions of iridescent ripples of light. When the new moon comes rolling in, the breakers bellow with an almost soothing cadence. 'It's a little far from the studio,' Shirley admits, 'but it helps me keep in step!' With her new life Shirley is earning her own way.

It is this cool objectivity of Miss MacLaine's which gives the highly Pooh-Bahs of her studio, both on and off the set, the air of a judge: It isn't necessary to stay alive, on dancing, singing and dramatic lessons. So with only a dime for lunch I used to go to the Automat, buy a peanut butter sandwich, sneak one of those ice cream cones, and sip Lemonade, with a tiny slice of lemon stuck on the rim. This I filled half full of water, took to a table, put in three teaspoons of sugar and squeezed my mixture. I think it was the best way to live."

"All the same, I had to go to the hospital for a little operation. That kind of scrimping paid off because when my break came, the lessons got me over the hill. You have to pay the price if you don't want to spend your youth in the grip of the infernal machine."

Arriving in the cinema capital with no more wardrobe than a half-starved swallow—you don't buy much frippery on a chorus girl's salary—she and her husband huddled together in a tiny I-House in Malibu. Beach, there, for a while, she twiddled her thumbs, dreading the call to work which would start her swimming upstream, the biggest gold and fish bowl in the world. Suddenly, however, she began to worry on quite another score—the call didn't come. Weeks passed without so much as a nod from the publicity department, let alone a credit. A couple of newspaper writers saw her screen test—a charming informal dance step without music and small talk about herself—and left the test projection room bewildered. Shirley, however, discrepancies with the studio and the name Shirley MacLaine. She made good copy. With a strong streak of individuality, she'd argued a point, insist on the right thing, until those who did the deciding craved—taking off her wedding ring and handing it to her husband before going onto the set. Directors and producers needing new talent found her a tonic.

Suddenly, at the rate of $200 a week, less than she could do. She was forced to turn down the lead in "Bus Stop" (her contract with Wallis permits her to make only one picture a year on the outside). She tested for "The Racket", a role Shirley admitted she'd give up her trip to China to get. At

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THE END
(Continued from page 45) too," said Russ. "I'll work—I'll tell Mr. DeMille—he's a ham isn't he?" 

"I don't think Mr. DeMille would go for that. And you wouldn't like it, lover, anyway. You'd have to sit very quiet." 

"I'll be so quiet, Daddy," she said. 

"But you'll have to be so quiet for so long, for days," John went on, making conversation, and wondering how and where all this would end. Tough dialogue—heaving words with this fifteen-year-old kid was not much a part of him. 

"I go where you go," he said. "I'm not going to stay here. Why should I stay here if you don't?"

"I'll stay here with Mommy. I'll be back in a few days. And I'll take you rid-
ing," John said.

Slowly John backed his car down the drive, eyes still on the little figure standing in the roadway, and of course he didn't turn his back on him. While John waited, Russ turned around.

"Bye, Daddy," he said.

And when he turned his back—and I almost broke up, John told Photoplay's reporter later, the picture still vivid in his mind.

As he talked he was turning back the clock of his life seven years before, trying to feel what five-year-old Derek Harris had felt. Trying to understand how Russ might feel.

"I've been sitting here in this stupid little apron—wondering how to raise this Russ. What can you tell him that he will understand? I don't know how I felt at five now. I can't remember. And I've been sitting here trying to think—to remember." 

"When I was a kid, I knocked around from pillar to post. I haven't done too badly. And I don't feel insecure. Certainly being exposed to our constant arguments couldn't be healthy for him. That's not the atmosphere to raise a child in. Pati and I argued about everything—even how to raise him. And our tension and bickering was reacting on him. It got to where he'd throw a kid and he turned his back—and I almost broke up," John said.

"No matter what happens Russ isn't going to be without his father. I love those kids. I don't have more than rather than many fathers of two. As Pati's been more a mother—much more. We've been closer to them than many parents. We've been tested more.

"I left home—and that makes me the heavy. And that's okay. But my heart's in this thing, too. And I've got plenty of tears still inside of me—more than some people—because I've used them less."

"Unless we changed—and in seven years we haven't changed—we'd still be belonging under the same roof. It isn't a healthy situation for anybody. And I believe we'll all be a lot happier this way ultimately. If we aren't, then I won't go on drugging on for months and make Russ miserable—then I don't know what will happen. We could get back together, although what would be achieved by this I don't know. And I want to see either of the kids hurt. But, of course, Sean's too young to know now."

To Hollywood rumors that a third party had broken them up John said decisively, "That's nonsense. It isn't even involving other people in our troubles. I didn't leave home because of another girl, and I'm not staying away now because of another girl. When Pati says 'Somebody's been playing a cruel game'—she's right. But that somebody is Pati Derek—and that somebody's John Derek—and between us we've done a pretty thorough job of destroying our home."

John filed for divorce, charging mental cruelty. As he talked, legal wheels were in motion writing what seemed to be the beginning of the end for the pretty dark-eyed French actress, Pati Behrs, and the handsome young actor and ex-paratrooper, who were married in Las Vegas when they both were just beginning their movieland careers seven years ago. They've been Hollywood's stormiest love story, two vivid spirits people who were fought and loved with equal enthusiasm.

As for the fundamental causes of their incompatibility, John says, "I just don't know. All I know is that after seven years together I've gone back to John. Pati, I'm not playing a part in a picture. And I didn't leave for another girl. I don't know what's wrong with us basically. I've never told Pati—but I even went to a marriage counsellor. We fought hard to work it out but it just wouldn't work. I think your problems are your problems and the answers have to come from you. Distrust and too much discord—constant discord—can be difficult to overcome. And let's face it, I'm too too great to live around. I'm selfish and I have a very bad temper. I'm impulsive and when I want to do something—when I want something—I want it now."

"I want Pati to have separate maintenance," John said. "And she'll get more money that way. I want her to have the house, the Cadillac, all the money we can make. We've got no children to worry about. Now, just get the visitation rights settled and be able to see our kids in a good atmos-

Pati's a wonderful mother, and she can be a living doll when she wants to be. She's a very attractive woman, and we've been very close—closer than many—of our little boy. If we were to go back together, we could be on our best be-

havior for a while and everything could be fine. But that would just be a crutch. The base difficulties, the arguments would still be there. And if we broke up again, it will be worse. If it's all over it will be the older Russ is, the harder it would be for him."

To friends of both, their separation has been a surprise. Many, others have had the constant friction that could weaken and wear away the strongest tie.

There's the clash of John's impulsive way of living and his artistry—versus Pati's more cautious practicality. John's fever for perfection—and Pati's feeling of rejection.

Ironically enough, this was to be their year to straighten out their differences. To have the time and freedom to make their marriage work. "It will be easier," John said, "when Russ is in school—when Pati isn't confined so much."

But life wouldn't wait, so now they fight with the same gusto they'd loved.

An alternately angry and tearful Pati is convinced there's a third person seriously involved in their difficulty, although she admits John's right.

"I'm not a girl chaser?" says John in turn. "Then why did she always tell me I was? Why was she always so jealous?"

"John says he isn't happy and I'm the reason. He says I'm not enthusiastic enough to get happiness. All John can say is, 'We don't get along.' That we fight, fight, fight. Sure we fight. He doesn't realize he's the one who's too old for me. But he has to help me a little. And that's not enough after seven years anyway."

When it comes to provoking arguments, Pati's right. He doesn't realize it—or he would agree with it. "I want, Pati to fight for her convictions. When she really believes something. But not just for the sake of argument. I don't like to argue with her, I wouldn't enjoy it. I'm willing to get along, but he has to help me a little."

They've always had their own definitions of extravagance.

"He's got swimming pool—and a bi-
fidelity—and I didn't think that right when we haven't finished furnishing our house. We still have no curtains in the bedroom—and the doctor bill for the chil-

Pati, what she spends on shoes. How many pairs she has. And that French import coffee—we could do without that—ask what she spends on John and what I spend on 'Paty'!—I like to have things everybody can enjoy.

It wouldn't make any difference how many nurses we had—Pati's always done their job for them," John suddenly said. "We're making our bed, and we have to live with the adventure out of the whole thing."

In Pati's opinion, "I understand you shouldn't neglect your husband for your children, but you shouldn't neglect your children for a husband who doesn't know what he wants."

John, on the other hand, believes he's definite about what he wants. "I want to live. Not just exist. Not just talk about living. I like hobbies, too. Pati won't
I like to read and watch television. I'm not taking up ceramics or something with him. Anything John takes up—he's sensational. But by the time I start getting interested, John's mastered it already and ready to go on to something else.

On Pati's birthday, John thought he had a great idea. "I'm going to take her to Apple Valley for swimming and for lunch.

"But I don't feel like going to Apple Valley, I'd rather go to some nice place to dinner here." "I want to do something for you, and you don't want to go.

"You don't want to go to Apple Valley for me, you want to go for a drive—and get a tan."

They wound up going to a movie and having hamburgers in a drive-in. John said, "Pati can't do the physical things I live for. Horses are my life. I love them, but on the other hand, Pati loves to dance—and I don't like it. I do it badly, and I've made no effort to try.

"Pati's been under a great strain since Russ was born," John says now—and he's said it before. "She's nervous, and who wouldn't be, living for five and a half years within four walls, sticking so close, never once overnight away from the children—that's too much. When Russ was sick, that was the thing to do. That was different. But he hasn't been sick for a year now—and it hasn't changed."

About the filing of the divorce suit, John says honestly now, "I don't know why Pati would be shocked about this, we've talked about it too many times. She shouldn't be. Only in the way I left—but I have no guts when she starts to cry. It was the only way I could ever have gone." Three months before this, they'd reached an impasse. Pati had suggested John go away for a little while and John had gone. He was gone one night. The next night I went out to see my kids and pick up some clothes. I didn't go to stay, but Pati was so nice—I stayed. She was away from home when John got there, playing Scrabble with some friends. When she got home and found him there, she was starry-eyed. "It's so wonderful to have you home," she said. And he stayed.

"I couldn't tell her."

Some weeks later, convinced they were just prolonging a hopeless situation, John thought he might just see an attorney and find out what the legal approach would be. While he was there, a middle-aged man walked in. He looked beaten and unhappy. He wanted a divorce, he said. "When did you first decide to get a divorce?" the lawyer asked. "Twenty-two years ago," he said.

Twenty-two years. John thought of the years the man and his wife have lost. "Go ahead and send the letter," he told the lawyer.

On Saturday morning, he left the redwood ranch house in Encino with its free-form swimming pool and all the dreams they'd had for it. "It could be a beautiful place—I had a lot of plans," John says now. As he left, Pati felt intuitively he might not be coming back. "I wouldn't be surprised if I were served with papers," she said to him. John was stopped. As he says now, "I had no answer."

"I'm not kidding you," said Pati. "You shouldn't be," he said.

When he got to the door, he looked back.

"'John—""

"What is it?"

"Oh—never mind," Pati said.

As John says slowly now, "I looked at her and I almost went back, but if I had I'd never have had the guts to go again and I knew we couldn't go on that way."

But with two like John and Pati Derek, it takes more than a piece of paper, however legal, to close the door. And the strength of their emotions may open it.

"We've just been through too much together," Pati says. "It would be easier to go home," says John, "than staying here in this lonely apartment. But I think we'll both be happier when we get this all squared away. Between us, we have brought two more people here on this earth, and we're responsible for them. We must do what's fair and what's best for them.

"I'm not going to tell Russ until I know what we're going to do. Whether it will be divorce or separate maintenance or what."

The challenge of still trying to make their marriage work could send Pati and John back together, or a little five-year-old boy could lead them back.

When he gets home from school now, he whirs his red bike back and forth on the patio.

"Daddy has to help me on the big bike, but I can sure ride this little beauty," he says pedaling away. "I'll be glad when I can switch from the school bus to my bike and ride it to school."

But when the sun goes down, his make-believe world stops, and a little five-year-old boy watches tirelessly through the window for the lights of a car and listens eagerly for every ring of the phone, wondering when his daddy is coming home. And beyond the valley on the other side of the hills, his father, John Derek, sits in a room and follows every move he makes from memory.

THE END
(Continued from page 51)

After ten years, she was shopping for gowns and stood before the mirror staring critically at her reflection. "Do you think my husband will like this one?" she asks anyone who happens to be standing nearby. She still adds softly, "I want to look glamorous. For Richard."

All might have been different if Richard had lacked his ever-present wisdom and patience and understanding, if June had failed to direct the course to the end. Even Richard had his doubts during their courtship. In fact, he refused to admit it was a courtship. The entire idea was pretty ridiculous to him. June Allyson was a cute kid whom he'd met casually when she was doing a show on Broadway. They'd met again when they made "Meet the People" at M-G-M. And again when June and Nancy Walker were sent to New York for theatre appearances.

Richard was in town at the time and he caught their show. The girls were good, but there wasn't a great deal they could do with sad material. Afterwards, he went backstage. "Bad, huh?" said Nancy.

"If I tell you I'll only depress you more," he said.

"Impossible," said June. So he sat down for a while and tried to cheer them up.

June Allyson was only a kid, of course, but she was such a sweet kid that once back in Hollywood, he thought he'd call her. June's housekeeper, who doubled as chaperone, told him that June was bedded with pneumonia. "Tell her to be a good girl and get well and I'll take her to dinner sometime," said Richard.

"Something," muttered June when she received the message. And the more she said it the more distant it became. How do you circle "sometime" on the calendar?

A few evenings later, Richard stopped by the apartment with an armful of roses. Several of June's friends were there and Richard spent the evening playing bridge with the housekeeper. "That's when June started flirting with me," he says.

"As I recall, you were the one who flirted with me," corrects his wife.

Eventually she recovered and he took her out to dinner. They liked being together and, as the weeks went by, they found themselves together quite often. But it was no courtship. Anyone could have told you, Richard said, for instance.

However, confusion set in the night he delivered her to her doorstep and leaned down to kiss her good night. June drew away. "I have something to ask you," she said. And it took every ounce of her nerve.

"All right," said Richard.

"Just what are your intentions?"

He looked at her standing there so primly, and so her offers?" he inquired.

"Two," she said and stepped inside and closed the door.

He went home, but that night he couldn't sleep. He tried counting sheep, but they turned into proposals from two other guys.

What if she were serious about accepting one of them? How could she when she was in love with him? "As it turned out I had to ask her to marry me several times," he says. "She became quite coy."

"I liked to hear you ask," she says.

The wedding was at the home of their friends Bunny and Johnny Green. They'd set the time for 7 P.M., but around noon June began to worry. Her maid of honor wasn't ready. Her housekeeper would surely never be dressed in time. To save their sanity, they shoved a book at her and commanded, rather heartlessly, "Read. Don't talk."

When it was time to leave for the Greens', June insisted on taking the wheel. And talking. "Out of the way," she crowed to the evening traffic. "I'm on the way to my wedding!"

There were tears in her eyes and she walked down the stairs to stand beside Richard. "And those eyes were four times bigger than her face," he remembers.

When the ceremony began she hardly got through it. Then the judge's voice got through to her. "Do you take this man to be your lawful wedded wife?"

"Do I . . . what?" said June coming out of the trance. The statement was corrected when the laughter stopped. "I do," said June. "Yes, I do."

After the honeymoon on Richard's boat, the Powells moved into an apartment to await the completion of their new home. Mrs. Powell was on her own in housekeeping. She tried cooking. The first time, they sat down to what the cookbook said was a well-balanced meal. Technically, it was. Even if the meat shriveled, the potatoes would have required identification by an expert, and the salad turned out terribly tired. "What cares?" said Richard.

Richard was a man of many interests. He'd never had time for hobbies or sports. He loved planes. She didn't like them even when they were standing still, on the ground. So she grumbled teeth, climb into his plane and the next thing she'd be at Palm Springs before she'd breathe again.

Richard was nuts about golf. She'd get up early and head for the golf course. After sundown she'd stagger home, having had such encouragement from the caddy as, "You're doing fine. In a couple of years you'll really have the game down."

The idea was to go around the course with Richard occasionally. "But you'd go out of your mind waiting around for me, wouldn't you?" she'd ask him.

"Uh huh," he'd say.

She'd never lived in a house before. There had always been apartments. "I set out to be a real, solid housewife," she recalls.

One day she went shopping for furniture for the den. The next day it was delivered and put into place. June took a good look at the results. "It's awful," wailed the solid housewife.

The reality is that Tudor and the furniture were only American. And somehow the combination failed to turn out as she expected. "Say it, Richard," she requested.

"It does look awful," he said. "It does." And the furniture went back the next day.

With each mistake, she felt more foolish, became more afraid to accept the responsibility that she already feared. She began to feel guilty by it again. How could she make a mistake if he did everything? She was scared in the beginning," says Richard. "Her fear of responsibility magnified the problem."

She began to sort of show it off on her, by just leaving things undone. She'd call me and say something was wrong. I'd say, 'You take care of it.'"

When we redid the house for the first time, I had to do it. She wanted the same next time, I said, 'No.'

"It took her a month, but she did it," he grins. "And she did a good job of it."

His friends terrified her. "They were all well-established people who had achieved their goals," says June. "I had just come out and was starting a whole new life. Mentally I was a good deal younger. They all seemed so well-organized and put-together and I never thought I could be."

"But mostly I worried about the fact that they might not think I was right for Richard. I was surprised they accepted me from the first. And I was grateful. I learned a lot from them."

There were the Justin Darts and the Leonard Firestones, among others. "I didn't know where to begin," her friend admits. "But color it should be when I got it put," says June. "Polly Firestone never told me anything. She just said, 'Let's go sit in the house and see what would be pretty where.'"

"She steered me into doing things she knew Richard would like. I always thought I'd done them. Now I know I never really did!"

Her career had been the most important thing in her life, until her marriage. Yet she'd wake up and moan, "I don't feel like going to work today."

Then you won't feel well enough to get your check," her husband would say. "Richard taught me that the picture.
business is actually a business, not a thing you play with," says June. "And he'd remind me of a fact that would sometimes escape me—that you're only as good as your last picture."

"Richard taught me..." is a phrase June still uses. Richard was gentle, but he never made jokes. "His basic honesty was one of the things that attracted me to him," says June.

He understood her moods. He'd come home and find her in a black one. "You're not for me tonight," he'd tell her. "I'll go away."

The scowl would disappear. "Don't you dare," she'd grin.

The Powells had one another and they had their work. But after two years of marriage, there were still no children. "When the doctor told me I probably couldn't have a baby, I was so full of tears I could have floated a battleship," says June.

The movie star June Allyson was a girl to be envied, career-wise. But Mrs. Richard Powell was filled with envy for others. Let anyone talk about babies and she'd get a wistful look. Let her overhear a woman complain about pregnancy and she'd explode, "How can any woman say such a thing?"

She wanted to adopt a baby. But Richard balked. "I can't for the life of me imagine June as a mother," he told a friend at the time. "Anything new frightens her. I don't think she realizes the responsibilities of motherhood."

Finally he gave in and they put their names on the waiting list at the Tennessee Children's home.

Then came the gossip. There had been rumors before, but the Powells had shrugged them off. Now they threatened to do real damage.

June had to go to New York for radio shows. Richard couldn't go with her. And the rumors flew. When they reached Richard, he realized that they might cost them their baby. He knew that those in charge of the home might hear the irresponsible talk and postpone or cancel the adoption. He called Tennessee to reassure the officials that all was well. And he convinced them.

June returned with a bad cold and the doctor put her to bed. One evening the telephone rang. "Hello, Mrs. Powell?"

"Yes," said June.

"Hello, mother."

June was puzzled. "You hab the wrog number," she finally cracked.

"Mrs. Powell, your baby is here. You have a daughter," the voice went on.

"Richard," she said. "Our daudder's cunt."

He took the receiver from her hands, held a brief conversation with the party on the other end of the line and discovered he was going to be a father.

They had eight days to prepare for Pam's arrival. On route to and from the studio June would detour past the local stork shops. She'd come in with her arms loaded. "What now, Richard?" would ask.

"More diapers," she'd say.

He'd grin. "I wasn't sure you'd remember such practical things. I got some, too.

But she remembered everything—sheets, blankets, bottles, the delicate little gowns, the booties.

She was at the studio when the nurse arrived with Pam. Richard exclaimed. "Hurry home," he said. "She's here."

June raced from the studio. She ran up to the nursery. She peered into the crib.

"Oh," she said. "Oh."

Then suddenly, "Richard, she smiled at me!"

The nurse didn't have the heart to tell her it was just gas.

When Dick had to leave town on busi—
business, he’d call with advice. One time the phone rang in the middle of the night. It was Western Union. “I have a message for you, Mrs. Powell,” said the operator in a bewildered voice.

“Give it,” said June.

“The telegram reads, ‘Darling, hold the bottle up straight when you feed her so she won’t swallow air. Love, Richard.’”

“Thank you,” June told the operator.

When Pam came along, life changed in strange little ways. “Before,” says June, “it seemed I was always sick. I’d have a cold or an ache or pain and be certain I had a heart attack coming. “When Pam arrived, I found I didn’t catch as many colds. I felt fine. When you have a child, you forget about yourself. You put your energy into other things. It’s wonderful, I can’t think of anything else to say. “The responsibility I wanted with all my heart.”

There were the usual disagreements about discipline. More often than not, they didn’t reach the papers.

Pam and Lucy would be picking up everything within arm’s length. And she didn’t really care just where she put it down. One night she grabbed an ash tray.

“No, Pam,” June told her. “I’ll find something for you, but you may not have the ash tray.”

“Don’t be silly, June,” said Richard. “At Pam’s age, you can’t expect her to know what can or can’t be smoked.”

“She can learn,” said June.

“She’s too young,” said Richard.

“And you don’t want me to tell her any more?”

“Not really.”

A few nights later, Richard walked into his den and June heard a bellow. “June!”

She came running. He was standing in the middle of the room. At his feet were all the trash he had just collected on his desk. The floor was sticky with soft candy.

“June,” said Richard. “You must talk with Pam. You’ve got to tell her there are things she might not do.”

“Yes, Richard,” said his wife.

It was June who tackled the problem of discipline head-on. It’s June who does it today. “June tells me I’m too soft with the kids,” says Richard. “But when I come home at night I want to play with them!”

He’s proud of the way the mother of his children has taken over. He likes it when she puts her foot down, orders him to bed when he has a cold, over him like a pint-sized angel of mercy. There was no happier man on earth the time she flew to the Utah location of “The Conqueror” to be without him.

Only when June arrived was the situation well in hand. She kept their room neat as a pin. She added her feminine touch to make it more like home. She was up as early as the maids to breakfast. When the returned evenings, the laundry was done and June was there looking as if she’d stepped out of Saks Fifth Avenue and had never seen a clothesline.

He thought of the day at the table when little Pam asked him. “Daddy, is Mother a little girl or a lady?”

He’d smiled. Sometimes, Pamela, I really don’t know.

Slowly but surely he was finding out. And so was June. He thought about how he had been the one who had seen June through the jitters of Pam’s arrival. When the die was announced that they might expect, it was Richard who needed a calm, steady influence.

The baby, the medico, would be born on January 12. June thought differently. She was so eager to give him a little boy for Christmas, she told her husband. “And he’s going to look just like you.”

Two days before Christmas, she said, “I ache.”

Dick patted her on the head. “Wife,” he said, “You don’t know what a labor pain is. Just put your trust in my judgment.”

“Call the doctor,” said wife.

He did. “June aches,” he told the medicos. “But it can’t be labor pains. I’ve been timing them.”

He began to tell how he’d been timing them, but he never finished. The doctor was shouting something about getting June to the hospital. That’s when Richard officially brought things to a head. June had hardly known my usually cool, calm and collected husband, says June. “June laughed through the whole thing,” Richard says, still amazed. “Ricky was born when I was so nervous, I kept her some to ease the pain and make her sleepy. But the only effect it was to wake her up.”

She never stopped talking or laughing. She came out of the delivery room grinning and waving to everyone in the hall and calling, “Merry Christmas!”

Ricky weighed in at 4 pounds, 10 ounces and they kept him in the hospital for several weeks. When it was time for him to come home, Richard and Pam went to get him. They’d told Pam about her own adoption, how they’d gone to a big building and had chosen her especially. Now Pam was going to a big building to get her brother. There was only one thing that marred her happiness. “Ricky ought to be adopted,” she told them. “Please officially adopt Ricky.”

June aged a hundred years during Richard’s near-fatal illness. He hadn’t been feeling well and the doctor had put him to bed. June nursed him for three days and on the third evening fell asleep from exhaustion. She was awakened suddenly. Richard had collapsed at the foot of the bed and was moaning, “Help me, June.”

Somehow she got him back into bed. She called the doctor who rushed him to the hospital. Richard, they found, was allergic to the miracle drugs that might save him. The first operation was unsuccessful. “Ricky and I went to get him back from surgery,” said Richard. “He was all right. We brought him back.”

Richard was on the critical list. June was told that it was doubtful that he would live. She waited. And she prayed. Every muscle of her body, for a moment to see Pam and Ricky, to smile and reassure them daddy would be all right.

She was in the waiting room at the hospital when she was told, “You’d better go in.”

She walked into his husband’s room.

She sat beside the bed and began to talk to him, to tell him that he must live. She had no way of knowing whether he could hear her.

“Never forget when he finally opened his eyes. There was a tube in his mouth and he gave her a weak smile. “This is a heck of a way to quit smoking,” he said.

“Yeah,” she replied. “It’s when I knew he would be all right,” she smiles.

They know what it’s like to come close to losing one another. Could they voluntarily say goodbye and walk away? Could they let their world fade, just empty and blot out the memories that would haunt it? The columns make it sound a cinch.

In the summertime, the Powell family increased. Richard’s daughter, Ellen, lives with them. She’s a teenager now. She was seven when they were married, and she thoroughly approved. She’d watched as June, who used to be a waitress, got a job and then a better one, and wrote a book as a wedding gift and she refused to be outdone. Disappearing for a minute, she’d returned with a hastily wrapped package. “I want to give you a book,” she said. It was “The Adventures of Superman.” Her allowance had been a bit limited, but the thought was there.

Pam’s brother, Arthur, has also come to live with them. He graduated magna cum laude from USC last summer and the Powells attended the ceremony as Richard put it, “So proud our chins were practically dragging.”

Arthur’s the first student admitted to the new medical school at UCLA. “Now we’ll have a real family doctor,” says Richard.

As the rumors went on, the Powells beg anew working together in “It Happened One Night.” The picture stars June. Richard is producing and directing.

As the films were predicted, “Anybody at M-G-M?” “I’m sorry,” said one expert. “Allyson is temperamental,” said one expert.

Proof may be found on at least one office wall at U-I studio. Thereon is tacked an elaborately printed sign, the large print reads, “Allyson Obnoxious Clubs.”

It’s a membership card and it’s signed by the club president, Jule Allyson. “Just anyone can’t get in,” grins the owner proudly.

As for the temperament, June says, “Some people think others are temperamental because they’re definite.”

She had to learn to be definite. Richard had ten to be definite. “I’m going to tell her when she announced that she was going to take the part of the wife in “The Shrike,” despite the fact that he thought it was a mistake.

As for their working together, when the cipt of “It Happened One Night” was fin, they began discussing one of the scenes at home. There was a slight difference of opinion as to how it should be played. June listened as Richard describe his ideas. “But . . .” she began. Then she sighed, “But who am I to tell you?”

“But I value your opinion,” he told her. “Because you’re such a wonderful actor,” she told him.

Suddenly they were grinning. Instead of tossing furniture they were tossing verbal brass. “Why not,” they thought, “why couldn’t we ever resign from such a mutual admiration society?” laughed June.

A ten-year membership is a long one. “It seems more like ten minutes,” says Richard.

June remembers, too. And it’s doubtful that the Powell of today will ever forget the under- uncertain young girl of yesterday who, as her father, prayed, “Please, God, give us a long together.”
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Don’t Kid Yourself!

(Continued from page 53)

George gives you the impression he likes fame very much, thank you, and likes acting, too, but you don’t feel he’s going to chew his way through any stone walls or climb on any friendship to get either. He’s relaxed like the native Californian he is. Hollywood calls him a lady’s man—in the pleasantest meaning of the phrase. If he is, George doesn’t seem to know it. He’s honest, direct and to the point. If he likes the perfume you’re wearing, he can tell you about it. Look, especially attractive and he’ll note and comment on it. And the girl looking at him (a pleasant sight) starts glowing. It’s no wonder Hollywood gals like Barbara Stanwyck and Martha Hyer and society belles from Pasadena to San Pedro find him good company. So far, George has been able to remain a bachelor. The way he explains it, he has to do with growing up on his part.

"I was terribly and deeply in love with a girl," explained George. "I had every intention, when the war let me off a hunk of dredged-up coral reef called Johnston island, that I might find and marry her. But then came mail call one day and for me the end of a dream.

"There were also two other girls in my life. Since they’re local girls and now happily married, how can I describe them to you? It could make for misunderstanding all around. But I can tell you this: If women are influenced by the men they go around with—and I think you are more influenced by the girls they date.

"I can tell you this much: The first girl I ever dated seriously gave me my first self-knowledge. Her family wasn’t rich money, but in idealism and intellect and they couldn’t have been wealthier. I don’t believe this girl ever had one wicked thought, let alone the idea of doing one wicked act.

"As long as I admired her from a distance, it was fine. But the moment I found myself turning human, wanting her to be a little less flawless, I discovered my own first weakness: I just couldn’t live up to an ideal, all day, every day.

"I think any young person has made a long step forward when he first comes to realize he is not perfect.

"The second girl I was serious about was completely different, though a beauty, too. She was superior to me and taught me many things I wanted to know and learn. Yet we broke up, eventually, because of that very fact—I didn’t like always being the pupil. And then I met the girl—the one who sent me the ‘Dear John’ letter."

George paused again, deeply serious. "Let me say for the purpose of disguise that this girl had two legs and poor posture, which she didn’t. I can only say she made me, for the first time, think of somebody else first. What she wanted to do was what I wanted to do. Her comfort was my first thought, her wishes, her desires. I was a mere Ensign, j.g. in the Navy, a ninety-day wonder who had got a quick brush-up at Harvard to make me ready to wear my uniform. But as long as I had that girl, I felt like a particularly blessed but humble young Prince, bowing down before a Princess. Then, all of a sudden, I was just ‘dear John.’"

A smile flickered in the act of U-I, "You get this kind of wallop to the heart," George continued, coming back to the conversation, and I think what it does to you is to make you want not to hurt anyone else. Later, when I went to India to make ‘Monsoon’ with Ursula Thiess, I couldn’t stop marveling over the kindness of the Indian people. They were always giving us gifts and many courtesies.

"But I’ll tell you something: the first European girl I’d known, so very beautiful, so sweet and yet with such a good head on her shoulders. ‘Monsoon’ should have been a success, but it wasn’t, and ‘Memory of Love’ which I made in Sweden, didn’t get much circulation in this country.

"One thing seeing myself on a screen did—it made me realize all the things I needed to do. And when I came back to this country and encountered an actress like Loretta Young I knew I’d never know, try as I would, one-fifth as much as she does in a month— and one of the laziest people on earth and my idea of a perfect time is to lie on a beach and never move one inch. I knew, though, when U-I signed me, particularly with all the top competition I’ve got around this studio, that it was live alone and work and like it for me if I expected to survive.

"If I had my life to live over again, however, I’d start working on acting right from the beginning. Perhaps there are a fortunate few who know from the beginning what they want to do, but most of us are very undecided about the whole thing for a long time—maybe even past college as I was. I was lucky in that my parents left the matter of choosing what I would do completely up to me. The kids I feel sorry for are the ones whose parents, no matter what, make a decision for them in this period of searching into a life-and-death struggle. It becomes sort of a nightmare of indecision. In most cases, this worry is really needless, because it’s normal not to know."

"The only dangerous part comes in if a person does nothing. You can’t just sit and read comic books until you’re thirty and then at thirty-one expect to discover everything. It doesn’t do anyone good to work that way. You’ve got to keep trying and experimenting with as many different crafts, vocations, hobbies, lines of thought as possible. And make it possible for things to happen to you—nothing happens in a near-vacuum—at least nothing that will turn out to be of much help in deciding on a career or job. heroine.

(Continued on page 55)

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES? Send your votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay. 

In color I want to see: (1) (2)

I want to read stories about: (1) (2)

The features I like best in this issue of Photoplay are: (1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6)

NAME ADDRESS AGE

Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers’ Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
tribute to this goal. I know that I can't achieve it overnight—and I don't want to—but I know, too, that every experience or observation will help prepare me and open doors.

"In thinking about you and your future, it's natural to be influenced by others. For a while it's natural to want to belong, to be part of a group, so we try to dress like everyone in the crowd, to go to the same places, speak the same jargon and ultimately, it seems, almost think the same thoughts. To some extent, when we're young, this is fine. But sooner or later you'll realize the truth in the quotation: 'To thine own self be true.' At some point, you've got to stop and understand, 'I'm an individual.' Only by being an individual will you begin to realize your potentialities and abilities. It's natural to want to be liked and it's easy to try to be like those we admire, but it's foolish and wrong to imitate and pattern ourselves.

"A good example in the motion-picture business would be Marlon Brando. From the beginning, I've enjoyed his work very much. As an actor, he has a great deal of admiration and respect for him. Does this mean I should imitate him or pattern my acting after what he does? Of course not. For proof of how wrong this would be, you have to do is look around a little. A whole bunch of young actors have sprung up, trying to achieve his success by trying to imitate what he does on the screen. People refer to them, and not too kindly as "the Brando school,"—no slur against Marlon, but rather a dig at those who mimic instead of create. They can never achieve Brando's success this way for the simple reason that no one wants a copy.

"I personally feel education is one of the most important factors in achieving success and happiness. A person must never stop learning and experimenting for the sure way to grow and develop as a human being. I can't agree with those who argue if a guy's going to be a mechanic all he needs to know is engines. I see no reason why we all shouldn't try for as much education in as many fields as possible. I don't necessarily mean sitting in a classroom; the library's full of knowledge you can get on your own. The thing to remember is that the more you study and learn in facts and theories, the more you can understand and the more intelligently you can reason for yourself instead of being led.

"The world grows more and more complex. One way to keep from blowing ourselves off of it is through knowledge—not only of science but of human behavior. Education helps us become individuals and helps us appreciate the problems of others. Through learning you can become free, you can create. When I see people waste time, I think it's the fact that all frontiers have been discovered, I cringe. All goals do not have to be planned in terms of conquering wild territory, financial gain, fame or material possessions. We, today, have one of the most thrilling goals in history: To learn more about ourselves and our neighbors, to learn to live in peace and harmony, to understand the tremendously exciting and complex world which is ours today.

"But don't kid yourself, no one's going to do it for you. You've got to do things for yourself, prepare for happiness and growth and not through thought study, and plain hard work. Keep the doors all open to your future, don't say it must happen one way. Know if you stick to your ideals and if they are right, you'll receive intense satisfaction. It's up to you to set them up and pursue them.

"Okay," George smiled sheepishly. "I'm off my soapbox.

THE END

"Whod believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"

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We were drifting apart until...

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TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

American Broadcasting Stations

Here it is—the $5000 PRIZE STORY—in December TRUE STORY MAGAZINE at newsstands now. Don't miss "WOMAN REDEEMED." From degradation to decency!

Having Wonderful Time

(Continued from page 59) on the side as the passengers slowly walked down the runway, played nervously with some silver coins in his hands, twisting and tossing them.

Janet's presence on the plane was obviously known to the other travelers, as they stood waiting at the foot of the runway instead of continuing to the customs. Janet and her mother were the last two to get out of the plane. Janet was wearing a bright red dress, and a tiny hat framed her dainty face, which was wreathed in smiles as she stepped off Tony at the light of the runway. She fell into his arms, and they both disregarded the curious stares of fifty onlookers as they kissed.

"What a life," muttered a male passenger.

But Tony and Janet were oblivious to everything and everyone, as they held each other close for several precious minutes. Then Tony extricated one arm and waived gaily at his mother-in-law, who was in the midst of recounting to a reporter her excitement of being in Paris.

Janet didn't stop chatting for a minute, as Tony led her and Mrs. Morrison to the customs lane to pick up their bags. "Darling, can you imagine us going into the jungles? Do you really think we'll see real wild animals in Kenya? I've had my shots, for every emergency under the sun, smallpox, tetanus, yellow fever, cholera, and trypanosomiasis, whatever that is. And do you know, we have to dust ourselves with DDT powder every night before going to bed.... Yes, porter, that's all my bags... Does anyone around here speak French? Please tell them those are my bags... the DDT powder, that's for the fleas, and we can't go swimming or even take a bath unless the water has been treated chemically. That's now, Mother, what is that against? Oh yes, bilharziasis..." Tony nodded and smiled affectionately at Janet, as he frantically tried to cope with passports, baggage, tickets and the language.

Finally the Curtises found themselves alone with Mrs. Morrison in the luxurious vastness of their car.

"Take it easy," Tony admonished the chauffeur. "I'd like to show a little of Paris to my family." But the only one who got a glimpse of the city on that drive was Mrs. Morrison. She glued her nose to the car window and stared into the dazzling light-sparked panorama of the City of Light.

He debated silently to himself if he should give her the surprise now or later, and decided to wait until they were alone.

Later that evening, after Mrs. Morrison had said good night, Tony took out of his pocket the little surprise he had planned for Janet. "Welcome to Paris," he said as he slipped on the fourth finger of her right hand a diamond ring set in gold.

"Oh, darling, it's beautiful," Janet whispered. "I'll always remember when the Tony had carelessly thrown over his shoulders. Tony's long black curls had been cut to a butch cut for this picture, and in his circus tights he looked like a high school student dressed for the annual school costume party. Janet and her mother followed the parade in the studio car. The streets were filled with huge, skeletonized zebras, most of them American tourists, who photographed the stars with zeal and unconcealed rapture.

As the parade neared the Place de la Concorde, Tony leaned back on his seat and called to Janet, "Come on, darling, get aboard."

Those within earshot echoed Tony's rejoicing, and began to cry, "Yes, Janet, let's see you on the screen."

So Janet climbed out of the car, and Tony helped her onto the float. For the rest of the parade, as it wended its way through the streets of Paris back to the circus grounds, Janet was at Tony's side, waving to the crowds and throwing kisses right and left.

Janet's second time at the circus impressed her more and more. She felt that a part of Tony's part in the picture. In the week since he had seen her, Tony had graduated to flying solo without a safety belt, a progress which astonished experienced aerialists, each of whom was rated by his tutors to the rank of "yugo." A "yugo" is an apprentice flyer who stands on the platform catching the bars and waiting for the production staff to cry to him, "Now, next time, you go."

A few times Tony missed the bar and fell into the safety net. Each time that happened Janet would jump up from her seat, paralyzed with fear.

Tony managed to convince her that there was really no great danger as long as that net was there, and it was certainly to everyone's interest that the net be there. Janet was a little reassured. What she desired was to be taken to the streets of Paris, and visit the Louvre, and be shown all parts of France to this center distribution point. It is the place to go for the traditional onion soup after a night on the town.

Admirers of the late great French novelist Colette, they were shown directly to their apartment by passing Colette's house at the Palais Royal, filled with memories of this extraordinary woman.

The next day was a memorable one for them. Since the Monday was a French holiday, Tony didn't have to work, so he decided to go back to London with Janet. But there was no time to take the train, so for the very first time in his life he took a plane. To Tony, this was indisputable proof of how much those few hours gained meant to him.

Tony spent the day visiting Janet on the set of her picture, "Safari," filming at Elstree studios, leased by Columbia. In-
between scenes they would snatch a few moments and relax on a haystack adjoining the studios’ grounds.

The following weekend Janet and Tony went to their first Paris social affair as guests of Gina Lolobrigida and her husband at a formal dance in Paris’ smart Laurent Restaurant. Set in the park, the brushtory and woods shielding it from the noise of the neighboring Champs Elysees, its orchestra playing ever so softly, Laurent’s was a setting made for romance. As the rest of the guests talked movies and played, Janet and Tony danced—in the quiet woods, lit by a bright moon. The heady night air smelled of jasmine and roses as Tony and Janet danced. While the others ate salmon and chicken and wild strawberries, they danced. The other guests, lasted and prepared to leave; they piled up at the stairs, hand in hand, and danced.

Tony and Janet’s last two weekends in Paris before Janet’s departure for Kenya were spent in quiet simplicity and solitude.

One of their purchases had been a tiny motor scooter, big enough for two, and they used it for their excursions. Janet wore a pair of Bermuda shorts and an old raincoat of Tony’s, while he donned his blue jeans and a striped jersey.

Then off they went to explore the magnificent park of St. Cloud, and the hilltop forest of Meudon and the rustic villages immortalized by the painters of France. They avoided the ins and country restaurants and took picnic lunches which Janet had made.

Another Sunday they explored the city on foot. Strolling aimlessly along the banks of the Seine, past the fine bridges, watching the quiet waters, their silver sheen breaking into an occasional ripple with the passage of a boat, Janet and Tony could have been any young couple in love.

Thereafter, if they avoided with care... Janet’s trip to Kenya, for example. But Janet couldn’t stop thinking: “What is he going to do here all alone?” And Tony echoed her thoughts, also to himself.

They had taken a practical step to minimize as much as possible Tony’s loneliness during her absence. At Janet’s suggestion, they had taken the apartment in the Georges-V Hotel. Thus Tony could always wander down to the bar or any of the public rooms to gab with the crew members from the “Trap- eze” unit.

Janet had promised she would phone whenever her unit came to a civilized spot, as he could not phone her. There would be letters of course, and cables, but it was all so unsatisfactory.

Luckily there was the Dream, of the day when Kenya would be a past adventure, only a pair of Bermuda shorts and an old raincoat of Tony’s, while he donned his blue jeans and a striped jersey. Janet and Tony have ridden the waves of cruel gossip which hinted at separation; they have laughed at the insinuation that their relationship has ended; they have fought a silent battle against such intangible influences which are trying to part them.

They have protested in vain to those who will not understand that this is the good old-fashioned type of love, punctuated by occasional quarrels and misunderstandings of course, but based on a solid foundation of trust and comprehension.

Here in Paris they have found an atmosphere which answers their mood of intimacy and warmth, a city which revolues around and lives for love.

Yes, in this city where Love is the keynote to the national fugue, Tony and Janet are right in tune.

THE END
It's all part of a package," he said. "This picture, 'Trial,' isn't too far from it. It's about a Mexican kid who's exploited by appeals to race violence. That wouldn't be so hard, especially here in Los Angeles. I try to think what it must be to be young and poor and Mexican in this, but my mind gags. You read the local papers, the kid gangsters and the killings and muggings, and it's true that the pattern of names is predominantly Mexican. And you get sore for a minute and think to yourself, why? I tried to find out. The kids talk if they don't think you're stepping on their toes. Lord knows, their toes are touchy by now. But here's what it comes to. The chip's on their shoulder because it's put there. They might've started out with good will. Then one night they find out they can't seem to get in a service in a better drive-in or a table in a restaurant where there seem to be plenty of tables. They're not misbehaving either. There's only one taboo thing they are doing; they're being young Mexicans. The first experience frightens them. And the next time disillusion's them. And the times after that you've got a different person. Now they're on the offensive.

Ford shoved his chair back. "I'm over-generalizing. I admit it. These problems are a few kids are vicious and would be no matter what their environment. And I know that not all restaurant-owners are guilty of discrimination. But the basic situation's there."

"I don't know, we pay a lot of lip-service to tolerance, and there's not a person I've met who wouldn't be sore if you called him an idiot. But let me tell you about some of the mail Elly's show has got."

Mrs. Ford, see Eleanor Powell, has retired from a glittering career in films to be Mrs. Ford. It is the producer of a charming Los Angeles television show, a kind of Sunday-school class for children. "One Sunday," he said, "we had a choir of children—mixed. There were Mexican, Negro, Anglo-Saxon, really very nice. We worked hard on it. Well, some of the mail was stunning, especially to Elly. But some of the mail on that show—not most of it, but some of it. And there was something about the races, for daring to intermingle whites with others. It was hard to believe. These were little children they were talking about, remember—little children, utterly innocent, all for a one-hour sermon."

Ford leaned far back, supporting his chair with his hands holding the edge of the table. "My son, Peter, is eleven," he said. "There's no delinquency there—for one thing because he's pretty young for it, and another, because there's not a lot of delinquency where we live. And I'm not talking about the neighborhood, but it fits into the environmental program. The main reason, though, is something else.

"It's just having a very loving home. So he feels secure; anyway, we hope and pray this is so. For instance, there are certain parental rules. So far as an order to Peter is concerned, neither Elly nor I ever consider it, but we do. But if it's not put him confused and therefore insecure. The so-called 'delinquent' kids do come from a background where there's neither love nor security."

"Now Peter's not an angel or a perfect child. I'd be worried about him if he were. He came home just the other day with a smashed-up bicycle. That wasn't bad, but he'd been riding in a place where I'd asked him not to ride. Well, he knows he has only one bicycle and it's up to him to fix it or get it fixed—out of his allowance. It isn't up to the system.

"Abruptly Ford broke stride. "But my very first reflex of all was what it always is—to tell him the same thing had happened to me. I want him to identify his troubles with me. I want him to think the system is working out fine."

"As for what you might call bad trouble, he's not vulnerable. He works his energy out in other ways; exercise at school or boxing and playing ball."

Ford sighed and dropped the legs of his chair back to the floor. "One night a few weeks ago, though, we had something more serious than a bicycle. A lot more serious. Peter had made friends with some children a few blocks away, and of course they'd asked him to the house. Their parents were home. It seems he overheard the older people talking. After he got back, he didn't say much for a while, but I could tell he was puzzled. Then he came out with it. A derogatory remark had been made about some people in the neighborhood. And Elly had a pet idea that a neighborhood could be degraded by the residence of a group whose religion, according to what he'd overheard, was anathema to God."

"Well, we could straighten it out without making an issue. Peter's a little young for that sort of issue—yet. Anyway, a child that age wouldn't be oppressed for long. But there you are. Elly and I don't know these particular parents and it's a safe guess we wouldn't want to. The kids you tend to feel sorry for. But I'd be just as happy if Peter wouldn't go back right now."

Ford settled his shoulders and smiled thinly. "Maybe it's trouble, I don't know. Some of our smartest people out here feel an aggrieved sense of horror in public beyond acknowledging it's a nice day. But you've got to live with yourself, too. And a thing like this, if I didn't stand up to be counted, I'd feel ashamed. Okay. I'm standing against religious and racial bias. Count me."

Very well, if Glenn Ford wishes to make a stand on elementary human rights that he has, in his week of being counted, he has a lot of right to. His three-year hitch with the tough, spartan Marines in World War II was his idea, and he wasn't just fighting for laughs. It seemed to him there was a reason for fighting the battle and one not too far removed from what he has been saying here.
The Christmas I'll Never Forget

(Continued from page 41) we had Chris did I really understand what it meant.

Piper Laurie found something Christmas 1950 in Korea. That night when I went to pick up the music box with me, I kept it in my room for many years. In fact, I still have it put away with a doll that I've kept through the years. And when my little girl is five, I'll use it in silver paper, tie it with silver ribbon and top it with a silver bell, and hope it will make her Christmas as happy and unforgettable as it did mine.

"My first Christmas at home was one I'll never forget," says Tab Hunter. "I was in the Coast Guard. I'd enlisted at fifteen and they hadn't, as yet, found out that I was underage. On Thanksgiving Day I was sent on a thirty-day weather patrol. This meant I couldn't return until after Christmas, but my mother insisted that I would be home. I kept writing orders were orders, but she never gave up. Sure as shooting, she was positive I would be home to spend the holidays with her and my brother Walter, as I had every year of my life."

Toward the end of December, we were in the middle of the Pacific and one of the men had an attack of appendicitis. The captain decided to return to port for an emergency operation. For all I know whether we would make it by Christmas. I recall one night standing lookout watch and saying to myself, 'One foot nearer home.'

Well, to make a long story short, I arrived in Long Beach in a driving rainstorm, at five P.M., Christmas Eve. I had no money so I hitched up to Los Angeles and arrived just in time to open the Christmas presents with my family—just as my mother had been sure I would. They knew, mothers do—somehow.

"When I was a little girl," says Debbie Reynolds, "our whole family worked together to make Christmas a happy time. My brother Bill and I would decorate everything in sight from the big tall evergreen tree to the Christmas cookies. We loved to make wreaths of holly and mistletoe and hang them on the neighbors' doors, then ring the bell and run. And we'd always hide nearby so we could see their reactions. I never quite realized, until the Christmas of fifty-two, when I was in Korea, why we did this.

"I didn't truly appreciate the meaning of giving until I spent my first Christmas overseas for American servicemen. And when the Far East orphans were brought in truckloads over snow-swep, wind-blowed roads to the Army camps. I'll never forget their faces when they saw the turkey and cranberries or when they heard the Christmas carols. And how busy our servicemen were in showing others the true meaning of Christmas by giving of themselves.

"One soldier in Seoul taught six little girls to sing Silent Night, teaching himself the words of the song in Korean. Another GI helped some boys make a manger out of firewood.

"This is the Christmas I'll never forget," Debbie said. "I understood that no matter how small a gift, a carol sung, a drawing on a blackboard, a wreath of holly hung on a neighbor's door—it makes the Christmas Star shine brighter. Ever since, I've wanted to give something of myself, not only to my family and friends and," Debbie twinkle, "to Eddie—but to people all over the world. Since I cannot do this, the best I can do is to send a Merry Christmas wish to everybody, everywhere.

And from all of us, too, a Merry Christmas to everybody, and especially to you.

The End
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Pompeian Milk Facial Cream

Imported Glamour, Italian Style

(Continued from page 48)
dances. Pier was not deeply interested in ballet, she confided; she wanted to become an actress, a tragedienne like Italy’s immortal Eleonora Duse. It was always like that with the twin sisters. They were separate personalities with divergent interests. Because they are fraternal twins, they look no more alike than the usual pair of sisters and, as time passed, they found that many of their tastes (even in boys) differed.

Whispering at night, they compared notes. Pier said, “Of course, I would want to marry someday and have a family.”

Marisa insisted, “I may never marry. If I could become a ballerina nothing else would matter much.”

Mrs. Pierangeli, recognizing the extent of Marisa’s talent and the intensity of her ambition, made arrangements for her to take ballet lessons. After the first few periods of instruction, the ballet teacher spoke breathlessly to Mrs. Pierangeli, “Your child is so gifted, she has the greatest natural instinct for ballet I have encountered in years.”

The praise meant only one thing to Marisa: Her dream might become reality. If what the dancing mistress said was true, Marisa would work even harder.

During all that wondrous month, Marisa moved on enchanted feet. Then her father learned about her lessons.

Mr. Pierangeli was head of the family in the protective, classical European tradition. During his own boyhood, the theatre and those who worked in it had been regarded askance by proper people of substantial family background. Repeatedly he had said, “Never will I permit a daughter of mine to have anything to do with the stage—not in any form.”

After a stormy scene, during which everyone wept, Marisa’s lessons were discontinued. This night the twins conferred again. They would run away. They would save their allowances and their Christmas money, and they would slip away some night. Somehow, though, they never did.

Marisa and Pier were seven when Hitler marched against Poland; they were fifteen when the postwar Italian film industry began to make its influence felt throughout the world. Pier was spotted on the street one day by a famous producer willing a fresh young girl for a role in his new production. When the producer discussed the part with Pier, she explained that her father was totally opposed to acting as a career for her daughters. She must decline.

A few days later Pier was spied in an art gallery by director-actor Vittorio de Sica; he wanted her for the same film. After hearing her story about her strait-laced father, he called upon Mrs. Pierangeli.

Although understanding her husband’s bias, Mrs. Pierangeli had ambitions for her beautiful daughters. In the old prewar days her reactions might have been different, but she had lived through a war. Life, Mrs. Pierangeli reasoned, was difficult at best.

While they, as a family, had been remarkably fortunate, six years of war did not leave them unmarked. Marisa, for example, was unable to plan for the future. To this day, she holds tomorrow in suspicion.

She says quickly to her family, when some wistful — dropped about doing something a year from now, “Don’t talk about time far away. When the future comes, we meet the situation as it exists then.”

A child of war, thought Mrs. Pierangeli when she first observed Marisa’s mistrust of time to be. And, she thought, the theatre—whether live or on film—is a world of make-believe, infinitely kind to those it choos’es as its own. Kind because it opens fresh vistas. Kind because its rewards are generous. Why not experiment?

The sisters, dressing for school in exchanged clothing because what belonged to one always belonged to the other, discus-sed the possibilities. “If I make a success as an actress, maybe I can find ways to get you a dance opportunity,” Pier assured Marisa.

“An actress and a ballerina in the family! If only Papa would not refuse,” Marisa prayed.

Mrs. Pierangeli said nothing to her husband about Pier’s studio visits until the deadline hour when, as legal guardian, he had to sign the film contract. By that time cameras were ready to roll; wardrobes were completed, rehearsals were done, all the preliminaries had been satisfied. To have refused to sign invited possible litigation.

Grimbling, Father Pierangeli signed with the proviso that Pier was to make one film. “Only one,” he warned.

But theatre-owners took one look at their first Pier Angeli film, noted the musical cascade of silver at the boxoffice and forever ended Mr. Pierangeli’s plan.

At this point, a tremendous change took place in the life of Marisa, but in reverse. Whereas Pier found herself in the midst of a vivid new existence, meeting exciting new people, learning fascinating new tech-

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“WOMAN REDEEMED”

He was a criminal, he was no good. In her heart, she was no longer his wife—yet she risked her life fighting those who denied him justice!
niques, Marisa became the stay-at-home. Mrs. Pierangelí had to remain on the set with Pier at all times, so it fell to Marisa’s lot to become baby sister Patrizia’s full-time charged d’aﬀaires. “Patrizia was not yet a year old,” Marisa explains. “She kept me always on the jump.”

Marisa has her responsibilities, too: sweeping and dusting the house, making the beds, washing dishes, ironing the slightly blouses that are so much a part of the Italian summertime, and preparing certain portions of the family dinner to simplify her mother’s tasks at the end of the studio day.

Marisa particularly remembers one day, bustling it started with the tomato sauce simmering on the back of the stove. Marisa—one eye on the baby contentedly kicking and rolling in her playpen—started one of those impassable telephone conversations which helped pass her day. There were rules about the telephone. Fifteen minutes per conversation; no call—back permitted in less than two hours.

But when the Los Angeles was no one around to enforce the rules and when the baby was good, Marisa could see no reason for inhibiting her social life. After all, since she had quit school at fifteen it was possible, she had the average teenager’s conviction that the world owed her something in return, if only an active telephone existence.

Her social life was yapping along nicely on this particular afternoon when she was interrupted by thunderous poundings on the front door. Neighbors arrived via the back door, but Marisa’s present was screeching around the corner.

“Hold the wire one moment,” Marisa told her caller. “There must be trouble.”

Rushing to the kitchen, she found it filled with curious neighbors wielding fire extinguishers. Soon came the firemen shouting questions. Eventually the blackened tomato sauce and the molten remains of the aluminum container were cleared away and the room was aired.

Marisa returned to the telephone, blantly announced, “I have had bad luck with our tomato sauce. I’ll talk tomorrow,” and set about, as best she could, to remove the evidence of her crime.

There is no point in going into the next scene. Mrs. Pierangelí said all the things the average nineteenth woman would have said, and the disapproval of Mr. Pierangelí was as black as that of any American father. “Doghouse for Marisa,” she laughs now.

Often, with a fretful baby to tend, the ironing to do and dinner to prepare, Marisa shared her father’s disapproval of careers for women—other than ballerinas, of course—without responsibility un-just. Even so, though, she was tremendously proud of Pier and listened avidly to reports about the studio.

Long after their light was out at night, the two of them would act the various roles Pier was working on. Pier was maturing rapidly, learning new arts and graces. But it was Marisa who had the experience with homely love. One of the boys to whom she talked regularly on the telephone, punctuated his report on local happenings one afternoon with the abrupt declaration, “I love you, you know.”

For several moments Marisa was so startled that she could think of nothing at all to say except, “Oh?”

When silence persisted at the other end of the wire she asked, “Are you there?”

The boy said he was on the wire but that he considered “Oh?” a strange reply to a declaration of love. “What does it mean?”

Haltingly, Marisa tried to explain, just as millions of American girls in precisely the same spot have tried, that he liked him very much; perhaps she liked him better than other boys she knew. But she was not in love.

Still, the fact that she was beloved added flavor to her days. That one particular telephone call each afternoon was something to anticipate in the morning, something to discuss with Pier every night. Pier had so much to talk about; it was pleasant for Marisa to have at least one fascinating topic of conversation.

Happily enough, the boy was an imaginative brute. On one occasion he sent Marisa a recording of a Chopin waltz together with a note: “This is the way it is supposed to be played.” He had listened, during the long open-windowed hours of summer, to Marisa’s labored mutilation of the melody until he had been driven to constructive action.

On other occasions he sent books he thought Marisa would enjoy: the works of Voltaire, a Goethe collection, Steinbeck’s “Of Mice and Men,” and the poems of Garcia Lorca. As it turned out, these were the poems with which Marisa spent the gloomiest Christmas Eve of her life.

After the sudden death of Mr. Pierangelí, the family made it a habit to travel with Pier when she was signed to make a picture away from Rome. Mrs. Pierangelí, Pier, Marisa and Patrizia were living in a hotel suite in Paris while Pier was working in a French film, and there Christmas of 1951 found them.

The only traditional touch of Noel that the Pierangelí had the spirit to bring to their foreign quarters was a small Christmas tree for Patrizia. She found it enchanting, but the rest of the family could only note that the tinsel had tarnished in the damp French climate. How they ached for home and friends, the soft air and blue winter sky of Rome!

On Christmas Eve Pier was invited to attend an elegant party. Reasoning that she might as well be wretched while dreaming instead of turning blue with homesickness in a hotel suite, she accepted the invitation.

Marisa and her mother tucked Patrizia into bed, then put a bottle of champagne on ice. “Several hours between now and time for the midnight toast,” Marisa said. “We might as well read.”

Marisa’s choice material was what book occupied her mother’s time, but the pages she scanned—through her tears—were leaves in her precious volume of Garcia Lorca’s poems.

At midnight she and her mother met in the living room, poured their champagne, touched glasses and lifted a toast “To the health, happiness and prosperity of the Pierangelí” Both had difficulty swallowing.

Certainly neither had any faintest notion that the next Christmas would be spent in Los Angeles, or that when someone should ask the Pierangelí what book she read for Christmas dinner she would reply, “A hot dog or a hamburger”—and mean it.

To this day she maintains that—like native born teenagers—they could live indeﬁnitely on hot dogs, hamburgers and ice cream sodas.

However, Marisa’s first reaction to the U. S. was that, to look down at it from a hotel window, was exactly like the frantic activity of an “it” heap. The trafﬁc struck her as being the most appalling instance of pure frenzy she had ever seen. “I can’t watch,” she announced, turning her head away.

She would have scoffed had anyone told her someday she would negotiate Los Angeles boulevards with only an occasional shrill.

“My second American problem,” she says, “had to do with money.” Spending it,
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be like. I flew in a jet from Rome to London and back again last year, and I never wanted to take off in a jet again. Never. Perhaps I'm old-fashioned. I don't care. The kind of flying is too terrible for the human body to endure. To be honest—I truly hate jets.

What does she love?

Right up to the top of the list is her love for her son of Piers Angeli and Vic Damone. If Pier is the most devoted young mother in Hollywood at the moment, Marisa is the most devoted aunt. When she discovered that the only children of her sister, Lesley, would have a month during the month of August when the baby was due, she shrugged and said, "Then—no vacation. I am not going to be out of the world except here when that baby is born."

So there you have Marisa: a self-styled "old-fashioned" girl who has ridden jet airliners; a practical girl who has passed out the Free and Fast, take a marathon telephone conversationalist who dislikes cooking; an independent girl who likes her own apartment but who spends most of her free hours with the family she adores; a millionaire brought up on wines and champagne who would rather have a chocolate malt any day—with hamburger.

We suggest you keep an eye on her. She's going places. She and her husband, recently, have been the conference of the to the top of the list of the in the can of the most popular.
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(Continued from page 62) generation that women have been thrusting themselves into economic, political and domestic roles so far as to feel superior to the men they've married. And let me tell you something. The day we accomplish this, will be a sad one for women, for we will realize, too late, that something precious has gone out of our lives; that men no longer look upon us as beings to be shielded and loved. We asked for equality in all things and we'll get it—right on the button.

Miss Russell thinks that being reared in a family composed largely of males was one of the things that ever happened to her. The eldest of five children and the only girl, she learned early how to get along with men. Her father, a sternly religious man, was old-fashioned, a strong factor in his life and to believe that a man was the head of his house. His wise mother lovingly assured him that he was right. She taught her children that their father was the final authority; that God was the author of their being; that He was responsible for all the good and the evil in their lives, providing they used the talents He gave them. Miss Russell believes these things as firmly today as she did when she was a mere ten years old.

"Even now," she said, "I find myself more at ease in the company of men than I do with women. I think it's the result of years of trying to get along with the male ego."

In Hollywood, where rumor often parades for truth, Jane has been able to emerge with her married life unscarred, with only a few scratches. When in Las Vegas for the premiere of her picture, "The Las Vegas Story," she accidentally acquired a lula of a black eye in getting out of a car as a gust of wind slammed the door in her face. It happened that Bob Waterfield, her husband, who rarely accompanied her, as a matter of fact had preceded her to Las Vegas, hoping to get in a couple of days of fishing at Lake Mead. Being one who does not like premieres, and not a picture happens to be one that stars his wife, Bob left Las Vegas earlier so he was unaware of Jane's black eye.

Knowing that Waterfield had returned to Los Angeles and was getting a gander at Jane's purple eye, the newsmen and wire service writers put two and two together and came up with ten. Jane, they thought, and her individual spouse had finally had the big fight. Being good reporters they called Jane on the phone. She gave them the facts and they printed them—but with a sly, tongue-in-cheek shading which permitted the reader to say, "Oh, yeah?"

On the following day before boarding her plane for home, Jane called her husband on the telephone. "Here we go again, honey," she said. "Have you seen the papers?"

"I heard some rumors. Looks like I showed you!"

That's what the reporters think. So you'd better be at the airport to meet me, even though the studio will have a car there to take me home.

It was the end of that particular rumor and Jane smiles about it now. "I don't blame the reporters," she said. "They have their job to do and generally they're as fair as one could ask. After all, I did have a shiner that looked as if I'd walked into a mule's hind hoof—and Robert had taken off for home."

A warm-hearted girl who admires talent in others and likes to acknowledge it, Jane is often the target of venom-tipped gossip coupling her with her leading men. It doesn't seem to matter greatly what the situation amounts to or who the male lead happens to be. The whisperers require only that he be handsome and verile looking. Bob Mitchum was the perfect party of the second part. Talk began to be heard at cocktail parties. "That Mitchum!" the behind-the-scenes critics said, 'with his pantherish walk and cool, woman-baiting eye! Did you see how he kissed her in their last picture? Now far be it from me to spread, but . . ."

When the Mitchum talk faded out through sheer inanition and the fact that Dorothy Mitchum and Jane continued to be close friends, the whisperers seized upon Richard Egan. "Gossipers even call the studio," an RKO publicist said. "With each new story we can expect, almost mathematically, a certain number of inquiries."

Asked if her husband was ever aware of this heated gossip, Jane said: "He never gave the slightest indication of it. Robert has a remarkable faculty of keeping his mind free of such garbage. That is one of the things that has contributed largely to our happiness together."

Another ability of Bob's which has helped keep their marriage free from the petty squabbles that have wrecked so many others, is his insistence that they lead their own lives. For instance, he has never expressed an opinion regarding his wife's roles in pictures. He recognizes Jane's obligations to Howard Hughes, to whom she is under personal contract, and has confidence in her own judgment. "When 'The French Line,' a picture that was pretty sharply criticized, came out," Jane said, "Robert never so much as offered an opinion. I suppose he saw it, but he didn't talk about it at all to me."

RKO, too, has never had to be concerned about her husband interfering in any way with her picture-making routine. Jane recalls only one instance where Bob exercised his authority as her husband—and even then it was by invitation.

"This happened while I was making 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' at Twentieth."

"It was a pretty strenuous picture and I was working very hard. Suddenly, in the middle of a scene I collapsed. I came to in my dressing room and started to give them the old line that I'd be okay in a couple of minutes, you know, but they didn't believe me. Instead, they called Robert and he hurried out to the studio. He took one look at me and said: 'You're going home, honey,' That was one time when I gave him no arguments. I just fell over!"

Miss Russell, however, is quick to dispel any impression that her home life with Bob is one long list of tranquillity. It isn't. Despite her best efforts and his, they are both unable to conquer her great and abiding fault—trigger-quick impatience. She wants speech, action, written communications, everything, pared to the bone; has utterly no time for embroidery or nonessentials.

Waterfield, a deliberate, logical-thinking person, likes to prepare the groundwork of any discussion he has with his wife. She can stand it only so long and then explodes like a hand grenade. "We get to the point fast enough, then," she said,
"...and I spout a lot of harsh things I'm sorry for a second later. So far, our quarrels—and there have been plenty—have never got out of hand and I don't believe that that ever happens, it will be my fault."

One of the biggest flaws in their marriage has been Jane's frequent and lengthy absences from home on personal-appearance tours. A self-centered, nonregretful man who avoids Hollywood gatherings, Bob chooses to remain at home and play golf when his wife is away on some exploitation junket. Of late, however, these lengthy trips have grown fewer and fewer. The reason for this is that Bob, finding himself increasingly alone on Saturdays and Sundays reacted like any normal male. For cement and refreshment by weekend golf sessions with other addicts while Jane, when home, sat, lonely in the living room, wondering what had happened.

They both quickly saw they were drifting apart. "I'm not certain of which of us made the first move," Jane said, "but I think I did. Anyway, we got the trouble talked out and came up with an understanding. I'd cut the trips to the barest minimum and he'd drop golf on Sundays. Now when my studio calls up and outlines a new rough-and-ready picture, I say, 'Sorry. My old man wants me to stay home on weekends and he's boss. You'll have to talk to him about it.'"

So it has been only within the last eighteen months that Robert has identified himself in any manner with his wife's career in motion pictures. Until that time, his attitude was coolly, even remotely objective toward the films in which Jane appeared. He kept his nose deep in his own business—football and related activities.

Then, with the organization of Russ-Field, Bob became a president and immediately found himself floundering in the unfamiliar movie element.

"I was aware that he was suffering," Jane said. "I could almost see him lose weight as he lay awake night after night trying to think his way through a pretty dark time. But I knew something else, too. Robert had to fight this out on his own. So I stood womanly by, watching him grow more and more harassed and careworn. Then, quite suddenly, he began to get his feet under him. I could see a new ease, a fresh confidence in his manner—something that Robert dreamed of. And then, suddenly, his long losses down-field began to click. His deception was smooth as silk and the team started to come home.

"It's the same now. Robert can talk to technicians in their own language and his skill in handling the business details of Russ-Field is amazing. I needn't have worried in the first place, really. It was just that I hated to see him suffer. But I should have remembered how well he had always managed our family finances. From the beginning of our marriage, Robert collected my salary as well as his own and gave it an allowance. It worked out fine, but I never seemed to have much spending money, not even enough for tips in restaurants and parking-lot fees. It's funny, actually, the number of times I've had to confess I didn't have a dime with me. I'm still on a pretty scant allowance, for that matter."

With the signing of her new Howard Hughes contract which calls for six pictures—three on loan-out to other studios and the others to be made when and where Hughes chooses—and with her husband assuming management of their new company, Miss Russell has reached the point in her career which she has been eagerly awaiting. Professional and financial considerations being largely eliminated, she can now devote much of her time to the rearing of her two adopted children, Thomas, five, and Tracy, a girl, four. Also she will have additional time for the child adoption organization called WAIFS, which she originated. There will be, too, greater opportunity for the selection of good stories for her future pictures. She hopes to find more like "Gentlemen Marry Bru- nettes." Russ-Field's first release, "Foxfire," "The Tall Men," "Tambourine" and "Underwater!" This last-named picture, incidentally, caused something of a furor in the East. "Japan has been spared the mambo until last fall," said Time magazine, "when touring bandsman Xavier Cugat introduced it. But it did not really catch on until the Japanese saw Jane Russell do the Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White mambo in the film "Underwater!"

Today, everyone agrees, Jane is on the top of the world. Jane knows it, too. At the apex of her career, slarchy, impatient, big-hearted, phony-hating Jane Russell is looking about, catching a long breath. With money in the bank, a husband who adores her and two healthy children, she's thankful for her good luck. She's built a world of happiness only complete revolution could destroy. And being Jane, you can safely bet she's no intention of letting that happen.

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A Dream Come True

(Continued from page 42)
and found each other again, bowing at their weddings as if it were "all apart" again.

Tired of prying eyes and inquisitive headlines, Debbie and Eddie took great precaution to keep their wedding arrangements a secret. The planning really were complete before Eddie left Hollywood in early September for New York. "It's a secret," he pledged, and not until September 16, the day before the marriage, did the news leak out. Even then, Debbie was cautious. She refused to comment, didn't even lend her hint to anxious society editors about her growing happinessable.

In fact, the news broke only by clever work of the press, which put two and two together and got a wedding. If, it rea

Some people even said I was marrying Eddie for his money," Debbie goes on with a note of frank wonderment in her voice. "I don't need his money. I have money of my own. I need is the love and affection of a good man, and that's what I've found in Eddie. I admire him so very much.

"A few people had tried to picture Eddie as an incompetent surrounded by a pack of chemists. But I've never tried that. I've pictured Mr. Blackstone managing Eddie's life. There was no truth to it. Mr. Blackstone has never interfered with our lives.

He's our unspoken friend. I feel like my family. He remains quietly in the background. As for the kids around Eddie, all of them have a job and they do it well. They're all good, and I feel I have the benefit of all the departments. If I were working alone, I would have to have a few people employed around me, too."

Take Eddie Fisher's word for this, too. "Nobody's dictating my personal life. It's my own. The people around me have never interfered nor would they want to."

And some of the things said about Mill

Blackstone, his movie and his friends, who's been like a father to him, Eddie will never understand.

"I never cared what they said about me, but Mr. Blackstone was just an innocent bystander. He wouldn't hurt anybody or anything in this whole world. Not only me—he wouldn't hurt anybody. He has never managed me in anything, he has never controlled me, and even then he only suggested. He's the finest man I've ever had an interest in me. He's far from the things they said."

As for that shocking news story that Deb

brie was breaking her engagement because Eddie's manager was trying to make her embrace his religion, "That was really below the belt," says Eddie.

To Debbie the thought in itself is incred

ible. "The important thing with Eddie and me is that we both believe in God. The difference in religions doesn't matter. For anybody to accuse Mr. Blackstone or Eddie of trying to change our religion," she breaks off and adds slowly, "that's false—and not a very nice thing to say."

"Rumors start a lot of trouble, and there have been so many rumors regarding our affairs. Where they came from we don't know. Certainly not from Eddie or from me. Some of them have quoted 'relatives' and 'close friends' but none of this has come from reliable sources or from friends. These stories have hurt us—and some people very dear to us have been hurt, too. The most things about my mother—none of them are true."

"Eddie and I didn't want to hurt anybody by being in love. And we hope we haven't really hurt anybody. We're very happy and we just want everybody to be as happy as we are," Debbie goes on.
It's tough pretending, forgetting those months when life was no longer set to music for Eddie Fisher. Months when he lost so much weight, became tense and trigger-nerved and lost all heart for show business and for his first love—the music that had taken him out of the tenements and into fame's sweet embraces.

Tough pretending for those who watched Debbie Reynolds shadow away and lose all the laughter that hides the kittenheart of a very sensitive girl.

It's hard to pretend they never happened, the days when a gallant little girl who'd fought so hard for her happiness could fight no more. Outside a gay red Thunderbird sailed the Boy Next Door. But the shades of the green stucco bungalow in Burbank were carefully drawn. And inside Debbie Reynolds lay in a state of complete shock and despair, seemingly unconscious of the world outside her. For the voice calling her from more than 3000 miles. Eddie Fisher called her name over and over again that summer afternoon, coaxing her back to the world outside where they'd once been so happy together.

Today it never happened. They're writing it off. But the true story behind the love affair of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher lies behind their successful struggle to straighten out their lives and forget those months after Eddie's unpublicized flight to Hollywood. They couldn't keep their original wedding date—foretells how much the future means.

So much has been said. So much written. And so little truth.

Ironically enough, they had even been accused of using that publicity to hypno two lugging careers and eke them by. "Someone said the studio had dropped me. The studio never dropped me. And Eddie was tops in his business. But we complicated our lives," Debbie says now.

Those with short memories forget that Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher fell in love in spite of publicity—not to further it. When you hear of the breaking of their respective careers, Debbie's saucy sparkle had zoomed her to the top of every magazine poll. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had given her a new contract with a triple raise. Eddie, one of the most popular young singing stars, the romantic idol of younger America. He'd chalked up an unprecedented 19 hits and four gold discs at RCA and he was turning down motion-picture contracts from every studio in Hollywood.

Careervise, it's to their credit they've fought for their marriage and future that they could not marry. In fact, the Eddie Fisher office have come thousands of letters from feminine fans begging him not to marry. And what marriage will do to a career is next to be determined.

When they met, her smash performance in "Susan Slept Here" was opening new vistas as a dramatic star, but Debbie made it very plain her career came a very poor second compared to marrying the boy she loved and having a home and family. Debbie would have stepped down but fast from her throne.

"My career has never been a problem," she says. "Some other reason from the moment they met Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds fought a losing battle for privacy. To the public they were love's young dream come true. Thinking of their first date their public took over the love story of the handsome young baritone and the girl in the red lace dress sitting ringside at the Coconut Grove. A panting press, a babel of voices.

Debbie's mother answered the columnist who called constantly for romantic items with, "Look, Frannie's been through this before. When she dates a boy, you start marrying her. Why don't you give the kids a break?"

Eddie Fisher couldn't get over it. "This is the craziest place ever!" he would laugh. "You think it's funny, huh? Well, I'm going to give them your number and let you talk to them," Mrs. Reynolds would threaten, something.

"Oh, no!" he'd recoil in horror.

During these first weeks, a little stuff lion and a small fluff of a white French poodle, Fanny Fisher, made animal history. Eddie's could go where and how and where he would give her an engagement ring became a matter of almost international conjecture. A de- terrent, for Debbie's "to stop pushing" them. As she told Photoplay's reporter then, "They not only want to walk you down the aisle, they want to shoot you down. To columnist they said, "If you're going to marry them you wouldn't be pushed all the time. If anything happens, it's going to have to happen naturally. We have lots of time."

But Eddie and Debbie had long-gaged weeks, finally they were re- signed, it was just bigger than both of them. Their engagement was announced at a cocktail party for 500 in the Crystal Room on the Mayflower. From the first, they both went on record as believing in long engagements. As Debbie said, "You don't know anybody unless you've known them a long time. It's been a comfort to them a continent apart. "That's the thing, of course," Eddie Fisher said then. He was going to try to arrange to do his Cocoa Cola TV shows, from Hollywood, "at some time," he said, adding "that might be all right, too." That would be a test of the distance—the months—and their love. Little did they know how much their feeling for each other would be tested later on. They went on record right from the beginning and they stayed there, but there were too many people with short memories.

But Eddie and Debbie always wanted a small wedding—"just intimate friends and family." A close circle Eddie defined on his side as consisting of friends like "Bernie and Marge Rich, Joey Forman, the Eddie Cannons, and a few other kind of friends if you were in deep-down trouble—you'd go to them." And this is the kind of wedding they finally had.

Although the press didn't know it, actually they were getting married before September was last Christmas. They talked of it then, but Eddie couldn't get his family out to Hollywood at that time and they wanted both families to be present.

Then one day last March there began a chain of unfortunate things which almost broke them up. Eddie and Debbie had thought they were going to be married on the anniversary of their first date, since Eddie was sure he would be doing his show from the West Coast the next moment. He was thinking in that direction. Eager to make the announcement, Eddie Fisher asked one of the show's production heads if they couldn't Kinescope two of the shows in July. They couldn't. The show was married June 17. Without giving it any thought, the fellow said, "Sure." Eddie called Debbie the good news, and they made their announcement from both coasts. But a few
days later the production staff said they couldn't reschedule the shows for that period. Sorry. Just couldn't be done.

Eddie Fisher was so upset and so concerned what Debbie's reaction might be, he made an unpardonable trip to Hollywood that weekend to tell her in person. He called the Reynolds' home from the airport. "What are you doing in town?" Debbie's mother asked and started to call Eddie to the phone.

"No, don't say anything. I have something to tell Debbie, but I want to tell her in person. I don't want to go into it on the phone. I'll call you back out," he said.

Naturally there was no disappointment, but as Eddie said, "As soon as I can find out what I can do we'll set another date."

Meanwhile rumor leaked out, statements were made, and the issues between Eddie and Debbie, too, tension and indecision and frustration took their toll.

One night Eddie called Debbie and suggested they go to a place called Eddie's. Debbie was in touch immediately with Debbie's mother saying, "Please, won't you go? I want her with me." Every measure was taken for their comfort and enjoyment and they had a wonderful time. It was Eddie's idea for Debbie to take a bow on the stage with him. "I'll write the first— and that's all," she said. But the cute bit they'd worked out so well she announced, "Hey, you've had it. You've got to go on stage with me now." And it was Eddie who told the Queen, "I'm going to marry this girl."

But before they could set another date, the hue and cry began.

When they returned from England, Ed- die's sponsors called a meeting to discuss their new plans for next season's TV show. They were bringing out a new giant economy-size bottle, they said, and wanted his television show to headquarter in New York and travel around the country hyping the sales. A suggestion columnist happened to be at the meeting and overheard Eddie Fisher say, "Oh my, this really presents a problem with Debbie." Eddie's knees were positively permitted for two pictures at M-G-M, "The Tender Trap" and another. With their combined commitments, there was a business problem from working out a wedding date. But the columnists made a personal issue out of it, He speculated since Eddie couldn't move his show to Hollywood, all wedding plans were off.

Caught in the crossfire between New York and Hollywood columnists, neither Debbie nor Eddie could pin the sources for any of it. And the rumors and untruths and words scissored out of context and mislead them on to new highs. Eddie Fisher was increasingly convinced they must be coming from Debbie's studio, and he was furious because Debbie wasn't stopping them. Debbie thought they were coming from Eddie's camp and was hurt because he didn't shut them down. It was pretty hopeless trying to disentangle them across 3,000 miles and many gossip columnists and writers.

Unknown to the columnists, during the height of the discord Debbie Reynolds offered to send back Eddie's engagement ring. "If this is a wedding ring, if this is what you want, just say so," Eddie had said it wasn't his doing and he didn't want her to send back the ring. "Let's not be
hasty," he pleaded. "We'll work it out."

Debbie told him she wanted to go to Korea and entertain the GI's, reasoning this would put her an ocean away from reporters and give them both time to think. At any rate he thought it would be wise not to wear her engagement ring on the flight. "You'd better wear it," Eddie said, half-jokingly. "But something might happen to it."

Debbie, exclaiming the ring was a little large for her and she didn't know if the insurance covered overseas junkets like that. "Wear it, it's insured for everything."

It was never off her finger. But little did either of them dream the news her ring would be making within a few short days.

Back home the gossipmongers weren't letting up. Wire stories coming out of New York collined the wedding indefinitely. They pictured Eddie Fisher renting a sprawling home terracing into settling down in New York and really living it up.

Chatting with Debbie's mother long-distance, Eddie was surprised when she mentioned she was moving into a new apartment. "How did you get that? I don't have a new apartment. I told the reporter this one wouldn't do. I said I needed a larger one and that Debbie and I had tired of the city."

After playing her heart out to entertain some 100,000 GI's and doing twenty-two shows in nine days, a weary but happier Debbie flew into Honolulu from the Far East to spend two days doing some of the boys stationed at Hickam Field—and then home! She was bringing back gifts for her friends and Eddie's from Tokyo. She'd written letters constantly, was flying to the Coast to see her as soon as he could, and she couldn't wait to get home and talk to him. Then the phone rang.

In Hollywood a television gossip columnist had broken a front-page story which had a Debbie calling Eddie a "puppet" in the hands of his manager, saying she was mailing Eddie's ring back to him because his manager was trying to get her to re-nounce her faith and embrace Eddie's, and calling off the engagement for good! The story quoted Debbie's brother, Bill, a sound technician, and a kid and any kid who barely says more than "Hello" even to an old friend. Supposedly he had talked to Debbie in Honolulu and gotten this now-famous quote.

Bill Reynolds was working the columnist's TV show that day and she and her staff cornered him. Asked for his side of the story, Debbie's brother was indignant. He'd got aigraphy card postcard from his sister, hadn't talked to her at all, he explained. They asked him whether his sister took her ring to Korea with her. "I didn't know," he answered. "It was a gift, saying things and doesn't fit her—and flying around all those islands—I didn't know." Later, looking at the quotes given him, he was shocked. Why, these were the things they said! The only explanation they could give was that his silence must have been taken for assent.

The story was banned in New York papers. Why hadn't been well anyway, was confined to bed. An incensed Eddie denied the rumors and called the Reynolds' home. "You mean it isn't true?" he said, of their part of the story.

"Of course it isn't true," Debbie's mother said, sick over the incident. "What about Mr. Blackstone?" she said. "Don't you think they take care of this, end" Eddie assured her. But the story had hit—hard and deep.

Unknown to the press, Debbie Reynolds was a sick girl. Eddie talked to her doctor about canceling his commitments and flying out, but her physician advised him not to. What she needed from him was his assurance that Eddie didn't believe the things that were being said. Across the miles Eddie talked two hours, helping pull her out of a severe state of shock.

Without fanfare, he flew out to see her the following weekend. They were two different people from those who'd last met. Eddie Fisher had lost fourteen pounds and Debbie was down to 96. They'd lost weight and hope and heart. They were so weak the doctors recommended too much for them. Too much had happened to be dissolved in one meeting, certainly. Those who predicted they'd set a date to marry were far afield. They were dangerously close to giving up.

During the summer, Eddie and Debbie tried hard to put the pieces back together again. They were barely through the hiatus, erase the months from March through June. In the eyes of those watching, they were making a valiant effort to recapture the glow, but the gulf seemed almost too wide and the scars too deep. To see this happen to two kids like these was a pretty heartbreaking thing.

Then gradually they could laugh again. Then they knew each other again, and they began to be themselves again. Eddie gained back eleven pounds and Debbie began to bloom again.

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Out of experience—painful experience—they were closemouthed with the press. And their friends of the press, along with the gossips and detractors, began speculating again—either setting a date or dissolving them... Yet there hadn't been much patience for them to "make up your minds." The "reliable sources" were active again. And as Debbie asked Eddie, "Where did we get so many close friends?"

But they aren't thrown by any of them. When a New York columnist gossiped, "Does Debbie Reynolds know Eddie Fisher is seeing Terry Moore?" they read the item together and said, "Not to my knowledge." "Hmmm—I've been with you every other evening. When did this happen?" Debbie mused. "That must have been the other night at Ciro's when I walked Terry back to his dressing room after I met her coming out of the Powder Room."

On his birthday, Debbie surprised Ed- die with a party at Axel Stordahl's that Eddie thought he'd never thrown. "I've ever had," he says moved, adding, "and I sure was surprised! I thought I was out of my mind when I got there and saw that they'd had it for me."

The funny thing about it is that it was my own idea to have a little celebration there for Axel, whose birthday is the day before mine, and Harry Ack's the next week. I told Debbie I thought we should have a few friends in and have a little family party. When we got there, I thought it was funny that nobody was out. It's from the angle of a thing as a little family party, in Hawaii. Debbie had moved the whole M-G-M studio into Axel's back yard."

Indeed Debbie had. She'd moved in two truckloads of props from the studio. Palm trees, banana trees, tons of tropical flowers, a combo band and a whole Hawaiian luau.

All day long Eddie thought everybody had touched him. He couldn't find the end of his gang anywhere. Naturally. They were all out at Axel's getting ready for the party. Knowing he would wonder what was going on at home. Mrs. Reynolds gave him her gift the night before, explaining, "I'm working the blood bank at Lockheed tomorrow and I won't see you, Open it after midnight."

But the thing that concerns Debbie's mother Eddie finally got at home. "Where is everybody? I've been calling all day," he said.

"I told you I was working the blood bank."

"Oh, that's right. Where's Debbie? I can't find her anywhere."

"I don't know, I just got home."

"Where's Willard? I can't find Willard any place," Eddie said, of his trusty valet and man Friday. Mrs. Reynolds said she had no idea were Willard was. Nor could he get in touch with his manager, Milton Blackstone, in New York. He didn't expect orhids, but he was a little hurt. They didn't have to be this hanged casual. He seemed to have found a new home back. He just couldn't under-stand where she'd been all day long. And Willard, "Where's Willard, he said. "I can't find any of my clothes."

"You're twenty years old now; it's about time you're finding your own clothes," Debbie laughed.

That night before they left for the Storahl's for a little "family party," Debbie gave him her gift. Diamond and jade cuff links and studs. "Just the mosstastic!" he says. He hadn't recovered from them when another party was to be thrown at his and he walked into a whole Hawaiian luau and sixty happy faces, including those of the Milton Blackstones, who'd flown out from New York for his birthday on Debbie's invite. And to say, Ed- die spotted Willard among the palm trees and covered huskily with, "Am I glad to see you. I've been looking for you all day long."

The fun was still there. The pink cloud was still there. As Debbie said, "We're completely in love—and we always have been. I think we've lost what they once had; they'd just replenished it with something stronger and surer.

As Eddie Fisher says, they're "a little older, now, and wiser and strengthened by that which they've weathered together—and won. And the future is brighter because of it."

Eddie isn't going to have to tour his show around the country. As he told us, "Technically it was just too rough. We're not going to do that. But we're going to be in Miami, Florida, in November for a big concert. And after that? They do have a new apartment now. "I moved into Milon Berle's apartment just down the hall from mine in the same apartment hotel. I had one bedroom and Milton's has two."

Eddie's very proud of Debbie's career. "I saw a few scenes from The Tender Trap," he said. "It's the biggest thing she's ever done. Every word with Frank Sinatra." Reminded she's very good with Eddie Fisher, too, he agreed, "I'm with you."

"Today they're really, really living again. Laughing again. Singing again. And this time making the future a happy one side by side. For besides the engagement ring that we're going to have soon, there's their wedding band—a band that made a song with songwriters—Debbie Reynolds Mrs. Eddie Fisher."

THE END
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