Are MARTIN and LEWIS Breaking Up?
THE TRUE STORY

Bob Wagner's Complete Life Story

Fabulous Jean Simmons as revealed by JEDEDA HOPPER
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Babies have That Ivory Look... Why shouldn't you? Mildness—that's the secret of Ivory's beauty care. Reassuring, reliable mildness. So gentle on a baby's skin—so right for yours. You know more doctors advise Ivory for your complexion than any other soap!

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More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap
Now...enjoy sweet treats and protect your teeth from cavities

New white Ipana with WD-9 inhibits tooth-decay acids*

Now you can eat the sweet things you like—and need for quick energy, a balanced diet—and stop worrying about unnecessary cavities.

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*To get the best results from new Ipana with acid-inhibitor WD-9, use it regularly after eating. Thus it acts before tooth-decay acids can do their damage.

Brushing with new Ipana after eating really works. A 2-year clinical test with hundreds who ate all the sweet things they wanted proved that brushing this way can prevent most tooth decay.

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Don't cut down sweets ... do cut down cavities with new Ipana®

New minty flavor encourages children to brush teeth. No strong, medicinal taste in new Ipana with WD-9. And it makes your mouth so fresh and clean that even one brushing can stop most unpleasant mouth odor all day long.

New white IPANA with Acid-Inhibitor WD-9
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New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

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New Mum stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 clings to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours—far longer than the ordinary deodorant tested.

Non-irritating to normal skin. Won’t rot fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering. Creamier, delicately fragrant, won’t dry out in the jar. Today, take advantage of new Mum’s Special Offer. Get a free bonus jar while supplies last.

New Mum cream deodorant with long-lasting M-3

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Buy one jar—get another

Free

PHOTOPLAY

JULY, 1954

FAVORITE OF AMERICA’S MOVIECOLORS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Glorified by M-G-M with the kiss of COLOR... and the embrace of CINEMASCOPE

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"Deep In My Heart, Dear"
"Golden Days"
and many others!

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Music from "THE STUDENT PRINCE" by SIGMUND ROMBERG

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WITH EDMUND GWENN · S. Z. "CUDDLES" SAKALL · BETTA ST. JOHN · JOHN WILLIAMS · EVELYN VARDEN
AND THE SINGING VOICE OF MARIO LANZA

Produced by JOE PASTERNAK · An M-G-M Picture
PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water... that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept B-74, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Hollywood Whispers

BY

FLORABEL MUIR

ABOUT HOW Pier Angeli, the beauteous foreign import, is getting the treatment from Gene Tierney's ex. Oleg Cassini, famous clothes designer. Pier's new look began to be noticeable in Hollywood last winter when Oleg was seeing her behind the scenes, so to speak. Oleg is the man who taught Gene the hows and wherefores of clothes styling. Look for Pier and Oleg to make news.

And one other couple who may inspire headlines any minute—Joan Crawford and Jennings Lang. Joan is frankly aglow when she appears, more and more frequently on the arm of the tall MCA agent. Little wonder that the gossips now look upon all of her other escorts as mere camouflage.

The betting around Hollywood is no longer whether Gene will loop her bridle—should that be bridal?—over Aly's neck, but how long she'll be able to keep it cinched on. And most insiders will give you eight to ten, or better, that she'll be able to stick longer than her predecessor Rita Hayworth did.

With Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn due to be meeting in Rome around mid-July. Hollywood's whispering of news in the making. Even though some of Audrey's close pals, including her Mom, are frowning.

The way Hollywood's current younger-set trade guys and dolls from eve to eve is very confusing to onlookers... Betty Hutton and Charlie O'Curran could be a midsummer melting. They haven't got very close together on get-together. And Betty's now being shepherded by a new press relations man not of Charlie's choosing, a wrong symptom.

And about Jean Peters, who seems to be back in circulation with Bob Wagner. She attended the "Prince Valiant" preem with him.
IT'S MR. FUN... AT HIS FUNNIEST!

DANNY KAYE

THE HAPPIEST EVENT OF THE YEAR!
Danny sings clowns, and dances at the top of his form!

in

KNOCK ON WOOD

Color by TECHNICOLOR

MAI ZETTERLING

Choreography by Michael Kidd
Words and Music by SYLVIA FINE, NORMAN PANAMA AND MELVIN FRANK
A Paramount Picture
I am willing to bet Steve Forrest will be the biggest name in 1954. I was amazed at his poise and ability in "So Big." He had some expert competition but he held his own and made the picture very exciting for me.

MRS. ANNE E. HELLER
East Lansdowne, Pennsylvania

In the latest pictures we have seen with Gene Nelson, he has always come out second-best. We would like to see him in a picture in which he gets the leading girl. He has more talent than most of the current leading men, and he can sing almost as well as he can dance.

BARBARA M. ETHEL F.
Tarentum, Pennsylvania

CASTING:
"The Robe" was so perfect I hope 20th will make "The Silver Chalice," again starring Richard Burton.

BARBARA SPAULDING
Rye, New Hampshire

Warner's will make "Chalice," with Virginia Mayo and Jack Palance.—ED.

I suppose I've always been inclined to worry. When I first got into pictures I kept thinking, "I can't be a newcomer forever. Next year someone else will come along and take my place. I have to keep moving up the ladder." I wondered what would happen. An actor has to have pictures. Good pictures. And he has to do his best to be worthy of them—or there'll be no more. That means hard work and study—and it never stops.

I've been lucky. And Fox has been great to me. They're giving me those pictures—"12-Mile Reef," "Prince Valiant," and now "Broken Lance." But I guess I'll always do a bit of worrying. I still have a long way to go and a lot to learn. And I'm well aware of the fact.

BOB WAGNER

It just grips my soul to hear that 20th Century-Fox has let a wonderful star like Betty Grable go.

She has a better voice than Marilyn Monroe, a better figure and prettier legs than anyone else, and I'm sure that in the future 20th will see their mistake.

MARY LOU CARUTHERS
Baytown, Texas

I just saw "She's Back on Broadway" and thought Steve Cochran was terrific. Since Hollywood insists he is their biggest wolf and a perennial playboy, why not cast him in more roles of this type?

Incidentally, when someone handles the leading male role as well as he did, why not give him top billing instead of having to look at the bottom of the billboards to find his name in small print? I didn't even know he was in the picture until I got inside the theatre.

BUNNY NEITHARD
Montreal, Quebec

Tonight I had the honor of seeing the world premiere of Paramount's new kind of western, "Red Garters," and I've never seen a show that held everyone so spellbound in my life. I tip my hat to the whole darn cast for a terrific show.

Pat Crowley, Guy Mitchell, Frank Faylen, Buddy Ebsen and Gene Barry were here and got a wild and royal Austin welcome. Sorry Rosemary Clooney and Jack Carson had to miss it.

BILL WILSON
Austin, Texas

How I'd love to see a remake of "I Married an Angel," with either June Haver or Kathryn Grayson!

And why hasn't anyone thought of co-starring Jane Russell and Steve Cochran? LOLA DOBBESTRINE
St. Joseph, Missouri

Some friends and I... would like to see Leslie White Turner's book "The Highland Hawk" made into a picture starring Richard Greene as Dovy Dugal.

CAMILA CASTELL
Mexico, D. F.
THEM THEY MEET ON AN ADVENTURE THAT SPANS THE 2400 MILES FROM HONOLULU TO SAN FRANCISCO BAY. OUT OF THIS MEETING OF STRANGERS COMES ENTERTAINMENT HISTORY, THE STORY OF EVERY KIND OF LOVE THERE IS!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT WILLIAM A. WELLMAN'S

"THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY" IN CINEMASCPE

WARNERCOLOR

LYDIA who was as low as high society could get!

CHILDREN a wealthy collector--of other men's wives!

MAY strictly a night-time woman!

NELL still burning with honeymoon fever!

SALLY who lived in a world of whistles!

DAN who had used up his nine lives, and was starting on ten!

EVERY SEARING MOMENT OF THE TWO-YEAR BEST-SELLER!
LET'S GO TO

River of No Return

20th; Cinemascope, Technicolor

It's hard to imagine any scenic attraction overshadowing Marilyn Monroe, but the Canadian Rockies do in this rip-snorting adventure tale of Northwestern wilderness. In her dance-hall-gal costumes, Marilyn is a spectacular sight, but the vistas of mighty mountains in shifting colors steal the movie. As a stubborn farmer immune to the gold fever then raging, Bob Mitchum's the very model of a tough action hero. When Marilyn's lover, gambler Rory Calhoun, steals Bob's rifle and horse, the farmer and his little son (Tommy Rettig) are left defenseless, with Indian raids threatening. Also in peril, Marilyn accompanies the pair on a raft voyage downriver after the thief. Raging rapids, desperadoes, flying arrows and changing emotions keep excitement high.

Bob's "objection" breaks up Marilyn's dance-hall routine

Man with a Million

Rank, U.A.; Technicolor

Switching to comedy, Gregory Peck stars in a bit of whimsy that has considerable malice in its laughter. Based on a Mark Twain story and filmed in England, it casts Greg as a Yankee stranded and starving in London around 1900. He's rescued by two eccentric brothers who have a bet on. One contends that a man can get along as well by seeming rich as by actually being rich. They lend Greg a million-pound bank note and promise him a good job if he can live well for a month—without breaking the note. The trick works. All he has to do is flash the dazzling piece of paper money and he's granted unlimited credit, fawned on everywhere. But finally the deception causes trouble, hampering his romance with a pretty aristocrat (Jane Griffiths). Satire edges many scenes.

A supposed millionaire, Greg woos high-born Jane Griffiths

Them!

Warner

The latest science-fiction thriller offers an extra measure of creepers, but, like the best of its breed, it's told in a crisp, matter-of-fact manner. A series of mysterious deaths in the New Mexico desert brings both the law and science on the scene to investigate. State cop James Whitmore and G-man James Arness must call on scientists Edmund Gwenn and Joan Weldon for help. From the tracks of the murderous monsters, it's deduced that a horrible new species has cropped up in the insect world. Radiations from the first A-bomb experiment have so affected the lowly desert ant that, in the years and ant generations since, creatures ten feet long have been produced. While coping efficiently with the menace, Arness and Joan find a moment or two for love. But the picture concentrates on chills.

Eerie sounds warn Jim Arness and Joan Weldon of danger
Playgirl

Shelley Winters has a show-piece of a role in this lurid expose of a big city's night life. She's really giving two separate performances, since her character, like the movie itself, suddenly takes a different direction midway. At first, she's a wisecracking night-club singer, sharing her apartment with an innocent younger newly arrived in New York. Colleen Miller, fresh-faced and dark-haired, makes a good impression in this, her first leading role. Advised by Shelley and aided by their neighbor Gregg Palmer, she gets off to a fast start as a model. Meantime, Shelley's involved in a long-time affair with a married man, Barry Sullivan. Level-headed and sharp-witted to start with, she goes emotional as the film shifts gears to wind up in melodrama, gunplay and hints of vice.

Gregg and Shelley give Colleen Miller tips on popularity

Hell Below Zero

Against the fascinating background of the present-day whaling industry, Alan Ladd tackles an unusual sort of mystery. He's a drifter who signs on as first mate of a whaler bound for the Antarctic. Also aboard are Joan Tetzel, daughter of a former owner of the company, and Basil Sydney, her late father's partner. Both suspect that her father's death on the preceding trip was no accident. Alan's sleuthing is climaxed in a battle on the ice floes, and there's also a triangle involving him with Joan and Stanley Baker, Sydney's arrogant son. But the chief interest of the picture lies in the authentic shots obtained by a camera crew in the Antarctic; the processing of whale carcasses on the big, ungainly factory ship; harpooners at work on small, fast boats.

Sub-zero weather can't cool off Joan Tetzel's love for Alan

Lucky Me

It's up to Doris Day to carry this musical to success, and she responds nobly, singing its not too notable songs and going through the paces of its plot with irresistible gusto. When a stage revue folds in Florida, she and her fellow troupers are left penniless. Thanks to the inefficient conniving of the head man, Phil Silvers, the stars of the show find themselves slaving away in a hotel kitchen. However, song-writer Robert Cummings happens to be a guest at the hotel, planning a big Broadway musical. The stranded show people see their chance—all except Doris, who has fallen in love with Bob with no ulterior motives, not realizing who he is. Comics Silvers, Nancy Walker and Eddie Foy, Jr., get opportunity only in a couple of bright song-and-dance routines.

Freed from kitchen drudgery, Doris goes stepping with Bob

More reviews on page 24
ROSEMARY CLOONEY plays in an unbelievable TV sketch and I believe her ... What I don’t understand is why Debra Paget’s mother trots all over the studio with Debra but is never at the studio with Lisa Gaye, a younger daughter ... My favorite current male singer is Eddie Fisher, but I’m just a member of a large army. Fisher should be making a movie ... I’m still, and always will be, loyal to Bing Crosby. The greatest. Guess I’ll never tire of hearing Bing sing “Down the Old Ox Road.”

Grace Kelly should do a p.a. tour, so she’d be as popular with the fans as she is with her leading men. Grace has the personal touch ... James Mason likes Hollywood now almost as much as he likes money. “I became an actor because I didn’t know an easier and nicer way to make money,” admits James ... When I’m asked how long do I think Marilyn Monroe will be popular, my answer is: “Marilyn’s popularity will continue until men go out of style.”

... Tom Jenks’ conclusion about a popular actor: “He’s put his foot into everything, except the forecourt of Grauman’s Chinese.”

I would like to see a television broadcast of the Academy Awards good enough to win an Emmy ... I think Jerry Wald is playing it real cool by giving Sheree North a good role in the next Judy Holliday movie. If handled properly, Sheree could make stardom ... Robert Wagner likes girls who are sincere and without artifice. While playing gin Bob told me: “I can’t stand gals who are amateur psychologists and start telling me all about myself.” ... They should restrict the singing of “No Business Like Show Business,” or people are apt to be weary of it by the time the picture is playing ... Wish I could tell you one of the reasons Terry Moore goes to Terry Hunt’s gym, but I can’t. Please—don’t insist, I can’t!

Zsa Zsa Gabor doesn’t send me, not even an inch. However, it was Zsa Zsa that I overheard saying to Janet Leigh: “I don’t like to repeat gossip, honey, but what else can you do with it?”

Elizabeth Taylor is getting prettier than—well, than Elizabeth Taylor ... Donna Reed takes a bubble bath occasionally but prefers a shower to a tub. “It’s like walking in the rain.” ... I admit I don’t understand the success of Liberace ... My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, is getting competition from Joe Pasternak, who told Gene Kelly he ought to dress better. “You’re always running around in an old pair of Gunga Dins.”

* * *

I’ll make a bet right now that George Stevens’ “Giant” will be a great picture. He hasn’t learned how to make a bad one ... I want to say Arlene Dahl’s classmates knew what they were doing. Back in high school they voted Arlene “Most Likely to Succeed.” ... And don’t forget that in Hollywood a person who says he hopes to see the light—means spell out his name on a marquee. That’s Hollywood For You.
Casual, carefree—thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

No tight, fussy curls on this page!

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

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

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Bobbi is perfect for this gay "Miss Liberty" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Aloha" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves exactly where you want them.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Jasmine" hair style. So simple! No help is needed.

Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is perfect for this gay "Miss Liberty" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Jasmine" hair style. So simple! No help is needed.
**HOW'S YOUR SOCIAL RATING?**

**BY TERRY MOORE**

The dictionary puts it this way. Wallflower: the lady who remains a spectator at a ball. Well, that's just fine. If your feet hurt, if your head aches or if you simply don't care! But if you do care—and who can honestly say she doesn't?—think about the questions below and answer them as carefully as you can. All they need is a yes or no, and they should provide a lot of clues that will help you have fun at your next party.

1. Do you enjoy being with people?
2. Do you have a feeling of panic when you're about to enter a roomful of strangers?
3. Do you like making new acquaintances?
4. When you don't know many people at a gathering, do you find yourself a corner and hide?
5. When you go to a party, are you confident you'll have a good time?
6. Do hostesses seem to feel they must hover around you constantly to make sure you're having a good time?
7. Do you dance well?
8. If you accidentally spilled something on your dress, would it ruin your entire evening?
9. Can you pay a sincere compliment—and do it often?
10. Are you always the first to arrive and the last to leave a party?
11. Do you enter into party games wholeheartedly?
12. Do you feel you have to be "on stage" constantly in order to have fun?
13. Do you enter into a group discussion easily?
14. Do you think it's smart to be sarcastic?
15. Are you well-informed on a variety of subjects and can you talk about them intelligently?
16. Do you figure the more noise you make, the more attention you'll get—and the more attention, the better?
17. Are you a good listener?
18. Do you irritate the other girls by flirting with every man in sight?
19. Do you try to see to it that others around you are having fun?
20. If the party's formal, do you usually dress differently—let's say informally?

Continued on page 20
THRILLS NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

ACTUALLY FILMED WITH THE WHALING FLEET IN THE FROZEN ANTARCTIC IN MAGNIFICENT COLOR BY Technicolor

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents A WARWICK PRODUCTION

ALAN LADD

"HELL BELOW ZERO"

with JOAN TETZEL

Basil Sydney - Stanley Baker

Screen Play by ALEC COPPEL and MAX TRELL
Adaptation by RICHARD MAIBAUM
Based on the novel "The White South" by Hammond Innes
Associate Producer George W. Willoughby - Produced by IRVING ALLEN and ALBERT R. BROCCOLI - Directed by MARK ROBSON
One enchanted evening—when Barbara Rush became a star and Rock Hudson became the man of the hour.

Barbara's night—but husband Jeff Hunter shares her happiness.

A proud mother beams between Rock and his friend, Betty Abbott.

MAGNIFICENT PROCESSION

Disc jockey Johnny Grant introduces co-stars Jane Wyman, Claire Trevor.

Susan Cabot, Dick Anderson met at "Blind Date Party" (see page 18).

Of all the brilliant throng that attended the opening, in Hollywood, of the long-awaited picture, "Magnificent Obsession," none was more thrilled than Rock Hudson and Barbara Rush. For this was their night to howl. The critics said so, their co-star Jane Wyman said so, the congratulations of the movie star audience confirmed it. For Barbara, her role was a boost to stardom. For Rock, it was the most challenging, most satisfying of his picture career.

As the autograph books eddied around them, Rock and Barbara grinned at each other. There would be other roles and other premieres—but for these two, never the excitement, the skyrocketing happiness of this magnificent night!
New Lilt Home Permanent

looks, feels and stays like the

Loveliest Naturally Curly Hair!

— A far softer wave than any other home permanent!

Exclusive new wave conditioner means that only from Lilt can you get such soft, natural-looking curls!

Your New Lilt wave looks as lovely as the loveliest naturally curly hair... shimmering with healthy-looking highlights. You get the kind of wave you want where you want it!

Your New Lilt wave feels like naturally curly hair because Lilt's Wave Conditioner makes curls so extra-soft you can feel the difference! Lilt Curls are always soft and smooth like nature's own!

Your New Lilt wave stays like naturally curly hair because it's the longest-lasting wave possible today! Lilt keeps its shining, soft naturalness month after month!

Procter & Gamble's new Lilt Home Permanent

Now!

Lilt lets you choose the wave especially made for your type of hair. Super, Regular or Gentle Lilt... and Lilt's new Party Curl, the very best children's home permanent.

$1.50

(plus tax)
Hollywood Party Line

BY EDYTH GWYNN

The Dean Martin with host Danny Kaye. The party didn’t break up until daybreak.

There were two extra-splashes preems, plus lots of parties large and small, to say naught of “special events” this month. But of course, nothing topped the Academy Awards—for glamour attendance and glamorous duds.

No one looked lovelier than Liz Taylor in her full-skirted Fontana original. It was of pale pink chiffon, strapless and embellished with a delicate leaf design in pearls and rhinestones. With it, Liz wore a fabulous, 250-year-old necklace of pearls and diamonds from Sweden, also pink Italian sandals to match her gown and a straight-edged stole of white fox. ... Irene Dunne was done up in a Don Loper creation of yellow lace with myriad brilliants embroidered into the voluminous skirt. ... Gene Tierney’s slinky form-hugging gown of black crepe was topped by a four-layer capelet of white organdy that billowed around her shoulders. A real eye-catcher! ... Lana Turner, always a knockout, was a knockout again. This time in strapless bright red peau de soie with full tiered skirt. A large rose, fashioned of the gown’s material, at the right side of the decolletage was the only trimming—unless you want to count Lana’s diamond choker and earrings! She wore a white fox stole.

Ann Blyth’s off-the-shoulder dress of emerald chiffon was designed by Helen Rose and had a full skirt bedecked with emerald green sequins, as had the bodice. Ann’s wrap was dark ranch mink. ... The lovely thing Mitzi Gaynor wore when she danced with Don O’Connor was of aquamarine and silver metallic cloth with halter top and a bodice fitted tight all the way to the hipline. The skirt was very full and accordion-pleated with rhinestone beading. Mitzi’s white mink stole was brand-new for the occasion.

Donna Reed, the happiest and most excited Oscar winner I’ve ever eyed, accepted her prize wearing a short evening gown of blue-gray lace—another Don Loper original. The bouffant skirt and decollete bodice were slashed by a wide ribbon of Kelly green and pink. Donna’s gown was emphasized by the absence of jewelry. Bits of glitter on her shoulders and in her hair added sparkle.

As I said, the dolls in the audience were just as divinely gotten up as were those on stage, and fans outside the Pantages Theatre went currazy yelling for their favorites as the stars entered. Biggest cheers (honest!) were for Clark Gable with Grace Kelly on his arm. Grace was stunning in a champagne tulle gown, almost the shade of her own blond tresses. It was embroidered all over in a grape design in gold paillettes. ... Tiny Pilar Palette, with John Wayne—natch!, in soft-falling white crepe, strapless and generously beaded in crystals.

Marge Champion in white lace over nude tulle, tremendously full skirt, very low-cut bodice trimmed with iridescent sequins. Marge wore a short white mink cape. ... Rosemary Clooney was in draped pale gray chiffon embroidered with pearls and crystals—a real gown. (Continued on page 18)
“Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo,” says Debra Paget. It’s the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

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

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

Hollywood’s favorite
Lustre-Creme Shampoo...

Never Dries—it Beautifies!

Debra Paget

starring in “DEMETRIUS
AND THE GLADIATORS”

20th Century-Fox’s CinemaScope Production.
Color by Technicolor.
Relieves dryness...gives hair healthy looking glow

(See! You've been missing something!)  

No other hairdressing leaves hair so natural looking  

(You look prettier than a picture!)  

Gives your hair that "cared for" look  

WITHOUT OILY AFTER-FILM  

(Now he'll really take you places!)  

No other hairdressing adds so much sheer beauty to your hair! For only SUAVE contains amazing non-greasy Curtisol...relieves dryness, frizz, split ends. Keeps hair in place, lovely to behold all day!

No wonder women prefer it 7 to 1.

Hollywood Party Line

(Continued from page 16)

Everyone was certain Audrey Hepburn would win her Oscar—and happy that she did. But before the night was over, you could have heard at least twenty people remarking, "Why doesn't Audrey lose that weird haircut?" . . . One of the after-Oscar soirees was at Romanoff's, where a cute sight was furnished by Donna Reed and Esther Williams, chatting gaily as they freshened their make-ups together at the same mirror.

And now to the "Valiant" opening which brought Bob Wagner to star status all the way. His date was Jean Peters. It was the second premiere Jean's ever attended—and the first was a long time ago! So she'd forgotten what goes on. On the way into the theater when fans in the bleachers were yelling, etc., Jean turned to Bob and exclaimed, "You forgot to tell me, they squealed!" . . . Debra Paget's sis, Lisa Gaye, was with Robert Dix, young son of the late Richard Dix. Robert's been signed to a movie contract—and they'll soon be squealing at him! Among many stars on hand, and at the Romanoff dinner-dance later, were June Haver and Fred MacMurray, Rock Hudson, with Susie Zanuck, Susan Hayward, with long-time friend, Ned Marin. Paul Brinkman and Jeane Crain, in a fancy gown of white and gold, Clifton Webb and his Ma, Maureen O'Hara, Mari Blanchard, Ty Power and Linda Christian, the Edmund Purdums, Terry Moore, the Ronald Reagans, Debbie Reynolds with Hugh O'Brian, the Sterling Haydens, Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunter. And, of all things, Debra Paget, looking dreamy in a strapless, full-skirted shortie gown, all alone!

Terrific turnout it was—for the Beverly Hills bow-in of Danny Kaye's funniest, most frantic picture, "Knock on Wood"! If you haven't already rocked at this laff-fest (good songs, too!) then, fevven's sakes! get on over to see it! After the show, Danny and his Mrs., Sylvia Fine, who did the words and music for his numbers (as usual) took over all of Mocambo and tossed a midnight-to-dawn party for almost everyone who'd been at the preem! Vera-Ellen (in beaded white satin sheath with that "covered up look" all the way to her
ears!) was with Richard Gully. I also saw Jeanne Martin, wearing virtually the same dress as Vera’s, plus tiny silver and white bows in her hair, on the arm of hubby, Dean; Ethel Merman, Claudette Colbert, Jane Powell and Pat Nerney, Merle Oberon, back with Dr. Rex Ross, the Keenan Wynns. (Keenan complete with a beard he grew for a picture), Ann Robinson, with silver flakes in her red hair, the Eddie Robinsons, Nancy Sinatra with Vic Damone (now, there’s a bit!), the Jack Benny’s, Eartha Kitt with Arthur Loew, Jr., Leslie Caron’s ex, Georgie Hormel with Marla English, and Debbie Reynolds, in her favorite shade of blue, first-dating with singer Bill Shirley. Joan Crawford was successfully wearing a combination that would scare many a woman, though it never should. Joan’s gown was of flaming red net (miwynos of yards in the skirt), with a huge pale pink rose pined to one of the narrow shoulder-straps of the tightly draped bodice. Over this, she wore PINK mink! And if you don’t think this is stand-out stuff for a brunnette, you’re color blind!

Day after the Kaye soiree, Susan and Richard took their vows in Santa Barbara. Mala Powers, Lori Nelson, Jeff Chandler and Julia Adams were among the thousand guests who thrilled (literally!) to tears when Susan tossed aside her crutches moments before the ceremony and walked down the aisle. Just as this courageous girl had told the world she would—months ago! If the slight limp bothered her, or the cause of it gave her pain, it wasn’t apparent at the small wedding supper later. Susan, shining with happiness, said, “I always knew I’d get married without crutches!”

Ooops! Here I am at the end of my “aisle”—so sorry.

Mrs. Grace Brown of Scarsdale, New York, keeps her hands lovely as a bride’s with Jergens Lotion. She says:

“I use detergents as often as you … but Jergens Lotion keeps my hands pretty!”

Grace does plenty of laundry by hand. Detergents help, but they could ruin her hands. How does she keep them so pretty?

Jergens Lotion! This famous formula has been continuously improved for fifty years to help heal chapped, red hands instantly!

No other lotion works faster, or penetrates deeper. Lovelier hands at once! Jergens never leaves a sticky film (as many others do).

Contains two softening ingredients doctors have used for years. And Jergens, the world’s favorite hand care, costs you less.

Use Jergens Lotion—avoid detergent hands
ANSWERS TO

HOW'S YOUR SOCIAL RATING?

Continued from page 12

For a perfect score you should have answered a resounding "Yes!" to the odd-numbered questions and an equally resounding "No!" to the even-numbered questions.

Fifteen correct answers is about average and certainly no cause for concern unless you want to go into politics. But if you didn't get anywhere near a perfect score and are beginning to feel sorry for yourself—don't! Remember that at least you're honest enough to admit there's room for improvement, and that's half the battle right there.

Think about the questions you got wrong. Figure out why you got them wrong and—even more important—figure out what you can do about them.

Remember that everyone suffers from shyness at one time or another, and with some of us, shyness is a constant companion, unwelcome though it is. Watch how other people meet and overcome the things that have you stumped. There's nothing wrong with duplicating what someone else does—for all you know that very person may be copying something that you do well.

But don't go too far in the other direction either in overcoming your shyness. The life of the party can also be the death of it—as far as the other guests are concerned—and it's probable that this person is actually just trying desperately to cover up a sense of shyness by being boisterous and dominating everyone.

Fortunately, there's a happy medium which means happy guest and happy hostess. And that's something to strive for. Try it and see. But don't try to do everything at once. Tackle one thing at a time, starting out slowly gaining speed as you gather momentum.

Remember the truth in the fable about the tortoise and the hare and you can't go wrong.

No other deodorant now asks women to Shave First!

Actual skin tests prove YODORA SO "KIND" TO SENSITIVE SKIN we can make this bold statement FIRST... shave under arms. (For faultless grooming — ask your druggist for Yodora shaving booklet.) THEN... apply Yodora immediately with complete confidence!

We guarantee Yodora soothing to apply after shaving... gives day-long protection... won't harm finest fabrics, or your money back.

YODORA
your really soothing cream deodorant

The role of parent in Broadway play "Anniversary Waltz" comes naturally to Mac Carey! He and wife Betty, shown here with Stevens, Elizabeth (rear) Lynn and Anna (front) became parents a fifth time with birth of Edward Macdonald Jr., April 22
Marriages may be made in heaven but they must be lived on earth. And Mrs. J—finds it more livable if she lets nothing mar her charm. Like unpleasant breath, for example. Not for her, makeshifts that deodorize temporarily! She lets Listerine Antiseptic, with its lasting effect, look after her breath... lets it accent her sweetness, heighten her appeal, day in, day out. Why don't you make this a must in daily grooming? It certainly pays off in added attractiveness.

**Lasting Effect**

You see, Listerine instantly stops bad breath, and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end... four times better than tooth paste. It's the extra-careful precaution against offending that count- less fastidious people rely on. Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills bacteria... by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

**No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This... Instantly**

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

**Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste**

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning... every night... before every date, make it a habit to always gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

*Every week*

2 different shows, radio & television—

"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"

**Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath**

4 times better than any tooth paste
All you have to do is give up hot, "chafey" external pads and turn to the Tampax* method of sanitary protection. Tampax is worn internally and positively will not chafe or irritate, no matter how warm the weather is. In fact, the wearer doesn't even feel it, once it's in place.

Tampax has many other warm weather advantages. For one thing, it prevents odor from forming—and what a blessing that is! Tampax also gives you the freedom of the beach. It can't "show" under a bathing suit; you even wear Tampax while you're swimming.

If you're planning on going away, just remember this: Tampax is extremely easy to dispose of, even when the plumbing is erratic. Get this doctor-invented product at any drug or notion counter in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse; economy size gives 4 times as much. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.


CELEBRITY CORNER

No shadow of things to come marred the enjoyment of these guests in Booth 1, in the Pump Room of Chicago's Ambassador Hotel. But of the six star couples shown here—three have divorced in the last five years!

Engagement party. But marriage was brief for Liz Taylor, Nicky Hilton

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis still kid—but not about their marriage

The Clark Gables seemed set for life. But these two were to part in 1952

No secret about who's Doris Day's "secret love"—hubby Marty Melcher

Family fun. But in 1951, divorce parted Betty Hutton, Ted Briskin

Quietly dining in Booth 1, the Van Johnsons reflect still happy union

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association
PLAYTEX

To look best in 1954's revealing summer fashions

Hollywood Stars recommend

PLAYTEX

Living Panty Brief

You can see for yourself that this year's summer silhouette is slender as a stem. That's why now, more than ever, you need a Playtex Panty Brief to trim away extra inches!

Without a seam, stitch or bone, Playtex slims you in complete freedom. Made of a smooth latex sheath, Playtex is invisible under the most revealing fashions. And, it washes in seconds, dries with the pat of a towel, ready to wear again, right away. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere!

PLAYTEX... known everywhere as the girdle in the slim tube.
"Eat and Grow Thin!" says Corinne Calvet

Famous Movie Star Tells You How To Lose Weight!

When so many beautiful Hollywood stars like Corinne Calvet keep their figures slim and lovely with the help of Ayds, you know that the Ayds way must work. Let it help you to lose weight, too!

Proved by Clinical Tests!

With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without strenuous dieting or hunger. A quick, natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat the foods you like. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. It contains no drugs or laxatives.

Guaranteed—A Lovelier Figure!

Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan. You, too, must lose pounds with the very first box ($2.98) or your money back.

Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you! At drug or department stores.

MOVIES
(Continued from page 9)

Gorilla at Large
3-D, TECHNICOLOR

\(\checkmark\) Stir together chills, a whodunit plot and carnival atmosphere, and you get a batch of lively entertainment. Newly seductive, Anne Bancroft plays an aerialist with a tangled marital history, gradually uncovered when the killings begin along the midway. Among the suspects: Raymond Burr, her current husband; Cameron Mitchell, a law student with a summer job at the carnival; Peter Whitney, Anne's first husband, now a slow-witted keeper to the gorilla that is the show's big attraction. Lee J. Cobb plays sleuth, and Charlotte Austin romances with Cameron. The 3-D is good (if your theatre uses it).

Family

Drums Across the River
V-4, TECHNICOLOR

\(\checkmark\) Here's a Western with no nonsense about it, getting right down to action at the start and keeping it up briskly all the way. Misguidedly, Audie Murphy joins a group invading Ute Indian territory in search of gold. His dad (Walter Brennan) warns them not to break the treaty and renew warfare. After discovering that Lyle Bettger and henchmen actually want to goad the Utes to battle, Audie turns against the gang. The ladies get only a scant look-in: Lisa Gaye (Debra Paget's sister), a wistful Western heroine; Mara Corday, Bettger's girl.

Family

Prisoner of War
201-36

\(\checkmark\) A study of American POWs in North Korea is a subject calculated to touch the heart, but here it's handled shallowly. Ronald Reagan is an officer who deliberately lets himself be captured, so he may smuggle back reports on conditions in the Red Prison camps. The GIs' reactions are a cross-section of reality: Dewey Martin promptly goes "progressive" to get privileges; Steve Forrest refuses to give in to Red persuasions and brutality. But the characters are over-simplified and the story becomes merely a catalogue of atrocities, without meaning.

Adult

Arrow in the Dust
ALLIED ARTISTS, TECHNICOLOR

\(\checkmark\) A vigorous yarn of Indian-fighting shows Sterling Hayden continuing to develop assurance as an adventure star. At the outset, he's a self-centered type, deserting from the cavalry to head for California. But he's persuaded to assume the identity and responsibilities of a dead officer and go to the rescue of a wagon train threatened by warring tribes. Coleen Gray's a courageous pioneer drawn to Hayden, the impostor.

Family

The Miami Story
COLUMBIA

\(\checkmark\) Though introduced in documentary style, this racket-busting melodrama has no great degree of plausibility. "Set a thief
Just a whisper of spray...
sets your hair
for all day!

Helene Curtis spray net

keeps your hair in place softly, softly... without ever
drying it... thanks to the spray-on Lanolin Lotion in SPRAY NET*

What a delightful difference!
And the difference is this... SPRAY NET keeps your hair soft and
"touchable" while keeping it in place all day long.
Your hair isn’t glued, or stuck, or
starched in place when you spray on
Helene Curtis SPRAY NET.
It’s as if your hair grew the way
you set it... naturally inclined to stay
in place... every wandering wisp off.
Touch your fingers to your hair
(and don’t be surprised if he wants
to, too). Such softness is irresistible.
And if you’re a girl who varies her
hair-do... you especially should try
Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. It keeps
an "up-sweep" up all evening, and
a "down-do" beautifully done all day.
You’ll never vary from SPRAY NET!

Try it today.

Regular size (4½ oz.) $1.25
New large economy size (11 oz.) $1.89,
both prices plus tax.

only Helene Curtis Spray Net contains spray-on lanolin lotion...
to catch a thief” is its theme. Barry Sullivan, a reformed gangster, is hired by outraged leading citizens of Miami to break up the criminal ring gripping the city. So he pretends he’s out to rule the rackets, supplanting boss Luther Adler. Beverly Garland’s seen as a sweet youngster looking for her sister (Adèle Jergens), who’s become Adler’s partner. And fair-haired John Baer scores as Adler’s gunman-protege, a college grad.

**Southwest Passage**

A family madhouse, a doctor, firehouse follows

**The Saracen Blade**

Ricardo Montalban cuts a stalwart figure in a swashbuckling tale of the Crusades and intrigues in Italy. He’s a supposed commoner, actually out for revenge on the powerful family that killed his nobly born father. Betta St. John, his true love, is forced to marry Rick Jason, scion of the hated clan. Having attained knighthood through friendship with the Emperor, Ricardo then claims Carolyn Jones, Rick’s cousin, as his bride, resolved to treat her with scorn. There’s enough plot here for three or four movies, so events have to keep moving at a fast clip.

**The Cowboy**

A documentary on the loved, half-legendary hero of the West is a splendid project, long overdue. The opening of this modest film casts a spell, close-upping the wise, weatherbeaten faces of ancient cowhands, who remember the West when it and they were young. But the reconstruction of old days on the range is not well organized. The movie takes on real interest when it follows two genuine modern cowboys, going about their daily chores. Drawbacks are one scene of obvious fakery and a musical score of written-to-order songs, lacking the flavor of authentic Western ballads.

**Fireman Save My Child**

This headlong bit of slapstick is a typical Abbott and Costello vehicle—except that Bud and Lou aren’t in it. Hugh O’Brian (quite handsome in his dark uniform) plays straight man, and Buddy Hackett is the bumbling comic. Both work in a firehouse that’s a madhouse, since the boss is Spike Jones and the smoke-eaters are his City Slickers. Some of the running gags are good for laughs.
this is how you feel...

All over... all day
wrapped in the flower
freshness of
Cashmere Bouquet

cashmere bouquet
TALCUM POWDER

Conover Girls Pick
Cashmere Bouquet
"Borrow this good
grooming cue from
our Conover Career
School students!
A quick dusting with
Cashmere Bouquet Talc
smoothes hot, chafed
skin... helps girdles,
stockings and shoes
ease on smoothly."

Says
Cindy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School
Are you in the know?

The guest no one invites again is—
- A lazy daisy
- A lem me girl
- A Plain Jane

That camera she's toting on a tippy-canoe ride: It's expensive; it belongs to her hostess. Like the swim suit she's wearing—and the tennis racket she'll use later. Don't be a lem me girl ("lem me" this or that). When visiting, bring your own sports props; why inconvenience your friends—or risk being dubbed a vandal? Dodge calendar-time risks, too. You get safety you trust with Kotex, for this extra absorbent napkin gives protection that doesn't fail!

Does that very swish shindig call for—
- A new hairdo
- Your usual style

Yah—you look different all right, with that new siren-ish chignon! In fact, you're a Stranger in Harry’s eyes—so now you feel unsure. A special occasion's no time to try new hairdo tricks. But at "that" time, it's no trick to be sure about whether Regular, Junior or Super Kotex suits you best. Try all 3. Each size has chafe-free softness; holds its shape!

If you're baffled by a French menu—
- Take a chance
- Get a translation

Better not stab at just anything listed. It might turn out to be snails' brains—when you were drooling for duck! So even if your square is that suave new blade-about-town you'd impress—let him pollyvon for you. Ask what vittles he'd suggest. In any language, confidence (on certain days) means Kotex. One reason: special flat pressed ends that prevent telltale outlines.

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

When shouldn't a gal just trust to luck?
- On a quiz show
- On certain days
- In Canasta

It's the wise lassie who doesn't take chances with personal daintiness on certain days, but trusts to Quest deodorant powder. Quest was specially designed for sanitary napkins...no moisture resistant base to slow up absorption. Unscented Quest powder positively destroys odors. Use Quest to be sure!

LAUGHING STOCK

Red Skelton, hoping to sleep late one Sunday morning, offered a prize to whoever of his youngsters slept the latest. At 5 A.M., son Richard awoke him and asked:

"Daddy, who's winning the prize?"

Jan August's telling the actor who has a 3-D wife—

"She's been throwing things at him for years."

Richard Barstow met a celebrated movie doll and later commented, "There was a gap in the conversation—her mind."

King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece were introduced to Marilyn Monroe during their Hollywood visit. But the newspaper stories neglected to report if the Greeks had a word for it.

Art Linkletter gave Marie Wilson of the low necklines a gag-gift—a stick with a nail on it. "So you can pick up things without bending over."

Sign on the office of Milton Berle's gag writers, "The biggest quip joint in town."

A Hollywood night-club press agent explained why certain film stars are invited on the cuff to openings. "We make up a list of names. Then we invite a lot of people they don't like—and pray for a fight."

A bar on Hollywood's TV row is serving a non-Dragnet cocktail. One drink and you care nothing about the facts.

Sign on a studio secretary's desk: "Be Brief. Be Bright. Be Gone."

The football season is over but Jack Benny's great gag liners on. "This football team," Jack told it, "was good but not very bright. So the coach had little radios installed in their helmets so they could listen to the broadcast of the game and find out who had the ball. But one day the quarterback tuned in the wrong station and tackled John's Other Wife."

Double feature at a drive-in theatre—when you go with two girls.

Overheard:
At Ciro's: "Do you mind moving about 10 yards to the right—you are sitting directly on my nerves."
At the Mocambo: "Her heart is in the right place but nothing else is."
At the House of Murphy: "He's the most modern psychoanalyst in Hollywood. He uses sectional couches for patients with split personalities."

George Jessel, lunching with Fred Allen, alluded his monocle to read the menu.
"What's the matter," leered Fred, "isn't the other eye eating?"

Ed Wynn was reading the eye chart for renewal of his driver's license: "S-C-W-A-L-S-K-I."
"Oh, I know him," said Ed. "We played football together."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Red" on your local TV station.
Joan the glamorous! Joan the gunfighter!

She's fire and steel in a story of passion and bitter hatred as big as the great Southwest!
GOOD SUMMER THEATRE... lively, lovely Sun-Sets, the bras beautifully shaped for keeps, just as you'd expect from Lovable. Left: "Show Business" with curved lines and hip bows defined by contrast piping. Lower: "On Stage" with bra that crosses in back or converts to a halter, cuffed shorts with zipper closing. Cotton twill, bras 32 to 38, shorts 10 to 16. Colors bright as all outdoors, just $3 a set!

ARROW IN THE DUST—Allied Artists. Directed by Lesley Selander; Burt Lash, Sterling Hayden; Christine; Coleen Gray; Lt. King, Keith Larsen; Cusick; Tom Tully; Petersen, Carleton Young; Carasillo; Jimmy Winkley; Talboten, Tudor Owen; Crewe Boss, Lee Van Cleef; Lybarger, John Pickard.

COWBOY, THE—Lippert Pictures, Inc. Directed by Eto Williams: Narration by Tex Ritter; Bill Conrad; John Dehner; Larry Dobkin.

DRUMS ACROSS THE RIVER—U. Directed by Nathan Juran; Gary Brahm; Audie Murphy; Jeanne Moreau; Leslie Gaye; Frank Walker, Lyle Bettger; Sam Brahm; Walter Brennan; Sue, Norma Cass; Morgan, Hugh O'Brian; Tova, Jay Silverheels; Sheriff Real, Regis Toomey; Ouray, Morris Ankrum; Ted Walker, James Anderson; Les Walter, George Wallace; Billy Cost, Bob Steele; Ralph Costa, Lane Bradford; Martens, Emile Meyer; Fenton, Greg Barton; Stitwell, Howard McNear; Red Knife, Ken Terry.

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD—U. Directed by Les Goodwin; McClure, Spike Jones; Firemen, The City Slickers; Snooky, Buddy Hackett; Smitty, Hugh O'Brian; Harry's wife, Adele Jergens; Bill Peters, Tom Brown; Commissioner Spencer, Harry Coghlan; Chief Rolly, George Cleveland; Texer, Tristram Coffin; Cruso, John Cliff; Mayor, Willies Bouchez; Harry, Henry Kalsky; Mayor's wife, Madge Blake.

GORILLA AT LARGE—Panoramic Productions. Directed by Harmon Jones; Joe Mathews, Cameron Mitchell; Laurance Miller, Anne Bancroft; Detective Sergeant Garrison, Lee J. Cobb; Corwin Miller, Raymond Burr; Audrey Baxter, Charlotte Austin; Kelles, Peter Whitney; Shashinka, Lee Marvin; Mack, Warren Stevens; Morse, John G. Kellogg; Owens, Charles Tannen.

HELL BELOW ZERO—Columbia. Directed by Mark Robson; Duncan Cran, Alan Ladd; Jude North, Joan Tetzel; Blane, Basil Sydney; Ethel Bland, Stanley Baker; Capt. McPhee, Joseph Tenney; Dr. Hove, Niall MacGinnis; Gorda Petersen, Jill Bennett; Mollers, Peter Dykeley; Kathleen, Susan Rayne; Sandburg, Phil Hauser; Larsen, Ivan Craig; Muehlers, Faddy Ryan; Factory Ship Radio Operator, Cyril Chamberlain; Kista Don Radio Operator, Paul Homer; Ubert, Edward Hardwicke; Masters, John Witty; Christiansen, Brandon Toomey; Stewardesses, Jennifer Graham; Office Manager, Basil Cunard; Dressen Saltier; Fred Griffiths; Hotel Receptionist, John Warren; Captain Petersen, Philip Ray; Stevens, Paul Connell.

LUCKY ME—Warner. Directed by Jack Donohue; Canny, Doris Day; Dick, Robert Cummings; Hay, Phil Silvers; Duke, Eddie Foy Jr.; Flo, Nancy Walker; Lauranne, Martha Hyer; Thayer, Bill Goodwin; Anton, Marcel Dalio; Tommy Arthur, Hayden Rorke; McHoven, James Burke.

MAN WITH A MILLION—U.A. Directed by Ronald Neame; Henry Adams, Gregory Peck; Portia Loewenson, Jane Griffiths; Ollie Montgomery, Ronald Squire; Duchess of Cromarty, Joyce Grenfell; Duke of Cromarty, A. E. Matthews; Roderick Montgomery, Wilfrid Hyde-White; Rock, Reginald Beckwith; Hastings, Hartley Power, Lloyd, Brian Oulton; American Ambassador, William Evans; Mr. Reid, Maurice Denham; Patricia, John Sister; Duke of Cromarty, Hugh Wakefield; Tod (Tanner shop), Bryan Forbes; Renn, Ann Gudrun; Chop House Proprietor, George Devine; Mr. Clements, Ronald Adams; Chop House Proprietor's Wife, Joan Hick. 

now playing

sunsets

by Lovable

FEATURED AT DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY SHOPS EVERYWHERE, INCLUDING SEARS, ROEBUCK STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. FOR STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE DEPT. M-7 THE LOVABLE BRASSIERE CO. • 180 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK 16

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES
Lady Esther's fabulous
NEW POWDER SHADE

Sensational Compact Offer
WITH COUPON FROM "HONEY" FACE POWDER BOX

- Save $2 on this exquisite loose-powder compact.
  Magnificently jeweled with simulated Baroque Pearl and sparkling stones.
  Opens like heirloom watch. Mirror and puff inside.

Value $3.00
ONLY
$1.00

To introduce you to this new Lady Esther Powder Shade

Be a Honey! Catch a Honey with Honey!
- Try "Honey" no matter what your coloring! It's fabulously flattering . . .
  like no shade ever before. Not too dark . . .
  not too light — it gives your skin the most enchanting glow, like radiance from within.

Don't wait till you've used up your powder. Start being a "Honey"...today!
The continuation of the greatest story of love and faith in the history of entertainment! The soul-searching drama of what happened to ‘The Robe’ and Demetrius—who defied the word of God for the wanton smile and willing arms of the high priestess, Messalina, and met the most awesome challenge of the human spirit... on the blood-drenched sands of the Colosseum!

Produced by FRANK ROSS
Directed by DELMER DAVES

starring SUSAN HAYWARD · VICTOR
The Robe LEFT OFF!

Demetrius and IATORS

Written by PHILIP DUNNE
Based on a Character Created by Lloyd C. Douglas in "THE ROBE"

co-starring

MICHAEL RENNIE · DEBRA PAGET
ANNE BANCROFT · JAY ROBINSON
with BARRY JONES · WILLIAM MARSHALL
ACT OF LOVE—U.A.: Kirk Douglas and newcomer Dan O'Herlihy interpret the ill-starred love affair of a GI and a French wait. Director Zanuck (The Undefeated) doesn't get his point across. (F) April

BAIT—Columbia: Efficiently written little melodrama. Gold prospector Hugh Haas plots to get rid of his partner. John Azez. (A) April


BEAT THE DEVIL—U.A.: Wonderfully wacky characters in a melodramatic satire, shot in Italy. Bogart tangles with uranium-seekers, eccentrically neglects Gianna LoLohbriga to dally with Jennifer Jones. (F) May

BOY FROM OKLAHOMA—The—Warner: WarnerColor: Will Rogers, Jr., and Nany Olson score in a delightful yarn of a peace-loving sheriff in a rootin', tootin' town. (F) March

CARNIVAL STORY—RKO, Afa Color: Gaudily effective drama of passion and violence on the midway. Anne Baxter has a juicy role as a German girl involved with no-good Steve Cochran and likable Lyle Bettger. (A) June

CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT—Paramount, Technicolor: Wild gags and slapdash action keep Renaissance Italy jumping. Bob Hope's a timid tailor who impersonates the great lover in a plot mastered by Joan Fontaine. (F) June

CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON—U-I, 3-D: Exciting if unscientific science-fiction, Richard Carlson and Julie Adams find a prehistoric fish-man in Amazon jungles. (F) May

CRIME WAVE—Warners: Expert, crisp thriller. Detective Sterling Hayden checks on parolee Gene Nelson and Phyllis Kirk, snared in a robbery plot. (F) September

DANGEROUS MISSION—RKO, Technicolor: Gangster thriller refreshingly set in the Rockies. Piper Laurie's fled there after witnessing a racket killing. Vic Mature and Vincent Price pursue her with different motives. (F) June

DRIVE A CROOKED ROAD—Columbia: Mickey Rooney's fine as a first-rate but under-sized driver-merchant lured into crime by Dianne Foster. Taut, well-scripted action. (F) June

ELEPHANT WALK—Paramount, Technicolor: In a flamboyant drama, Liz Taylor's the bewildered bride of Ceylon tea-planter Peter Finch. With exotic locales and Dana Andrews. (F) May

EXECUTIVE SUITE—M-G-M: A star-bright cast topped by Fredric March and William Holden shows the intense struggle for power that follows a business tycoon's death. (A) May

GENEVIEVE—Rank, U-I, Technicolor: Nice British comedy about antique-car fans. With Dinah Sheridan and dozens of sex. (A) January

HOLLY AND THE IVY, THE—London Films: Splendidly acted though talkative British movie. Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton, Celia Johnson tell the intimate story of a country minister and his unhappy family. (F) May

INDISCRETION OF AN AMERICAN WIFE—Columbia: Unusual drama, shot in Rome. Tourist Jennifer Jones tries to end her love affair with an Italian (Montgomery Clift). (A) May

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU—Columbia: Clever, likable comedy starring Judy Holliday as a fame-hungry girl in New York, wooed by Jack Lemmon and Peter Lawford. (F) April


MA & PA KETTLE AT HOME—U-I: More knockabout comedy by Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride. To help son Brett Halsey win a contest, they try to convince a magazine editor that their ramshackle old home is a model farm. (A) June

NAKED JUNGLE, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Neatly made thriller with a different sort of villain. Eleanor Parker comes as a mail-order bride to Chariton Heston's plantation deep in the jungles of South America. (F) June

NEW FACES—20th: CinemaScope, color: Bright, sophisticated stage revue filmed with the original cast, including Eartha Kitt. (A) May

NOCTURNE—20th: CinemaScope, Technicolor, Crackling, well-dialogued melodrama of modern Berlin. Gregory Peck's excellent as an Army officer bargaining for the freedom of a GI kidnapped into the Red East Zone. (F) June

PLANET OF THE APES—Warners: 3-D, Technicolor: Chiller about atrocious murders in Paris of 1900. Psychologists Steve Forrest and Pat Medina are threatened. (F) May

PICTURES FROM A LIFE—U-I: Technicolor: Chillingly suspenseful story of a disillusioned man who pursues his former wife. (A) May

PRINCE VAKANT—20th: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Roaring adventure yarn of knights days. Bob Wagner's the exiled prince who seeks justice and fights treachery at the court of Arthur, James Mason takes care of the menace; Janet Leigh, the romantic angle. (F) June

RAILS INTO LARAMIE—U-I, Technicolor: Lively outdoor action. Opposed by old friends Dan Duryea, John Payne tackles a rackets-tied town where railroad-building is stalled. (F) June

RED GARTERS—Paramount, Technicolor: Westerns take a ribbing in an imaginative musical. Rosemary Clooney marries the dance hall; Guy Mitchell plays a killer; Pat Crowley and Joanne Gilbert are decorative. (F) April

RHAPSODY—M-G-M, Technicolor: Romance given weight by fine music and real European locales. Liz Taylor's a possessive rich girl who lovers violinist Vittorio Gassman. (A) May

RIDE CLEAR OF DIABLO—U-I, Technicolor: Fast, humorous Audie Murphy horse opera, with luscious Susan Cabot. Dan Duryea has an amusing heavy role. (F) April

RIDING SHOTGUN—Warner: WarnerColor: Unassassinating Western with unusual twists. Randolph Scott, a stagecoach guard, tries to save a town threatened by a bandit gang—nearly gets lynched. Joan Weldon stands by him. (F) June

ROSE MARIE—M-G-M: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Conventional operetta, full of long-loved songs. Ann Blyth's the French-Canadian hoyden, courted by Fernando Lamas, a dashing trapper, and Howard Keel, a bluff mountie. (F) June

SASKATCHEWAN—U-I, Technicolor: Sat- ingly Northwestern. In the Canadian Rockies, mountie Alan Ladd defends Shirley Temple and other whites against warring Sioux. (F) May

SIEGE AT RED RIVER, THE—20th, Technicolor: The Civil War's fought out West, with plenty of local color and vigorous action. Confederate Van Johnson steals a new Union weapon, woes a dear enemy, Joanne Dru. (F) June

TENNESSEE CHAMP—M-G-M, Anscocolor: Cheery, off-beat tale of a religious hillbilly (Dewey Martin) groomed for the prize ring by unscrupulous manager Keenan Wynn. Shelley Winters scores as Wynn's wife. (F) May

WITNESS TO MURDER—U-A: Ingenious suspense movie. Barbara Stanwyck sees neighbor George Sanders commit a murder, reports it—but can't get the police to believe she isn't a racist, subject to delusions. (F) June

YANK PASHA—U-I, Technicolor: Florid adventure story. Jeff Chandler's a frontiersman come to North Africa to rescue Rhonda Fleming, enslaved by Barbary pirates. (F) May
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with White Rain

You'll have sunshine wherever you go when you use White Rain Shampoo. For lovely hair is your most delightful beauty asset. And White Rain sprinkles your hair with sunlight... leaves it soft to touch, fresh as a breeze, and so easy to manage. Ask for this fabulous new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. And as surely as sunshine follows rain... you'll find that romance follows the girl whose hair is sunshine bright.

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Made and guaranteed by McKesson & Robbins At all drug and cosmetic counters in the U. S. and Canada.

Readers Inc...

I recently made a bet with a friend concerning Marie Wilson's correct age. Could you tell me where and when she was born? Slt. R. W. MATTHEWS c/o FPO San Francisco She was born in Anaheim, California, on the last day of 1917.—ED.

My husband made a bet with a buddy about when "The Outlaw" came out. MRS. ROBERT MEAD Deer Lodge, Montana In 1943, withdrawn, re-released in 1950.—ED.

"The Eddie Cantor Story" was wonderful! Who played Harry Haire, the doctor? ANNA JANE SMITH Montgomery, Alabama That was Arthur Franz.—ED.

Would you please tell me which picture was released first—"The Wild North" or "Singin' in the Rain"? A/3c SAM DE ANGELO PM San Francisco, California "The Wild North" was released in March, 1952, approximately one month before "Singin' in the Rain."—ED.

My girl friend and I have been arguing about who had the supporting role of Robert Taylor's uncle in "Quo Vadis." I say it was James Mason, she says Leo Genn.

D. B.
Oceanside, California
She's right. It was Leo Genn.—ED.

Will you please tell me something about Ricardo Montalban, who played in "Sombriesa." Is he married, what's his address? F. L. DAWELL Seaside, California
He is married to Loretta Young's sister, Georgianna. They have 4 children. Write him at M-G-M.—ED.

In the picture "Decision Before Dawn," who played the German medic whose name in the picture was Happy? I have never seen him before and thought he was good.

NORA GRAHAM
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Marie Wilson is ageless

A round-up on Ricardo

Bathing suit by Rose Marie Reid...Trunks by McGregor in Bates disciplined fabric...Surf Scooter by Ideal Toy Corporation...3-Way Radio by Sylvania...Skotch Cooler by Hamilton...Sports car by Sunbeam-Talbot-Alpine...Beach towel by Martex

America's favorite suntan lotion!
That was Oskar Werner, who has remained in Europe.—ED.

Please settle an argument. How old is Sonja Henie, and how many times did she win the Olympics?  

EDNA ARMSTRONG  
Detroit, Michigan  
She was born April 8, 1913, in Oslo. She has won the Olympic Games 3 times.—ED.

I have just seen "Young Bess" and thought it was wonderful. I would like to know who played the young page, Barnaby.  

KAREN UNRUH  
West Hartford, Connecticut  
Robert Arthur played Barnaby.—ED.

I would appreciate your telling me Scott Brady's real name and where I can get in touch with him.  

ERNA ZIMMER  
Bronx, New York  
His real name is Gerard Tierey, and since he's been free-lancing, suggest you write him at the Screen Actors Guild.—ED.

In the picture, "The Jolson Story," who played his wife—Joan Caulfield, Evelyn Knox or Evelyn Keyes?  

JOAN J. MASTRON  
Jersey City, New Jersey  
Evelyn Keyes played Julie Benson.—ED.

John Wayne has always been one of my favorite actors ever since I can remember. Could you tell me how long he has been in motion pictures and his first starring role?  

MARY ANN PERRY  
Akron, Ohio  
He has been appearing in motion pictures for 20 years, ever since "The Big Trail" for Warners in 1930.—ED.

I would like to know the name of the man who played the part of Grace Kelly's husband in "Mogambo."  

SUSAN PETROFF  
Iron River, Michigan  
Donald Nordley was played by Donald Sinden.—ED.

I would like to praise Doris Day's wonderful performance in "Calamity Jane." No one can take the place of her bright, exciting, warm personality. I would like to know her real name and her age. My girl friend seems to think she is in her late thirties. I say she's about 35.  

ERLENE FREDONER  
La Grange, Illinois  
Doris Day was born Doris Kappelhoff in 1924.—ED.

Several years ago my friends and I saw "Broken Arrow," a wonderful picture. Could you please tell us who Delbra Paget married? It will settle an argument.  

CAROL TATE AND MARYLIN VIELE  
Springfield, Illinois  
It was Jimmy Stewart.—ED.

Here's a sensational offer! A big 8 oz. $1 size of famous Shampoo Plus Egg... the shampoo that conditions your hair with the magic touch of fresh whole egg! Plus a big regular 59c size of famous Creme Rinse FREE!... the after-shampoo beauty rinse guaranteed to make hair soft, silky, easy to manage! For the most beautiful hair of your life, get this famous beauty pair... at this $1 beauty bargain price today! Hurry! Supply limited!

"This will put egg-citement into your hair!"
Robert Q. Lewis, CBS  
Coast-to-Coast.
Today's #1 make-up — in two glorious Summer shades!

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by POND'S

Golden Angel

For a gentle, light tan—Angel Face by Pond's in this golden sun kissed shade. Never streaky, never drying, never shiny.

Beloved Angel Face by Pond's also comes in this charming blue-and-gold box—in two sizes, 89¢, 59¢*

*plus tax

Bronze Angel

For skin that tans deeply—Angel Face in rich "mocha," the most authentic suncolor ever smoothed on with a puff!

No greasy fingers or wet sponge!
No cakey, dry look. Not shiny. A touch of the Angel Face puff smooths you, de-shines you, makes you the "coolest" girl under the sun! Pond's Angel Face is today's number-one flatterer—more women use it than any make-up!

No spilly loose powder!
No over-loaded puff. No "clumping" on your face. Angel Face is powder and foundation in-one. Smoother than powder, clings longer. Can't spill. There's just no make-up so wonderful!

Travel light! Carry
Angel Face in its slim Mirror Case
Only one make-up to pack—the Mirror Case holds a seasonful of powder and foundation in-one...mirror and puff! Only one make-up to apply—freshen-up with Angel Face anywhere! Choice of 7 lovely skin tones. Just $1
And "The Caine Mutiny" is another of several excellent films that have come along this year to prove it!

It's fun to see two newcomers, Robert Francis and May Wynn, introduced to screen audiences in a fine tender love story. It's rewarding to see Humphrey Bogart, Van Johnson and Fred MacMurray in such splendid roles — they've never been better.

When you're in need of relaxation, in need of shedding the cares of the day, there is nothing better than a good motion picture to take you out of this world. We highly recommend "The Caine Mutiny" as the film that can do it.

Fred L. Samms
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Elaine Stewart: This water nymph dove right in for the role she wanted—and got!

Rhonda Fleming: She's in troubled waters now, but that trip to Europe may help her

Sun-kissed Sweeties: A lass with a delicate air—and a still more delicate skin—Piper Laurie takes her sunbathing in small doses. But with a figure like hers, not even a shady porch could put Piper in the shade! . . . Yes, there was good reason for those crazy, mixed-up, low-flying planes over RKO! For her role of the part-Cuban girl in "Big Rainbow," Jane Russell had to have creamy coffee-colored skin. So she sun-tanned that terrific torso every day on the studio roof! And speaking of Jane who loves to pound that pillow until noon when she isn't working, she's up at dawn these days. Her newly formed Russ-Field Corporation leased office space on the Goldwyn lot. Madame herself is supervising the decorating and it's quite a sight to see her in overalls.

inside stuff

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood
Jane Russell: Her sun baths on the studio roof had local planes dropping to a new low!

Piper Laurie: She loves to swim—but leave her in the sun too long and Piper burns!

Estabrook

wielding a wicked paint brush! ... There’s a wise brain inside Elaine Stewart’s beautiful head. She hasn’t worked for director Vincente Minnelli since that sensational bit in “Bad and the Beautiful,” which launched her career. So when she heard that Vincente needed her type in a short modern sequence for “Brigadoon,” she went after the role and got it. Contrary to all those serious romance rumors, Elaine says: “Leo the Lion is my only love!” That’s what the girl said! ... Everyone knew something was bothering luscious-looking Rhonda Fleming when she arrived at the studio red-eyed to work in “Yankee Pasha.” Now everyone knows! Rhonda and Dr. Lew V. Morrill have separated. Their courtship was tempestuous and their marriage simmered down to a series of near-separations. The toast of Technicolor hopes she can make a movie in Europe and get away from it all ... And while we’re in Europe, Anne Francis turned thumbs down on those Italian film offers and is remaining right in Hollywood. In love with Bam Brice, she believes a husband and wife should stay together if they want to remain together. Since “Susan Slept Here,” Anne’s been helping Bam complete that movie he’s making. It’s actually his thesis and the subject deals with the effect of narcotics. They’re both praying it will win him his master’s degree.

Helping Hand: Cal feels confident that his readers will agree on the following. Much has been written about Guy Madison’s (Continued on page 80)
Jean Simmons lives on an acre of heaven—with views that are down to earth!

Jean Simmons had invited me to her home many times, but I hadn't managed to get there until the morning of our interview. When she phoned, just as I was putting on my new hat, to suggest she'd meet me at a given point and lead the way, I was skeptical of the need for such service, but by the time I spotted her little putty-colored Jaguar waiting at one of the hairpin curves of the highway, I was eager to encounter my guide.

I began driving behind her, and suddenly her roadster plunged through a gap in the shrubbery and onto a curving lane which wound sharply around the mountain until we were climbing almost straight up. Speeding through a breezeway, we came out on a huge, circular brick-paved court with a swimming pool. The low gray house circled three sides of the landing spot like a protecting arm. Below us lay the world, stretching off to an infinity of sea and mountains on every side.

"How did you find this eagle's nest?" I asked.
"I didn't even know it was here."
"We used to go prowling around, and one day we came on it," Jean said. "It wasn't finished—there was nothing, really—not a tree or a plant or a blade of grass. We completed the building of the house and Jimmie brought up every single thing, even that birch tree over the kitchen roof. He planted the hill all the way down to the main road—about an acre in all."

"An acre of heaven," (Continued on page 101)
State of Mind
Their private griefs were forgotten in the laughter they shared. They were learning to live again.

- They did not run to meet him. That was the frightening thing. Always before when he had entered the house—even if it were only after a day at the studio—they had come laughing, eager, in happy rivalry to see which could reach him first. Now they stood rather too close together, the girl just into her teens, the boy younger and—waited. It was long past their bedtime. They had been waiting for hours. But not to greet him this time—rather, to know if what they had read in the newspaper and heard on the radio was true.

He glanced involuntarily at the nursemaid who stood a little apart, and she gave him a helpless look which meant, “I tried. But you know how Susan loves to read the paper. She saw it before I did. I’m sorry.” He gave a little nod, forcing back the bitterness he couldn’t help feeling. It wasn’t her fault—it wasn’t anyone’s fault, really. Unless, maybe, it was his own.

With that thought hurting him, Fred MacMurray crossed the room to his children. He dropped to his knees, putting an arm around each, holding them close. “Susan—Bobby—” he said huskily. “I’m not married. Don’t you know I wouldn’t marry anyone without telling you first? Don’t you know I couldn’t do (Continued on page 97)
Rock Hudson’s Tip to Teen-Agers:

"Don’t Call That Boy A Square"

BY ROCK HUDSON

Having nothing in particular to do one evening, I made a short hop over to see some old friends. We were all sitting around laughing and talking—having one good old gab fest—when the telephone rang. Conversation came to a fast stop as Joan, their teen-age daughter jumped from her easy chair, hurling the family pooch out of her lap, and raced to the phone as if the whole world were headed for that same call. A few minutes later, she was back again.

“That was quick,” her father said, giving her a hep look. “‘The Crumb’?”

“I don’t know why he keeps calling,” said our pretty heroine with disgust. “I wouldn’t be caught dead with him—let alone alive at the movies.”

“Why not?” inquired not-so-hep old Uncle Rock.

“Somebody might see us together.” She shuddered at the thought.

“New-type monster?” I asked pleasantly.

“Same old kind,” said her father. “There’s a crop every year, I understand.”

“Two heads—both square,” I guessed.

“Well, no,” grinned our girl. “But it might help. At least, then he’d have a choice. It’s just that he’s so laughable. Gawky. All hands and feet.”

“Jimmy’s an awfully nice boy,” the girl’s mother said. “And he comes from a fine family. Seems to me I remember a certain young lady who went through that gawky stage herself, not so long ago.”

“Oh, mother—I wasn’t rude,” said the girl. Then she flipped, “I even said goodbye before I hung up.”

Oh, brother, girls that age don’t know how cruel they are, I thought, because I have a few memories myself of a time when I was a gawky kid back in Winnetka, Illinois.

One of my teen-age loves was a girl named Nancy. It was the most beautiful name I’d ever heard. And Nancy was the most (Continued on page 87)
No one was wearing red before the party so three girls changed their minds at the last minute—and wore red.

Teacher Dick and pupil Terry did one of their routines. "Terry’s been one of my best pupils," said Dick proudly.

Food being the way to a man’s heart, be he guest or host, Mitzi served a buffet supper which was fun and delicious.

Mitzi Gaynor’s blind date party began as a dinner-time conversation. "It’s spring," said Mitzi to her mother and her fiancé, Jack Bean, that evening. "And I don’t need a calendar to know it."

"You’re real crazy," grinned Jack. "But I love you."

"And I love you," said his girl. "That’s just it. It’s my theory that everyone should be in love."

PHOTOS
BY
STERN
"I second the emotion," was Mr. Bean's enthusiastic reply.
"And Dick Allan should ask Terry Moore for a date," Mitzi went on.
"Mitzi," said her mother. "Eat your dinner."
"Why should Dick Allan ask Terry Moore for a date?" asked the reasonable Mr. Bean.
Mitzi's reply was equally reasonable.

Terry and Dick had known each other for nearly a year. Terry'd taken dancing lessons from Dick at the Fox lot. But Richard had confided to Mitzi he'd never had nerve enough to ask  

(Continued on page 79)
Are MARTIN and

Breaking through the maze of rumors, here are the facts about Dean's and Jerry's feud
IT happens to every team. One of them has a headache some day and gets annoyed at his partner for something that any other day he would brush aside with a cheerful grin. Immediately the rumors start to fly hot and heavy.

It happened recently to Martin and Lewis, as it must eventually happen to every team, but there's no stopping this irrepressible pair. In the face of rumors that they've lost their magic formula and that theirs is becoming a partnership in name only, Dean and Jerry recently issued a statement acknowledging that they were in fact going to break up and go their separate ways—on July 25, 1996. This will be some forty-two years from today!

For those close to Martin and Lewis, anytime within the next couple of hundred years would still be too soon. It would seem inconceivable that either Dean or Jerry could ever really split up. They've been bound too long together by a handshake that's survived an eternity of experience. Their lives have been linked by too much—and too many.

Linked by a sea of happy faces which stretches limitlessly, by the sound of laughter—to them the most magical sound in the world—by the happy smiles of children like a little boy named Bill who sat in the front row of the El Capitan Theatre the other day watching their television rehearsal with feverish blue eyes, as though committing all of it to heart and memory. Beside him, a grave woman smiled when he smiled, laughed when he laughed and thanked Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis with all of a mother's heart for playing the whole
Are MARTIN and LEWIS Breaking Up?—continued

Two kindred comedians with the heart and humor of one

When Dean and Jeanne separated, temporarily, Jerry stood by with advice, room in his home.

In 1951, a moment to cherish—Patti’s happy tears at surprise seventh wedding celebration.

show straight to her boy—to those excited and feverish eyes which might never see them again, which might never see anything again. He faced an operation that might leave him blind. Anxious to give him something to remember, his parents had asked what he would like to see. “Martin and Lewis,” he said with no hesitation. And so this little boy became one more link binding Martin and Lewis together in a seemingly unbreakable chain.

Their lives are linked too by all those who may be affected by the $6,500,000 they’ve raised toward the eradication of Muscular Dystrophy and by their own knowledge that together some day they might well be the financial means of wiping this dread disease completely out.

The music Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have made together is the happy music.

A great team, a great moment. In 1953 they won Photoplay Awards as top team of the year.
The first appearance of Martin & Lewis on TV—a team bound together by the tough times and the triumphs, by the million laughs they've had.

The sweetest music this side of any place. The laughter to lighten the lives of millions of human beings the world over in tense times when they've needed it most. Laughter which must not stop.

More personally, Martin and Lewis will always be bound together by the million laughs they've had, the tough times and the triumphs they've shared since they met.

Their has been the most perfect wedding of talent in recent show business. Their magic formula, the heart behind their humor is an affinity almost too close to define. Together the handsome crooner and the comedian with the chrysanthemum haircut have proven themselves to millions of laughing, cheering admirers. As a team they've been indivisible and indestructible. And everyone who has tried to separate them has gotten a (Continued on page 93)

Let Martin & Lewis know how you feel: P.O. Box No. 3155 Olympic Station, Beverly Hills
Hollywood's headline hunters should take a lesson from some stars whose private lives and careers prove

IT PAYS TO BE

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Just a few short years ago, Ann Blyth, Jane Powell, Liz Taylor, June Allyson, Jeanne Crain, Ava Gardner, Lana Turner, Shelley Winters and Marilyn Monroe were growing up, maturing in Hollywood. Today, Piper Laurie, Debbie Reynolds, Terry Moore, Grace Kelly and Elaine Stewart are in the same position the older stars once occupied. For some, stardom is an overnight miracle; for others, it has taken years of hard work to achieve success. But no matter which way it comes, the one thing both youngsters and their older sisters-in-glory have discovered is that it pays to be good!

Notoriety is not fame—this Jane Powell has now discovered. When a star breaks the rules of decent human behavior laid down by society, he or she pays for it, even as you and I. To the public, a little less than a year ago, Jane Powell was a symbol of the perfect wife, mother and star. Her home life, outwardly, was an example of what every marriage should be. Then came not only her infatuation for dancer Gene Nelson, with whom she worked in "Three Sailors and a Girl," but her outward flaunting of propriety which caused her marriage to Geary Steffen to break into a million pieces. When Jane detoured from the straight and narrow, the people who loved her were disappointed, and disapproval was expressed at the box office. For Jane herself, there is the heartbreak of a broken home for her two young children, Geary and Suzanne, the rebuilding of her personal life and the rebuilding of her career. For those who dance to the piper must pay and pay and pay.

At all the glittering parties during recent months in Hollywood, where beauties were a dime a dozen, Lana Turner and Lex Barker drew lots of admiring attention. Why? Lana with
Jeanne Crain, with Paul Brinkman, changed her appearance—and her mind, about those "bad girl" roles.

Liz Taylor (Mrs. Mike Wilding) learned that growing up is as important for your heart as for your head.

Mrs. Lex Barker is happier and far more attractive to her public than the Lana who made the headlines.

Ava Gardner continues to make news—and the happiness she wants so much continues to avoid her.

Good

her brown hair was certainly a less flashy femme than in other days. But the very look in her eyes, the relaxed manner, the happiness spoke loudly of a woman who is loved, and, because she is loved, has an inner strength which cannot be denied. And everyone who admires her as a talented actress rejoiced with her. Her marriage to Lex Barker seems to have swung her successfully over to the side of convention.

Lana's past amours once kept her in a most uncomfortable hot spot as top news. Lana's present calm and the obvious adjustment of her life gives the lie to one of Hollywood's tritest cracks that it doesn't matter what they say or print about you, just as long as they spell your name right. Lana would be the first to say that when you play fast and loose with high standards in personal life, life has a way of slapping you down. Liz Taylor is another woman who has learned that the mistakes of youth can cost dearly. However, now that she is the wife of Michael Wilding and the mother of a son, Michael, Jr., she is able to look back and (Continued on page 100)
- Maybe the music in Doris Day's heart was out of tune for a while, but now it rings as true as the notes of her singing voice. You remember that she began Warners' "Lucky Me" under a shadow of rumored illness. Yet the millions of movie-goers who watch her dance across the CinemaScope screen see only the wholesome gaiety that's always been the essence of her appeal. Is it just an illusion created by clever acting? These candids give you the answer. Snatched on the set, they show you how Doris herself actually felt. In musical numbers, the picture and the sound are recorded at different times to insure perfection in each. Doris' warm good humor, matching the film's title, was no act put on for the movie cameras—they weren't rolling. Music lifts a singer's own spirits as it does yours.
Love isn't just fifty-fifty with Scott—it's a hundred-hundred. The girl he loves will either like the things he does—or he'll change! He can't stand moods, mystery, wants to see his girl smile, enjoy herself.

Scott Brady's kind of girl would need a sense of humor; a strong constitution and the femininity of Eve. But she'd be living!

It was one of those small out-of-the-way restaurants that seem to swim in candlelight and old world charm. Scott Brady was seated opposite a very attractive young lady when she suddenly said, "She'll be very lucky." The very attractive young lady sighed and tried a sweet, sweet smile.

"Who?" asked the bewildered Scott.

"The girl you marry," she replied. "You're still looking for her, aren't you? Or are you? Tell me about her."

Scott has never been known to actually panic at a direct or indirect approach to the subject of marriage. However, when a lady has that certain gleam in her eye and it's beamed in his direction, mentally he heads for the hills. Alone. "I'm not getting married," he assured her. "I don't want to get married."

"Of course you do... someday," the lady insisted.

"No," he issued another denial, still managing to keep a straight face. "What in the world would I do with (Continued on page 89)
man, if... By BEVERLY OTT
The average young married couple kisses a loving goodbye on the morning of each working day. But for Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis there was a sweet hello-again almost every day that "The Black Shield of Falworth" was shooting. In this swashbuckling adventure tale from U-I, resplendent in CinemaScope and Technicolor, Tony and Janet voyage back to the lusty England of Henry IV (Ian Keith). There Tony's a courageous youth brought up as a peasant, and Janet's a lady of high degree. Her father (Herbert Marshall) brings Tony and his sister (Barbara Rush) to the royal court. The two discover that they are actually the last of the Falworths, a noble family wiped out by treachery. Tony must attain knighthood so that he may defeat the traitor, avenge his family, save his country—and win Janet's hand.
Wearing for the first time the red-blazoned arms of his family, Tony tackles his enemy Schemer David Farrar, in dark armor, tries to unseat Tony as the joust nears a climax.

Tony receives the spurs of knighthood from Torin Thatcher. Beyond him, his sister, his most deadly enemy and his sweetheart watch the gleaming pageantry at the court of England's king.

"Shield of Falworth"
Today, yours is a magic singing sword. Your subjects number millions throughout the land. They call you “Prince”—and well they should. For you are a Prince of hearts—age seven to seventy.

They call you “Valiant.” And this too you have earned. In the battle of Hollywood, you’ve conquered many comers and you’ve met challenge in any form. Yet yours has been a divided victory, for to win meant defeating, too, the lifetime dreams of those who loved you—exchanging your father’s world of steel for a kingdom of celluloid.

But from childhood, yours was a magical dream not to be denied. It lay within the high walls of a motion-picture studio and in the path of lights that streaked across Hollywood skies. You fought your way into that world, not by joust nor with a sword that sings but with an instinct for acting, a willingness to work and an eagerness to listen and to learn.

As a kid, you spent Saturday afternoons in a Westwood Village theatre, thrilling as thousands of other youngsters thrilled before you to the adventures of Tarzan. You watched, wide-eyed, Johnny Weissmuller’s leaps from tree to tree, bellowing his call of victory. Your top treasure then—a picture he’d signed.

A small voice in the crowd at the Riviera Country Club, you’d cheered a star playing polo. Name? Spencer Tracy—with whom even a dream like yours would not dare say you will later co-star.

Like any other movie fan you stood and stood in the footprints in the forecourt of Grauman’s Chinese. Most of the time you tried Clark Gable’s, thrilled even reading his name scrawled there, but
ROBERT WAGNER: valiant prince
—continued

Bob's success charm was evident even at four

As "Prince Valiant," with Janet Leigh, Bob played childhood hero—and his most challenging role

you tried on others like Robert Taylor's and Tyrone Power's too. Just for size. You stood there unnoticed, just another boy in blue jeans and T shirt trying on footprints too large for him, dreaming about those whose names are immortalized in cement. With a kid's curiosity, you wondered how they'd put them there.

Today you know—every print must find its own way. The story behind any of them could be this story of a movie fan who became a star. Your story, Robert Wagner. And here is your answer. For this is your life.

It begins one day in February, the tenth to be exact. The year is 1930—the same year a serene blond star named Ann Harding is being footprinted to fame; a tow-haired kid named Jackie Cooper is becoming America's boy; and a handsome husky from Ohio is fluttering the first of many hearts who will hold him dear through a long motion-picture career. a guy named Gable. Gable is later to play an important part in your own, but you couldn't be aware of it then. For
Things began to happen fast to Bob. Now he had his own apartment, reveled in bachelor life!

In New York, with Terry Moore, he knew thrill of being a celebrity to Ed Sullivan and others.

As the young soldier in "With a Song in My Heart," with Susan Hayward, Bob won acting spurs.

In New York, with Terry Moore, he knew thrill of being a celebrity to Ed Sullivan and others.

Bob's dream was not theirs, but today his parents take pride in their son's self-made success.

Proud, too, is Bob (here with Janet) of Photoplay Award he won as fastest rising young star.

the biggest news in your block in Detroit, Michigan, is that a son has been born to a paint salesman named R. J. Wagner, Sr., and his lovely wife, Hazel Boe.

In Detroit, the first years of childhood drag slowly by—while Hollywood footprints a glamorous blond named Jean Harlow and salutes America's new sweethearts Marie Dressler and Wally Beery for "Min and Bill."...

But in 1937, you too are in Hollywood. Director William Wellman, later to guide your destiny, directs to fame "A Star Is Born" and for "Captains Courageous" Spencer Tracy wins Hollywood's Academy Award, while Gene Autry is winning the West, armed only with a guitar. Mickey Rooney, as Andy Hardy, is an endearing part of every household in the land. The twinkling feet of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are still making history. And a vigorous executive at 20th Century-Fox's studio, named Darryl Zanuck, is being hailed a star-maker for his faith in unknowns. Like that trusty triumvirate, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche and Alice Faye. Little does he know then that there arrived, special delivery, a seven-year-old he will some day discover, too, and star—initalled "R. J."

This is the year your parents move to Hollywood. They send you ahead on the train, pinned to you a note of instructions addressed to a matron named Mrs. Pierce, which says, "This is Robert Wagner, Jr. Please deliver to Hollywood Military School." With you is your sister Mary Lou, age twelve. Your father (Continued on page 84)
Sometimes I wonder what we'll do for laughs when she leaves our home as a bride. And I envy the girl who'll be my grandchild!

"When Deb falls in love, I'll know it. She's a shouter!"

---

my girl, debbie

BY MAXENE REYNOLDS as told to MAXINE BLOCK

The letter that arrived yesterday morning worried us. My youngest brother in El Paso, Texas, just eighteen and in his first year of a four-year college scholarship, announced his plan to marry immediately if he could get my consent. When Debbie came home from the studio and heard the news about her young Uncle, she cracked up a storm and began spluttering.

"The dope! Marry at eighteen! Holy cow! With three years of college ahead of him? He's only a baby. Why—why, I'll buy him a ticket to Paris—anything. Only we must try to talk some sense into him," Debbie begged her grandmother, who is visiting us.

Debbie's fuss ended, however, when Grandmother pointed out that she had no right to interfere—any more than she would if Debbie made such a decision. If Debbie wanted to write her Uncle her views—all right, but it wasn't up to the family to influence him one way or the other.

Debbie's like a lot of teen-agers I know. She's been brought up to use her mind to make her own decisions. And thank goodness. For how else does one prepare a daughter to take the good steps, the

Continued on next page
Deb signs autographs at Scout ball game.
Both Deb and her mother are scout counselors

my Girl, debbie

Continued

With M/Sgt Paul Lillar. She's never too busy or tired to entertain the troops.

With her sister-in-law, Joyce, niece Gail. Deb loves her home, refused own apartment.

Dates don't have to be a big production—just fun. Tab Hunter is a favorite date.

right steps toward adulthood and marriage?

Debbie's ideas against early marriage are strictly her own. Her own brother Bill married at nineteen. I married at sixteen—and very happily—so I've never tried to influence the children one way or the other. Dad and I have tried to show Debbie what constitutes a good marriage indirectly, and listening to her views at present, I think we've succeeded.

Once, when Debbie was a little girl in El Paso, she watched me setting four places at the table for dinner. It was even before the birds and bees period of explanation! Debbie appeared to be thinking deeply, looked up at me and said, "When I get big, I'm going to ask ten children to come live with me—not just two. What do I have to learn to have my own house?" I told her she could practice taking care of children with her own dolls, that she'd learn more and more each year and by the time she was ready to marry, I hoped she'd know the answer.

Today, I think Debbie knows how to run a home of her own, even though, because of the demands of her career, she has had less time to practice household arts than other girls of her age. Yet, I feel confident she'll make out all right.

What mother ever thinks she's done a perfect job on her children? None. And that's as it should be. What I've done for Bill and Debbie is try to make them self-reliant and to respect not only others but themselves, too. Debbie's grandfather used to tell her, "Live by the Ten Commandments and you'll be all right."

Debbie was born in El Paso on April Fool's Day, 1932. Dad was a railroad carpenter on the Southern Pacific in that town. When she was eight, Dad was transferred to Los Angeles and we found a house in Burbank. We're still there, and Dad is still on the job. Our home is about twenty miles from Debbie's studio, M-G-M, but it's thousands of miles away as far as the glamour and razzle-dazzle of Hollywood is concerned.

None of us would have it any other way. Our home was, and is, run for the family as a whole. We share pleasures together and we share responsibilities together. When Debbie was very young, I gave her duties, such as setting the table, helping with the dishwashing, making her own bed and picking up her clothes in her room. On the last, though, I've never had much success. And when I talk to the mothers of Debbie's friends, I find they haven't had any (Continued on page 90)

*For “Where to Buy” turn to page 83*
Left: Judy Lynn happily suns herself in a fun-loving white twill halter and shorts set. Cuffed shorts have handy, navy slash pockets, halter has bra construction. 32-38. $3. By Lovable. Silk scarf by Baar & Beards

Right: the perfect partnership for play. Polly Bergen likes little-boy chartreuse cotton suit that takes cover when out of water under a matching jacket. 32-38. $9. Brilliant. Large red hoop earrings by La Tausca. $2

Far right: Jan Sterling is the biggest catch on the beach in gay gingham romper suit, form-fitting, zippered up the back. Green and purple plaid. 10-16. $12. Rose Marie Reid. Hat by Madcaps. U. S. Rubber shoes

For "Where to Buy" turn to page 83
COOL VACATION CLOTHES

Continued

JOAN WELDON IS IN WARNERS' "THEM"
Left: For wilting summer days, Joan Weldon chooses a crisp cool suit. Cardigan jacket, to belt or not, with push-up sleeves, slim skirt and perky polka-dotted sleeveless blouse. Wrinkle-resistant. Comes in white, red, natural, navy. 10-18. $30. By Printz Biederman. Shortie gloves by Wear Right.

Right: Polly Bergen wears this pretty butterfly-dotted cotton dress with deep round neckline, shirred skirt. All-wool white sweater is trimmed with dress-matching collar and cuffs, In aqua, pink, yellow on white. 8-16. $20. By Serbin. Jewelry by La Tausca. $2 each. Wear Right gloves
Jan Sterling smiles right back at the sun in a perfectly molded jet-black linen sheath. Tiny sleeves cap a wide-away velvet-trimmed neckline. Also in navy. 8-18. $35. By Richard Cole. For drama: jeweled linen pumps by Confetti at Franklin Simon

For "Where to Buy" see page 83
When Tony Curtis heard he was at last going to do a musical, he leaped with joy. He went on leaping in dance rehearsals with Gene Nelson for "Three Gobs in Paris." "Whoever said dancing was sissy stuff ought to try a few routines with Gene," groaned Tony. But after the initial aches and pains, Tony began to enjoy his role as a song-and-dance man. Says Gene, "Tony's a natural." Maybe some day the public will be seeing a musical in which the co-stars are Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis!

Tony is also in "Johnny Dark"
A WONDERFUL REUNION

Two of the proudest kids in the world watched Frank Sinatra step up to receive an Oscar for his great performance in "From Here to Eternity." They were Frankie, Jr. and Nancy, Jr. When the news was announced, Nancy began to cry from sheer joy. At dinner that night, the children had given their father two medals—a St. Anthony and a St. Genesius. Looking at them, Frank knew he had to win. For on the back of the St. Genesius medal was a small Oscar—and the inscription, "to daddy—all our love from here to eternity"

THIRTY MINUTES 'TIL GOODBYE

When accordionist Dick Contino came back from Korea, the first girl he saw was Piper Laurie. And when Piper left for a short visit with relatives in Detroit, the last boy she saw—was Dick Contino. Both deny it's a romance—insist they're just friends. And it's a fact they're both dating others. But maybe Cupid's just being coy. Because Dick rushed all the way from Glendale to Los Angeles' Union Station to say goodbye to Piper. He hadn't even had time to buy a farewell gift. But the fact that he was there seemed enough for Piper. And when her train pulled out, Dick watched it until it disappeared!
Piper Laurie appears in "Johnny Dark"
A CHAMPION TAKES THE HURDLES

Horses have been tops with Tab Hunter ever since he was a kid of twelve. But in the last year he's had little time for his favorite sport. Tab's been concentrating on his career. The public went for him in his first film, "Island of Desire." But the producers claimed he couldn't act. Tab knew it was up to him. He studied hard, won the co-starring role with Marilyn Erskine in road show, "Our Town." His acting brought the critics' acclaim and producers to his door.
New Colgate Dental Cream with GARDOL

Works instantly to stop Bad Breath!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more—helps keep you socially acceptable. Tests prove Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth.

CLEANS YOUR BREATH...

Works constantly to stop Tooth Decay!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream guards against tooth decay for 12 hours or more. Night and morning brushings guard your teeth all day—all night. In this way, Colgate's GARDOL works around the clock to stop the action of decay-causing enzymes. In full-year clinical tests, X rays showed far fewer cavities for the hundreds of people in the group using Colgate Dental Cream with GARDOL. In fact, no new cavities whatever for 4 out of 5.

while it GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

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Colgate's miracle ingredient makes it doubly effective!

HOW GARDOL WORKS:

Every time you brush your teeth with New Colgate Dental Cream, GARDOL binds itself to your teeth...remains active for 12 hours or more. That's why GARDOL, Colgate's miracle anti-enzyme ingredient, gives you the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste—leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more.

GARDOL's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. Thus, morning and night brushings with New Colgate's with GARDOL give continuous protection around the clock.

ONLY COLGATE'S GIVES YOU FULL GARDOL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!
devotion to Gail Russell and rightly so. Gail's brave attempt to regain her health and find peace of mind is something to comment about too. She's attending lectures in Beverly Hills conducted each week by an admirable religious man who teaches "right" thinking. Gail's trying hard to help herself, so let's all add our prayers to hers. If ever anyone deserved them, she does!

Many Happy Returns: Jane Powell wore Pat Nerney's gift of gold-encrusted watch and earrings on her twenty-fifth birthday. They took her children to lunch in the patio at Frascati's on Wilshire Boulevard, and Debbie Reynolds who was twenty-two on the same day joined them. Robert Dix (now at M-G-M) son of the late matinee idol, Richard Dix, was Debbie's date that evening. "Why is it," she sighed wishfully to her mother, "I always fall for the name of Bob?" Senor Wagner please note!

Today's Target: For Cal's cold cash, Donald O'Connor did a brilliant job at MCing this year's Academy Awards. Following instructions, he kept things light and gay. However, for the first time in his life, the press let him have it. He was accused of lacking in dignity, maturity and showing little respect. After the first blast, poor bewildered Donald called his close friend Marilyn Erskine. "I tried my best," he said sadly, "what did I do that was so wrong?" Wise in her way, Marilyn comforted him: "You were wonderful, Donald. Everyone goes through the same thing. It just happened to be your turn!"

Son Up: World War II hero, Audie Murphy, now thinks the Army is pretty good. He was out making personal appearances when the stork suddenly decided to make a forced landing. Audie and the ambulance arrived simultaneously at his front door. On the way to the hospital they were forced to detour because of a fire. Then, in all the excitement of getting his wife to her room, the expectant father discovered he'd left her packed bag in the ambulance. Despite it all, James Shannon Murphy weighed in at eight healthy pounds. "And looking," says Audie humorously, "just like an Indian chief!"

Academy Award Sidelights: So typical, modest Bill Holden wouldn't walk into Chasen's carrying his highly deserved Oscar. So his wife sneaked it in under her fur and then set it up on the table where they celebrated with close friends... Since winning the acting award, the change in Frank Sinatra is heartwarming. Not too co-operative in the past, grateful Frankie drives all the way in from Palm Springs to keep appointments with the press... When Grace Kelly confided she'd turned down Clark Gable's proposal in Africa, she provoked skepticism. But if
she could persuade him to escort her to the Awards—his first time in fifteen years, looks like Gracie could be the King's queen of hearts... And now it can be told! At the eleventh hour, hysterical Gene Tierney tried to get out of her stint. She was forced to postpone her unexpected rendezvous with Aly Khan in Mexico until the next day!

Cal Wonders: Where those rumors start that all is not well between Jeffrey Hunter and Barbara Rush. Currently her career seems to be gaining a faster momentum, but Jeff is so enthused for her. They had a ball together at the Argentine Film Festival and their obvious devotion thrilled the natives... When Zsa Zsa Gabor is going to learn that too much publicity is much more harmful than none at all. Insiders report that women’s clubs have subtly suggested that studios instruct the uninhibited Hungarian actress to stop living her life on daily front pages!

Stork Club: Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding are saying right out loud that they want another baby and soon. First they have to find a larger house, so in the meantime M-G-M waits and wonders... And the Ronald Reagans face the same situation. They may add a room where they are, however, if the stork outsmarts them... Mrs. Edmund Purdom has the most glamorous maternity costumes. Mrs. Tyrone Power who wore 'em first gave them to her... Rory Calhoun to a reporter who called to ask if they were expecting: "The only thing we’re expecting is a new outboard motor I ordered!"

Man Power: Most movie stars have to watch that waist line but not Robert Wagner. He can't gain an ounce, so he's working out in a Westwood gym to build up a body beautiful... Dale Robertson’s sharing a valley house with former Argentine polo player, Manuel Rojas. You'd be so surprised at the names on their long list of lonesome ladies who offer to come over and cook dinner... Poor Tab Hunter didn't work for a year. Then he played opposite Claudette Colbert in her first TV pilot film and now Warners won't let him sign for the series!

Home Fires Burning: Cute gag Janet Leigh pulled on Tony Curtis who was working and unable to accompany her to New York to exploit “Prince Valiant.” Jan bought a dozen thick novels and instructed the book store to deliver one daily to her husband... Marilyn Monroe was Jane Russell's neighbor long enough to move into a house and right out again. Crowds parked out front all day in hopes of getting a glimpse of the famous DiMaggios... And when Alan Ladd learned Richard Widmark was going to make a London movie, the thoughtful guy cabled the owner and secured the house the Ladds rented for the Widmarks. (Continued on page 82)
That Old Feeling: Now that everyone realizes Doris Day was really ill and not temperamental, all hatchets are buried. And Doris is so well these days, she even called the publicity department and requested a portrait sitting—her first in two years. When she walked into the gallery, the gang had a red carpet at the door. There were signs posted that read: “Welcome Home”—“You Know Who We Love.” Doris laughed and cried at the same time.

Sour Note: Before he left for the “Bengal Rifles” location, with Arlene Dahl, Rock Hudson dashed into a Beverly Hills record shop. He had about ten minutes to listen to new recordings, and then he was due at the city hall for publicity pictures. Suddenly, a group of hysterical teen-agers spied him in the glass-enclosed booth. They swarmed around it, turned the key and stood there gazing rapturously at their idol. Rock would have been even more amused—if he hadn’t known the Mayor was waiting! The store owner finally sprung him!

The Facts, Ma’am: It isn’t exactly news that Jimmy Stewart is a pretty even-tempered, easygoing guy. But recently, while he was on location in Florida for “Strategic Air Command,” one of those smart-alec troublemakers buttonholed him. “Why do you make so many pictures with June Allyson?” Needled the pest. “Don’t you two get sick of looking at each other?” Jimmy started talking fast. “She’s one of the best actresses in Hollywood,” he said. “I like June personally, she’s always good luck for me because our pictures make money—and it’s still none of your business!”

Change of Heart: Twentieth called off its two-million-dollar breach of contract suit against Marlon Brando. Under psychiatric care, he walked out on “The Egyptian,” but will now play Napoleon in “Desiree” instead. The sudden death of his mother, who was visiting a sister in Pasadena, touched Marlon deeply. He rushed to the coast immediately, and since this unhappy event, he’s a changed man.

Idle Thoughts: Wonder if Grace Kelly’s secret love really is Jean Pierre Aumont, as whispered? Some say her various dates (including Gable) are merely to throw people off the trail... Will Leslie Caron eventually leave Hollywood? Essentially an artist seeking self-expression, she’s still trying, but not too successfully, to adapt herself to a spotlighted existence here... Isn’t Pier Angeli quietly planning a campaign to emulate Jane Powell, Jeanne Crain and Anne Baxter by going on the glamour kick? Pretty Pier, who’s been dating Kirk Douglas again and Richard Anderson, too, isn’t too happy with her role of Miss Mouse on and off the screen.

Romantic Rumors: Handsome George Nader (he’s terrific in “Carnival Story”) doesn’t want to go steady, not even with Barbara Stanwyck, whom he admires tremendously. ... And Joan Crawford’s recent date whirl with Franchot Tone was strictly for fun and not for publicity, as some say... Remember back a husband or two ago when Rita Hayworth was the gal Fernando Lamas hoped to date the most? Well, he’s now dating Mary Castle, who looks like Rita’s twin.

The Truth Is: Jeff Chandler’s been christened into a new world of music. He’s getting a terrific kick traveling from city to city to plug his new record with disc jockeys... Although the little daughter of Ursula Thiess has been in this country only three months, she speaks perfect English. Her teacher was the devoted Robert Taylor.

Predictions: That Eleanor Parker will marry famous artist Paul Clemens. When you see them together, you understand why... That Lana Turner and Lex Barker will be on the stork’s waiting list before the year is out. They want it this way because they’re so much in love... That the divorce trial of Susan Hayward and Jess Barker make unhappy history for Hollywood. His fight-it-out-to-the-finish ultimatum is the result of failure to settle their differences out of court. That his advisors will succeed in convincing John Wayne a marriage to Pilar Pailette is inadvisable, careerwise—and they have nothing against the lady personally.

Lights, Camera, Action: A torn ligament (which necessitated a cast from ankle to thigh) postponed Elizabeth Taylor’s new picture. But Stewart Granger drove her to lunch with Michael Wilding at 20th where Mike was making “The Egyptian.” Stewart, of course, lunches with Jean Simmons, who’s in the same picture... Girls! Now hear this! In “Three Gobs in Paris,” Tony Curtis, Gene Nelson and Paul Gilbert do a musical strip tease right down to their shorts. The big news of this picture, however, is Tony’s singing. He played his first recording for Cal, and itizzles with sex appeal... Humphrey Bogart, who delights in needling his new leading ladies, didn’t uncurl a hair on Ava Gardner. Those typical Bogartisms during “ Barefoot Contessa” only amused her, and they got along famously.

News and Views: It’s another son for the Gordon MacRae, which gives them two boys and two girls—or, as Gordy puts it, “A perfect family... Since seeing “About Mrs. Leslie,” Shirley Booth wishes she didn’t have one more picture to make for producer Hal Wallis. She’s great, The picture isn’t... And while we’re checking out of studios, the day Greer Garson moved out of M-G-M and into Warners Leo the Lion handed her a phone bill for thirty cents... Fortunately, Bob Wagner was on location in Nogales when police found a fan under the bed of his Westwood apartment. Believe it or not, he was waiting to get an autograph... The taste and talent of designer Jean Louis rates him a life-long friend—and customer. Betty Grable was so thrilled over her gowns for “The Pleasure’s All Mine” that from now on her personal wardrobe will feature Jean Louis labels.
3 minute egg-sheen!

New beauty for your hair with RICHARD HUDNUT Enriched Creme Shampoo

This amazing shampoo creation, with elemental protein of real eggs powdered in a wonderful cleansing formula, adds new gleam to hair instantly! Hair itself is protein so it naturally benefits from this affinity of protein to protein.

Enriched Creme Shampoo, a golden lotion creme, suds quickly even in hardest water. Gently, efficiently, it rids hair of loose dandruff and dust—puts nature's own sheen in hair.

CREME RINSE takes only a minute more—seals in the gleam. Leaves hair tangle-free and easy to set. Try it on children's hair too, no more snarls to comb through!

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Serbin Dress:
At all Saks 5th Avenue Stores

Rose Marie Reid Swimsuit:
New York, N.Y.: Wanamaker's
Philadelphia, Pa.: Gimbel's
Phoenix, Ariz.: Korricks

Brilliant Swimsuit:
Brooklyn, N.Y.: Namm-Loeser's
Detroit, Mich.: J. L. Hudson
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Your choice of 3 waving and drying methods! And exclusive Beauty Rinse Neutralizer guarantees you best results, no matter which method you use!

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Robert Wagner—Valiant Prince

(Continued from page 65) has stayed behind in Detroit to settle business problems before coming West to become a manufacturers’ representative for the steel industry.

Christmas 1937—a day you will never forget. Santa Claus brings you a squat gun and a bicycle and an electric train. But better than that—to a lonely little boy—he brings your parents in time for the whole family to celebrate Christmas Eve together in your new Bel Air home.

This really is the year to remember. It marks your first appearance on the stage—in Hollywood Military School’s production of The Courtship of Miles Standish. You play Priscilla, complete with costume and curls. But your manly honor is avenged with pathos in the challenging part of the cripple Tiny Tim in the Christmas play. And this is the year, too, that your imagination is fired by the daring and brave exploits of a comic-strip character called Prince Valiant.

Athletics you like. And you excelled in swimming, diving, tennis and track. However, schooling in less active subjects holds small interest for you. Impartially, you try them all: Fairburn Avenue Grammar School, Emerson Junior High, Black Fox and Harvard Military Academy. Some you leave. Others invite you to. At Black Fox in Hollywood, they put it politely at the end of the term. If you want to come back, if you ever apply yourself, if you will be regimented... but, for you, there’s too much marching and too much discipline. At Harvard Military Academy too many demerits mean too much marching. And one day when a classmate delivers a jibe while you’re marching off a few of them, you start a one-soldier riot on the field. Yes, you always were an active boy, as a boyhood friend, John Derek, can well affirm.

“You can say that again, Ralph. R. J. was always plenty fast on his feet. He was three years younger than the rest of our group and small for his age. But he was always tagging along the way a young kid will tag after bigger guys, always wanting to get in on things. We kept our horses at the same stable in Bel Air and rode together. We went to the movies in Westwood and we hung out at the same malt shop. And wherever we went, there with us or ahead of us was R. J. He learned to drive an old ’29 convertible I had. After my break in pictures, we didn’t meet for some time. Then one day photographers were shooting a magazine layout of me in Westwood when I heard his familiar ‘Derr.’ He told me he’d signed with 20th Century-Fox and was prepping for some tests there. I’d spent some time at 20th and nothing had happened. With all the good-looking guys with experience sitting around waiting to work I was afraid it would be the same story for him. My break had come right out of the blue, or I’d still have been sitting, too. I wished him luck in the movies, but I wasn’t too hopeful. Although I should have known R. J. wouldn’t miss out on any action. He never had.

These are typical teen-age years for you, Robert Wagner. With the help of your pal and neighbor, Bob Green, and today Lieutenant Robert Green, U. S. M. C., you build a hot rod combining a Model-A Ford and a Mercury engine. You spend Saturdays sanding it down and knocking that engine over in the garage. Then you go to the Lakes. The hottest rod in upper Bel Air. At sixteen, sweater girls are edging out jaleopies in your life. Like any teen-ager today, you’re plagued by the folks’ famous last words, “Where are you going?” Also, “What time will you be in?” One morning you get in pretty late. As I’m sure you recall.

“Do I? I’d borrowed my dad’s car for a big date that previous evening. We’d been looking at a few lights of the city and were returning when something went wrong with the fuel pump on the car. I got home at 4 A.M. and my folks were really burned up. They thought mine a very unlikely story and said so in no uncertain terms. Later that day when dad took the car to work he got stuck with the same trouble. ’I’m sorry about last night, kid,’ he said when he got home. Next day? New fuel pump.”

In 1946, as today, in any teen-ager’s life, truth seems sometimes stranger than fiction.

Your friend, Lieutenant Robert Green, now stationed at Camp Pendleton, remembers still another time when half of Palm Springs was out searching for both of you.

“At least half, Ralph. We were living in Palm Springs and ’J’ was dating a beautiful little blonde. The four of us went out on the town one night. In an adventurous mood, we didn’t want to stick to the usual trails. We wanted to go where nobody else ever went. And we just about did. We rode clear up to the snow. Tired and hungry, we sat down on the way back home. There was one silver lining. It was so dark, and the girls were so scared they couldn’t keep close enough to us, riding back. We got in around eleven P.M. to find search parties out looking everywhere for us. And, strangely, the father had his own searching party. So did Uncle Al. For a while there—joining the Foreign Legion seemed like a fine idea.”

During your own normal, eventful teen years, Robert Wagner has received an Academy Award for his acting. If the judges would have allowed, Bet Grable has been pinned up all over the world and her famous legs imprinted in the forecourt of Grauman’s Chinese. A crooner from Spokane, Bing Crosby, has sung your praises and getting the honors for “Going My Way,” and time is growing shorter between now and that fateful hour when you too must decide your rightful destiny.

Through Jack Anderson, a friend of Warners’ talent-head, Solly Biano, you get a reading at that studio. He likes you, but three days later there’s a strike and the studio closes down. To earn spending money you haunt two places of employment where you can brush shoulders with the stars. On Saturdays you cover Clover Field, presumably a salesman but usually polishing stars’ cars. On Sundays you’re getting tips for “Going My Way,” and time is growing shorter between now and that fateful hour when you too must decide your rightful destiny.

Through a school friend, Carol Lee Ladd, you meet Alan Ladd and ask his advice. You take a job caddying at the San Diego Country Club, get a few dollars a day and a million dollars worth of acting tips from Clark Gable, Cary Grant, Fred Astaire and Ken Murray. Eh, Ken? “As I remember, there were a couple of shots when I needed Prince Valiant for caddy too, Ralph. Bob was a good-looking kid. Quiet, well-mannered, with a quick alert mind and his eye always on the ball. It was apparent to me then that whatever Bob did, he would do his job well. Go the whole distance.”

P.S. However, to you, Robert Wagner, in 1947—that distance still seems too far. Samuel Goldwyn offered you a part in the film of that name, and you accepted. Result? You’re in the Stork Club of St. Monica’s High School at St. Monica’s—remember...”

“All hail Alma Mater Green and Gold our colors hail. We’ll be long on dates and far out on and on through all the years. For all the Santa Monica’s Our love will never fail. All hail to Alma Mater. Green and Gold all hail.”

Here at Santa Monica’s for the first time you feel you have an Alma Mater. You realize the serious importance of an education and regret those years you might have wasted now. Also, with a non-Catholic, you’re impressed by the unfalsifiable of the priests devoting their own lives to helping others without monetary reward. One in particular, Brother Thomas. Deer- ing, a young Irish priest with red hair and humorous brown eyes and a thick brogue, is a great inspiration to you. Long after his own weary day is through, he works with the mentally-brainwashed. Saturdays in the physics lab with you, tutoring you on the alloys and the processing of steel and preparing you for the future. For never for the first year is there any immediate incentive, as Brother Hilary will remember well.

“Indeed I do, Mr. Edwards. R. J.’s father had promised him a trip East with him during the Easter recess if he mastered his studies of steel. And R. J. really wanted that trip. But as months went on,
he matured a great deal both in his thinking and serious application to his work. We spent a great deal of time together. He introduced me to my first Notre Dame football game and to driving in the California traffic. I had driven in Ireland, but I was hesitant to drive here until R. J. got me out into the traffic and gave me confidence. As a student, his increasing application of concentration to his studies was very gratifying. I was amazed from the first—for one who admittedly had made small use of it—by his retentive memory. He was preparing for the steel world then, but instead the celluloid world captured him. . . .

You, R. J., are impressed by the hours the priest spends preparing you for the business world, and you respond gratefully. According to the high school annual, "The Compass," your favorite saying this senior year is "That's very dapper," and your favorite pastime "listening to Louis Armstrong." You make the glee club, you're active in dramatics, in swimming and tennis, and you are touchingly overwhelmed when the students vote you senior-class president.

It's June 12, 1949—commencement. You've handed a green leather diploma and you are on the threshold of an exciting new life. A life which will surprise some of your classmates, including Bob Smith—today a very successful insurance man.

"I was in Korea with the Seventh Army when I saw 'With a Song in My Heart' and realized the shell-shocked soldier was R. J. I hadn't even heard he was in the movies. In school, he was a devil-may-care, easy going kid. To see him portraying such a serious role—and doing it so well—I was surprised. All the guys thought he was great. I kept thinking I went to school with this kid, but I never realized he had so much on the ball. Yet, when I thought about it, the more I realized it was always there."

It was always there, all right, and although you make every effort to prepare seriously for the place your father has made for you, your own dream remains. You work in steel mills back East this summer, learning firsthand everything from the furnacing and milling to the marketing of steel. You take a job in your father's office going after new accounts. He pays you a retainer of two hundred dollars a month and plans to divide the profits with you at the end of the year.

For a boy of nineteen this is a bonanza. For your father it means the fulfillment of a lifelong ambition. But you yourself know this is not your life. Nor can it ever be. Your heart is within those studio walls and sound stages you pass on the way to work each day. One night, the night that is to change your whole life, you tell him. Nobody knows better than you, R. J., just what happened that night.

"Looking back now I was pretty selfish, Ralph. I didn't know then what a blow it would really be to Dad. How many plans he'd made for the two of us. He was disappointed all right, but how disappointed he didn't let me know then. And me—I was concerned with what I wanted to do. Even though I'm sure he hoped it would prove just a whim, when I asked Dad to back me for a year, he agreed. If he hadn't, I could have become embittered and resentful, and he could have changed my whole life. What a guy!"

September 1949 and "What a guy!" is right. When nothing happens to help you realize the dreams that mean your own happiness, your father seeks advice from an old friend, director William Wellman, who gives you a double bit in his M-G-M picture, "The Happy Years."

In your first scene, you play a tough catcher on a kids' baseball team with a catcher's mask completely covering your face. You make $37.50 for the day's work, and, tired but happy, you insist on celebrating by taking your parents to dinner at The Beachcombers Restaurant in Hollywood and paying the check. A few years later, you are to celebrate there another occasion—the most exciting event of your life.

Even behind a catcher's mask director William Wellman sees great promise in you. Supposes, Bill Wellman, you tell us why.

"Because I made Bob do a bit part that needed an experienced actor, Ralph, and Bob played it like a professional. All I remember advising was, 'Think you can do it and you can.' But I can't take any credit for discovering Bob Wagner. As much as Bob wanted this, he would have stuck to it no matter how long until one way or another he got a break. I tried to get M-G-M to sign him, but they thought I was crazy. They couldn't see him at all then."

Yes, despite director Wellman's personal pitch, the talent department there discourages you, advising you to go to New York and study for two years, get yourself an agent, and then come back and talk to them. Nor will Wellman's agent handle you. He explains kindly that he cannot give you the time and attention a newcomer should have.

Finally, the big management corporation, MCA, agrees to sign you if you will study at Pasadena Playhouse for a year. You arrange to meet at the agency on a Monday morning. But on Sunday night at a friend's restaurant, the Beverly Gourmet, you're clowning around and singing with the piano player, whom you know, when a star-maker, Henry Willson, observes and sees screen possibilities in you.

He sends a note to your table, saying if you're interested in being in pictures to...
bring your father along and come to his office the following day.

"What did you see, Henry, that night that so impressed you?"

"The changing expressions on his face, Ralph. I watched his face mirror every thought and word—this, together with his looks and bright clean personality. Bob has a sincerity and a relaxed quality that comes right across that screen. He has, too, the unusual star-making ability of making every characterization believable while projecting his own personality in every part he plays. Given the opportunity, I was sure he couldn’t miss.

The autumn days roll on in 1949, and you get the opportunity. You test for the lead in "Terence at Z.C.X.", are but one hundred fifty tests, yours gets studio raves. Fortunately for you, New York executives decide not to risk using a boy who’s had neither wife nor screen experience, for Darryl Zanuck signs you at 20th Century-Fox on the strength of that same test and puts you successively in top budget pictures—so great is his own personal faith in you.

So in 1949 those studio gates you’ve envisioned swing wide open for you and you step inside the magic never—never land. You’re given the small part of a Marine in "The Halls of Montezuma," and although only, you know, Robert Wagner, that you too have only just begun to fight.

You earn your studio stripes that first year, working overtime convincing some of the frankly skeptical that the talent in your life. That for you acting is no summer inspiration, no game you’re trying for kicks and size. You haunt sound stages from early in the morning when the first crew arrives until the last crew until dinnertime. The stages darken and the night shift strikes the sets, but the studio lot is still an enchanted world to you. You spend hours in the dressings, talking to cameramen, rehearsing with the studio drama coach, Helena Sorrell.

Soon stars, producers, directors, gaffers and grips, all of them are with you. Cameramen have to offer, whenever you fluff a line, giving you time to regain confidence. Gaffers “blow a light” to give you a chance to make another and better take. In "The Halls of Montezuma," Richard Widmark is your leading man. Dick Widmark gets lost in a scene as one of many Marines going over a hill and tells you, "Look, kid, take your time. Next take, slow down and stay close behind me." You do, and the camera is full on you all the way. Dick Widmark puts that close one right in your lap. But he takes no credit for ever helping you.

"If I did well, it’s easy to help someone like you. You can tell when a kid’s out for a fast buck. Bob never was that way. He was always eager to learn. He had a basic instinct for acting and the talent to get some place. He has a lot of years in this business. I’d have given my eye to play the part he’s playing in "Broken Lance"—and playing well. I remember telling him that first picture I’d be supporting him before I was through. Sure enough, in my last picture at 20th, I’m supporting him.”

In 1951, director Walter Lang and the late Lamar Trotti pick you for the wonderful bit—a shell-shocked soldier in "With a Song in My Heart." They say it will do a lot for you. And it does. A Bob Wagner fan club forms. You have your own fan publication, "The Wagner World."

Director John Ford casts you as the love interest in "What Price Glory." But before his picture rolls, tragedy overtakes you for the first time in your twenty-one years.

You go water skiing at Lake Arrowhead. Robert Jacks, later to produce "Prince Valiant," is driving the boat. You and another friend are skiing tandem behind. You fall and his knee hits you in the side of the head, knocking you out cold. Later a doctor assures you there’s no serious injury. But two weeks later, you go to the hospital with a punctured ear drum and a serious brain concussion. You spend weeks flat on your back before you entertain the dark thought that this may well be the end of your dream. For one who’s been so athletic, yours is the tragic thought, too, that there will be no more physical opportunities. But Luck doesn’t desert you now, and you are to portray just about the most strenuous role ever enacted on the screen.

It’s 1952, and with 1953 comes "Titanic." Darryl Zanuck signs you to star in that film to stardom. Motion pictures have still lost none of their glamour for you. You live breathe and love your work. During a love scene for Terry Moore in "Beneath the 12-Mile Reef"—but let Terry tell this—"R. J. surely does take his work seriously, Ralph. I can vouch for that. During an underwater love sequence, a shark came between me and my wife and pushed the shark away with the other and went right on with the scene." Nobody could blame him for taking that one seriously.

In 1953, you reach full stardom in "Beneath the 12-Mile Reef." You and Terry Moore make an appearance at the New York opening. You’re thrilled by the dazzling marquee and thrilled as a fan of Jackie Gleason’s to meet him and guest in his television show.

December 1953 sees you portraying your own childhood hero. Producer Robert Jacks picks you for "Prince Valiant—a triumph and the toughest of challenges for you. You’re Tarzan and D’Artagnan rolled into one. You scale walls and joust with lances and fight one hundred sixty broadsword encounters. Concerned, both as friend and producer, that one of them will be too broad, Bob Jacks insists you’re taking too many chances.

With the second week’s rushes, Darryl Zanuck gives you a new four-figure contract that guarantees star billing from now on. It will seem true to you when "Prince Valiant" is cut and reviewed.

February 1954, and you are co-starring with Spencer Tracy in "Broken Lance." King Trace, no less, pays you the supere-compliment you will read here for the first time:

"The kid has the quality of a young Barrymore. His future? Unlimited." And now, finally, it’s April 2, 1954. Robert Wagner, the night you’ve been waiting for all your life. The night of the premiere of "Prince Valiant" when a movie fan’s dream is to become a major reality.

You take your parents to The Beachcombers for dinner, celebrating that other night four and a half years ago when you dined them on your first $37.50 pay check. Tonight they proudly celebrate with you the success of a dream that was not their own—your success in the world of celluloid.

At eight-thirty your car pulls up in front of the Greek Theatre. Crowds jam the bleachers and the boulevards roar. Arc lights split the Hollywood heavens. As your party steps out on that red carpet, photographers’ flash bulbs are blinding.

Your own throat is too full to speak. You’re the same kid who stood there not long ago trying on those footprints. Tonight the world acknowledged them fit.

This is your night, and this is your life from now on. Prince Valiant Wagner. Long may you reign.

THE END
Don't Call That Boy a Square

(Continued from page 47)

beautiful girl I'd ever seen. But something always came between us. In the classroom at New Trier High School, it was a distance of twelve desks. Outside the classroom, a fellow named Roy Fitzgerald was my worst enemy. And in case you don't know, my real name is Roy Fitzgerald. And I was the tallest, thinnest, shiest guy in town.

Mentally, I waxed poetic about Nancy, comparing my love to the sun and moon and stars, not to mention Hedy Lamarr. However, when it came to speaking up, I was doing well if I could stammer, "Hello." This eloquent speech seemed to take about as long to prepare as a recitation of the Gettysburg Address.

One day, at long last, I managed a good half-dozen words and asked for a date. Then I stood on my two left feet waiting her reply. "No," replied Nancy. "I will not go out with you."

I was shattered.

I looked up a buddy and we hitchhiked down to Booley's Cupboard, a place near town, to drown my sorrows in a couple of milkshakes. We'd been there only a short while when my beloved Nancy and her friend Barbara came in. They nodded in our general direction but didn't join us.

When we left, we noted that their car was parked out front. "Now why should we have to hitchhike all the way back?" asked my resourceful pal.

So we climbed into the back seat of the car and crumpled out of sight. Well, the seven-mile ride home was more like a hundred-and-seventy. With each mile, the girls' conversation deflated me more. "That Fitzgerald boy in Booley's," began Nancy. "Know what he did? He asked me for a date! Can you imagine the nerve of him?"

"Are you kidding? Maybe silence is supposed to be golden, but I think it's dull!"

"He's probably shy," offered Barbara.

"He's a square," said my beautiful Nancy. Barbara giggled. "Who ever heard of a square bean pole?" And they both broke into hysterical laughter.

That was it. The end of the world. My world at the moment, at any rate. I was as tall as I am now, six feet five, and my 150 pounds consisted mostly of bone. I had no smooth manners, no easy line. I lacked the necessary social graces. And I wanted to cut the throat in which my words kept getting stuck and leaving me speechless.

My voice? It wouldn't change. Other guys could boom forth in their newly acquired bassos, but I was certain I was doomed to be a boy soprano for the rest of my life.

It's called "the awkward age," this phase. It comes to every boy and girl. Girls mature earlier than boys, however, grow out of adolescence and forget they ever went through it. And they leave their contemporaries of the opposite sex far behind. And this is what many girls simply don't realize—and should.

As far as a girl is concerned, references to "that stage" are usually complimented by waves of reassurance—be it sparking eyes, beautiful hair or a brilliant mind. As far as a boy is concerned, the awkward age is awkward for everybody. Someone once told me the amusing saying of a parent, speaking of his growing son. "The only time he stands up straight is when he can't decide which way to lean," said the father in a rather pained voice.

Teen-agers don't intend to be cruel. They don't mean to be thoughtless. But in a teen-age world, you either belong or you don't belong. Nothing's more important. And when you're an outsider, no one gives a great deal of thought to acknowledging the fact that you're alive. You simply don't exist.

I remember one fellow in my class. He wore glasses and had braces on his teeth. These were temporary corrective measures. However, he could hardly go around shouting, "These won't be here forever."

And let's face it, he looked like a square sort of square. He spoke to no one. Primarily, I now suspect, because nobody spoke to him.

He wound up as an Army pilot in the last war with glasses and braces a thing of the past. The girls considered him one of the most handsome fellows in his air group. He's in Panama today with his wife, who's a real beauty. You never know.

Many times teen-agers judge one another on appearances. Teen-agers have to conform. And if they can't, it isn't always because they don't want to. I speak from experience. Levis and sweat shirts were our class uniform. Came the time my mother bought me a new white shirt—slightly formal, mainly because it wasn't a sweat shirt. I wore it several times out of deference to her. Then one day I heard someone snicker. At me? You know, I never actually found out. I just heard the snicker coming from some place and became very sensitive about it. So when I got home, I took off the shirt.

"I'm not going to wear it again," I told Mother. "I can't. It looks awful."

Later, the sleeveless sweater arrived. My

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grandmother had knitted it for me. The color was khaki, and any jerk in our class knew better than to wear anything but red sweaters with sleeves. My solution to this problem was to throw the sweater away and then go home and vow I’d lost it.

And what about the guy who’s neat in that blue suit, shirt and tie when the rest of his class is wearing levis? But how do you know that it’s not his family’s idea? He may rebel, but it doesn’t do much good. His folks are insisting that he become an individual long before he’s ready—and before his classmates will accept individually. And that, my friends, is order!

The awkward age is a time when a guy can’t seem to do anything right. And he’s clumsy when he tries. With his appearance against him, he winds up with a large type "other." He means well. And an understanding family can help immeasurably. My mother is a jovial lady, with a fine sense of humor. Remembering the times I used to quit my best foot forward and fall over it, I can laugh and she can have hysterics. But if she’d cracked a smile the times it happened, I’d have curled up and died inside.

We lived in an apartment. Once, when she was away, I decided to surprise her and paint the bathroom. It was a small room, and to brighten it, I selected a loud blue enamel. The stuff got all over the bathtub and a laundry and I cried and dried before I thought to wipe it off. Mother came home and took a look at the room. "It’s beautiful," she said. I was so proud of my handiwork I never noticed that only a short space of time elapsed before she completely papered the room.

I had a lot of good intentions that went haywire. Like the time she was in bed with a strep throat. I assumed that orange juice would help, so I went out and came back with oranges. Around ten dozen, I’d say. I squeezed every last one of them. We had orange juice for every pan, kettle and pitcher in the house. There was, I recollect, nothing left to cook in. But mother took it very well.

Understanding can do wonders for good intentions gone wrong. It can do wonders, period. Winnetka, Illinois, was a wealthy town. And the Fitzgerals were somewhat less than wealthy. One of my chums, whose family was a prominent one, arranged for me to go to dancing class with him. Such activities are usually viewed with horror by the participants, but this was considered fun by everyone concerned because Miss Pratt, the teacher, was a genuinely nice woman. She tried to ask me to help whenever she was illustrating a new step. She was tall and I thought she preferred me as a partner because I was the tallest guy in the class. Now I realize she must have sensed my terrible lack of assurance and wanted to help me. Gradually, I began to acquire some social poise. My height wasn’t so disgraceful after all. Miss Pratt let me attend the classes for free for the next three years, letting me feel that I was contributing to the lessons. It’s only recently. Only time had had kind she was.

I really needed help! I can’t blame girls for not stopping to understand what agonies their male contemporaries are suffering. And, as a kid, I didn’t help the girls either. I rarely occurred to me to tell a girl how nice she looked. And when it did occur to me, I couldn’t put the sentence together. I’d blurt out crazy things and I didn’t mean them the way they sounded. "A sense of humor?" she once said in an effort to tease a lovely young lady. She found this non-funny. I was bewildered.

My party pater was also brilliant: Girl: "What are you taking in school?"
Me: "Oh, a few subjects."
(Silence)
Girl: "Seen any good movies lately?"
Me: "Some."
(More silence)
Girl: "Read any new books?"
Me: "Yeah."

When she’d given up her conversational effort, I could think of a thousand things to say. And, ten minutes, I’d think, and I could have been the life of the party. As it was, I was the death of it. Those were tough days— or I thought they were.

One night the infamy, I thought, the that night I overheard my friends’ daughter talking such a superior attitude toward a boy who must have been much as I was at that age. "Have you ever thought that maybe "The Crumb has feelings?" I asked her. "And that quite possibly he’d like to be one of the crowd?"

"I guess I never have," she admitted. "He could have been in China as far as I’ve been concerned. He’s just never counted."

"He must like you," I said. "Or he wouldn’t be calling. Doesn’t he have any redeeming features?"

"Well," said she. "He’s pretty smart. In a bookish way. And he does have kind of a nice smile."

"Could you bring yourself to smile back at him sometime—and mean it?"

She grinned. "I just might," she said. As a matter of fact, she did. You see, this happened a while back. By no stretch of the imagination could I call myself Cubid. But now they’re going steady. And the word "Crumb?" She’ll tell you it’s strictly for the birds.

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Warner Bros. Release

He's Your Man, If...

(Continued from page 58) a wife around the house? What would she do?

The lady laughed merrily. "Well," she said, "She could cook and keep house and send out the laundry...."

"I can cook and keep house," Scott informed her. "And there's a man who comes once a week to pick up the laundry...."

"She could pay the bills."

"I have a business manager. All the bills go to him."

"What about a family?" she asked, smiling through her teeth now clenched. "Don't you like children?"

"Sure," he said. "Love 'em. Other people's kids, mostly."

"And what about the little girls?"

After thought came, the little lady developed a sudden headache. She remembered she was expecting an important call at home. And furthermore, her mother was around, not to mention the fact that Scott never saw her again. As he left her at the door, he concluded that she must have taken him seriously—and he didn't correct the impression. One thing was certain. He'd take no chances. "Alright, I'd say. It's not superstitious. Might be a good idea to have a whole crew around—get some work done. Keep 'em busy. You know, running errands, hustling food."

"When you're married..."

"But let's not go there yet."

Scott nodded. "I'd say. It's not superstitious."

"That's Brady. If you were his girl, you'd have to understand him. He's never vowed that he wouldn't marry—eventually. As for the girl—well, I've never had a girl yet. Whenever she comes along—well, he'll be waiting. And, if the feeling is mutual, they figures they'll both know. She won't have to call the matter to his attention. "Right...," he said. "He'd hope his girl would."

"Why not? Well now, when does someone want to marry? One guess is as good as another. But ask why I'm not in love and I'll ask you."

"That's the one. He's a fifty-fifty deal. Maybe I'm still an old-fashioned romanticist, but I'd call it more of a hundred-and-hundred deal. How can you love fifty percent? Like the song says, it's all or nothing. I've never had the thing."

"And subsequently, at the moment, I'm a confirmed bachelor."

"But the questions keep coming. I remember someone once asked how it would happen if someone were interested."

"But what if someone were interested?"

"If you were Scott Brady's girl, you'd know that the "home with a good book" story is a true one. Scott isn't a man for night clubs. He considers going out a great waste of time. "What are you going to learn at a night club?" he asks. "What world-shaking events occur in these places?"

"There are some good ones. Perhaps dinner at Scott's home—or some remote spot with a pleasant atmosphere and good food. "The way I see it," he says, "it doesn't matter where you are. It's who you're with."

Sometimes you'd visit friends, and probably wind up on the floor shooting marbles with their kids while Scott having more fun than anybody. When he vows he'd like enough of his own for a basketball team, he's not so certain he's kidding.

"Parlez-vous Francais? Scott's learning."

Two nights a week you might join him at UCLA night school where he recently signed for a couple of courses. And you'd like as not spend a great deal of time poring over travel folders. Scott has a great yen to travel. When he made a picture in London, he had to come back right to the States for another film. However, some day he plans to take the grand tour. Possibly from Swiss canton to all the places he's wanted to visit over there. "I'd like to meet the people of the world—and possibly expose myself to a little old-world culture," he says.

"They'll find that Scott reads the books on his bookshelves—best sellers like "The Caine Mutiny" and "Not as a Stranger"...

"You'd discover that he can't bring himself to lose between pictures, that he likes to spend his time as constructively as possible. He believes an actor can only bring to the set with him the things that he learns when he isn't working. To Scott, the real world is the one he'd be ought to himself before the picture begins. "It's an old argument," he says, "Does the actor make the part or does the part make the actor? I say it's fifty-fifty. If the part isn't taken right away, I'd say yes, but if it is, you've got to be able to do it. You can only portray what you know. Watch the successful ones work."

"When he's working, he'd probably come into the set quite satisfied with the role as he does. Scott reads the script and tries to imagine what kind of family the character is from. He wants to know the background, what's behind the character. Then he dreams up a whole story of how he would react in such a situation. "Then, I have an idea of how he does things because I know why he does them," he says.

"He loves and understands every trance. He believes that living a part is foolish. However, the best way to understand the character is to talk to the fellow over with someone who's interested, get someone else's point of view."

"There you are. That's Scott's girl, that's where you'd come in.

"But it wouldn't all be work and study. There'd be days at the beach when you'd take along a picnic lunch and eat fried chicken dyed with sand and love it. You'd be entitled to occasionally he'd glance your way, thinking you weren't watching, to see if you were really having fun. He'd hate to see you moody and mysterious. He'd want you to have fun, enjoying life—at the beach—anywhere."

"You wouldn't rush and you wouldn't gossip. If you did, you might hear Scott snap, "Don't tell me. I don't want to hear about it." And that's another thing—honesty. He'd always be honest with you and he'd expect the same. However, you'd both know the difference between constructive honesty and destructive honesty."

"You'd see a lot of his family. You might drop by for dinner some evenings, or after dinner. And invariably you'd settle down to a Canasta bout. Scott's mother is a Canasta fiend. And she always wins. She also does quite well in marriage "You ought to get married," she'll tell Scott. "Why don't you?"

"Because I don't think it's the thing to do right now," he tells her.

"Ain't ever love?" she then asks.

If you were Scott's girl, chances are, she'd ask you too. And he would leave your reply to your own discretion. The End
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I must say though that I almost despised of her ever taking boys seriously. She was interested in them, all right, but only as far as their prowess in football, baseball and bowling was concerned. Debbie loves sports—all kinds. In fact, if you pasted up a list of her favorite sports on a giraffe, the ones she considers "real cool" would extend from nose to bottom. (I've just remembered I mustn't say "real cool" any more. As soon as I learn to use one of Debbie's bob expressions, she says that one is as outdated as the doo and I'm a "real square" if I still use it.)

Debbie's brother Bill treated her as a kid when she tagged along to play baseball or football. Like most big brothers—he's two years older than she—he'd say, "Gosh, I wish I could trade that kid sister of mine for something useful, like a bike."

Bill would tease her, saying, "Greg thinks you're peachy-keen.

"Really?" Debbie would glow, "How did he like my one-handed catch yesterday? Smooth, huh?"

"Naw. I mean he's got a crush on you."

"Oh, fiddlesticks! I'd explode. "Boys!"

But around sixteen or so, she began to discover that boys are here to stay. And her interest in clothes mounted in the same ratio. I've made most of her clothes clothes whenever she's asked for something new. And always been too tiny for her age. Now she wears a size seven and can find dresses in that size, but formerly it was impossible. Anyway, she couldn't afford all the store-bought clothes she needed—and wanted. So whatever free time I have from housekeeping, my work with the Red Cross, Girl Scouts and Blood Bank activities, I'm glued to the sewing machine.

The result? Dresses, coats, suits, formal, over and under her room-length closets. And Debbie, unfortunately, is the kind of girl who must try on five outfits before she's ever satisfied. The other night, Bob Neal, a young Texan, was over. Hoping I'd embarrass her, I asked him if he'd like to see the result of a baby Texas cyclone and took him into Deb's room. But he wasn't unhappy. He merely picked up a box of snapshots of Debbie and looked at them.

Debbie's grandmother shook her head. "Sake's alive, Maxene," she said, "how do you ever expect to get that young one married off if you let her fellers see how untidy she is?"

Frankly, I've done nothing to try to get Debbie married. That's up to her com-

My Girl Debbie

(Continued from page 68)

greater success. Debbie frankly doesn't like household chores, and I can't say I blame her. Neither do I. But confronted with the necessity, such as when I'm visiting my family in Texas, Debbie can do a pretty creditable job with our Burbank home.

Our neighbors, watching my daughter play sandlot baseball, dressed in old faded blue jeans and T-shirt, shake their heads and say that she lives and acts little like their conception of a movie star. Recently Debbie completed a theatrical engagement in "Gigi" in St. Louis. We were at the airport and Debbie bought an armload of movie fan magazines. Two women nearby kept eyeing her.

"It sure looks like that Debbie Reynolds," one whispered to the other.

"Nope. It couldn't be.

"Well, how do you know."

"Simple. No movie star would be reading movie magazines."

But if they're listening, it was, too, Debbie, and she does, too, read fan magazines. She's as big a movie fan as any. "Only way that I can keep up with my friends, now that I'm so busy," she says.

And now that I think of it, it's a good thing those St. Louis doubters didn't see Debbie, her dad and me sleeping all night in our car the time we drove our son back to his parade camp and couldn't find any place to stay. They'd never have believed she was in films, nor always been too tiny for her age. Now she wears a size seven and can find dresses in that size, but formerly it was impossible. Anyway, she couldn't afford all the store-bought clothes she needed—and wanted. So whatever free time I have from housekeeping, my work with the Red Cross, Girl Scouts and Blood Bank activities, I'm glued to the sewing machine.

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Eddie Fisher • Liberace

Read all about them in the JULY issue of RADIO-TV MIRROR

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Debbie's standards have always been high. She's really embarrassed in a lack-cut glamour gown. Photographers are always saying, "Debbie, this isn't right for you..." This innate modesty covers everything about her. She doesn't drink or smoke, and she isn't going to be talked into anything that people around her. She says she's never married a divorcé—and won't even date a man until his divorce is final. "Say," I heard her shrill over the phone the other night, "is your year up yet?" (She was referring to the California law which demands a year waiting before a divorce is final.) Nor will she date a boy a second time when she finds on the way home that, as she drove, she mistook it for the ocean—a potential octopus. When she dates, she picks her escorts carefully and she wants to know where he's going beforehand. "It doesn't have to be a big production," she explained to the girl, "just have to have some activity planned. I like the accent on action, so there isn't time for parking in the car or looking for dark corners." Wolves—and other things...

Because I think Debbie is mature enough for her age and because so many other young actresses have their own apartments, I once asked her if she'd like one near her now. And she exploded: "That's like saying eating would be good enough for me. I love it here and I want to stay until I marry. I'd hate to live alone." So, quick-like, I dropped the suggestion. She and a friend have doubled garage into a little guest house, thinking Debbie would like it for study and rest when we didn't have house guests. But Debbie wouldn't budge from the house. The truth is, she's tolerated in her home as a five-year-old in a candy store. She's been all over our country and to South America, to Korea, Japan, Mexico and she's been a guest in the palmy estate around town, yet she's never felt the slightest bit ashamed of our modest home. I think this is because we've never taught her that big is the best. And if she should marry a young man that's a parting out in a profession, she'd be content with their circumstances. Though Debbie's eyes are green, she's never envied friends.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

WORKING at home while hearing those distant strains of Lohengrin. Not Debbie. With her, it's just fun, whether it's for bowling, dancing, beach picnics, or a premiere of a movie. When it comes to children, she doesn't believe that Vitamin K can outclown any three girls. But neither her dad nor I worry about Debbie winding up an old maid. When the time comes for her to marry, I'll let her marry the man she finds. For years she's been saying she wants to marry a doctor because they're such wonderful men. She's even told our family doctor, but he just laughs and says, "Debbie, you'll set the profession back ten years!"

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who have more of the world's material possessions. When young people are jealous and envious of others, I think it's because parents have neglected to instill a pride of home in their children—a pride based on the comforting fact that of all the houses in the world one alone is home.

In this, Debbie's attitude is mature, just as it is in her work. At first, I admit, that little character I call my daughter looked upon acting as a lark. Then she began to grow and to take it seriously. The change was noticeable. She's gone from child to grownup. For it's my belief that the ability to stick to a job—to struggle through it until it's finished—is a real test of maturity.

Like honey, she sticks to anything until she becomes a part of it. Take the French horn, for instance. Personally, I'd rather not take it—but Debbie practiced and practiced until she could play it well while she was in high school. Lately, she's been persistent in learning to dance, sing, do ballet, gain proficiency in diction and dramatics. She's shown endurance, accepted unpleasantness, discomfort, frustrations, hardships. And she's learned to size things up, make her own decisions.

Once when a friend asked my husband, Ray, some question about M-G-M, Ray said he'd never been there. And he hasn't. And I've been there only when necessary.

I remember that the studio school teacher suggested that I come and supervise Debbie daily. I declined, politely. (I have a life of my own, too.) And when Debbie was eighteen and through school, the teacher said that now, more than ever, a young girl should have her mother with her at the studio. "Debbie," I told her, "is self-reliant and has sound judgment. I've every confidence in her. She isn't going to do anything that she wouldn't do if I were here watching her." And she didn't.

Debbie handles all her own affairs—decided on the details of her new contract, selected a business man who allows her twenty dollars a week for spending money. She uses it for lunches, movies, banana splits andalthed bowling. She even bought herself a belt or a scarf and many weeks she's amazed to find a few dollars left over. This ability to budget is another sign of increasing maturity.

But when Debbie first signed her contract with Warners when she was just sixteen, I confess Ray and I weren't quite ready to let her make her own decision about a career. No one in our family had ever had theatrical ambitions and we weren't sold on the idea that there's no business like show business. We were a bit skeptical about the whole idea. (Only recently my mother found out that Maxine Elliott, the great stage star, was a distant kins of ours. Frankly, I have to confess that I'd never heard of her or that a theatre was named for her on Broadway.) Actually, we would much rather have seen her go on with her school work—to become a gym teacher. Without telling Debbie, we went to the studio and had a long talk with everyone she would be working with. And we concluded that Debbie would be in a safe environment—that these were all mighty fine people.

Sometimes I suppose Debbie must think longingly of her ambition to become a gym teacher. She has a little leisure time now. She has her pet, poodle and Henry, who has the cat, scarcely sees her these days. And her collection of toy monkeys gathers dust. "Heaven's to Betsy," she laughs, "if I had a horse it would be 'Rit' and 'Boy' and I'd have to give him a picture of me to remember me by." She blows in exhausted from a long day at the studio, and even if she has a few days off to go to Palm Springs, the time is pretty well filled with picture layouts and personal appearances. Every chance she gets, she's off entertaining at camps and hospitals. This is her personal contribution and she's never too tired or busy to continue with it.

Dad likes to watch wrestlers on TV—Debbie considers them like yesterday's corn fritters, so after dinner, if she doesn't have a date, she gratefully climbs into her bed, chews away voraciously on a stick of gum while she grows a crop of goose pimples listening to her mad passion—murder mysteries on the radio. Right now she's in the middle of her possessions which, like a Scotch mappie, she's hoarded through the years—old school jumping ropes, athletic equipment, cheerleader batons, dolls, magazines, scrapbooks, letters and pictures. She covers her bed with sortred piles, then puts everything on the floor when she goes to sleep. Next night, back everything goes on her bed, while she continues the sorting.

Dad and I look on in this bundle of energy and wonder what we'll do for laughs when the day finally comes that Debbie leaves the house as a bride. We both never hoped to be perfect parents to Debbie. Nor have we demanded perfection in her. We've been aware of the necessity of give and take on the part of all of us, and that's why, I think, we have a home called Debbie. And without pinning a blue ribbon on myself, I think Debbie—together with many of her girl friends—will make a fine potential crop of mothers and I envy the girl who'll be her grandchild.

Anyway, I think I pay her the highest compliment when I say I'd be happy to be her daughter! 

The End

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 c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Cal.
Martin and Lewis

(Continued from page 53)
familiar answer, "There's no Martin, no Lewis, only Martin and Lewis."

Looking back on that day in 1942 when they were introduced on the street corner at 54th Street and Broadway in New York City, both of them feel that Fate must have had a lot to do with it. There doesn't seem to be anything else that could have brought them together at that particular place and at that particular time.

But cymbals didn't crash and the world didn't stop. Nobody even gave them a second glance. At best they were an unlikely looking pair, an elastic-faced youth named Joseph Lowitch, fresh from the Borsch Circuit, and an Italian barber's son from Steubenville, Ohio, Dino Crocetti, singing protecte of the boys in the back room of the local cigar store.

Although they didn't get to work to-gether as a team until four years later, Fate kept crossing their paths. Not long thereafter, a very nervous Italian crooner then billed as Dino Martini followed Frank Sinatra into the Club Riohaba in New York. Dino was so nervous he was sure the customers thought he was singing a rumba and had castanets hidden in his knees. To make things worse it was celebrity night and the audience was almost entirely composed of celebrities. Wherever he looked, Dino saw famous faces. Unknown to him, however, was the celebrity, Jerry Lewis, was sitting at the bar to escape the cover charge. He'd gone to see and hear Sinatra and didn't know the bill had changed. But he didn't ask for his money back. He watched, entranced by the sight of this unknown who could sing to such an audience so easily.

That evening is indelibly engraved on Jerry's mind, and he can still remember what Dino wore—a light blue dinner jacket that a waiter wears if people are coming and a maroon tie.

So much to remember.

For Jerry—an indelible picture—the time he next saw Dino Martini, singing at Loew's Theatre where Jerry was "an yokker once." Dino sang, clenching on to something in his hand. Curiously Jerry wondered what it could be. Later he found out—a little white cross.

For Dino—during the months after their street-corner meeting—Jerry's casual correspondence on the walls of the dressing rooms in the club circuit where one usually followed the other. Jerry's welcoming scirible, "Hi, Dino. I was here. Hope you do as well."

For both of them—and for a laugh-hungry world—the memorable evening, July 25, 1946, at Atlantic City's "500 Club"—when Martin & Lewis was born. Now married to Patti Palmer, Jimmy Dorsey's pretty daughter, with hospital bills honing them following the birth of a son, Gary, Jerry needed to make more money. When he and Dino were both booked into the "500 Club"—he talked the proprietor into letting them do their "big comedy act" together. The one that really tied them in the aisles wherever they played. But of course the first night they went out on the floor together nothing happened. Jerry had his mouth mushing to noodles, Dean sang his songs and the rest slept. Except the proprietor. He blew his top.

"You said you guys get laughs. I did not hear no laughs," the proprietor next say—and out they would both go.

They helded that night in Jerry's hotel room, locked the door and worked on colossal ideas they couldn't use. Some time during the small hours—they went down to the beach, and using the breakers for a rhythm beat, Jerry taught Dean a
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Read "The Gentle Giant"
Be smart—be at your newsstand early for this big summer issue—on sale July 7th.
And how about that prank that threatened to break up the act... and instead backfired into becoming part of it? The afternoon Jerry was to revolutionize hair styles, making famous a chrysanthemum cut. They'd been playing three shows a night at the Chez Paree, and a tired Jerry went to sleep in the barber's chair at the Ambassador-East. Dean suggested the barber really clip him for laughs, "I can't do that," he said. But Dean kept egging him on until he did, slipping him a $20 tip and saying, "Here—dare you?" His long hair that he wore well-vaselined down was Jerry's pride and joy, and he roared like Samson when he woke up and found it was gone. When he got back to the hotel room, Patti took one horrified look and said, "What have you done? Where's your hair? My poor Daddy..." and burst into tears. The more Patti cried, the madman Jerry got at Dean. That night he didn't speak to him when they went on the floor of the Chez Paree—until he heard the laughs of the crowd, just eyeing his porcine cut. It changed the whole personality of the act—and today he prides the scissors the barber sent him for a souvenir.

But there've been tears too... Tears through the laughs... like the command performance Dean and Jerry gave for a dying kid at midnight in a hospital in Chicago when they realized humbly how much the team of Martin & Lewis meant to others. They'd just finished their show at the Riviera and they rushed out the door into zero weather, praying they'd get there in time.

Tears too—when their show just couldn't go on and each realized what "the guy who's half my life" meant to him. The night at the Copa when Jerry collapsed at the mike from nervous exhaustion and Dean wound up the act, singing with mist in his eyes. The time on stage in Minneapolis when Jerry fell in the middle of an acrobatic routine, then heard a tendon snap, and thought he'd broken his back. The theatre management carried him off stage, and facing an audience of five thousand, Dean started to sing, choked up, murmured, "Sorry—I can't..." and made a run for the ambulance to ride to the hospital with him. Another night at the Havana Madrid Dean had an appendicitis attack right in the middle of the show and Jerry couldn't make with the jokes. For the next ten days, while Dean recuperated from an operation, he commuted between Lindy's Restaurant and the hospital, carrying gallons of Dean's favorite chicken soup with matzo balls. During a Chicago engagement, noting Jerry's exhaustion one night, Dean had his Beverly Hills physician fly pronto to Chicago and order him home. All the threats for cancelled bookings melted unperturbed from Jerry's eye and Dean's, "The kid can't make it. Go ahead and sue..."

And there were flops. Two. Two.

That night at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco when Jerry opened blithely with, "Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen, I can't tell you how happy we are to be in Frisco and—" and stopped, wondering why the whole room froze. While the audience was fascinated in Boston just didn't dig them at all. Until finally, after a prolonged silence, Jerry asked, "Why are you mad at us? We didn't write any book..."

Otherwise bedlam at the boxoffice everywhere. Two kindred comedians with the heart and humor of one, so kindred that once when somebody in the audience boomed Dean for badgering Jerry, he stopped right in the middle of the act to explain, "This isn't for real. Honest. I love him too. This is just part of the act..."

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Hair Rinse

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—that star-studded opening at Slapsie Maxie’s when all movieland conceded there was finally something new under the Hollywood sun—the fresh zany humor of Martin & Lewis. They liked them. Their daughter, Deanna, was born that first year. The first to be born under more comfortable circumstances. That is, in an uncomfortable way. The team owed a quarter of a million in legal fees at that time, and others pending.

Together—no gamble was ever too great to take.

Unhappy with their first starring picture, “All the Things You Are,” nothing great in sight—and not just how far Martin & Lewis would go on film, Dean and Jerry bought up the rest of their contract with Screen Associates for $850,000. They refused to sign any more pictures like this one, ‘we’ll be out of business anyway,” still not realizing just how much Martin & Lewis meant to their public. Even that picture clocked $4,000,000.

The time they’ve owned for the other, tongue and fist.

Take that time in Philadelphia—when Dean’s fist connected with a wisecracker’s jaw and an amazed Jerry, with nothing to do, counted the length of the saloon and wondered why his partner was that mad. And found out later it was because the guy had made a comment about Jerry’s size.

Take England—and they don’t care if you do—where they almost started retakes on the Revolutionary War, each fighting for the other.

Take a time they’ve had convincing Hollywood there’s no Martin and no Lewis—just Martin and Lewis. When Dean wouldn’t sign with Capitol Records unless they agreed to sign Jerry too. “Are you crazy—what do you think of Dino?” Sign him or they would do—without Dino Martin. They signed.

And how many times, only Dean and Jerry know, when Jerry’s battled the studio for the rights to under—Dean. His part in the last one, “Three-Ring Circus,” Jerry argued, was for the birds. Finally they were faced with the decision of accepting the picture and showing up on location in Phoenix, Arizona, by midnight of the deadline given—or paying off a default clause in their contract that would cost them $1,500,000. Half the loss was not out. It was known how unhappy Dean was with the script, he said, “I’ll take my loss, Dean. Let’s not do it.” Expensive words. $750,000 worth of words. Dean wouldn’t let Jerry do—and they fought the plane and made the deadline.

Share and share alike has gone too where matters involve personal heartache and happiness.

Like Jerry being the best man when Dean married Jeannie Biegler, Florida’s Orange Bowl Queen. Getting so excited he jumped into the swimming pool with the bridegroom’s ‘going-away’ suit on—and there it was in Jerry’s own best. And Jerry sharing his honeymoon night by arriving with Patti and Mack Grey at the Hotel Delmar ahead of the happy couple and then playing poker all night the five of them.

And all those nostalgic times.

Like Dean taking a sentimental journey around New Haven, Connecticut, with Jerry late one freezing cold night after turning in his own old room all the happy days when he and Patti had courted there. Standing with him out in front of the familiar old apartment next to the delicatessen store.

Sharing too the sad-hearted hours.

When they were playing the Paramount Theatre in New York and the phone call came saying Jerry’s youngest son, Ronnie, had broken his leg. “If I could just get to him, I’d feel better,” Jerry kept worrying. “If I could just hear his voice and know he’s all right.” The phone company in Hollywood ran a special line through the window to the Children’s Hospital—so Jerry could say “Hello” before going on the next show.

Even then he kept worrying—until Dean insisted, “Look, Jerry—take a plane after the show and come home and see Ronnie.”

He would carry the show alone for one night, and if, with their 60 per cent arrangement, the management kicked, so what? This was important—go on home and see Ronnie.

Each standing by. Always standing by—the other’s family crises.

Like Dean and Jeannie’s temporary estrangement after they’d been married three years. When a lonely, restless Dino, tired of watching, rushed back into the spare bedroom at Jerry’s house. And a tactful plotting Jerry and Patti kept constantly before him reminders of how wonderful having a home and a wife and a family is. Happy for him—a happy day. Dean alung his golf clubs over his shoulder, climbed into his Jaguar, and headed it towards his own home.

Of course there were other times.

When any couple who spend as much of their time on the road as Dean and Jerry and Dino could use some reconciling too. Like the morning they got off a train in Chicago and Jerry, in a depressed mood, sat like a cigar-store Indian, leaving Dean to make the hotel reservations for himself for newspapers and photographers.

And like the afternoon when Dean was late to television rehearsals—and Jerry finally blew his top and told him just how juvenile he was. But Dean and Jerry—and Dino too could use some reconciling too. Like Jerry, Patti, and Ronnie—having a home and a wife and a family is. Happy for him—a happy day. Dean along his golf clubs over his shoulder, climbed into his Jaguar, and headed it towards his own home.

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June had known each other when she was fifteen and he was seventeen and they were both in Ted FioRito’s band. June working as the featured singer, Jimmy as a musician.

Almost from the first, June knew that her marriage was a mistake. Except for their youthful friendship, she and Jimmy had nothing in common. He was a stranger to her—her only, subject to fits of silent depression which June could neither understand nor cope with. But she tried desperately hard to stay married. Two weeks after their civil ceremony in Las Vegas, she and Jimmy were married a second time by a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. “I didn’t want to cheat,” June said pathetically months afterwards, explaining why she went through with this religious ceremony at a time when she already feared the marriage wouldn’t last.

“If I were sincere in wanting to make a go of things with Jimmy, I knew I had to be sincere in my faith. My priest thought I should give the marriage every possible chance.”

There was no chance. Two months later, June and Jimmy separated. A brief reconciliation—then another separation and finally divorce.

Yet, there is no doubt that the whole unhappy experience matured June, made of her a woman—more understanding person. Proof of this is the fact that after her divorce she was able to resume her friendship with Dr. John Duzik. She had met him some months before her run-away marriage—indeed, there had been some speculation at the time that she and Dr. John might marry. He was several years older than she, a dentist with an established practice in Hollywood, hard—

some and charming. The most important thing, he had the priceless gift of sympathy. To him, June was able to talk out her tangled emotions in the months following her divorce.

John Duzik meant security to June, a cure for the terrible loneliness that comes in the wake of a broken marriage. He meant sunlit days on the golf course, quiet evenings of cards or talk, just the two of them alone or with some friends. He was, too, like June herself, a devout Catholic, and he understood her sense of guilt over the divorce. Understanding, he was able to take some of it away.

She hung up and turned away from the telephone—knowing that at any moment it would ring again, commanding her to issue still another denial. And knowing, too, that since denial never fully catches up with rumor, perhaps it would be better never to see Fred MacMurray again. Alone, June faced again a time of decision. Would it be hard for them even to see each other at all? Would there be, between them now, an almost inexplicable wall of embarrassment? How could these two adults face and hurdle this new obstacle?

Their’s was not the ordinary Hollywood romance, which takes publicity almost for granted, laughing off the gossip columnists and photographers. Their own lives—their songs and their own lives—the intimate acquaintance of both with sorrow—made that impossible.

Without the tragedies which had come to each, it is unlikely that Fred MacMurray and June Haver would even have met, except casually. When June first arrived in Hollywood, Fred was already an established star. They worked together in “Where Do We Go From Here” and saw each other at occasional parties or premiers—not many, because Fred and his beloved wife Lillian seldom went out, preferring the comfort and privacy of their own home in Brentwood. The MacMurrays did not make headlines—they were too deeply in love, too content with each other, their children, their few close friends.

It was June who made the headlines. Young, with a fresh blond loveliness, her singing and dancing had lifted the hearts of millions almost from the release of her first picture. She was news. Her dates were news—with Farley Granger, Victor Mature, David Rose—and it was big news when, in 1947, she unexpectedly eloped to Las Vegas with a young trumpet player. His name was Jimmy Zito, and he and June were a thing like that without consulting you?”

At almost the same moment, in her own home across Hollywood, June Haver was talking to a reporter on the telephone. Imminent tears thickened her voice as she said, “It simply isn’t true. It’s all a silly, embarrassing mistake. Mr. MacMurray and I aren’t married—we’ve never even discussed marriage. I’m sure we ever will... now.”

“I was completely at a loss until...”

Baffled and beset by difficult emotional problems, thousands of people have suddenly found the very solution they were seeking, on radio’s “My True Story.” For this true-to-life program presents real people—people you might meet anywhere. When you tune in, you’ll hear them cope with heartfelt problems of love, hope, fear, jealousy. And each story is taken from life itself—from the files of “True Story Magazine.”

TUNE IN “MY TRUE STORY” American Broadcasting Stations

Don’t miss—“VACATION MANHUNT”—story of ill-fated summer romances in July TRUE STORY, at newsstands now.
The time came when John Duzik and June Havar could look forward to happiness together. She had petitioned the Church to declare her marriage invalid, and there was good reason to believe the petition would be approved. June knew—they both knew—that John was the man she should have married in the first place. "Perhaps she just had to grow up to each other," John said quietly, understanding perfectly.

Then, in September of 1949, John entered St. John's hospital in Santa Monica to be operated on for a faller, but he was successful—yet days went by and the doctors were unable to stop the bleeding. A second operation was undertaken. Still the bleeding continued. John Duzik suffered from an obscure disease which prevents the blood from coagulating properly. He was, literally, bleeding to death.

For two days the doctors kept him alive. It was all they could do, and they did it only by repeated transfusions of blood. The hospital blood bank could not supply such an amount, and a call was sent out for donations from June's home. 20th Century-Fox came twenty pints in a single day. From Warners, where she was making a picture on loan at the time, came another twenty-five.

After John's second operation, when it was realized he was not getting better, June asked to be taken home. Her condition was, June collapsed and shooting was held up on her picture for four days. But the generosity of her fellow workers made it possible for her to leave the picture—to dance, to sing, to pretend gaiety when desolation was in her heart. Every afternoon, as soon as the day's shooting was finished, she hurried to the hospital, that to be with John, to pray, to hope, to wait.

Five weeks it lasted—five weeks of a constant vigil, of days of work and nights of prayer. At last, "Daughter of Rosie O'keechobee" was completed with the ending of a production number which would ordinarily have taken at least two days to get on film. The cast and crew worked from dawn to midnight to finish it in one day—because June asked them to. Because they all knew it was very near the end of John's life.

She drove straight from the studio to the hospital. They told her John was sleeping. She walked into his room while he was kneeling, whispering soundless words of supplication. At dawn, someone tapped her on the shoulder—a nun, saying, "You had better go upstairs."

It was a few minutes later, with June there beside him.

She tried to go on, the little song-and-dance girl whose own life, it seemed then, would never hold another song. After a visit to John's family in Wyoming, she returned to Hollywood and her surgical trial plan.

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But that devotion made Lilly's final long illness and her death doubly poignant. For Fred, when he lost her, there was nothing left except the two children they had both loved. He all but retired from public life, devoting himself to Susan and Bobby. Then, gradually, he came to the realization that grief must be buried inside oneself, that it was fair neither to the children nor to himself to recluse. That was one reason he agreed to attend John Wayne's party—the other was that John was an old friend who needed, because of his own domestic troubles just then, the loyalty of all his friends.

So Fred and June met and were inevitably drawn to each other. Each knew instinctively what the other was seeking—companionship, understanding, sympathy, a chance not to forget the past but to reconcile with the present. They saw each other again, and then frequently. They found that there was so much they seemed to divine about each other without the need of words—so many experiences they had shared, even though at the time of sharing them their lives had not touched. Together now, they were able to find the quiet laughter they both needed so much.

Their friendship had reached this point when an opportunity came for them to leave Hollywood for so many memories, and go together to new surrounndings. A film festival was being held in Brazil, and both Fred and June were invited to join the party of Hollywood notables attending it. They accepted the invitations: June had flown once before to South America and was able to tell Fred firsthand of its beauty, its unusual gaiety.

And the trip was gay—so delightful that on the way home they found themselves unwilling to let it end. The plane was scheduled to stop in Panama, which neither had ever visited. It seemed so natural, so right to say, "Let's stop over and do some sight-seeing."

The decision was made on the spur of the moment—thoughtlessly. They forgot that their reasons for the stop-over might be misinterpreted, forgot even that for them there could not be the luxury of an unnoticed holiday, no matter how innocent.

While they remained in Panama, the great plane winged on to the United States, carrying with it the rumor that Fred MacMurray and June Haver had stopped off in Panama to see some reporters meeting the plane when it landed, noticing their absence from the party, asked for an explanation, were given the rumor for an answer. It went into type, onto the air. In time, it was flashed back to Panama, interrupting the light-hearted holiday of the two people it concerned. Immediately, they caught the first available plane for home . . . and the denials which must be made.

So Fred held his children tightly in his arms and said, "You know I wouldn't do a thing like that without telling you first!" And June paced the living room of her home, ready to answer the telephone when it rang again.

But some of the hurt, at least, was lifted from Fred's heart when Susan turned to her brother and said with grave accusation, "You see? I told you Dad wouldn't do anything so silly."

Robert's eyes were troubled. "Well, I didn't think you really would either, Dad. But the papers said—"

He knew then that despite the mis- chance which had led to Fred sounding like a deliberate betrayal of them he still retained his children's trust. He knew, too, that it meant more to him than anything else in the world, more even than personal happiness.

It was not quite a tragedy, that completely false rumor which invaded the privacy of two people desperately trying to find their way back to the warmth of human affection. But, in the words of a friend, "It's a darn shame it happened. The publicity is bound to make them both self-conscious—just when they were beginning to learn to enjoy themselves again."

Can they overcome the damage which idle gossip has wrought? Or will this experience draw them closer together, renews their efforts to hold their lives with as much dignity as possible—but with the honest conviction that two people have the right to find happiness in each other's company? No one can say with certainty how far their love life will go, and perhaps beyond.

But it is very much to be hoped that they can. If two people ever deserved the good things of life, they do—and together they could find them. The children who mean so much to Fred would certainly mean as much to June, were she to become his wife. She has always been passionately fond of children and longed for some of her own. The pace of their lives, their beliefs and ideals would fit extremely well.

It may happen. Fate smiled on them once. She may be kind and smile again.

Truc "Evo"

(Fred McMurray's currently in "The Caine Mutiny.")
Thrilling New Massage Cream
Contains PC-11. Acts Instantly to
DRY UP SKIN BLEMISHES
From Both Oily Skin and
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ally caused skin blemishes?
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it goes on face pink—rolls off muddy gray!

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It Pays to Be Good

(Continued from page 55)
understand why some of the newcomers are
making the same mistakes.

While Ava Gardner was going through
two whirlwind marriages to Mickey Rooney
and Artie Shaw, another girl of her gen-
eration was steadily climbing to star heights
—that girl was Ann Blyth. Ann worked
steadily in the movies, carefully, for the
mother with whom she lives quietly doted on
the young swains who came to call. Just as
quietly and demurely, as she matured into
adulthood, she met and fell in love with Dr.
Harry CHEYNE, who once played for the night-club set, no histrionics passionately revealing her love for the doc-
tor. With dignity that befits a girl reaching
maturity, Ann Blyth planned her wed-
ding, worked out with the doctor the pat-
tern of her life to be.

Contrast the picture of life which emerges
from Ann Blyth's actions with those of her two contemporaries: right now—and you see a lot of unhappy
persons, whose every move is reported,
many times in distorted and depressing ways, part of the payment for making mis-
takes. The public battles of Shelley Winters
and Vittorio Gassman are doing neither of
them any good. Rita Hayworth's tragically
complex marriage to Dick Haymes is los-
ing her any remaining shreds of public un-
derstanding and may endanger her chance to resume her career, and, more
importantly, to build a decent future for herself and her family. The dignity with
which Gene Tierney handled her marriage
to John Hodiak is also being hitherto
stressed beyond all proportion and interna-
tional dates with Aly Khan. I
would guess that the blush that must suf-
fuse her face when she hears the gossip
will all be worth while.

Learning is growing up, and Jeanne
Crain is the perfect example of a woman
who used her head and was able to rectify
an error. Jeanne's tranquil life with Joe
Brinkman and her four children has always brought forth excellent
comment. Recently, Jeanne cut her hair,
dyed it flaming red and sought bad-girl
roles—all of which might have been ex-
cellent vehicles for Jeanne. Instead, she
was led on by her desire for slightly scandalous remarks being
made, Jeanne switched back—but fast.
Jeanne's a girl who's watched others of
her generationouriage and she's cer-
tainly not taking what she wants out of life.

Grace Kelly, despite her dates around
the Hollywood community, which have
cause some rumors, comes from a family
that brooks no scandal. Grace conducts
herself, therefore, with quiet dignity.

Piper Laurie is a girl who has watched
and learned by example. Her dates with
Dick Contino were like those of any younger
in any community—gay, laughter-pro-
voking, companionable. When she decided
against going steady, she didn't wear her
heart on her sleeve, nor outrage sensi-
tibilities by dashing into the arms of every
playboy in town. And Debbie Reynolds
and her gang continue to be "just friends"
with the fun of good, healthy relationships
with neither headlines nor heartaches.

Elaine Stewart and Terry Moore are mu-
tach enough to handle their private affairs
in private. Terrificly private and good-natured effort to be co-operative, did lead a fairly
mad pace with a series of dates in the
night spots around Hollywood with men who
would have other girls rather than just friendly dates with a nice girl.
This led to her name being linked with
quite a few men. Just the other night she
told me, "I'll frighten off the good men.
And when I can't, I'll leave town. If
she wants a healthy, normal marriage with the
right man. Elaine has, without benefit of
public prints, been steadily building friend-
ships with many men. So Brady helps
her through the times when she's finding
herself lonely for male companionship.
Her romance with Curt Ray in St. Louis
caued no fanfare because Elaine saw to it
that there was no cause for idle gossip.
His family accompanied them wherever
they were. In Hollywood, Elaine has the
same steady devotion to her career, to, im-
proving her status in her community that
any girl has anywhere. As sexy as Ava
Gardner, Elaine has learned from the
mistake her glamorous sister has made.

While the public may avidly read about
the wild ones, sometimes the personal
tragedy in involved is almost as important.
When Marilyn Monroe discovered that
the nude calendar pictures of her were
being made into a Triple A Gossip Cam-
paign, she was furious. She asked her
close friends for advice.

They asked the natural question. "Why
did you ever pose for the picture in the
first place?"
"To saved the money," said Marilyn.
"Tell that to the reporters," her advisers
told her.
And she did, which turned the tide of
unpleasant talk—at least to a degree. It
still worries her because the normal
trend of her life with Joe DiMaggio should
soon sink the incident altogether.

The terrifying truth of the matter is
that she now reveals the fastest and the
farthest, that scandal is impossible to stop
—once it starts to blaze. And the smartest
stars are those who never let the fire get
started.

It's only by such strong, warmhearted
people as June Allyson and Dick Powell,
Alan and Sue Ladd, William and Brenda
Holden that the offbeat scareheads can be
licked—and the lesson learned that IT PAYS TO BE GOOD. The End

CONTEST WINNERS

Decca albums of the music from
"The Glenn Miller Story" have been
sent to the two winners of Photoplay's
contest in May for letters giving the best
answers to the girl who asked June
Allyson if she should marry a
man 15 years older than she. Here are
excerpts from the price-winning letters:

... I think Miss Allyson gave this girl
very sound advice. If she follows it, waits
while she finishes college, she will be a lot
happier in the future. If God means them
to be married, then He will see to it.
ANGELINE DE ROTTIS
Port Byron, New York

... No marriage is "made in heaven," and
there is no assurance that any marriage, no
matter what the circumstances, will surely
be happy. This girl sounds as if she wants
... to make a go of it, and once she has
finished school, if she still loves her Richard,
she should marry him and let it not
that age of "fifteen years older" stand in
their way.
MRS. GEORGE H. HILL
Beavans, New Jersey

FOR BEAUTY AND HEALTH
Brush teeth 3 times a day
-hone or away! Help
prevent tooth decay.
refresches breath. Carry
brush-toothbrush in pocket,
purse, keep it in ideal
for travel. Full-size
folding toothbrush, tube
of Peppermint, in plastic
case ("cigarette-pack"
size). At Dept.,
Dutcheers stores.
Beaut inspires.
Happiness is a State of Mind

(Continued from page 42)

I murmured as we went inside. I had come to do a piece on Jean, and she had peeped into the dictionary to see what happiness included. I found that incidentally mentioned as: pleasure, success, prosperity, luck, living in concord.

It was out to learn whether he was to have children running around the door, but there have been, and will be again. And you'll never find Jean Simmons with an apron, elbow-length sleeves, but there before it to catch an eagle-eye view of mountains and ravines that fell steeply away from our feet. (The house is perched at the brim of the shadow-clad. The room is also a combination of sport and the arts, a schizophreric combination of big-time trophies, fine canvasses, Ming porcelains, Tang horses (the most magnificent specimen), and Jacob Epstein sculptures and Chinese stone figures of great antiquity. It might make a decorator wince, but the whole is stunning and very original.

‘Jimmie’ no longer used the house himself, Jean told me. ‘He was warned he couldn’t combine such warring elements as these, but I think it came out very well, don’t you?’ The question was rhetorical—a courteous gesture was the real reply. ‘Do you wonder I never want to go out, that I’m content to stay up here all the time I’m not working?’

We came into a completely feminine domain as we stepped into Jean’s bedroom; soft dove gray and primrose yellow with black and white hangings. Once again, it was Jimmie’s taste. I thought I would hate it,” she said, ‘‘why, Jimmie told me the colors he had selected, but when it was finished, I adored it.” The walls were in a rough wood like the main room, painted a soft gray, and from the windows once again we saw that amazing sweep of view, the full circle from this mountain top.

We made the grand tour. Jimmie’s room smacked of Africa again. Leopard skins were everywhere—on floor and chairs, and the terracotta walls provided a splendid setting for their barbaric beauty. ‘Jimmie shot them all on his safari,” Jean explained.

The bar was a sportsman’s dream of models, fish, and animals. Thick skin everywhere and hundreds of tiny model heads of all the delicately beautiful creatures of the veldt spotted the walls.

‘Jimmie wants to live in Africa,’ Jean said, as if leading my mind. ‘He wants a farm there.’

‘What about you?’ I managed to ask.

‘I wouldn’t mind living in Africa. Of course I haven’t been there, but from what Jimmie has told me I’d love it. I’ve really been trying to take me—not on safari, he says he’d be too nervous something might happen to me—but to see the country. He has a great passion for that country.’ And, when we finished admiring, ‘Shall we go back to that?—the bicycle. It’ll show us an adult quality, completely sweeping away the immaturity that was formerly her characteristic. Her simple little black-and-white check dress, full-skirted and white as snow, was modern and in the sophisticated trend of the moment. The hazel eyes, heavily lashed, had a placid quality now, a contended quiet. We sat down opposite a Dom- perignon portrait of Jean, which emphasized the change, the canvas was a round-faced child impatiently waiting to grow up.

‘Are you happy?’ I asked, ‘‘truly happy?’

‘Yes, very ... truly very, very happy.

‘You have everything you want?’

She smiled confidently. ‘Jimmie and I love each other. We are both successful. We have a little child we have made together, and we have the world down there when we want it.’

‘But you’ve been separated so much during the three years you’ve been married?’

‘We have been separated a lot,’ she agreed. ‘But that is an inevitable part of our work; we make the best of it. I suppose we’ve been apart more than ten couples. Jimmie was five months in England with Beau Brummell—that was last Christmas. Before that, he was in Italy and North Africa for The Light Touch with Marguerite Churchill. He went on only one location, the trip with him, the one to Jackson’s Hole, Wyoming, for The Wild North. But it could have been worse; I’ve escaped locations almost entirely except for a few days in the Mojave for The Egyptian. I mostly I’ve been working while he has been away. I was on ‘A Bullet is Waiting’ the last time he left.

‘But I hear he’s off again for Colombia, Bogota.’

‘We have three days more together,’ she protested. ‘And while he’s making Green Fire I’ll be on The Egyptian and after that I go into Desiree so it won’t be too bad.’

I wanted to know if she stayed in her remote house all alone when Jimmie was gone.

‘I didn’t want to move away,’ she said, ‘so my secretary came and lived here last the time. The hardest thing about Jimmie’s absence, aside from missing him, is that I almost starve while he’s gone. You see, Jimmie has all the things, knows nothing at all about preparing food.’

Once again it was the topsy-turvy situation, with Jimmie the decorator and the cook and Jean the admiring bystander in the dining room.

‘My hairdresser used to come up and make me a meal sometimes,’ she said.

‘I hear you keep open house for the British colony. That helps kill the time, doesn’t it?’

‘Well, cocktail parties mostly, unless one of my guests happens to know something about cooking. This time it will be different; we have Rushton now. I won’t have to worry about getting someone to make cocktails. I came back from England the last time he was there. He’d been with Jimmie ten years over there, a combined chef, dresser—oh, a little of everything.

‘Including a loyal and devoted watch dog when you’re alone,’ I said, and she happily agreed.

---

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This book is not for sale and cannot be bought anywhere at any price. Therefore, the limited number of copies have been printed to be given FREE with this offer. So don’t delay, Act now!
A jet plane cut off our conversation, turning the acre of heaven into a roaring, vibrating bedlam. "That," said Jean, "is our only intrusion. Fortunately it doesn't happen too often.

Jean's story is a strange idyll—a child of fourteen who fell in love with a mature man, married, and the father of two children. Jean was playing in "Mr. Emmanuel" at the Old Vic. It was Granger's first visit in London, and Elspeth March, when she first saw Granger in person. Jean played Elspeth's daughter; she was a wide-eyed sprout and terribly excited, because she was a Granger fan. She couldn't believe that her family would allow her to see him. Her success in England had been a fairy tale sort of thing. She was one of the kids who had shipped out of London during the bombings because her home had burned, and her sister Edna had planned to open a school for dancing. Jean even had the license to operate the school when motion-picture stars would drop in, and she was able to land some in child roles. She got splendid notices, this fabulous urchin that Granger, the man, scarcely noticed. A few years later she played opposite him in "Adam and Eve." Jean had just been separated from her wife.

"It was the first time he noticed me as a woman," she said. "We were going together from that time on, but not engaged yet."

I recalled the time I first met her in London in 1945, the day she got the part of the slave girl in "Black Narcissus." She danced around the tea table with joy, then frantically she was fearful that she might not be able to do it. The second time I saw her, Elizabeth Taylor brought her to my house when she came to Hollywood after "Bliss Legionnaires" was in the fall of 1950. She was a bedazzled child with an autograph book in hand, collecting the signatures of the famous. "Tell me," I asked her, "were you engaged to Jimmie at that time?"

"No, we were going out together, but we weren't engaged."  

"You were very wide-eyed and happy then, as I remember," I told her. "But nobody is happy all the time—not all of you..."

"I was miserable in my first two years here," Jean admitted. "First I was reflected back to home because M-G-M had signed Jimmie to a contract. Then, when I got back to London, I learned that Arthur Rank and Gabriel Pascal had sold and bought my picture..."

There were law suits and I don't know what. I was at least nineteen days in London because I was afraid I'd be put on suspension by RKO if I went out of town and that would prolong a contract I wanted to get over with. But finally I was sold again, and this time I was married and living in Tucson in December of 1950. And after 'Androcles' I was put into other things, but I was wretched in my work. There were law suits and I don't know what. I was off for a week or two doing 'Arabian Nights.' It was a real nightmare, getting me as if I were a piece of merchandise. Then I was brought back here for 'Androcles and the Lion.' But I was happy, too. "I'm happy with Howard," Jean explained. "I love him very much."

Then we had luncheon, with Jimmie Granger tossing the splendid salad, which he served with just the correct chilled white wine. We talked of his coming trip, of him and Jean and the preparation of them, and he told the differences in his and Jean's tastes:

"She hates caviar and I adore it," he said. "I like a baked potato stuffed with my success—he never knew. The only picture we had of him was one Mother had. Well, when Jimmie was in England this last time, he got the picture from Mother and had it copied for me. I'll fetch it."

"It came back with a photograph held to her heart. "Here he is."

"Isn't that a fine face?" said Granger. It was very fine face, with a firm square jaw, balanced eyes, intelligence and a same hold on life.

"He was a swimming champion, too, as well as a schoolteacher," Jean explained. "He represented Britain in the Olympic Games of 1912. I was just sixteen when he died."

"When I commented that they had as many animals as Elizabeth and Mike Wilding, Jean said, "Not quite. They have four dogs and two cats, and the James Masons have, oh, I don't know how many cats and a dog, an Alsatian." The phone rang. "It's Liz Jean told her husban..." "We want to know if we're coming over for dinner tonight." Jimmie said, "Say we'll let them know later."

"But they want to know how much meat to take out of the deep freeze." So Granger nodded: "Okay, tell them we'll be over."

Liz and Jean have been fast friends for years, and Stewart Granger and Mike Wilding have been pals for even longer. Jean spoke of Jimmie's children, who spent three months with them last summer.

"They're splendid children, naturally naughty at times but beautifully behaved in the main and very obedient. They loved it here. Lindsay is almost seven and Jamie is just four. They made all the youngsters happy, but I think the Niven boys were their favorites. When the time came to go, they hated to leave, and yet, they were glad too—a mixed-up emotion. That old pull of the earth to the movies..."

There is both a difference in age and a difference in backgrounds between Jean and Jimmie. He admits he was a speech specialist. But one day my father told me he couldn't afford to let me specialize, as it would take years and years before I was earning money."

"I took the theatre in a strange sort of way. I cut my finger and went to a doctor; the doctor's wife was teaching acting. That's how it began. Ellen O'Malley talked me into it and got me a scholarship at Webber-Douglas school of dramatic art."

"I was eight years in the theatre before I made my first film. I'd worked in various repertory theatres and at the Old Vic and I'd played to the Czar and to the Queen of England. I played 'Scarlett' in London before I ever got to the stage. Then I tore up a forty-pound-a-week contract with Basil Dean to play Lord Ivo in 'Serena Blan DISICH,' with Vivien Leigh, for a salary of three pounds per week but moved on and was never back. Now, Mike (Wilding) comes from a family of actors. His grandfather was a singer and an actor, but the two of us worked out and somehow it worked. Someone told me it was a fine way to meet beautiful girls. Mike was really out to be an art director."

And we spoke of Vivien Leigh, her beauty, "Vivien was getting three pounds a week in England when she persuaded Laurence Olivier to accept the role in 'Wuthering Heights,' which he wasn't very eager to do. Vivien her beauty was going to play Scarlett O'Hara and laid her plans well. It was priceless the way she put it over. She practiced the Southern accent until she had it to perfection, and then we went over with David Selznick. She simply poured on that Deep South, and of course, Selznick immediately suggested she test for the role of Scarlett. Vivien told him precisely what scene she wanted, and that she already knew it. The rest was history."

Then Jimmie left for a conference with Rushton in the stainless steel kitchen beyond a screen of tropical plants, and Jean and I:

"I'll never forget Vivien Leigh," Jean said. "The last time we were she was here, she was such a tragic figure, ill and all. She took me off in a corner and we had a long talk about movies. "If you're happy, don't give up anything because of a career," I guess you might say I've made that my rule for living."

"I'm winding down the path from the Granger's drive, and I discovered I thought of Jean as a happy woman, with a calm, quiet capacity for enjoying the solitude forced upon her by separations from her husband. She's been up for over a year, and her waking hour, the fast friendships that she's formed in Hollywood. For her the words in the dictionary apply. The End"
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For best results, use new Ipana regularly after eating (the way most dentists recommend) BEFORE decay acids can do their damage. In a 2-year clinical test with hundreds who ate their normal amount of sweets, brushing this way prevented new cavities for most people.

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*Tests prove that WD-9 in new Ipana blocks acid formation for hours

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AUGUST, 1954 . FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGORS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Terry wears Rose Marie Reid swimsuit. Color Portrait by Powolny

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BY ERSKINE JOHNSON*

LAUGHING
STOCK

Old Hollywood proverb: When a woman meets a man who looks her straight in the eye, she'd better do something about her figure.

First movie doll: "What a unique charm bracelet you're wearing."

Second movie doll: "Yes, it's made out of my old wedding rings."

Two actresses with meow-meow instincts were clawing up each other at a Hollywood party until one of them said:

"Let's have fun, darling. We only live nine times."

There's a sign on one of the 10-cent slot machines at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas. It reads:

"Jack Benny Fainted Here."

A gunman, it's being told, walked up to a theatre cashier, stuck a gun in her face and growled:

"The picture was horrible—give me everybody's money back."

Two catty movie queens were at a Hollywood beauty parlor when a former child actress, who is fighting maturity, walked in for the works.

"Ah," said one feline beauty. "A permanent wave for a permanent waff."

Greer Garson about her future:

"I hope I'll always have wide horizons and narrow hips."

Talking about seeing a couple of rival movie dolls in conversation at a night club, someone said:

"They sat there chatterboxing."

Movie starlet to a fur coat salesman: "I want a drop-dead mink."

Salesman: "A what?"

Starlet: "A coat that will make all my girl friends drop dead with envy."

Overheard: "She took him for better or worse but he was worse than she took him for."

Herb Shriner after a night-club visit:

"This place had a minimum. I don't know what it was, but the girls were wearing it."

A movie queen wailed it to her latest hubby:

"I made a terrible mistake. You don't match any of my clothes."

Overheard: "She has long blond hair with short black roots."

Ray Bolger said it about a wealthy friend: "His father was so rich they lived on both sides of the railroad tracks."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.
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SOAP BOX:

Recently my family and I went back to Detroit to visit relatives, and while we were there, I overheard a conversation between my mother and a friend. "How in the world have you managed to keep Piper happy at home?" my mother's friend asked. "My Gail's going through an independent stage. All she can think about is getting an apartment of her own." Well, I think I'm as independent as anyone I know, but I prefer to be with my family. My mother and father and I live in a house that is far from pretentious. It's comfortable. And so is our life.

I remember a line from a play that goes "...hold close with open arms." I can appreciate that line, because that's the way my folks have always held me close. There has been a certain amount of discipline, of course, but I've never been smothered by it. Privacy? I have lots of it. I have my own bedroom and a small sitting room and when I want to read or study—to be alone—they're all mine and mine alone.

Like other girls I know—Debbie Reynolds and Lori Nelson, for instance—I'd shudder at the thought of coming home to a dark, lonely apartment. I like to see a light in the window and know that in my house there's a warm, friendly welcome waiting. I love that home. And, until I marry, I don't want to leave it.

Piper Laurie

I wish to congratulate Ruth Waterbury for writing and Photoplay for publishing the beautiful story about John and Patti Derek.

It is refreshing and relieving to read a story of a real marriage.

And congratulations to John and Patti for the outstanding example they're setting.

MARY PAT BRAUN
St. Paul, Minnesota


PATTY BARKER
Houston, Texas

After reading Robert Wagner's article, we came to the sad conclusion that he is looking for a robot, not a girl. Come down to earth. R. J.!

BEVERLY AND JOAN
Johnstown, Pennsylvania

If you were in love with me...you would be a living doll. (In my opinion you already are!) You would be good-natured and humorous, probably slightly crazy, but not too ridiculous. You would be sensible, practical (to an extent) and understanding.

You would like music, period—particularly the Hilltoppers and I'm definitely with you on Glenn Miller. You would enjoy dancing (with me) and be pretty good. You wouldn't mind spending an evening at home (probably it would be raining out) in front of the fire just dancing, listening to records and maybe I'd cook dinner. You wouldn't make fun of me when I cry in movies. You would love children. And don't worry about cooking. I'm pretty good.

As for clothes, I do prefer simple ones and I would dress according to your likes and dislikes—but I do not like two-piece bathing suits and would not wear one. Sorry.

You mentioned age wasn't important. I hope you're on the level about that—I'm only 15, so I'm glad you're not ready for marriage yet.

A ROBERT WAGNER FAN
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Here is a snapshot of Christy Winner, probably your youngest reader—age three.

MRS. FAROLD WINNER
Los Angeles, California

CHRISTY

Christy's not too young to like the best!

CASTING:

Why didn't some studio bring to life the story about the Brink's robbery which appeared in Collier's? Playing the lead might bring Jeff Chandler the Oscar he really deserves.

B. J.
Hollywood, California

Universal-International agrees. Jeff has the role, opposite Julia Adams.—ED.

(Continued on page 18)
MICKEY SPILLANE'S A MOVIE STAR NOW!

Spillane speaking...
"My eyes crawled over the babe in the too-tight tights, and then it happened... The whole circus suddenly turned into a shooting gallery with the performers as clay pigeons...I had to catch up fast. Maybe there would be a .45 slug going in one ear and out the other...!"

The One and Only

CLYDE BEATTY and his gigantic 3-RING CIRCUS
actually performing death-defying feats against his man-devouring jungle beasts!

MICKEY SPILLANE

RING OF FEAR

Warner Bros. present it in
CINEMASCOPE and WarnerColor

also starring
PAT O'BRIEN

WRITTEN BY PAUL F. PHILIP MACDONALD JAMES EDWARD GRANT
PRODUCED BY ROBERT M. FELLOWS WAYNE FELLOWS PRODUCTION
DIRECTED BY JAMES EDWARD GRANT
DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.
Success has enabled him to give Helen, their girls, things he'd missed.
It is bounded by a man's love for his family and nothing not even Howard's career can invade it

BY CORINNE BAILEY

It's late afternoon and the man behind the wheel of the red sportscar is tired from a long day in front of blinding hot lights and the exacting demands of the cameras. But the car handles easily as he swings it through the comfortable neighborhood of redwood fences, green terraces, and stately eucalyptus trees. A neighborhood warmed by the last coral rays of the setting sun and cooled by the fresh ocean breeze, echoing with the happy shouts of chubby pig-tailed girls and freckled boys whistling and running and laughing. A family neighborhood.

As he swings the red car up the steep driveway toward the delightful two-story Connecticut farmhouse, his eyes light up with a glow of anticipation and pleasure that illuminates his whole face. Howard Keel has come home.

At the other end of the driveway is the reason for his anticipation—his wife kneeling with her arms around their two daughters—a welcoming household of women who smile up at him and can hardly wait until he gets out of the car before they leap all over him with laughter and kisses.

This to Howard Keel is the beginning and the end of a perfect day, a day during which he has been a perfectionist at the studio and satisfied himself that he has done the best job that he could possibly do. Now he is home again, hungry and a little tired but happy and relaxed, confident that in his life hard work is rewarded by love and affection. His pretty blond, brown-eyed wife, Helen, junior misses Kaiya and Kristine, and their good-natured helper, Bessie, all radiate the love and affection that can come only from serene happiness.

Despite his own insistence that when he's working he tends to be tense and preoccupied, everything about his home reflects harmony. Living is easy, and obviously this harmony is meant to last. The house is furnished in a mellow mood—with the richness of mellowed alderwood in king-sized and demi-sized furniture designed by Howard.

It's then made up especially for the Keels by a cabinet maker in Culver City. The gleam of silver, lovingly polished. The deep comfortable floral-patterned chairs and ottomans. The favorite chairs pulled close like the Four Bears to the den's brick fireplace. A small red chair close to an over-sized brown one. A well-scribbled child's blackboard.

Howard is admittedly a sentimental man. He treasures old things—a worn leather chair. Personal things—a tile table telling the story of his life which was painted for him by one of his closest friends, Louis Calhern. Milestone markers—a scroll signed by the stars and crew of "Annie, Get Your Gun," his first M-G-M picture. Family souvenirs—an oil painting of a golden-haired child in a blue dress, Kaiya, as painted by her dad.

Like parts in a jigsaw puzzle that's been assembled, everything fits together so perfectly it's impossible to imagine things any other way.

And to Howard Keel, there could be no other way that would be right. This is a goal toward which he has been working his entire life. Not just his adult life. This is what he has wanted from his earliest recollections, when he was a boy in the grim coal-mining town of Gillespie, Illinois, and yearning to be like other kids. What made him different was poverty. Howard knew poverty well, real poverty, and he knew shame.

To a sensitive boy—too thin, too shabbily dressed, too rebellious—there was an unforgettable anguish in the early death of his father, a death brought on by the man's despair. And there was heartbreak in the heroic battle his mother waged—running a paper-hanging business, taking in washing and ironing—to keep her two sons clad and fed.

Howard, born Harry, Keel, has come a long way since then. He has hewed out a career that has won him wealth and fame. This success has meant even more to Howard, perhaps, than it would to most people. It has given him an opportunity to provide his children with the things he has missed.

Not so much the financial things—although certainly these are important—as the emotional things, the security and the warmth that comes from a family in which there is time for love and affection—and an understanding of its necessity.

When Howard Keel first came to Hollywood, he made a set of solemn vows: No matter what the glittertown did to others, he was determined to have a real marriage and a normal home, a home complete in itself, a happy home. Above all, he was not going to allow his career and its obligations to turn the lives of his children topsy-turvy with publicity and an exaggerated sense of their own importance. They were to be treated as if their father were a plumber or a lawyer or a streetcar conductor.

He lives in constant fear of their being spotlighted and singled out and cheated of their carefree years, much the same—although for exactly the opposite reason—as he was spotlighted and singled out and cheated of his own childhood years that should have been carefree and happy.

"We live in a family neighborhood where there are a lot of normal little kids," Howard says, "kids who are all growing up with every chance for the future—the chance to live their own lives. I want my kids to have that same chance.

"I don't want them to feel any different from the other (Continued on page 70)
Hollywood guys and dolls have been livin' it up with an assortment of parties, preems, openings—as usual. But this month things were a bit more varied than usual! One of the more colorful events was the weekend junket Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis staged at the Apple Valley Inn for private and press clumps. It was a two-and-a-half-day shindig that started with a wonderful outdoor western steak fry. Dean and Jerry and Janet Leigh donned chef's outfits and personally helped feed guests made extra-hungry by sniffing that "charcoal-broiled-filled air!" Later the boys previewed their picture, "Living It Up," the real reason for the weekend wingding. Added guests that eve included airmen from nearby George Air Force Base.

Photogs had a field day all the way to goodbye time, wot with Dean and Jerry's mad capers in and around the swimming pool and at the tennis courts that almost blew away in a sudden high wind. The zanies (in full western regalia) also did a lot of singing with the Bel Air Trio, danced and clowned together. I'm sure they rightly figgered this co-operative nonsense would end the goshawful rumors of their splitting up. Personally, I don't believe they will split. Dean said, "We have a different set of friends. We go our separate ways. But that's nothing. We've always done so—'after hours.'"

Jerry Lewis says he's having a turrible time with son, Gary, aged 9. The moppet is (Continued on page 12)
Your new Lilt home permanent will look, feel and stay like the loveliest naturally curly hair!

Hi... Does your wave look as soft and natural as the Lilt girl in our picture? No?

Then think how much more beautiful you can be, when you change to Lilt with its superior ingredients. You'll be admired by men... envied by women... a softer, more charming you. Because your Lilt will look, feel and stay like naturally curly hair.

Watch admiring eyes light up, when you light up your life with a Lilt.

Choose the Lilt especially made for your type of hair! $1.50 plus tax.

Procter & Gamble's new Lilt Home Permanent
embarrassed about Jerry! Never looks at M and L's tv shows because he thinks the whole country is laughing at his father! P.S. Gary's favorite comic is Lou Costello.

It wasn't till Kirk Douglas tossed a big party for Ann Buydens (a French lass he met there a few months ago) that anyone knew he was even slightly interested. (And then very soon after that came the surprise word of their sudden marriage in Las Vegas.) Eleanor Parker was at Kirk's with portrait painter, Paul Clemens—and they're at the serious stage. Susie Hayward was with her manager, Ned Madin. He's the only guy she's gone anywhere with since her marital troubles began. The Fred Astaires, Clifton Webb, Joan Crawford with Chuck Walters, Mari Blanchard, the Peter Lorres, others on hand. Also the James Masons, who brought their five-year-old dotter Portland.

Few nights later, Joan Crawford took over the private dining room (with small dance floor) at Chasens and tossed a big bash for some hundred guests. Among them were Donald O'Connor who sang and performed with his pal, Sidney Miller; June Allyson and Dick Powell, who put on a cute act of their own. Doris Day said she couldn't sing because she was "too nervous!" June Wyman, who wasn't nervous at all, sang and sang. Fred MacMurray and June Haver, who could be one as you read this, were there as a two. Also Jeff Chandler, stag; Rock Hudson, stag; George Burns and Gracie Allen; Jane Greer and Ed Lasker. Joan wore another of the "little-girl" type semi-evening dresses she's long adored, but that enormous diamond clip of hers at the throat took some of the naiveté look away, however. Her daughter, Christina, now a tall, willowy teen-ager, charmed (Continued on page 71)
This was the moment unashamed...

when this man and this woman felt the first ecstasy of their Magnificent Obsession!

Universal International presents

JANE WYMAN
ROCK HUDSON
BARBARA RUSH

LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

Magnificent Obsession

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

with AGNES MOOREHEAD • OTTO KRUGER • GREGG PALMER
Directed by Douglas Sirk • Screenplay by Robert Blees • Produced by Ross Hunter
The Caine Mutiny

The film version of the remarkable best-seller about the wartime Navy is sparked by several high-powered performances. Van Johnson, given the best chance of his career, stands out as the steady, loyal Lt. Maryk, goaded to deliberate mutiny. Fred MacMurray runs him a close second as the sophisticated Lt. Keefer, likable most of the way, but eventually exposed by defense counsel Jose Ferrer as the real villain of the piece. In Humphrey Bogart's hands, Capt. Queeg is at once hateful and pitiable. Though the youthful romance of Robert Francis and May Wynn sometimes seems to interrupt the progress of the story, in itself it's affecting. Not so well-knit and forceful as "From Here to Eternity," the picture still has plenty of punch.

Bob Francis, Van and Fred face a final accusation of guilt.

Three Coins in the Fountain

Ever wanted to see Rome, Venice? Ever hoped you could find romance during your travels? Now you may, via spacious CinemaScope views of the ancient cities and the Italian countryside, against which the romances of three American girls are lightly interwoven. New arrival Maggie McNamara finds herself sharing a luxurious apartment with fellow secretaries Jean Peters and Dorothy McGuire. Seen first in "The Moon Is Blue," Maggie now gives a second lesson in how to trap a wolf—this time an Italian prince (Louis Jourdan). Jean loses her cynicism when she's wooed by the charming, penniless Rossano Brazzi. And Dorothy's silently in love with her boss, a sardonic novelist (Clifton Webb). It all works out neatly.

With Dorothy and Jean, Maggie attends her first Rome party.

The High and the Mighty

The courage of airline employees, confronting a professional emergency and personal problems, animates the strongest sequences of John Wayne's latest. He's a veteran flyer, co-pilot on a Honolulu-to-San Francisco plane captained by Robert Stack. When the craft is crippled by fire, the crew begins a stubborn fight to reach land. Scenes involving the passengers are not as well dialogued; it takes the skill of a fine cast to bring these near-caricatures to life. They include two fancy ladies (standard equipment is just one), two honeymooners, a feuding couple, a would-be murderer and his intended victim. Their behavior in the crisis provides a load of emotional drama, while the crew's work and the rescue efforts supply terrific tension.

From experience, John understands the fear that grips Bob.
Bobbi is perfect for this new “Stewardess” hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

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

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

Bobbi’s so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — and that’s all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

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

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

Casual, carefree — that’s the “Chantilly” hairdo — thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

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

WWW Carrier-based jet bombers range Korean skies in an excellent picture of modern warfare. Realistic without being unduly harrowing, done almost in documentary style, the story presents its expert actors not as stars, going in for heroics and emoting, but as genuine airmen, intent on tactics and the reason for the fight. Van Johnson believes sincerely he's engaged in long-range defense of his own country. "Retread" Keenan Wynn and the younger Dewey Martin claim they'll always take care of themselves first. Frank Lovejoy, leader of the bomber squadron, rouses argument with his insistence on risky low-level bombing. Action sequences are first-rate, climaxcd by the factual incident in which a blinded pilot is "talked" to a landing.

Shipmates at odds: Dewey, Van, Walter, Keenan and Frank

Apache

WWW That familiar movie figure, the proud Indian warrior unwilling to concede victory to the whites, here becomes a real, unglamorized person for the first time. In a shaggy black wig, dark make-up, shabby clothes that never suggest operetta costumes, Burt Lancaster is an imposing hero, a young Apache who rebels when the beaten tribeheads for the reservation. The movie is full of violent action: an escape from a prison-bound train; a wild journey across country, through the white man's overwhelming cities; the fight against white treachery; flight to the lonely life of outlawry. But the story does express the true tragedy of a whole people. Jean Peters, as authentically garbed as Burt, is his partner in a touching, unorthodox love story.

Injuries can't keep Jean from following Burt in his exile

Johnny Dark

WWW With Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie as the exuberant young stars, a tale of sports-car racing gives you a lively entertainment session. Tony's an engineer at an ultra-conservative car factory. He has designed a new sports model; but Sidney Blackmer, the firm's owner, opposes such a departure, while Paul Kelly, Tony's immediate boss, backs it. Piper, Blackmer's granddaughter, works incognito at the factory and also sympathizes with Tony's dream—partly for personal reasons. Without authorization, Tony enters his car in a race down the west coast from the Canadian border to the Mexican. Don Taylor, his ex-buddy and rival in romance, is his chief competitor. Suspense is kept at a high pitch throughout.

Tony tries to convince Piper that cars aren't his only love
Your hair is romance...

...keep it sunshine bright

with White Rain

You know it's true—the most delightful beauty asset you can have is lovely hair. Hair that's bright to see, soft to touch, as fresh as a playful spring breeze—the kind of hair you have when you use the new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. For White Rain sprinkles your hair with dancing sunlight. And with sunshine all around you—love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter... the essence of romance.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!
Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

says Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover)
Conover School Beauty Director

"I've seen this soap help girls from 11 different countries—with every type of skin—dry, normal and oily!"

"It's such wholesome beauty care!" says chic Paris stylist, Georgette. "No wonder American complexions are so pretty!"

"French women are wise in the ways of beauty," says glamorous Georgette, "but I must say I've learned a lot about complexion care since I started using Cashmere Bouquet. My skin tends to be oily, so Candy taught me to beauty-wash by creaming this rich, mild lather over my face with my fingertip. It leaves a fresh glow, a softer, smoother feel. And I love the flowery fragrance!"

Cake make-up helps oily skin keep that glowing Cashmere Bouquet look all day, Cream-base foundations lend the same perfection to dry skin."

Readers Inc...
Continued from page 6

I've just learned that a studio has bought the rights to Samuel Shellabarger's "Lord of the Vanities." I can just see the following stars doing a wonderful job: Rick Jason as Richard Morendt; Elizabeth Taylor as Marita Venier; and Ava Gardner as Countess Amelie.

Mrs. C. Valdavino
Walnut Grove, California

When, oh when, are they going to make the life story of that colorful hockey great Howie Morenz, or today's more familiar greats, Gordie Howe or Maurice Richard? What would be more thrilling and inspiring than Tab Hunter as the star?

Dorothy Kral
Berwyn, Illinois

I have just finished "Not as a Stranger," and I believe this book would make an excellent movie. William Holden or Victor Mature would be perfect for the male lead, with either Jean Peters or Ann Blyth playing opposite.

Libby Fischer
Brooklyn, New York

So did Columbia, and Stanley Kramer's set to produce it with Frank Sinatra and Bob Mitchum already cast.

I would like to see "With All My Heart," by Margaret Campbell Barnes, turned into a movie that would retain the true feelings of two spirited people in a complicated situation. Ann Blyth should play the part of Catherine of Braganza and Steve Forrest should be the handsome and magnetic Charles II.

Marilyn Conyers
San Francisco, California

Why isn't Rhonda Fleming cast in more singing and dancing roles? She certainly has the beauty and sex appeal for them.

B. K.
Great Falls, Montana

QUESTION BOX

Could you please tell me whether Burt Lancaster has a fan club, and if so, how do I go about joining forces with same?

I have just seen "From Here to Eternity" and think it's one of the best.

Ruth J. Harrison
Hullmeville, Pennsylvania

Suggest you write directly to Mr. Lancaster for information. Address him in care of the Screen Actors Guild.—ED.

For lack of something to do this evening, a few of us started arguing about the height of various movie stars and we disagreed about Alan Ladd. How tall is he? If he's under 6'1" and 185 lbs, I'm going to be mighty disappointed.

Judge Petrie
Notre Dame, Indiana

Alan Ladd is 5'9" and weighs 160.—ED.

Could you please tell me who played Elaine's brother in "Knights of the Round Table"? And where can I write to him?

Carol W. Chura
Chicago, Illinois

That was Gabriel Woolf; suggest you write him at M-G-M.—ED.

How tall is Marlon Brando?
Phyllis Casey
Newark, New Jersey

He's 5'10" and weighs 170 lbs.—ED.

Continued on page 20
I wonder if Grace Kelly knew she had so much S.A. for movie heroes before she started in pictures . . . Debbie Reynolds is a fooler. She giggles, appears demure but knows the score and is determined . . . I'm for the Zsa Zsa Gabor-Rubirosa romance (?) because I think they deserve each other . . . If it weren't for Grauman's Chinese, the Beachcomber, Musso-Franks and the Pickwick Bookshop, Hollywood Boulevard would be nothing . . . I'm tired of reading Mary Murphy used to wrap packages before she was an actress . . . Somehow I always find myself rooting for Frank Sinatra . . . Rock Hudson's real name is Roy Fitzgerald, and what's wrong with that?

"Women have a better break. It doesn't matter whether they act or not." John Wayne said it, and by the dough he's shelling out, he knows what he's talking about . . . I don't object to pictures having a message if the picture and the message are good . . . Lauren Bacall should make another movie in which she tells a guy to go whistle for her . . . I'm waiting for them to give Charlotte Austin the chance in pictures she deserves.

My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, told Jean Simmons: "What's the matter? You don't believe a word I make up." . . . Burt Lancaster is the only actor who combs his hair with his fingers . . . I like Joan Crawford much better with her shoes off . . . Liz Taylor and Michael Wilding met in a most unusual manner for Hollywood: They were introduced to each other . . . I wish Clark Cable and Jeff Chandler would get movies worthy of them . . . What's wrong with the movies? The most intelligent answer came from an unknown couple sitting behind me in a neighborhood theatre. During the trailer, she said: "Always is coming next week a good picture."

I don't buy Lana Turner when she has to be a lady on the screen . . . Most of the new movie heroes look alike to me. They are either Tony Curtis or Rory Calhoun, who is a tall Tony Curtis . . . Funny, but I never get tired of hearing Bing Crosby and Judy Garland sing . . . Robert Taylor once told me: "The first thing I notice about a woman is her voice. If that's pleasant, then I'll notice her complexion and hair." Must listen to Ursula.

Elaine Stewart always assumes a graceful pose, whether standing, sitting or lounging . . . I think it's too long a wait between Gene Kelly musicals . . . There must be something to working as assistant to a movie dance director. First Gwen Verdon clicked in "Can-Can," and now Carol Haney is a hit on Broadway in "The Pajama Game." . . . "I never fight for a better dressing room. You can't see it in a movie." Deborah Kerr said it and believes it.

I question whether Audrey Hepburn will be as popular when she becomes a fine actress . . . Girls tell me Jerry Lewis has more S.A. than Dean Martin . . . Van Johnson is the biggest movie fan of all the movie stars. He's apt to ask himself for an autograph . . . I goofed with Greta Garbo. Can't get her to make another movie . . . Kirk Douglas prefers a shower to a bath because he likes the beat of the water on him.

While wandering through the wardrobe department at Fox, in the section where furs are kept, I noticed this sign: "Our Definition of 'Space Fiction.!'" That's Hollywood for you.
Helene Curtis spray net

contains exclusive spray-on Lanolin Lotion...
can’t ever dry your hair! keeps your hair set all day... softly!

Do you put up with wispy, “fly-away” hair because you shy away from the usual hard hair fixative?
Then please try Helene Curtis SPRAY NET.
Just spray it on. See how soft and “touchable” it keeps your hair while keeping it in place... all day long.
SPRAY NET can never dry your hair because SPRAY NET contains exclusive spray-on Lanolin Lotion.
And notice the lovely, lively lustre it gives your hair.
No stuck-in-place look or sticky feel when you use Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. It keeps end curls in curl and wisps from wisping even in damp, droopy weather.
Housewives, debutantes, and girls-on-the-job all say that SPRAY NET is the joy of a career.
Whatever you do... do take just a minute, and try wonder-working Helene Curtis SPRAY NET today.

Regular size (4½ oz.) $1.25
New large economy size (11 oz.) $1.89 both prices plus tax

FOR QUICK “HAIR-DOS”
Put hair up in pin curls in your usual fashion, then spray with SPRAY NET, and in a few minutes you’re ready. No waiting for water or wave set to dry!

* T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BRUSHES OUT INSTANTLY
Just a few brush strokes and SPRAY NET disappears! It doesn’t flake, linger on the scalp, or necessitate washing your hair more often than you like.

WON’T SHOW EVEN ON BLONDE OR WHITE HAIR
SPRAY NET is absolutely colorless, completely invisible on the hair. Adds a sheen, but won’t change the hair color a bit.

only Helene Curtis Spray Net contains spray-on lanolin lotion...

Readers Inc...

(Continued from page 18)

Would you please tell me... if the songs from the movie “Calamity Jane” starring Doris Day and Howard Keel have been recorded?

MARDELL HARBAUGH
Johnson, Pennsylvania

Long-playing discs have been put out by Columbia records on this score.—ED.

Could you tell me the name of the movie starring Shelley Winters and Elizabeth Taylor? Who was the male star in that picture? Did Shelley Winters and Farley Granger ever co-star in a movie?

Lucille Meyer
Dickinson, North Dakota

Shelley and Liz played opposite Montgomery Clift in “A Place in the Sun.” Yes, Shelley and Farley Granger co-starred in “Behave Yourself.”—ED.

In the May issue of Photoplay your story about Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger said that Jean was seventeen years old in 1935... This makes her thirty-six... I didn’t think she was over twenty-five.

Pat Neff
Onsted, Michigan

This was an error. Jean is just twenty-five years old.—ED.

My husband and I are having a little argument. He says Charlton Heston played Rory Calhoun’s blond friend in “Rogue River,” and I say he didn’t play in this picture at all. Who is right?

Mrs. Ella Mae McMillin
Bedford, Indiana

Peter Graves portrayed Rory’s fair-haired buddy in this one.—ED.

I don’t know whether or not you’ve noticed it, but I sure have. What? Why the fact that Debbie Reynolds and that terrific newcomer Ben Cooper look quite a bit alike. I’m wondering... if these two are related.

Marie Dinneen
Berkeley, California

Debby and Ben are not related.—ED.

Man in question: Harold Russell

In “The Best Years of Our Lives” was the actor who played Homer really an amputee?... What has happened to him? I haven’t seen him in any other pictures... Barbara Ferrell
Charlotte, North Carolina

Navy veteran Harold Russell, who actually lost both hands in World War II, played the role of Homer. Since then he has been the National Commander of the Amvets, and is now a representative for the World Veterans Federation.—ED.
why Dial soap protects your complexion even under make-up

Dial clears your complexion by removing blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin.

No matter how lavishly or sparingly you use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected *underneath* your make-up.

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

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

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

*P. S.* Shampoo a Diamond Sparkle into your hair with new Dial Shampoo.
Dial M for Murder

Here's a suave, consistently satisfying tale of suspense, with Ray Milland pacing a small but select cast. Ray is early revealed as a complete scoundrel, blandly blackmailing an old school chum into an attempt at the murder of Ray's rich wife, as this unhappy lady, Grace Kelly, gives a spirited performance, with more emotion and color than she's shown before. She upsets Ray's plans by fighting off the assassin, killing him in the struggle. Undiscouraged, her husband concocts a neat frame-up that renders her unable to prove she killed in self-defense, and it looks as if the hangman will make Ray a wealthy widower.

Robert Cummings gives too much of his familiar farce style to the role of a whodunit writer in love with Grace. But elegantly underplayed comedy is contributed by John Williams, as a dogged Scotland Yard inspector. Talky but tense, the film is Alfred Hitchcock's best directing job in years, with shrewd use of 3-D. (It may also be shown in 2-D.)

Adventures of Robinson Crusoe

The classic castaway story has been filmed with integrity and poignancy. Though it's high adventure, the picture shows in believable terms just what twenty-eight years on a desert island would do to a man. There are no big names, but Dan O'Herlihy, the only human being in sight for most of the footage, makes a deeply sympathetic figure of Crusoe. In the 17th Century, he comes ashore on a desert island after a shipwreck, provides himself with food, shelter and clothing, eventually finds companionship by rescuing a savage—the original "My Man Friday" (James Hernandez)—from cannibals visiting the island for a sort of beach picnic. This is fascinating physical action, shot in Mexico. But it's the psychological angle that gives the movie distinction.

Flame and the Flesh

The dark-haired Lana Turner does a nice job as a lazy opportunist, short on conscience and morals, though she's not so convincing as an Italian. Tossed out by a disappoiving landlady, Lana latches on to Bonar Colleano, a surprisingly naive musician who gives her shelter in his apartment, asking nothing in return. But Bonar's roommate, night-club singer Carlos Thompson, quickly arouses Lana's interest, and she sets about taking him away from his fiancée. Beautiful Pier Angeli keeps this good-girl role from being saccharine, playing it with vigorous simplicity. The unassuming little story is set in picturesque Italian locations. It's all Lana's, and she's at her best, making no attempt to glorify a shoddy character, even giving some lines a Mae West intonation.
In a duet with Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom embarks on a gay new life at a university.

**Demetrius and the Gladiators**

The sequel to "The Robe," tracing the further adventures of Victor Mature as the Greek ex-slave, has all the spectacular qualities of its predecessor, but the theme of Jesus' garment here loses much of its strength. Mature's effort to guard the robe from pagan hands dooms him to the existence of a gladiator, and scenes in the arena are full of excitement. Jay Robinson again plays the mad Caligula, while Susan Hayward joins the cast as the wicked Messalina, wife of the intellectual Claudius (Barry Jones), heir to the throne. Her seductive ways lure Victor from his faith, but only temporarily. Debra Paget appears briefly as his sweetheart, also a Christian.

**Black Horse Canyon**

An ingratiating Western starring Joel McCrea gives Race Gentry his first leading role. Race, who scored a hit in a minor part in "The Lawless Breed," now graduates to a lead, again showing promise. He's a sort of adopted kid brother of Joel's, and the two one-time saddle tramps are starting a small ranch. Race is distracted from his chores by a hunt for a magnificent wild stallion, also coveted by Mari Blanchard and by a ruthless nei-

---

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About Mrs. Leslie

Shirley Booth's warm personality and superb acting are the mainstays of a somewhat rambling love story. She's the owner of a rooming house, taking a sympathetic interest in the problems of her guests—among them two young people (Marjie Millar and Alex Nicol) trying to get into show business. Shirley's own great love is past, but she recalls it in flashbacks. Her heart was given to a married man (Robert Ryan), with whom she could spend only six weeks of each year. Ingratiating as the two players are, it is hard to find much sense or romance in such a relationship.

Silver Lode

This action story offers substance along with thrills. In a small Western town John Payne's about to be married to Elizabeth Scott—when he's threatened with arrest for a murder two years before. Dan Duryea, brother of the dead man, represents himself as a U. S. marshal, and John has trouble proving that Dan's real aim, once he's gotten his captive out of town, is quick vengeance. At first, the townspeople defend John, but gradually turn them against him, landing him in a mighty tough spot.

Make Haste to Live

Several capable players make the most of this slender suspense picture, set in today's Southwest. Dorothy McGuire is a small-town newspaper editor, whose past suddenly catches up with her. It's personified by Stephen McNally, her gangster husband, just out of jail. She dredges his influence on their daughter (Mary Murphy), who's been brought up in the belief that her father is dead. Two romances are threatened: Dorothy's with scientist John Howard; Mary's with young Ron Hagerthy.

Secret of the Incas

A standard treasure-hunt story gets a considerable lift from vivid location shots of Peruvian villages, mountains, and Inca ruins. Charlton Heston is an unscrupulous adventurer hungry for Inca gold. Thomas Mitchell is his competitor, further along in years and greed. As a fugitive from Red Roumania, pretty Nicole Maurey is involved only accidentally, while Robert Young, as an archaeologist, seeks the treasure for unselfish reasons. Yma Sumac does two native songs in her unique voice.

Johnny Guitar

Joan Crawford's the dashing star of a Western so determinedly off-beat that the heroine and the female menace end by shooting it out, as the men merely look on. The efforts of the jealous Mercedes McCambridge to close down Joan's gambling house set off the action. Sterling Hayden, a reformed gunfighter, once Joan's lover, must take up his guns again. Scott Brady's also featured as a not very tough bandit.

The Diamond

Shot in England with American stars (Dennis O'Keefe and Margaret Sheridan), this thriller is distinguished by an unusual chase scene near the finish and by its new shape. The picture is coyly scalloped at top and bottom! Dennis is a U. S. Treasury agent trailing a thief who robbed Uncle Sam of $1,000,000. The money, it's suspected, will be used to manufacture synthetic diamonds. Margaret's seen as the daughter of the inventor, held captive by the gang.

Gog

The latest in the science-fiction cycle is full of spectacular gadgets, but its people aren't too convincing. Richard Egan makes a security check on a secret desert laboratory, where the country conducts experiments aimed toward the building of a space station. A giant mechanical brain directs all the machines—which suddenly go haywire, killing scientists. Egan and Constance Dowling share the love interest.

The French Line

With all her new comedy craft, Jane Russell manages to put sparkle into a tired farce about a Texas multi-millionaire off on an incognito husband-hunting trip to Europe. She contrives to look lovely in dowdy costumes designed only to show off the alterations with Russell's chest. Gilbert Roland is the debonair Frenchman who loves her in spite of her money. As for that dance, it's a conventional burlesque routine, weirdly placed in a Paris fashion show. Like the above two films, this 3-D may also be shown in 2-D; check your theatre.
At last on the screen!

THE CAINE MUTINY

HUMPHREY BOGART
as QUEEG... the captain and the cause of "The Caine Mutiny."

JOSE FERRER
as GREENWALD... who understood the reason for "The Caine Mutiny."

VAN JOHNSON
as MARYK... whose damning diary sparked "The Caine Mutiny."

FRED MACMURRAY
as KEEFER... the brain who plotted "The Caine Mutiny."

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ROBERT FRANCIS · MAY WYNN

Screen Play by STANLEY ROBERTS
Based upon the Pulitzer prize winning novel by HERMAN WOUK
Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK
It was big-date night again for Dora, but for Sarah it was just another Saturday night... alone. Why was it, Sarah wondered, that Dora got all the dates and she got none. Dora might have given her the answer but she simply couldn't bring herself to do it. After all, the subject is so delicate that even your best friend won't tell you.

The merest hint of halitosis (bad breath) and you're out of the running. Nobody wants you around... nobody wants to date you.

Isn't it foolish to risk bad breath when Listerine Antiseptic will rid you of it instantly, and usually for hours on end? Listerine is the extra-careful precaution against offending... four times better than any toothpaste.

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**Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath**

4 times better than any tooth paste
"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Virginia Mayo. 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.

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**Never Dries— it Beautifies!**

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**Virginia Mayo**

co-starring in

"**KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS**"

It's no secret any more

For two years, Bob and Ursula kept Hollywood waiting for this story

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

Ursula Thiess is now Mrs. Robert Taylor. In a simple ceremony performed by a justice of the peace aboard a boat owned by Bob’s friends, Jess and John Wort, Ursula and Bob said their “I do’s”. The setting was Jackson Lake, Wyoming, indeed a romantic setting for two people who had waited more than two years, during which they tested the love they felt in their hearts for each other.

It all started on April 24, 1952, when Ursula and Bob were guests at the same party. She was wearing a black taffeta frock with a discreet bodice and a yards-rich skirt. (Bob thinks that a woman always looks her smartest in black: black suits for the street, black dresses for the theatre, black evening gowns for gala occasions.) Her masses of black hair curled softly about her heart-shaped face, and Bob noticed at once that she, like himself, had a deep cleft in her chin.

As people will, at a party that flows through gracious rooms like a tide, Ursula and Bob found themselves deposited on a small island of calm in a window-seated corner and started a typical buffet-party conversation. At first they talked about Europe and the cities each enjoyed. Ursula loved Salzburg, Bob had never been there. Bob loved Firenze (Florence), Ursula had never been there. The only city they both knew aside from New York (Continued on page 98)
Debbie Reynolds wrote singer Bill Shirley a fan letter—now they hear music together!

When it’s the Jeff Hunters’ night to howl, Chris doesn’t. Granny’s his guardian angel.

Beauties of the Night: Jane Powell has one answer to all inquiries about marriage plans with Pat Nerney. “Ask me in August”—which is when her divorce is final. But Janie, who learned a lesson from talking too much about her short-lived romance with Gene Nelson, still shares all dates with Pat Nerney only . . . Young son Christopher’s safe and sound when Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunter go out for an evening. And Barbara’s mother who lives with them, continues guard duty while the actress is in Ireland making “Captain Lightfoot” with Rock Hudson. Looks like disappointed Jeff’s completely recovered from losing “Prince Valiant” to good friend Bob Wagner. New term deal at 20th rates him huge hike in salary . . . It’s a standing date every opening night of the light opera season for music lovers Debbie Reynolds and Bill Shirley. He’s the sensational singing voice of Prince Charming in Walt Disney’s CinemaScope cartoon, “Sleeping Beauty.” Before meeting Bill, Debbie sent him a fan letter after hearing his songs.
on radio... Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea refer to Sarah Young as, “The nurse who came to dinner!” Originally hired for two weeks, she became so attached to now nine-months-old Mary Catherine, she just stayed on and on! Next to loving parties and pretty party dresses herself, Ginny loves to put ruffled panties on her daughter to make her feel like she's stepping out too! Three-year-old Romina Francesca and one-year-old Taryn Stephanie are “shot” each month by Tyrone Power for a permanent film library on his daughters. Columbia’s “Long Grey Line” incidentally, fulfills Ty's great ambition to be directed by realistic John Ford... “No more separations from my children,” declares devoted Jeanne Crain, who made a recent movie in Africa. And while we're with Jeanne, her short-cropped bright red hair and sophisticated wardrobe just fools fans and they fail to recognize her in person. At U-I where she has a new three-picture deal, they plan to present Jeanne as a (Continued on page 84)
To Marilyn marriage means candlelight on bridge tables, planning budgets and dreaming of babies. It means all the things a woman knows who has grown wise through loneliness.
Life was tough for Tony in his teens—and it could easily have been a dead-end street. Except for the courage no poverty could kill.
TONY'S DAYS OF DECISION

BY HELEN BOLSTAD

He had a driving need to be noticed. The New York streets were his playground and constantly he felt the pressure of the big city. Near him, he saw opulent wealth while his own family lived in poverty.

To many a sensitive kid, this combination has been dangerous as a fuse attached to dynamite. Any sudden shock can explode it into juvenile delinquency and a life of crime.

For him, such a shock did occur. It was a shock so devastating that it threw his father into a serious illness and for a time broke up their home, their family.

Why, then, did Tony Curtis grow into a man who not only is a talented motion-picture star but who also is a responsible citizen whose public and private life is directed toward good?

Why didn't he swing in the reverse direction and, propelled by this same driving energy, become an underworld character challenging all rivals for the title of Number One hoodlum?

Tony knows. He says crisply, "I met a settlement worker named Paul Schwartz."

Tony's wife, the lovely Janet Leigh, knows. Since theirs is a marriage where each has shared past as well as present, she knows the turning point in his life as certainly (Continued on page 75)
She'd closed her eyes to the things she'd feared.

“Only last year,” Pier said, “I really, really grew up. On June nineteenth, nineteen fifty-three, I became twenty-one. And when you become twenty-one your growing pains—as it is called in America when you change from a child to a woman—are said to be over.

“It is a very interesting story, the story of my growing pains, because so many people helped me become not a child but a woman, and also because my growing pains, they were different from those of many teen-age girls.

“Some of these growing pains that cause suffering to other girls come from the embarrassment of not having pretty clothes to wear, or embarrassment because, for a time, their skin does not look nice, or they have to wear braces on their teeth, or they are too fat or too thin, or they have not a
up...

Now Pier Angeli is gloriously awake!

nice home in which to entertain their friends.

"I did not suffer these kinds of pains. When I lost my first teeth I was, I remember, a little unhappy then. But soon others came and I was happy again. And once I was ashamed because my legs were so thin I had to be helped to walk on them. But this, too, passed too soon to leave a scar. I did not suffer from the self-consciousness of adolescence either. I had always the feeling of loving everybody and of everybody loving me.

"My father, Luigi Pierangeli, whom I so dearly loved, was an architect. The best. In Sardinia where I was born (quite a few seconds before my twin sister Maria Luisa, so that I am the elder and like to be the boss!) my father was (Continued on page 81)
BY RUTH WATERBURY

He likes to believe he's hard and stern. But when Big Burt's around home, any resemblance to a tough guy is purely coincidental!

SOFT-HEARTED MENACE

- Burt Lancaster was so pleased with himself over the present he was giving his wife Norma last Christmas that he couldn't quite wait for the big day.

He was in that happy pre-Christmas state of mind that even the most devoted of husbands rarely attains. He was positive he knew exactly what his wife wanted.

It was a super-terrific Somali leopard sports coat. Norma already had her minks—the full-length job so expensively brown it was practically black. Then she had the short chic "breath-of-spring" mink scarf. One was for coldish weather; the other, for cocktail parties.

Norma, however, is an essentially practical girl. So she wanted something sturdy yet dashing for those moments when she dropped the four kids off at their various schools and she herself went on to lunch or some such, via the station wagon. That's how Burt hit upon the leopard. It would take a beating, yet complement his wife's golden-haired, brown-eyed beauty, plus the black dresses she always wears daytimes. The reason for that Burt very well knew: Black's

(Continued on page 41)
How to handle a tough character! Burt’s family joined him in Mexico. Left, Jimmy, Joanna, a friend, Susan, Billy

He calls wife Norma “girl”—a word of endearment to Burt. His nickname is “H.B.L.” (Handsome Burt Lancaster!)

When the “kiddlets” were told they could name the expected baby, pandemonium reigned! They all had different ideas.
Burt figures he was lucky in love. Because if it hadn't been for his "girl" and his "kidlets," his might have been a different story.

They tumbled down the stairs to find out what all the laughter was about and then shouted among themselves, "Mommy's going to have another baby."

The newest Lancaster will probably be here by the time you read this. And oddly enough July is the birthday month of three of the others, Jimmy, Susan and Joanna. And there is even the lively possibility that the baby could be doubles, since Mrs. L. is a twin.

Burt himself now rocks with laughter as he tells how, a few nights later, he and Norma, trying to be such very advanced parents, told Jimmy, Billy, Susan and Joanna that they could decide on the new baby's name among themselves. "It led to the damnedest battle you ever saw," Burt says, grinning. "In five minutes they were all hitting each other over the head. Each one of them owned the new baby. Each one had the only perfect name for it, whether male or female. Norma and I had to put on quite a show of parental dignity before we calmed things down."

And that's the way it is with the Lancasters—the family acts as (Continued on page 78)
When the Powells quarreled, Hollywood couldn't believe its ears. Neither could June or Dick— it was their first fight in nine years!

Cynics said it couldn't last. But Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh refuse to let any differences in temperament spoil their happy marriage.

Lita's Latin temperament often leads to fireworks—but the only thing that burns up the Rory Calhouns is talk that they're divorcing.
Barbara Rush was on the other end of the telephone saying, “There isn’t a word of truth in it, Sheilah, but come on over and Jeff and I will talk to you about it.”

Fifteen minutes later, watching these two serious youngsters as they attempted to explain away a rumor that there was trouble in their marriage, I was struck by the fact that no matter what happened in the future, here were two people earnestly trying to stay married to each other. Barbara and Jeff had married for love and they were hanging on for dear life to that love.

These two have everything that it takes to make their marriage work. They are mad about each other, love their little boy Christopher. Day by day they are attempting to finish furnishing their home. Both have wonderful careers—and along with these careers come the same problems confronting most young marrieds who are struggling to work and raise a family. In common, too, with the rest of us, they have the same shortcomings.

“What they say to each other in public sounds like fighting words to Hollywood. But it’s the Stewart Grangers’ way of saying, “I love you.”

Barbara and Jeff had married for love and they were hanging on for dear life to that love. "Of course, we have arguments," admitted Jeff. "We’re normal people," said Barbara, determinedly.

“And all this is a bit frightening,” Barbara continued, her big brown eyes wide open. “We can’t let ourselves down—and sometimes it seems that no matter what we do we have the added responsibility of not letting anyone else who believes in us down. Not just our family and our friends—but total strangers, too!”

“Tell Sheilah about the letter you received,” Jeff urged her.

“I had a letter from a woman who said she was glad to read we were so happily married,” Barbara continued. “She hoped it was true, and from now on, she’d be watching us like a hawk. That’s the part that’s so scary to Jeff and me.

“With everyone watching you, you smile outwardly when maybe you don’t feel like it and that makes your behavior in public kind of unreal. And Jeff and I have to be careful (Continued on page 85)
"I'm going to be a star" she announced. Seven-year-old Miss Koford wasn't kidding!

- Yours is a famous face and figure. Your sunny smile and vivacious personality are pinned up in the huts—and in the hearts—of GI's in every far-flung outpost of Uncle Sam's.

But in your life there have been many shadows behind that smile, and your story is as poignant as your own childhood favorite—"The Princess Who Couldn't Cry."

Yours has always been a divided dream and destiny as divided as the conflicting desires and hopes and hurts of a famous and ambitious actress and an everyday All-American girl. Your triumphs have been tempered—and clouded—by your younger tears.

Here is that untold story. Read—and recall with us—as we unfold pages as revealing as those deep in the heart of any young girl's diary. Pages from your story, Terry Moore—for this is your life. . . .

It begins January 7, 1929, at the Lutheran Methodist Hospital in Los Angeles when a bouncing baby girl is born to Luella and Lamar Koford, an investigator for the Retail Credit Company. But let's let your "producer" supply the details.

"Terry was a bouncing baby, all right, Ralph. Take her mother's word for that. She was the fattest little thing I've ever seen. It was the fad then to name girl babies Betty or Shirley—but we chose Helen—because I insisted on a more substantial-sounding name. She had the prettiest big blue eyes—but she had no hair at all until she was three years old. Not even enough to put a ribbon on. In spite of the fluffy bonnets I made her and the big ribbon bows I used to put on her baby carriage—people would still say, 'He's a nice healthy fellow,' or 'My, what a big husky boy.' I could have killed them!"

But the following year you need every ounce of that strength. You have lobar pneumonia, and in the hospital the tense hours tick by . . . the hours that will decide whether you live or die. Outside a glass window, your parents stand watch and pray.

"Yes, Ralph, we nearly lost our girl that year. The doctors

(Continued on page 46)
These were the important times for Terry,
didn't give us much hope. They did all that medicine
could do. But her father and I will always feel that prayer
—not only our own, but the prayers of all our friends
and the members of our church—helped pull Helen
through.”

Out of near-tragedy often comes some measure of
good. Because of a bronchitis condition which results,
your parents move to a higher altitude in Eagle Rock
where you are to meet the neighbor and landlady who
will some day “stake” you in the first step of your
motion-picture career.

Age 14, with high school date. Love versus
a career was beginning to be a big problem!

Front, center, as cheerleader at Glendale High. Even at sixteen Terry had
desire for the boys—crusaded in school paper for “less sloppy male attire!”

Terry, 17, with parents, brother Wally.
School, movies, modelling kept her busy

It's no publicity stunt when Terry takes
to the air. She is a licensed pilot
who was fast approaching the joys—and heartaches of stardom

At three you're a chubby Calamity Jane, listening to "The Lone Ranger," and riding the prairies of your backyard on your fiery Shetland steed.

At seven you're the darling of the pigtails and pinafore set. And determined to some day be a motion-picture star. From infancy, your mother has recited readings, instead of singing you to sleep, and soon you commit them to memory. You try them out on an uncomplaining audience—your adoring younger brother, Wally, your dolls, two ducks named Donald and Clara Cluck and a dog of somewhat doubtful parentage, Prancer, a refugee from the Pasadena dog pound. When the other girls play nurse, you're always a motion-picture star. Jane Withers is your favorite. You play movie-star hopscotch—putting the initials of stars in the squares. When you visit Brigham City, Utah, in the summer, your cousin goes you one better—for one cent he sells you his autograph.

January, 1939—you go with your parents to see Shirley Temple in the Rose Parade. She's wearing the white ermine costume and muff from her last picture, "The Little Princess," and to you, Terry Moore, she's the most glamorous creature (Continued on page 72)
Tab’s no Mr. Perfection
or Sir Galahad—and he can’t hang on
to a dime or a dollar.
But for my money, he’s a Blue Ribbon
winner in the charm department

and they call him

Dreamboat!

BY DICK CLAYTON

The hurdle at the riding academy was high. It was also
a little dangerous if you didn’t have the coordination and
skill it took to jump a horse over it. But the blond kid,
sitting his horse like a professional equestrian, would have
been any horseman’s equal as he collected his mount and took
him over. I had to admire the skill with which he lifted his
weight from the animal at the proper moment and helped
the horse jump, and the courage this kid displayed in trying
it.

I’m the kind of guy who likes to tell people when I think
they’ve done something to be congratulated about, so I rode
up to him.

He gave me a quick shy smile of thanks and a nod of
appreciation toward the horse I was riding. We started to
talk horses.

I was an actor at the time, serving my hitch in the Navy.
He was a blond twelve-year-old. Just a kid. But there was
a certain poised certainty about the way he moved, the
way he discussed horses that made you forget how young
he was.

(Continued on page 88)
One evening shortly after the birth of her baby Mary Catherine, Virginia Mayo walked into her living room and found herself the object of a searching, and not altogether approving, scrutiny by her husband, Michael O'Shea.

While she stood there uncomfortably wondering what this was all about, her husband turned and began to stare just as hard at the larger-than-life painting which showed Virginia as Lady Barbara in "Captain Horatio Hornblower," a beautiful gift from her studio.

Virginia looked at the painting, too, and then she looked down at herself. Mike had been teasingly calling her "Fatso," but now she suddenly knew he was no longer teasing. Comparing her present figure to the lithe, glamorous one she had had before the baby came, she realized how much she had been cheating her husband—and herself—by allowing herself to become overweight and to lose that magnetic allure that had been so important a part of her charm.

Recalling that incident now, Virginia says, "Right then and there I decided it was time to take steps." Then she grins mischievously and adds with purely feminine logic, "Besides, I had a whole closet full of wonderful clothes I wanted to wear again."

And with characteristic enthusiasm, making up her mind was actually the same thing as getting started. First thing the next morning, she sat down with her doctor and really listened to his explanation of the calories in the different types of food and in the various methods of preparing foods—the theory of dieting. She had heard it all before, but this was the first time she really listened.

All during her pregnancy Virginia had been simply famished. It was her first vacation in years, and she was in a deepening state of wonder and excitement and inner peace and a miraculous sense of fulfillment—all brought on by the knowledge of a new life stirring deep within her. She didn't require any special dishes—nothing exotic as some mothers-to-be report. Just food. She loved staying home. She was content to become more and more indolent.

And the calmer and more lethargic lovely Virginia became, the more pounds appeared. At each visit to her doctor he counseled moderation and urged, as every modern obstetrician does, that Virginia try to limit her weight gain to around twenty pounds. She did everything the doctor said—the calcium, the milk, the

"Fatso!" Mike teased her. But it wasn’t any fun when she looked in the mirror. That's when Ginny Took Steps—and lost those extra pounds!

BY LEE TRAVERS
Diet and exercise not only restored Ginny's gorgeous figure but whittled another inch from her waistline.

vitamins—but her body seemed to need extra food in ever-increasing quantities. And the only time she could restrict herself was the day before the dread appointment for the monthly visit to her doctor rolled around again.

Then she'd diet like mad. But of course it didn't do any good when she stepped on the scales in the doctor's office. And she even made her appointments for right after breakfast because she knew she'd weigh less then than after lunch. By the time the baby was born she'd climbed to a figureshattering 157—a full 37 pounds above her normal weight!

But it wasn't until husband Mike made the

PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS

VIRGINIA MAYO'S MIRACLE DIET

Following this remarkably varied diet conscientiously after she had her baby, Virginia regained the magnificent figure that helped make her famous. To understand this diet more fully, read also the explanatory footnotes.

NOTE: Consult your doctor before following this—or any other—diet that has not been made especially for you. This one was tailor-made for Virginia Mayo and her particular needs and requirements—not for yours. Show it to your doctor and ask him to make necessary changes.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Breakfast</th>
<th>Lunch</th>
<th>Dinner</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 serving of 10% fruit (see below)</td>
<td>1 medium serving meat, fish or fowl, lean, broiled or baked</td>
<td>1 medium serving meat, fish or fowl, lean, broiled or baked</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 egg, boiled or coddled</td>
<td>1 serving 5% vegetable (see below)</td>
<td>1 serving 5% vegetable (below)</td>
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<tr>
<td>½ slice rye or brown toast</td>
<td>2 tablespoons cottage or pot cheese</td>
<td>1 serving 10% vegetable</td>
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<td>fat-free milk, tea or coffee</td>
<td>1 serving 10% fruit (see below)</td>
<td>½ slice rye or brown toast</td>
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<td></td>
<td>¾ slice rye or brown toast</td>
<td>1 serving 10% fruit</td>
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<td>fat-free milk, tea or coffee</td>
<td>tea or coffee</td>
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10% vegetables include beets, carrots, dandelion greens, canned green peas, green olives, onions, oyster plant, canned pumpkin, winter squash and white turnips.

5% vegetables include all others except fresh green peas, lima beans, parsnips, corn, potato, baked beans and navy beans, which are forbidden.

10% fruits include blackberries, cantaloups, cranberries, gooseberries, fresh grapefruit, grapefruit juice (unsweetened), honeydew melon, lemon, orange, orange juice, fresh peach, fresh pineapple, strawberries, tangerine, watermelon. All other fruits, including dried varieties, were forbidden.

One multiple vitamin tablet daily as well as saccharin for sweetening tea or coffee at each meal was permitted.
flattering comparison between the Virginia in front of him in their living room and the Virginia in the painting that she saw herself as others were seeing her and decided to do something about it.

And by the time the doctor was through explaining the facts of a diet to her, Virginia was beginning to realize the penalties she was going to pay for having indulged herself. “What Price Food?” she sighed, inappropriately paraphrasing the movie title on glory.

As everyone knows, the trick of dieting is not just a matter of getting on one—it’s staying on one! How did Virginia feel about this necessarily strict diet her doctor prescribed for her (which we have presented complete for your convenience), especially after she had been on it long enough for the first flush of her enthusiasm to be worn off? “Fine,” Virginia says. “The dieting had to be, done—and I did it. I ate in tiny bites, chewed my food completely and very slowly and thus the meal lasted longer and made me feel more filled up. You know, most overweight people eat too fast—hardly know what they’re eating. The diet provided a wide variety for me to choose from. It wasn’t monotonous. And I stayed on it until I was at my normal weight—one hundred and twenty pounds. Come to think of it, let’s see what I weigh now.”

(Continued on page 70)
5:00 One sleepy star and a wide-awake sister start the act—getting Debra Paget up for work!

5:05 Meg's mission is accomplished—Debra's in her shower

BY DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

5:35 A last cup of coffee gives Cuddles the monkey a chance to cuddle!
5:17 Weighing in. Debra's lucky—she rarely has to diet.

5:23 Everyone's up at Deb's house—Mom, Pop, niece Jeneene and, of course, Meg. Lisa, who works at another studio, gives sister Deb a helping hand with breakfast.

5:40 Deb believes in dressing like a star—even at dawn! “I always meet people I know”.

6:00 And so Deb, who's in “Princess of the Nile,” begins her star day—by the light of a very dim dawn!
Richard, the Light-hearted

By Pauline Townsend

In the summer of 1947 in New York in an off-beat motion picture called "Kiss Of Death," a young actor named Richard Widmark pushed an old lady down the stairs.

It was his film debut, and even in radio and the Broadway theatre where he had been plugging away for upwards of ten years he was relatively unknown. The options appended to his first picture contract were, he felt, so unlikely to be picked up that he didn't even bother to tell his wife that the possibility of further film work existed.

He should have told her; Jean could have had a head start on the packing.

Fox released "Kiss of Death" in the fall of the year, people went to see it in droves and came away limp and raving about Richard Widmark. And then the phone was ringing in the little house where the Widmarks lived with their toddler daughter Ann, and it was the studio saying hurry on out to Hollywood and go to work.

Today, seven years and twenty-two pictures later—Fox having exercised every one of its periodic options on the Widmark services—Dick is once more his own boss, free to go where he pleases, work at what and for whom he chooses. With "Broken Lance" completed last April, he completed his commitment to Fox.

He is a free man, a happy man, and bursting with plans.

Even now in (Continued on page 80)
There was something about her—the tense, unsmiling little girl in the vast crowd watching the celebrities arrive at the brilliant premiere of “Prince Valiant.” Something that caught the photographers’ eyes as their cameras registered the night’s events. Suddenly, she came to life—she was shouting, waving her arms. “Rock! Rock!” she was screaming . . .

But Rock Hudson didn’t hear her. She tried to break through the crowd. There were too many people. The girl stood still, silent again, her eyes, straining to keep him in view, slowly filling with tears. Maybe he’d turn around . . . see her . . .

But the crowd was taking him further away! For a miraculous moment Rock turned—but only to smile at the eager faces around him. The next moment he was gone . . . For a moment the girl stared unbelievingly—then burst into tears . . .
REACHING FOR A STAR

camera are the principals in this unrehearsed bit of drama at a Hollywood premiere

Then the miracle happened. One of the photographers had dashed after Rock, told him about the sobbing girl. And now she was talking to him, he was telling her how sorry he was, signing his name in her book—to Susan Meredith from Rock Hudson
Susan Hayward is next in “Demetrius and the Gladiators”

Close as Susan has always been to her twins, she is even closer now since the break-up of her marriage.

“I don’t want Timmy and Greg hurt by our problems,” says Susan. “They need love more than ever”

MOM’S NO QUITTER!

BY MAXINE BLOCK

With her eyes wide open, Susan Hayward is making new plans for the future—and learning that twins can be a rollicking remedy for heartache

This is a Friday night at the home of Susan Hayward. Dinner is over; the hands of the clock are creeping towards seven and red-haired, freckle-faced Greg, already dressed in his Cub Scout uniform, goes to the foot of the stairs and yells up to his twin brother, Timmy.

“Hey, Tim, aren’t you ready yet? You’ll make us late for the meeting. Come on, Mommy and I are waiting.”

“Aw, hold your horses—hold your horses,” Timmy yells back, and eventually he comes ambling down the stairs from the big second floor room he shares with his brother.

There’s a last-minute tapping of pockets to make sure they have everything and then the two boys are ready to pile into the car with their mother and set off for the weekly meeting of their Cub pack. But there’s one thing more.

“Jackets, men,” says Susan. “It’s a little cool outside.”

“Aw, Mom,” the twins protest in unison, “we don’t need jackets. We’ll be warm.”

“Jackets, please, and no arguments,” Susan insists, smiling
but firm. "See, I’m wearing a coat. And tell Cleo (Cleo is the housekeeper) good night."

So the black Cadillac convertible heads out the driveway and the three of them—Susan and her
lively and full-of-mischief twins are off for another
happy Friday, one of many since the little Barker
Brothers became Cubs and Susan joined the neigh-
borhood Den Mothers.

"It’s been a wonderful experience for all of us," Susan says. "At first, when I started coming with
the boys to the Cub meetings, the other parents
were a little shy and unsure of me. But then we all
started warming up and before long we were mak-
ing and sharing the lemonade, comparing the ex-
/plots—and the mischief—of our offspring and
having a really fine time."

Close as Susan has always been to her twins, she
is even closer now since her separation from Jess
Barker. Jess, of course, takes the boys out one night
a week and has them on alternate weekends; Susan
wouldn’t have it any other way. "I don’t want
Timmy and Greg hurt by our problems," says
Susan. "They need love now more than ever."

So the weekends Susan has with the twins are
devoted to barbecues and cookouts in the back
yard, exuberant swimming parties around the pool
with a bunch of the neighborhood kids invited over,
or fun-packed trips to nearby vacation spots. There
was the Saturday and Sunday Susan and her boys
spent at the nearby Long Beach amusement park—
a miniature Coney Island; garish, noisy and
crowded, echoing with the strident call of the
darkers, “Three balls for a dime!”; the heady
aroma of broiling hot dogs, cotton candy and
potato chips; the enticements of roller coaster,
merry-go-round and mirrored Crazy House. Greg
and Timmy were in a high state of excitement
debating the rival merits of the chute-the-chute
against the Space Ship ride—and just as excited
was their red-haired mother, a tomboy at heart.

“What an outing!” laughed Susan. “By the time
it was over I was limp, and the boys fell sound
asleep in the car.”

There was the solemn Sunday, too, when the boys
were baptized in their church, with Susan watch-
ing with a full heart, and grandmother, uncle and all
the family around; and the famous night of the
school play, when Susan sat proudly with the other
parents, submerging all thoughts of self at the sight
of their children on the stage.

“Greg is the real ham,” said Susan, remembering.
“He spoke his lines so bravely. But poor Timmy
became self-conscious and did his entire part with
his back to the audience.”

Yet both boys were praised equally and hugged
alike, with Timmy perhaps getting an extra kiss
just to keep things even. That’s Susan’s way, just as
it is to give the twins a special award when an out-
of-the-ordinary chore is asked of them. Posing for
magazine layouts is one such chore, as Susan ex-
plained; it’s not at all part of the twins’ regular
program, and so Susan decided that Timmy and
Greg deserved a slight addition to their weekly
allowance.

“I told them that if they would pose for the pictures
with me, as the studio requested,” Susan explained,"I’d give them each an extra fifty cents,
since this was extra work. And they were, very
good about it. They came home from school
promptly, changed into play clothes and did every-
thing the photographer asked. The whole thing must
have bored them—Timmy, especially, because a
little neighbor girl came over and watched, then
threw her arms around him and said, ‘You are the
man I’m going to marry.’ But Timmy took it all
very calmly; he just wanted to finish the job, collect
his pay and run down to the store to spend it.”

What Susan didn’t add, proud mother though she
is, is that the evident happiness of her youngsters is
proof of the love and affection that envelopes them.

“Susan,” said a studio publicity woman who has
been at the house frequently, “is really doing a fine
job with the boys. They’re courteous, polite and
well-behaved. They did everything Susan and the
magazine photographer asked them to do. And it’s
plain to see that Timmy and Greg adore their
mother. They have a favorite gag they love to play
with Susan. In New York they watched people come
up to her and ask for her autograph, so now they
pretend they, too, are autograph fans. They both
walk over to her with a twinkle in their eyes and
very solemnly say, ‘Please, Miss Hayward, may we
have your autograph?’ Then, convulsed with laugh-
ter, they dash away.”

But it’s not all laughter, as Susan can tell you.
There’s the sadness at the breakup of a long-time
marriage and there’s a huge void to be filled after
the divorce. And other things, too—like the day
Susan, busy rehearsing for “The Conqueror,” got a
phone call telling her that Timmy had been hurt
when a rock, thrown accidentally at play, hit him
in the eye. Without bothering to change, Susan sped
home immediately, to find Timmy’s eye bruised and
lacerated and swollen to twice its size. “Fortunately,
” she said later, “the X-rays didn’t show any
permanent injury, but I didn’t close my own eyes
until five that morning.”

All during the months following her separation
from Jess Barker, there was little in Susan’s life
besides her children. Though she had to leave them
to go to Mexico for “Garden of Evil,” they were
left in the care of Susan’s mother and her brother
Wally. This was “family,” and the twins were con-
tent. There were letters from Susan every day, long
distance phone calls several times a week, and at
Christmas time, a flying (continued on page 95)
PRESENTING PHOTOPLAY'S ADVANCE STAR PATTERN

You can make your own modern adaptation of the lovely costume Cyd Charisse wears in M-G-M's "Brigadoon." Designed as separates, the blouse and skirt are easy to sew and, you'll find, just as easy to wear. We made them in Security Mill's matching coral wool jersey. Advance Pattern provides for a self-belt, we added a black velvet belt to coordinate with bib of jet beads. Three 60" ropes of beads, Rose Sweet, $2 each. Suede gloves, Alexette Bacma, $5.95. Pattern available at local dealers or may be ordered by mail through coupon below. Pattern sizes are 10-16.

PHOTO BY CHRISTA • CYD CHARISSE IS IN M-G-M'S "BRIGADOON"

Advance Pattern Co., Inc.
P.O. Box 22, Murray Hill Station
New York 16, New York

Please send me pattern #4842, Photoplay's Cyd Charisse dress, in size Enclosed is 50¢ in cash.

Name

Address

City Zone State

More fashions →
The all-around coat... in Stroock's camel hair, is Nancy Olson's choice to take her from the first cool days of fall through early spring. Perfect for town wear, suburban living or after-dark dates. It's ideal cover for any suit and dress! The sleeves are full and deeply cuffed, the tailored cardigan neckline, softly stitched to give a collar effect. 8-16. Also in navy, By Ronnette, $119. Beige chiffon scarf, by Symphony, $3. Camel hair bag, by Coronet, about $12.95

For "Where to Buy"

turn

to page 69

The beautiful brightness of Fall cotton... new and exciting, wonderfully washable! Sally Forrest models a full-skirted coat-dress style, gaily splattered with tiny flowers and delicately outlined with crisp white rickrack. Front is boldly punctuated with a steady line of white buttons. White print on red, also white on black. For after-dark glamour, unbutton the last few buttons and show a pretty can-can petticoat underneath. By Lanz Originals. In sizes 7-17. About $25

More fashions →

AUTUMN PREVIEW

Continued

NANCY OLSON IS IN WARNER'S "THE BOY FROM OKLAHOMA" • SALLY FORREST IS IN RKO'S "SON OF SINBAD" • PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGES 63-66 BY RICHARD LITWIN
Continued

The little boy look in shirt and shorts . . . Phyllis Kirk enjoys the casual comfort of classic Bermuda shorts, which for fall and winter wear, are made of Anglo's 100% wool in brown speckled tweed, are luxuriously lined for extra comfort. With them, Phyllis wears wool knee socks. Shorts also in black and white tweed. Perfect mate is an all-wool black jersey shirt, Shorts, $22.75. Blouse, $15. 10-16. Both by Cabana. Sandler of Boston Shoes, $8.95

For "Where to Buy" see page 89

The always-perfect knit dress . . . is a fall favorite with Nancy Olson who chooses a one-piece wool chenille shirtwaist style, competently tailored to take any occasion in its stride. Its easily adaptable neckline can be worn buttonhigh and simple or, open and dressed with a favorite pin or pearls. The sleeves stop comfortably just below the elbow. Black and beige, charcoal and navy. 10-16. By Rita Jacobs for Joseph Suttman. $39.95
"For Where to Buy"

The flattering fullness of the princess look . . . for dancing after dark and very special dates. Sally Forrest, looking like a dream, wears a black and white empire dress of cotton, with softly rounded neckline met halfway by twin curves of velvet. Velvet accentuates a young and tiny waistline that flares gracefully into a full waltz-length skirt. For stand-out fullness of the skirt, wear stiff petticoats, 7-15. By Mr. Mort. $35.
In these three hours your skin "dies" a little

Your most troublesome skin problems are apt to start in daily 1 to 3 hour "danger periods," dermatologists say. This is immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Your skin takes 1 to 3 hours to re-establish its defenses. Meanwhile, your skin is "un-balanced," open to troubles like these:

- **Dryness** . . . cracking . . . "shriveling"
- Enlarged pores, coarseness

Read how women noted for their beautiful complexions keep free of these skin problems . . .

**After each washing—**

"re-balance" your skin

**Some signs** of skin "un-balance" show up right after washing:
- A stiff drawn-tight feel to your skin.
- Flakiness . . . splotchy, color

These are the more obvious signs of skin "un-balance." But in the 1 to 3 hour period that nature takes to re-protect skin, more distressing problems can take root. Tiny dry lines deepen. The inside moisture evaporates away. Outer skin "shrivels." Skin secretions harden in pore-openings—cause stretched pores, blackheads.

Should you avoid washing your face? "Of course not," say leading skin specialists. "But after each washing, 're-balance' your skin instantly . . . ."

**60 times faster than nature**

A quick Pond's Cold Creaming right after washing "re-balances" your skin within one minute—at least 60 times faster than nature does. It combats dryness and flaking. Keeps pore-openings clear—skin texture fine and smooth. Always leave on a trace of Pond's Cold Cream for continuing skin "balance" beneath your make-up.

**A deep clearing at bedtime**

Besides a 7-second "re-balancing" after each washing, most skins need a thorough clearing at night. A deep creaming with Pond's Cold Cream dislodges stubborn, water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps your skin looking young, vibrant.

Today, begin this simple beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. It will become second nature to you within a week. Soon your friends will be telling you, "Your skin looks really wonderful lately!"

**Among social leaders who use Pond's**

S.A.R. LA PRINCESSE MURAT
MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT
THE DUCHESS OF BUTLAND
MRS. WILLIAM RHEINELANDER STEWART
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LA MARQUISE DE LEVI MIREPOIX

The world's most famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equalled. That's why more women use Pond's Cold Cream than any other face cream ever made! Get a large jar today.
modern dress Shakespeare is still Shake-
speare and a challenge to the greatest
actors. He made two tests, the first of
which was so terrible that for weeks he
battled himself studying with Lillian Burns,
the studio dramatic coach. The next test
was good enough to get him the part.

When her children needed the dimension
or the shape, one thing is sure—his career
couldn’t be going any better than it is
today.

Howard was still dubbing “Rose Marie,”
his seventh picture in a year, when “Seven
Brides for Seven Brothers,” co-starring
Jane Powell, started production. Far from
complaining, Howard leaped at the oppor-
tunity to play his part in this another
man might have complained that
he’d only had three days off in a year and
a half, Howard just grinned and made like
Leo the Lion. His life is built upon hard
work at all times. Hard, long, fol-
lowed by love and relaxation at a home
he likes to feel is his castle, and one
without the other would make that life
incomplete.

Howard’s a handy man to have around
the house. He’s the official carver for
their crowds and thinks nothing of it when a
harried dinner-hostess calls anxiously, “Hi,
Mr. Keel. Will you please call for mum’s little
early tonight?” But to try to put
a hoe or rake in his hand—and nothing
happens. He hates mowing lawns and work-
ning the yard, he admits, so he doesn’t do
it. That is one of the reasons he works so
hard at the studio. It gives him a
freedom that otherwise he could never be
able to enjoy.

On the other hand, give him a wrench
and he’s good for a solid Sunday afternoon
working on his car, which seems to relax
him as much as a Turkish bath.

One Sunday afternoon recently, Howard
was dressed in overalls and tinkering when
a group of little girls wandered up the
drive. They were carrying autograph books
and one of them had a wilted bouquet of
flowers.

“Does Howard Keel live here?” asked
the girl with the bouquet.

Howard grinned and said, “Yes, he does.”

For a moment, he considered extending
for some reason a grease-streaked man to call
the movie star to the door. And they looked startling
when he added, “What do you want, kids?” and
started signing their books, feeling a bit
satisfied that they bought.

One of the few things that plague
Howard’s life is that he can’t spend
enough time with Helen, his wife. She
is a very womanly person, once a dancer
in the ballet of “Oklahoma.” Sweet, warm,
wholesome, with a very good head on her
shoulders. And he’s concerned—probably
more even than he shows—because his busy
picture schedule means that vacations,
trips, social evenings and the like must
be continually postponed. This
doesn’t bother Howard as much as he thinks
it does. He loves her so much that he
holds her, as he says, “as a child.”

In the meantime, Howard Keel is one of
the happiest men in Hollywood. He
has worked incredibly hard to build a life
that is as perfect as any life can be, and he’s
willing to do anything that will help in
way, gradually erasing as completely as
possible the fears that still haunt him
from his childhood, and seeing to it that his
children’s lives will be as real as the solid
and solid lives of today.

The End

Virginia Mayo’s Miracle Diet

(Continued from page 53)

Virginia excused herself, returned
with the news that she weighed 119—after lunch
and exercise! Her breathtakingly
slender 5-feet-4½-inch figure was set off by slim-
fitted black broadcloth toreador pants
tastefully sprinkled with glittering copper
threads. Her informal outfit was finished
with a tailored sweater, wide black belt and gold
crocheted ballerina slippers which
re-echoed the gold of her softly curling hair,
shorn pony-tail fashion. At the moment, Ginny
could have posed for a short, good
painting. And looking at her, it was easy
to see why she’s been dubbed the “world’s
most beautiful blonde.”

Just then the nurse brought in Mary
Catherine, ready for her afternoon airing
in her pram around the one-acre O’Shee
grounds. “Little Darlin’,” as her Daddy
calls her, was all frantic motions, smiles
and soft baby sounds at the sight of her
lovely mother; her fuzz of red-gold hair
half hidden under a jaunty yellow knitted
beret, her round blue eyes twinkling with
a touch of blarney, as she tried, at only
five months, to stand up in her
mother’s arms.

Virginia’s eyes lovingly followed her
first-born to the door, and then she
returned to the subject at hand. “Normally
I used to form a routine for myself. But
long ago I taught myself to form the habit
of eating a well-rounded diet of high
protein meats, eggs, cheese, vegetables, fruit
low in sugar; a diet which gives me
good energy, vitality, and ideal weight. I
had a ton of healthy hair and skin and teeth. It’s not easy to
stick to a sound diet because our country is such
a land of plenty that it’s hard to limit our-
selves to eating for beauty and health.

And what does Virginia put into her
pretty mouth daily, now that she’s back
to her normal weight?

“For breakfast I have grapefruit,
two-soft-boiled eggs, a slice of whole-wheat
toast, a teaspoon of butter. For lunch I
have a piece of roast beef, sliced tomatoes, grapefruit and milk
for lunch; meat or fish or chicken, vege-
tables, salad, a slice of bread and butter for
dinner. I love vegetables, but Mike hates
them. I’ve had to learn to accept potatoes. Imagine!
Potatoes, ugh . . .

“Dieting all starts in the mind,” Vir-
ginia declared. “It’s a simple question of
whether you want a good figure, whether
you want to feel youthful and enjoy a long
life or whether you’ll settle for the tran-
sient pleasure of eating too much. Before
deciding to diet, check with your doctor.
Then once the decision is made to change
eyour way of eating, you’ve got to call
on self-discipline and will power. For in-
stance, I knew I was babying myself by
eating too much while I was waiting for
Marvin to come. And when finally made up my mind, began to use my
will power and stopped babying myself
and actually followed the doctor’s instruc-
tion, the extra weight melted away because
I’d kept all the calories.

“Some people don’t understand diets,” Virginia continued. “They go on one and
follow it conscientiously until they have
lost their excess weight. Then they go right
out and ruin everything by eating the very
foods that made them overweight in the
first place. They go on an eating spree to
celebrate having lost weight and gain
everything right back again—sometimes
even more than they had lost. It doesn’t
make much sense, but that’s the way
plenty of people do it.”

The Saturday evening when Virginia’s doc-
tor suggested, along with the diet, that she
exercise to tighten her muscles after the
baby’s birth. That was an easy assignment
for a woman who had fought every form of
exercise ever since she was little
Virginia Jones of St. Louis, studying dance-
at her Aunt Alice Wientge’s drama
school. This constant pattern of exercise all
her life has conditioned Miss Mayo, giving
her the enviable proportions that elicit
wolf whistles and, furthermore made it
easier for her to regain her figure quickly
following her pregnancy. But if you’ve no
patience set for exercise, she suggests you
talk to your doctor and have him recom-
 mend some exercises.

In addition to the exercises prescribed
by her doctor, Virginia rides horseback
and plays tennis. At present she is trying
to improve her already good game by tak-
ing lessons from the renowned Alice
Marble.

Returning to the studio to fit her cos-
tumes for “King Richard and the Cru-
saders,” Virginia discovered a curious fact.
Her figure was exactly the same as it had
been pre-maternity—except that her waist-
line had dropped an inch lower! The ward-
robe department pondered this for a long
time, unable to come up with an answer.
But Virginia knew. The stretching move-
ments she had so faithfully followed in
her exercises had lengthened her torso.

And that was the only change in this
glamorous blond while she trod the long
road From Here to Maternity!
(Continued from page 12)

Joan's friends with her lovely manners. Let's skip from parties to a premiere. "The Magnificent Obsession" had a magnificent bow at an off-beat spot. It opened at the Westwood Village Theatre (just beyond Beverly Hills), where usually hordes of teen-agers—in Levis, weird hair-do's, nockasins and bright red jackets—hang out. This night, though, a beautifully dressed crowd streamed across the premises. Rock Hudson, who came into his own as a big-time star in this film, brought his best girl, Betty Abbott. Jane Wyman, top femme in the flicker, was in a lovely bouffant gown of pink and black net—with a plucked band of flesh-colored net across he line that counts most these days—the last line! Jane's costume was topped by a black-fox cape stole. She wore heavy pearl and diamond earrings and pearl choker. Joan Crawford, who sported a new combo of red dress, pink roses and pink mink last month, showed up in a gray gown, grayish tinted hair, gray be-ewelled sandal—and natch!—a blending blue-gray mink cape. Similar to a get-up la Crawford sported some time ago with great success. Curb-cheerers didn't go for Lana Turner's dark hair (again!)—but Lana likes it that way—and besides what could look bad on her??? Lex Barker kept hooting upon Lana and Lana kept winking back. These two are really glow! Others applauding the picture were Gregg Palmer with Bobbie Bond, a belle with practically white hair; Lois Nelson with Dick Clayton; Corinne Calvet, a much too-glittering white crepe, with Jeffrey Stone; Barbara Rush in a charming gown of white and green starched chiffon and Jeff Hunter by her side. Jeff Chandler, stag again, wore a pale blue dress shirt with his tux. (D'you suppose he knows those shirts just match his eyes?) Gene Nelson was with beauty-contest winner Christiane Martel; Mamie Van Doren (still lovin the Monroe Marilyn "act") was with Steve Crane; Vera Ellen with Richard Gull; Tom Morton with Joan Vohs (they're nuts about each other); Joanne Gilbert with on-again off-again dance, Danny Arnold. Movita, who used to be Marlon Brando's "heart trouble," was with Tony Kent; Susan Cabot with Richard Anderson. Also glimpsed: Ida Lupino and Howard Duff; Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman; the Spike Joness and Annie-pie Sheridan.

One of the loveliest at the Toast of the Town tv show was Lana Turner who showed up in a stunning figure-hugging gown of black crepe cut wide and low in the front with a daring over-drape skirt that opened every time she took a step, bowing off those million-dollar Turner legs. All eyes were glued on her! Janie Powell was there, looking ever so lovely in a very soft chiffon gown that was a mass of tiny, tiny plats except for the waist which was sparkling jeweled chiffon. Another star-studded group came to the "Executive Suite" premiere and walked through the Egyptian Theatre's floral motif decor, replete with big baskets of spring and summer blooms, hundreds of potted azaleas, rhodendrons—and giant vases of mixed flowers. Debbie Reynolds with Fab Hunter; Esther Williams and Ben Jaffe; Ben Stasck; Don Dumond; Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell; cute Pat Crowley with Vic Damone; Leslie Caron with ever-lovin' ballet-master Roland Petit; Marilyn Maxwell with Carl Neubert; the Dennis Morgans; the Annie Reagans—just a few of the celebs I saw. Bill Star Holden couldn't be there on account of his and his Mrs. were in Florida on a well-earned fishing trip.

Hollywood Party Line

New Colgate Dental Cream with GARDOL

Works instantly to stop Bad Breath!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more—helps keep you socially acceptable. Tests show Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth.

CLEANS YOUR BREATH...

Works constantly to stop Tooth Decay!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream guards against tooth decay for 12 hours or more. Night and morning brushings guard your teeth all day—all night. In this way, Colgate's GARDOL works around the clock to stop the action of decay-causing enzymes. In full-year clinical tests, X-rays showed far fewer cavities for the hundreds of people in the group using Colgate Dental Cream with GARDOL. In fact, no new cavities whatever for 4 out of 5.

while it GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

GARDOL... Colgate's miracle ingredient makes it doubly effective!

How GARDOL WORKS:

Every time you brush your teeth with New Colgate Dental Cream, GARDOL binds itself to your teeth...remains active for 12 hours or more. That's why GARDOL, Colgate's long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient, gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste—leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more. GARDOL's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. Thus, morning and night brushings with New Colgate's with GARDOL give continuous protection around the clock.

ONLY COLGATE'S GIVES YOU FULL GARDOL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!
Non-Stop Terry

(Continued from page 47)

and the most talented who ever lived.

You are one of the very few whose life is almost any
ten-year-old. You proudly join the Camp-
fire Girls, and with your customary drive,
whatever the chore, you win more wooden
beads than any of them. One such achieve-
ment in its way is your becoming a regular
gets plenty sick of "Apple Betty" before you
"bead" that one line. You attend Mor-
mon Church and Sunday school faithfully.

You're still that same Dick, name of "Dick"
Ranger. But now, significantly, you begin to hang on every word of radio
serials like "Our Gal Sunday" and "Helen
Trent."

In 1939, too, you realize beauty must pay a
price—when the dentist insists on braces
and corrects a couple of twisted teeth and
changes a bite plate to your own bite. But
it has its compensations when you fall, at
the age of, for the boy who shares his 
scooter and skates with you. To your
diary you confide, "I've got a boyfriend.
His name is Robert MacDougall. He likes
me, too, cause he said so. Today he came
over looking for his skate wheel." As good
an excuse as any—at ten.

January 26, 1940—you pass into the sixth
grade—and into what is to be perhaps the
most exciting and important time in your
lucky eleventh year. But it has its bad
moments too. For this year your class-
mates start calling you "skinny"—and you
say to yourself, how much—only one
Terry Moore can tell.

"The limit, Ralph, the absolute limit.
For a girl who started out so fat—I'd really
thinned down. I was the last girl to de-
velop. When the other girls were going
other girls were shyly concerned about con-
cealing what they had, I was still wearing
loose blouses under loose sweaters, in the
hope of concealing what I had. I was so self-conscious about being skinny,
and the boys were always kidding me
about it and pointing to my legs. I was
thoroughly crushed about the whole thing.

Pumpkin jackets, I tell you—yes, I'll never
forget the day my whole world fell. I can still see the classroom—and the
desks we all had. My girl friend, Barbara
Metzler, sat across from me. And one
other morning Robert MacDougall
came down the aisle, she put her leg across
to my desk, blocking him. "Put those million-
dollar legs down," she said. I thought,
"Well, I'm not going to anymore."

But I remember vowing right then that
some day, some way, 'He's going to say
the same thing to me.' I felt so hu-
miliated. And since I was planning on
being a movie star anyway, I also resolved
to have the most photographed legs in
the world. I sat there dying and really dream-
ing it up. 'Million-dollar legs, huh? I'll show you. I'll show them all with you.
That's why I've always been so willing to pose for cheesecake—until now."

But yours is a victory in 1940, too, Terry
Moore, for this is the year you star is
born. One day your neighbor and land-
lady, Mrs. Annie Lorraine Jensen, encloses a ten-dollar bill with your pinarded
picture and sends them to the Welles Casting
Director. What did you think of that gamble, Mrs. Jensen?

"I'd had my eye on Helen since she was
was two years old, Ralph. Whenever Mrs.
Kohler's son, Terry, came to see me, she
always brought her little girl with her. 

Sitting on a stool, her feet not even touch-
ing the floor, Helen would raise those big
blue eyes and recite. She had a lot of

February 10, 1940—the day you first
stepped inside that world of make-believe
you've long dreamed is your own—will be

engraved forever in your memory. The
studio casting agent, looking for a child
to portray in "Pups" in 1940 NBC's new show, saw your picture in the casting directory and called your home in Glendale. You weren't home
for that first magic ring, but your father,
Lars Jensen, brought the call. "You might say they filled me in, Mr. Edwards. 'Do you have a little girl, blond, with big teeth?' they said. I was startled for a minute, never having exactly thought of Helen as "a girl." I said, 'Yes, we do.' And when her mother and Helen got home, they rushed right to the
dentist to have the braces taken off her
to at the time. When they got to the studio, the casting director asked Helen if she wanted

'Would you object to her wearing braces for
this part?' And they rushed back and
had Helen's own put back on. Your
mother says, Helen seemed to sense she
belonged right there. When we left the studio, she said, 'I don't know why, but I wasn't a bit afraid. I read the lines and
I could answer everything they asked me,
and I wasn't afraid at all.'

You live on wings—as the magic land
of make-believe you've envisioned unfold
for the first time. A fairy tale come true, but you the little Princess and it's all happening to
you. That first night a happy little girl scribbles
in her diary, "I got chosen. I'm one of six for Morgan's 'Tongue/'"

And then the long wait begins.

You're eleven years old now, Terry
Moore, and you play with paper dolls and
listen for that phone to ring. Only you and
your mother and you're audition.

Finally, on March 9, you report to the
studio at 8 A.M. A big limousine takes you
out on location but it's too windy and you
don't feel safe. They take you back before the cameras for the first time.

Your director is Henry King, who will direct
a star named Terry Moore in "King of the
Khober Rifles" thirteen years from now. You take a real shine to him and the studio pays you $125 for the week
and you leave the studio gate that night
starry-eyed and dreaming of wonderful
things to come.

You're Walter Brennan's granddaughter
in the picture. You've gone to Studio
School with Peggy Ann Garner and Linda
Darnell, still not eighteen. You're in the
movie now.

It's so thrilling you can't wait to get
back to school and tell the other kids all
about your new world of make-believe
and share all your exciting experiences
with them. But you are to find sadly, Terry
Moore, that few want to listen.

There's a world separating you now—a
world of make-believe they cannot enter.
Anon they're doing all the looking, all the
resenting. That's strengthened by envy and a
natural jealousy through the years. This
heart-breaking wall you can never break
down.

You live in a half-world now, Terry
Moore. You are an actress. A world of highs and lows, tri-
umphs and tears. How divided your world is your own
diary tells.

"Mother bought me a new yo-yo. Big
genius. I'm going to learn it tomorrow. We don't know
yet about the interview."

"You're thrilled when you audition at
NFC for "One Man's Family" and when you
learn you've got the part. But you're heartbroken when you fail to get
an "A" in typing and when you
miss a studio call. You're ecstatic when
Pax calls you for retakes—and full of despair when you

And your eleven-year-old heart
is torn between love for Cary Grant, whose
dughter you portray in "The Howards
of Virginia," and a half-shepherd dog named
tillie a neighbor gives you.

And if you're excited about an interview for "Cinderella," but you
hear words that will become very
familiar. "You're not the type." The

The call is for one of the wicked stepisters and you
promise to avenge her. And this happens again and again. It seems this is the
year for little freckle-faced girls who
stick out their tongues—the female Butch
Jeans. You pick the mirror wistfully for
freckles. And you don't.

But professional, 1940 is still but a yearly. You're chosen on your first call for photographer's
model, and Natalie Graske, then Mrs. Tom
Kerr, who is the press agent, remembers
that afternoon well.

"We interviewed some twenty children
for a color shot of a little girl trying to
bake cookies for the magazine The
Countries, Gentleman. Tom took Terry
immediately. She didn't look like a profes-
sional model. She looked like any typical
little American girl with flour on her face
trying to bake cookies. Then, too, the
other kids didn't have Terry's intelligence.

After that first sitting, I remember Tom
said, 'She's got it. That kid will get some
place some day.' I was impressed. Tom
doesn't get the feeling out of one.

You will get there all right, Terry Moore.
Your fresh wholesome All-American face
will show up on the covers of every na-
tional magazine. But every movie in this
exciting new world will alienate you
more from the other world and the class-
mates who mean so much to you.

At school they call you "Sputfire" be-
cause you're so quick-minded. You're
such a quick mind of yours going a mile a
minute with always a million ideas. They nick-
name you "Two Tongue/' for that tongue
that's always going a mile a minute too. They resent it because you think
light that, wherever you are, is always
to be inescapably yours. And they shrug off
with seeming disbelief any mention of you.

Anxiously you wait for your first movie
to come out. Then, you think, they will
be convinced and they'll be excited too.

You see in the paper that "Mary-
lake" is coming. Yet, you refuse to
show your mother. She cries and tells you
what Walter Brennan had told her months ago—that you have been cut completely out of it all.

The only light that, wherever you are, is always
to be inescapably yours. And they shrug off
with seeming disbelief any mention of you.

You can't make-believe this hurt away.

At school the next day you face the cold
eyes of classmates who went to see the
movie the night before. They accuse you
of lying. You weren't in the picture at
all. Or else you must be pretty bad for
them to cut you out. You're no actress if
you can't do the moves. The Princess can't
cry. And in front of them you don't,
but that night at home in your bed your
diary knows.

"December 4, 1940. The kids weren't a
bit impressed. It's '41, and you're in Wilson
Junior High now, Terry Moore, and this is your
life.

Swimming, studying, horseback riding
miniature golf and netting one dollar a
week for helping your mother with the
housework. And, of course, the boys.

Those who previously called you "Skin-
ny" are calling you "Fat." "You're getting
love rampant. And you're "number
one"—again with your old friend, "Mac.

You're really living when he invites you
to meet him at the Alex Theatre in
addition, to buy you a candy bar.

The prevailing custom heretofore
has been for girls to attend together, leave
one empty seat beside each of them and
I dreamed
I played lawn tennis in my
maidenform bra

Tennis anyone? Such lift,
such high-rounded curves...
from Wimbledon to Forest Hills,
no one's a match for my form!
Only Maidenform
can make a "strapless"
so wonderfully secure,
with such beautiful support.
I'll admit I don't care a fig
what the score is.
My figure's always ahead
in my Maidenform bra!

Maidenform's new "under-wire"
Pre-lude* Strapless in
fine white embroidered
broadcloth. Cups are
lined lightly with
foam rubber.
A, B and C. 3.50
Also in 3/4 cup sizes.

*Registered Trademark

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be joined by the gentlemen when the
lights come on.
These are important times for the young
in heart. And Robert MacDougal who
was one of your gang remembers it well.
He's now head of the MacDougal Door
and Frame Manufacturing Company. Let
him get a word in here.
"That was always the trouble, Ralph.
I've known Helen Koford since the third
grade. And I haven't gotten in a word
yet. Her tongue was always going a mile
a minute, even with her bite plate in when
she was having her teeth straightened.
I'll never forget one Saturday when I in-
vited her to have lunch at our home. I
wasn't old enough to have a car or drive.
So Helen took the bus over. During these
days her dentist was changing her bite,
and in the course of lunchtime, she said
suddenly, 'Bob, you'll just have to excuse
me.' And, turning her head, she swiftly
removed the plate. She forgot and left it
on the window sill, and late that night
when we found it, I had my mother and
dad drive me over to Helen's house so I
could return her plate."

He'll never know either, will he, Terry,
how embarrassed you were when you an-
swered the door and found your plate
carefully packed in a box of cotton?

And what's this entry in your diary?
"Bill Chambers and I quit going steady
tonight on the telephone."
"This one really hurt, Ralph. Bill was
my first steady. He never had a dime to
spend on a date. Every penny he had he
put in a car he was stripping down into a
hot rod. Once in a while he'd borrow a
relative's car. And we'd ride down in the
evening and watch the trains come in.
When he finished his work on that car, we
broke up."

Yes, these are the tender years. For the
first time you're torn with the problem
of love versus career. Your heart's heavy
when you get a crush on a boy named
"Hughey," a stable boy at a resort where
you're vacationing. You have to leave
him to test for a part with Ingrid Berg-
man in "Gaslight," but the show must go
on.

And the show does. At 20th Century
Fox you play Victor Mature's sister in
"My Gal Sal." Your face covers many
magazines, and you get the part of Little
White Cloud, Little Beaver's romantic in-
terest on the "Red Ryder" radio show.
You and Tommy Cook are so small the
studio gives you stools to stand on to
reach the mike. You test for "Jane Eyre"
but Elizabeth Taylor gets the role. You
test for "Remember the Day" and Ann
Todd gets this one. The real heart-
breaker, however, is when you're prom-
ised a big part in "True to Life" at Para-
mount with Mary Martin and Dick Powell.
This seemed, at first, to be the best break
yet, Terry Moore. You're to get fifth bill-
ing in the picture and $250 a week for
three months' work. Also you get to
wear an evening gown once worn by
Veronica Lake. You check your books
out at school to study on the lot. Then the
night before you're to report on the set
the phone rings with the word that the
producers have decided the part should be
funnier and they're using a "homelie-
er girl."

This is the worst blow yet in your make-
believe world. To your diary you lament,
"They wanted a real homely girl with
freckles. I think that's just what I am."
Then there's a later postscript that same
night, "I really don't even think of it
now." But you both know you're just
whistling in the dark.

The toughest part is walking into school
the next morning with bowed head,
carrying all your books back again. An
actress? Not much. Not if they replace
you in the part. By now, you seldom
speak of movie work. As an old school friend, Bob Walt, today president of your fan club, can well recall.

"She did tell me when she got a part in ‘The Clock’ with Judy Garland and Bob Walker that she wanted me to auditioned me not to tell the others. They wouldn’t be interested anyway, she said."

It’s a happy day when you’re elected cheerleader and when as you scribble happen upon an article in The Princess Couldn’t Cry. Oh boy, Oh boy. During your senior year, Terry Moore, you get a column in the school paper, The Devil’s Advocate, and it’s typical of your all-out approach to life that you use the column to crusade for less sloppy male attire. You turn it into a boy’s fashion column, using the football stars for models, and to designate one day a week to be observed officially as ‘Slacks Day’ at Glendale High. The boys begin dressing better, but the girls misjudge your motives. They suspect aloud that you’re trying to attract the boys and become better acquainted with the school athletes. Your journalism teacher, Mrs. Eva Litchfield, has a few words for this.

"How will her future boy whole heart into whatever she did. Mr. Edwards was doing a lot of fashion modeling then and she was trying to give the other students the benefit of her own experience. The boys and your parents believe me, I must say their dress improved. But that year Helen was on 21 Magazine and, well, some of the student never quite accepted her one hundred per cent. But then you paid her back in style.

"Helen’s, which showed itself even in youth. Helen’s pays a price."

That price is a little too high, Terry Moore, in the years to come will seem high.

January, 1947. You graduate midterm from Glendale High School with mixed emotions. Now you can really work full time in your daily task. You can become the actress you’ve hoped to be. But you’re leaving half of your life behind. This girl now named Jan Ford—what will her future be?

It’s September, 1947, and you sign with Columbia Studios for the lead in “The Return of October,” a part you’ve won over many more famous actresses who tested for it.

"Yes, Ralph. With Terry’s talent I had no doubt about her future. She showed great promise then, not only as an actress but as a person. That eerie bathing-suit thing. All that uproar was typical to a sex star if you ask me."

On January 1, 1951, you have your first date with football star, Glenn Davis. And your whirlwind romance catches the eye of cinema cupids everywhere. When he goes to Glendale High and his team, you and your mother go along and dance the whole night through. Amid the romantic lush island atmosphere, with musicians playing Hawaiian songs to you, he proposes. He’s the famous All-American and your story-book prince on a white horse and you agree to marry him.

February 8—five weeks after first date—terry married in Glendale in the room adjoining the Church Chapel where you’ve worshipped for many years. You honeymoon in romantic Acapulco, and on February 24, 1951, leaving half your life behind you, you go to Lubbock, Texas, where you have land is employed by an oil company. You have a small apartment right next door to the local movie theatre.

Try as you will, Terry Moore, you cannot find this region feeds a stranger in this new far-flung land. You don’t understand the world of oil. Nor do you understand that which has been your world since you were eleven years old. There’s a man—between two whom married on such short acquaintance that no story-book wedding and no strains of “Sweet Lelliani” could ever solve.

August 18, 1951—you announce your separation and you plunge with feverish energy back to work in your familiar world.

December, 1951—you get your CAA pilot’s license to pilot a single-engined aircraft. Some call it a publicity stunt. Someone thought you might fly this. But, whatever it is, you’re really doubt whether you can really fly. They should have been out at Clovery Field that afternoon when your mother and your flying instructor, Ray Pignet of the 20th-Century Flying Service and a former test pilot, sweated out your second solo while scanning the sky for the speck that means you. Ray Pignet tells about it now.

"She’d been instructed to land in Ox- nard, California, but the no indica- tion on our weather maps of trouble there. But when Terry got to Oxnard, she found she was caught in a rough north-and-south crosswind. If she’d landed, she could have cramped on both engines to land in Oxnard and, come what may, they’ll land there. But not Terry. She went on to Santa Barbara and landed there.

“It’s another year now, Terry Moore, and you test with twenty—one others for the sexy college girl in “Come Back Little Sheba,” although it’s far from the sweet young things you’ve been playing. Direct- or Darryl Hickman is sold and he gives you the part.

February 17, 1953—You’re making per- sonal appearances in San Francisco when you get the happy word that for your fine performance in “Come Back Little Sheba” you’ve been given one of Hollywood’s highest honors, the Academy Award. This is more than ever you had hoped for from your world of make-believe. This seemed almost good to be true. But for you, Terry Moore, means the world in a div- ided victory. Triumph for Terry the actress, and tears for Terry the girl. You’re so good in the part you convince many you are the girl and they identify you with the little sexy siren from now on.

September, 1952—Actor director Elia Kazan gives you the romantic young lead in “A Face in the Crowd.” On January 2, 1953, the fair-ly quiet new heroine. You sign a long-term contract at 20th Century-Fox, where a little girl in pinnafo and pigtail ventured in the magic world of motion pictures. It was a long time ago. You, given star billing in “Ben-Hur the 12-Mile Reef” with Robert Wagner and then you co-star with Tyrone Power in “King of the Kyber Rifles,” directed by Henry King, a part directed that first scene cut out of "Maryland" in that long-ago first assignment.

Your name is news now, Terry Moore, big news, and rumor. Sometimes mis- takes a man hits to the heart of Helen Luella Koford, and then you go to Glen- dale High. The little girl who suffered when she was called “Skinny” is avenged. She’s the queen of cheesecake now, and her portrait are photographed in the land, but again here’s a young actress triumph. You’re a top target today and on Christmas—even in Korea—your whole world crashes around you and the Little Princess changes into a big girl now. Today there’s no diary to talk to, but the hurt is still the same. You wonder where you have failed. And why. You’ve been the day’s stardom for four-teen long years. Are you up there without ever stepping on anybody else.

You’ve also gotten jobs, many jobs, for others who will never know they’re in- structed to. And for a few like Darryl Hickman, you’ve the future. "You’re telling me from you "I found out a year and a half ago when I got a call out of the blue from director Elia Kazan," he says. "I’d never met him and you can imagine my surprise when he told me one of the nice things Terry had said about me. When I make ‘East of Eden,’ there’s a part in it for you Kazan said. One other day I got another call was in Hollywood again to cast the picture, and again she’d put in a plug for me. How many people will go out of their way these days to do this? How many people do you know that Terry would tell you so much, Ralph. This is only one of many things.

So many things, Darryl Hickman, and so many voices, Terry, from your past and present who want to speak for you.

Two years ago a beautiful talented girl with everything—beautiful Lorna Lohns, with whom you worked as a child in pictures, was struck with polio. Today she is completely paralyzed. Her mother, Mrs. Wipped, insists to tell how much you mean to her. “No, I can’t tell you how much, Mr. Edwards. How can you measure the will to live? Or faith in God? That’s what Terry means to my life. She can no longer talk, but a pretty star like Terry should be out dancing she takes Yvonne to a drive-in and to the show. She always sees there’s a friend ride, a husky athlete, big enough to carry you. Then there’s the show out. On Sunday mornings she takes her to church. After church she invites people over to her home to meet Yvonne. It’s beautiful. A girl not to ask herself why this should happen to her, but fight for her life to want to live. But Terry’s determined. How can a mother measure what Terry means to my daughter?"

Yes, you’ve pinned up in the hearts of many the name of Terry Moore, you know. By many deeds no one can measure. And on April, 1954, Terry Moore, you are honored by a vast gathering of veterans of the Korean War. By fighter pilots and bombers who’ve flown high, wherever war clouds gather. You sit beside General Kenney. You hear yourself introduced as the “Army’s own Terry Moore.” You’ve scored, much much further to the aims to which we are reminded.

There’s a plaque for you, too. A pair of bronze boots. Your boots from the Korean tour. The Princess can’t cry but you can. For these are no silver slippers. These are yours.

This is your life, Terry Moore, and your destiny. Talent pays a price for what you have. You pay. What you give to others someday will light the way to your own desired happiness.

THE END
Tony's Days of Decision

(Continued from page 35)

as if she had spent those trying childhood years beside him.

Eagerly, her face aglow with love, she
says, "Tony could have gone either way.
I respect him because even as a child he
chose the right way. He had the courage
to face a crisis."

Tony's boyhood friends, Sidney Schul-
man and Sam Negrin, know.

Sidney Schulman, who helps manage
his own family's prosperous supermarket,
says, "The folks never failed him. They
gave him love and freedom."

Sam Negrin, who has chosen as his own
career the work of social service among
troubled juveniles, nods in agreement with
all three, but casts his vote for Tony him-
self, saying, "You can't discount the guy's
own effort. No family can give more than
assurance. No social worker can do more
than open a door. After that, it's up to the
kid himself to walk through it."

But while his childhood was passing
slowly into adulthood, things didn't seem
quite that simple to a sensitive kid. These
three persons who hold Tony Curtis in
respect and affection, unfold a story which
rivals a film plot. Janet, particularly, feels
its excitement. To her, Tony's choice of
which life to lead is more thrilling than
any adventure which either of them has
ever brought to the screen.

Tony was Bernie Schwartz in those days,
a youngster with dark hair and bright blue
eyes. Born in New York's Flower Hospital
on June 8, 1926, he was the first son of
Mono and Helen Schwartz, Hungarian im-
migrants.

In Budapest, his father Mono had been
a light-hearted, handsome young actor.
In New York during the moneyless Thirt-
ties, his alien tongue barred him to the
stage. To support his family, he worked as
a tailor and operated his own cleaning and
pressing business.

Times were hard for everyone, but for
the Schwartzes they were bitter. They
knew what it was to go hungry and to be
dispossessed. Too often they saw their
pitifully meager belongings dumped into
the street when they could not pay their
rent. Mono, laboring under the double
handicap of learning a new trade during
a period of financial distress, hadn't a
chance to provide the comforts he wanted
to give his family.

When their second son, Julius, was
born, things got even tougher. Proud Mono
Schwartz had to swallow his pride and
build Bernie a little shoeshine box. The
nickels and dimes the child could earn on
the street were needed to help Mono feed
the family.

Only in love of each other was the
Schwartz family rich. However hard things
got, that never wavered.

The bright spots of those grim times
were the Sundays when they could walk
in Central Park. There, while Papa
Schwartz told him of the colorful days
of the theatre back in Budapest, little Bernie
learned to dream and to try to act out his
dreams. His parents were his indulgent
audience—an audience which, in watch-
ing him, found brief escape from their own
troubles.

Mono Schwartz, forgetful that his young
son at the age of eight still spoke Hungar-
ian, would watch the mimics and see
the boy replacing him on the stage. To Mama,
he would repeat his favorite prophecy,
"Our Bernie will be a fine actor."

But at the same time, the city itself was
instructing Bernie a different kind of acting.
The shabbier he looked and the more
eagerly he sought customers, the more he
earned with his shoeshine box.
And then there was the neighborhood gang, kids from families as hard pressed as Bernie's own. In the excitement of their games, they, too, could forget the empty cupboards at home.

"Says Janet, I don't know the way kids are. She won't do without, but he was just a kid on the edge of the gang. He didn't really belong. So he'd try a little harder to excel. There's always a challenge to make the game a little more exciting by making it a little more real."

Bernie, by then age twelve, had one game where, because of his acting ability, he did excel. The dangerous game of "victim."

It was an invention born of the East Side where truck drivers, intent on making the next light, roared along the arterial streets at a trucker's full speed. Nimble Bernie and his pals made it produce both threats and profit. Dodging in and out, they would pretend to be hit by and fall meaning to the street. Bernie, under the impression that the trucker could not possibly pull up, thrust some money into his hand and rush away, calling over his shoulder, "I'm sorry, kid."

The fact that he never once encountered a competitive driver who would call the police or offer to take him to the hospital gave Bernie an extra measure of cynical daring. Playing "victim" was both more fun and a lot more dangerous than winning shoes.

Then came the day when Bernie's gang followed a parade. They were having a ball when friends ran up to tell them a child had been hit by a truck. One shouted to Bernie, "Don't worry, Bern. Your bromide will pull over."

A minute later a traffic cop yelled at him, "Get over here and identify this kid."

That was the shock. In that crisis, not only his brother's life, but also Bernie's future, was on a knife edge.

It is still in the front of Tony's mind, he says, "That was the worst moment ever. Julie had always been more sensitive to life and death than I was."

"I was more hardboiled, the way you'd travel over the rough spots so he wouldn't have it so tough as I'd had. Now the worst had happened."

Sharply, he recalls exactly how he felt. "I wanted to run for my folks. I wanted to scream for my mother. Then I knew I couldn't do it. I had to act grown up. I think maybe I did grow up right then, certainly I was never really fully grown up and saw it was Julie."

The streets, which nimble Bernie had regarded as his own playground, had this time claimed a real victim. In two days, Julie was dead.

Soon hate flared a sharp new edge to Bernie's grief. In offering a two-thousand-dollar settlement, the lawyer for the trucking company said, "Too bad the boy didn't die. That's what you would have had a steady income for life. Not big, but continuel"

Glares at the man, Bernie promised himself that some day he would kill him. Two months later, disaster struck again. Bernie was robbed and they lost everything.

It was too much for his father. Mon was a breakdown. Helen, Mon's wife, overcome by the tragic series of events, tried desperately to provide for her family. But her struggle went unrewarded and she was forced to put Bernie into a home. By the time his father recovered and re-united with the family, Bernie was carrying a heavy load of bitterness.

Says Janet, sharing that long-ago trial, "What does a boy do in a case like that? Whom should he blame? He was confused. He could blame the city. He could blame society in general."

There's both sorrow and pride in her voice as she continues. "Right then, Tony found that wonderful quality which he has had to depend upon so many times. He faced up to the fact that his little brother had seen him play "victim." For Julie's death, Tony blamed himself."

But such self-blame also holds danger. The feeling that he had brought death to his brother and sorrow to his beloved parents imposed a weight which not even their love for him could fully lift. Many a lad, bearing such a guilt, has concluded his own life is worthless and turned fanatically reckless.

Janet, recognizing how heavily the scenes had tipped, has also said: "The gang was getting too old to act out a simple game of cops and robbers. That temptation to make it more real was creeping up on them. They hadn't yet done anything seriously wrong, but they were close. Tony, wanting to find from the gang the companionship he had lost with the death of his brother, was ready to try anything to win from the gang the approval he did not give himself. I think he was close to doing something desperate. That's why we bless Paul Schwartz."

With the advent of Paul Schwartz (who was not related) those tilted scales of fate got a man-sized heave in the other direction.

For Paul Schwartz, then program director at Henry Street Settlement House, to become an excellent professional social-work training and also an inspired way of dealing with kids. Warm and friendly, he recognized the same Janet had identified—that the boys are simply an attempt to act out an adventure. Paul Schwartz believed that a healthy system of Dramatics on stage could eliminate a dangerous amount of maliciousness and release the boys from their itch. He let Bernie's gang know they would be welcome at Henry Street.

Bernie was then about fifteen and alarmingly quiet. His grieving over Julie's death was so averse to the weight of events while his father was ill that had taken all the bounce right out of him. He was frigidly withdrawn, on the outside while seething with hurts, puzzlement, anger inside.

Says his friend Sam Negrin, "In the beginning, we had to needle him into coming out of his shell to try to do anything."

Sam and Bernie met the day both turned up at Paul Schwartz office looking for the summer jobs which East Side kids regarded as fabulous.

Says Sam, "The official designation was Kitchen boy and Counselor-in-training. In terms of work it actually meant that we went up to Henry Street's camp at Mahopac Falls, New York, to wash dishes for one hundred and twenty-five people, work in dramatics for younger kids. The important thing to us was that we got a summer in the country, but we didn't lose sight of the fact that we also were paid twenty dollars for those ten weeks."

Competition for the jobs was terrific and both boys felt as though they had just been knighted when they were among the lucky ones chosen. They were sent up to open the camp and get it ready for the other kids.

Sam's recollection of that first night in the woods provides a capsule picture of fifteen-year-old Bernie Schwartz, his hopes, fears, anxieties.

This advance crew was small. To bed down for the night they set their cots in the open and as they prepared for bed even the toughest in the group was homesick.

Kids who had learned to sleep with neon signs for beds, who had blight-wise awoken to the darkness; those who ignored the roar of the Third Avenue El jumped at the chirp of a cricket; boys who prowled vicious streets without thought were paralyzed by the slamming door.

They were so jittery about the emptiness of the country that Bernie found no companions when he inquired timidly, "Don't you want to go down to wash up?"

They went down the path instead fifty yards down an unlighted path. One by one, each of the kids answered, "No me."

Bernie set out alone.

Sam grins ruefully as he recounts Act II of their little drama, "I should have had my ears pinned back," he confesses, "but I set up a gag. We agreed that when Bernie returned, we'd give him a real scare."

The youngster was literally whistling in the dark as he approached the door. That was their signal to pile into bed and press their ear to the door. Frigidly he knocked, Bernie from out of cot whispering, "Hi, Joe. You asleep, Sam?"

"No one answered. He bent to unlatch his shoes. That was the signal for all to jump up and yell "Boo!"

Says Sam, "There was no more than six inches from his ear and no one was further than a few feet away. We thought it hilarious when we yelled, but in a minute, we knew it wasn't funny. Bernie fell back on his bed, his heart pounding so hard he couldn't hear it. For a half hour, he couldn't get his breath. We thought he was going to die. That's when I gave up practical jokes."

But it wasn't the last night. Bernie proved he was no weakling. He did more than his share of the scrubbing and never complained about blistered hands or sore muscles.

When the athletic program was started, Bernie came into his element. Says Sam, "We was our best tumblers, a sort of Doug- las Fairbanks, jee. He was so limber you wondered if he had a bone in his body. We used to do the splits, and we could so he could teach his tricks to the other kids."

Bit by bit, Bernie Schwartz was coming out of his shell, but it was in the dramatic program that he really found himself.

Says Sam, "Paul Schwartz was hopped on dramatics. Putting on a musical show became the great project of the camp. We all pitched in to do everything. We wrote it, we rehearsed, we built sets."

For Bernie, this was a realization of both his own dreams and his father's. The theatre, which until then had seemed as distant and as impossibly unattainable as Mars, was suddenly alive and he was a part of it.

He was no star in that first camp production. In fact, the boy who was to become the group's attraction, never had a starring role at Henry Street Settlement.

But that never bothered him. Sam, with his present perspective, says, "He did find an open door through which he could make his way. Besides that, he discovered in working on production that dreams could be turned into reality. He had the excitement of opening night and the satisfaction of doing a job well."

Bernie Schwartz was a changed boy.
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when he came back from camp that year. Sidney Schustman, who met him when he went to Seward Park High School, has a far different impression from that of the too-quiet, withdrawn, old-before-his-time kid whom Sam Negrin first saw.

Says Sidney, “Bernie was always acting, always clowning. We’d be riding the El home and he’d get his coat up over his head, pull his arms half out of his sleeves, wangle them and announce, ‘Look, I’m a rabbit.’ He’d do anything for a laugh.”

Bernie continued to go to Henry Street Settlement House. His second year at camp he was a full counselor. During the winter, there were always plays to work on under the inspired direction and example of Paul Schwartz.

Says Sam, “Bernie carried his own weight and worked well with the group. I was the real ham. I would have raised the devil if I hadn’t got lead roles, but not Bernie. He’d like as not be backstage pulling the curtain or going on in a half-dozen bit parts in each show.”

It was a proud night for Bernie Schwartz, son of Mono Schwartz, Budapest actor, when he first was able to invite his parents to see a show. Whatever his roles, he was able through them to breathe life into both his father’s dreams and his own. That was important to both of them, but an even more significant thing was happening so gradually that it was imperceptible at the time.

Bernie Schwartz was learning the give-and-take of living. He was able to accept guidance because he also had discovered that he, himself, had something to give back. He had started to find his place in the world. The danger of delinquency was past.

Sam Negrin, whose conversation blithely mixes jive talk with social-work terms, says, “He had begun to integrate—to accept his responsibilities as a young adult. He could make plans for his future. His parents had given him the assurance of being loved, and Paul Schwartz, who influenced us both so strongly, had opened the door, but it was Bernie alone who walked through that door and carried on from there. In fact, that cat was sold.”

Janet says, “It’s because of what Paul Schwartz and Henry Street did for Tony that we both believe so strongly in boys’ clubs and girls’ clubs.”

She’s too modest to add that their belief also turns into practical support. They have presented scholarships to Henry Street’s dramatic department, both to further the work that is being done for all the outcasts who need a healthy outlet for their pent-up emotions and to provide an opportunity for some really talented kid from the slums to have more advanced studies.

Even more important, both Tony and Janet give of their own free time whenever they’re needed. They manage to turn up at community houses in California to lend what is perhaps more valuable than money—the inspiration that comes from their example of the rewards of acting, both the financial rewards and the emotional rewards. Tony talks to the boys, giving tips on acting and on reading their lines. But most of all at these gatherings, Tony is remembering back a few years to the time when he too stood at the turning point of his life, a confused bundle of seething energy in a world that was too big for him to tackle and yet too small to help him try. And he’s wondering how many of these kids will find a solution as perfect as the one he has found. Not necessarily as an actor, although of course that would please him. And he’s hoping for the best, rooting for these kids the way his friends rooted for him not so long ago.

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(Continued from page 41)

a unit. And, like many parents before them, Burt and Norma often discover that when they try to be most “advanced” they have to react in the old-fashioned manner. In their attempt to teach the “kid-lets,” they discover they, themselves, are the ones being taught.

But to get back to the Lancasters as parents—and undoubtedly know, they met in Montecatini, Italy, during the war year of 1944. Burt was the tall, handsome, unknown sergeant. And Norma was the pretty stenographer, who, by accident, had been sent to Italy with a USO troupe.

How are some lucky people able to tell at a glance that they are right for one another? What divine sixth sense lets them know they can fulfill each other’s highest ideals? Burt Lancaster and Norma Anderson weren’t one bit alike. He was the rough, tough city boy. She was the pretty little country girl.

His hand was always a serious touch. It showed there in wartime Italy when, at their first meeting, he told her that he wanted four children—two boys, two girls.

Hers has always been the light touch. She’s the one who drew the others in.

And there’s the other H. B. L. That means, you see, Handsome Burt Lancaster, which she still calls him to this day, particularly in moments of deep emotion.

Yet they were in love, in that instant. You know the stories about Burt being AWOL, trying to follow her, and her being AWOL, trying to get back to him. And it wasn’t just because it was springtime and wartime and they both were hungry for the sight of members of the opposite sex.

A hundred thousand other war marriages as hastily performed as theirs cracked up that moment the couple met again, state-side. But Burt’s and Norma’s did not. This marriage was real, This still is.

Burt came out of uniform, penniless and without prospects. “We’ll eat,” said Norma, smiling. “I’m working.”

“Girl of mine,” Burt will tell you now, ten years later, “this girl of mine is like a rock when she makes up her mind to a thing. Nothing shakes her.” Coming back from the war, it must have been both a shock and a delight for Burt to discover his girl was not the frivolous, light-hearted creature that, on the surface, she seems to be to this moment. Incidentally, Burt’s word “girl” is his warmest term of endearment. He’s an absolute mush of sentiment for his daughter Susan. He loves to believe that he’s stern and hard, but all Susie has to do is turn her big eyes his way and he’s down on all fours before her. “Oh, you little girl, you little girl,” he says, whereupon Joanna always cries, “Me, too, me, too, Daddy.”

But that’s getting ahead of this story. Burt did actually find himself very quickly after the war, of course. He stood out like a flag in the flop play “The Sound of Hunting,” which didn’t last a week on Broadway, but which got him his movie contract with Hal Wallis. He really didn’t want to go to Hollywood. He was quite haughty about movies in those days. In fact, like many a young person without a dime, he was quite haughty about everything.

He needed the money, though, because there was Norma, already putting a family pattern into effect. “No, I won’t go out there with you,” Norma said. “We can’t afford that and you’ll need to keep your mind on your work. Anyhow, goodness knows, I’ll be busy enough producing your first son.”

“How are you so sure he’ll be a son?”

“That’s what you ordered first, H. B. L.”

So, then and there, they decided to name him Jimmy, and the father-to-be spied West, sure he’d be back in New York before the stork. But the Wallis picture intended for his debut wasn’t ready. He sat and fretted and fretted. Then “The Killers” came along. Midway through it, he heard that call from Norma. She was in the hospital.

Burt hates flying, but he flew that night. He hurtled into the New York hospital, unshaven and red-eyed from sleeplessness. On his way to his wife’s room, he had to pass the big window behind which the new babies were displayed.

“There was an absolute throng of women around the window.” Burt told me this spring in Mexico. We were sitting together on the set of “Vera Cruz.” There was a throng of extras on the set and movement everywhere. Music was blaring and the lights were up, but Burt was ignoring it because he was reminiscing.

“I saw that crowd and I had only one thought—to push my way through and get to see Norma. But just then I heard one woman cry to another, ‘Oh, look. Over there. That’s the handsomest baby,’ and my curiosity got the better of me. Over those women’s heads I glanced down. And there was my own face looking back at me. I knew them and he’s down on all fours before her. ‘Oh, you little girl, you little girl,’ he says, whereupon Joanna always cries, ‘Me, too, me, too, Daddy.’”

Burt and Norma did not sleep that first terrible night. All parents of all such
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The End
Richard the Light-hearted

This, Richard Widmark believes, is non-sense. "The only real security comes from a belief in oneself—and that goes for every man, whatever he does to make a dollar."

He himself, radiating self-confidence, will make quite a few dollars in the coming months—for "Prize of Gold," for instance, as many dollars as he was paid, under contract, for an entire year's work!

But even if he shouldn't, "I'll have some fun for a while," he says. "I may be broke, but I'll enjoy it."

Enjoying life you begin to feel after a few minutes in the relaxed Widmark home, is pretty important to the three people who live there.

The big living room is warm with sunlight and bright with a good collection of modern paintings on the pale grey walls and bowls of spring flowers. The room looks lived in—and loved.

From a guest house across the garden comes the sound of a typewriter.

"Jean is writing a play," her husband explains. "She works every morning, and again after lunch until Annie gets home from school. It's pretty good play. Jean seems to have more roots here now than anywhere.

"I like it here. I like the life—we all do. I like the work itself... and not just the material rewards."

He is challenged by the opportunity to choose his own vehicles, but you will be disappointed if you expect from him any scurrilous denouncements of the people who have guided his career for seven years.

"Fox did a lot for me," he says. "I hate the word, but they made me a saleable property. They had the courage to give me a variety of roles—resisted the temptation to type me, even after the success of my psychopath in 'Kiss of Death.' They let me do a lot of pictures... an average of better than three a year. Occasionally we came through with a pretty good one. But good or bad, I learned something from every one of them.

Gratitude is a sentiment all too seldom voiced by the frequently self-pitying human "properties" of the film factories, and when it is comes, usually, in the nature of a bow to the security which accompanies a major studio contract.

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80
engaged in public works projects. In Rome, where we moved when I was two, he built beautiful apartment houses all over the beautiful city, and we lived in one of the beautiful apartments my father built.

"My father spoiled me. He even cut up my meat for me! And all the things there are to do in the home and for the children, my mother shouldered. My mother always had the most beautiful taste, so that we were always really beautifully dressed, Maria Luisa and I, and later our baby sister, Patrizia, who is now six. We were dressed always in full skirts, flying and floating around us, and little soft slippers, and our hair was always nice and combed.

Until I was sixteen I wore, always, a little crown of flowers in my hair. I was always very fond of dresses, as I am now. I love clothes," Pier said, a glint in the green eyes under the fall of light bronze hair. "I love them! Every bit of money my mother gives me I spend on clothes, so I have never a nickel in my pocket! So this being always beautifully dressed made me very happy, too.

"My home was my world, and for as long as I was in my home, I did not suffer from a growing pain, not one. I was happy. I wanted to stay always in my home, and always a child. It was this, this wish to stay always a child that became my pain.

"At thirteen, on my thirteenth birthday, I was thinking how all the things were on my mother’s shoulders. So I had a long talk with myself: ‘Anna Maria Pierangeli, you are changing,’ I said. At thirteen, you are coming to be a woman. My goodness, stop running around and being a little baby. Playing with dolls any more is no good! You must grow up!

"But soon I forgot this talk with myself. I wanted to forget it. I wanted not to be a woman. I was happy—and then the war started and I was unhappy. I suffered very much. So much that I was sick in my bed for four months. I had no fever. I had no marks on me of a sickness a doctor could cure. I was—I now understand—in shock. I had so many shocks from seeing friends of mine killed, shot down by Germans in the streets. One, a young mother with her little baby, and she was screaming to me for help.

"I am strong, but sensitive, too. At school I was always trembling. I was fainting all the time, too. When I’d see a German person, I’d faint.

"It was shock. It was also not having the proper foods. We didn’t have any meat or sugar or milk. And we couldn’t do anything about it. There was money, but money couldn’t buy what wasn’t in the city to be bought.

"Soon I just couldn’t move. I lay in my bed more motionless than the dolls I had played with. One day I heard the doctor talking to my mother in the kitchen. ‘I don’t think she is going to live,’ he said. ‘I didn’t care. Then my father built me a little room in the apartment. All pink and blue, with all pink and blue flowers on the walls and the floor all made of green glass, lighted underneath. And every day he brought me violets. My father, who couldn’t get me anything else, brought me every day a little bunch of violets, the same as this little bunch," Pier touched her breast. ‘I wear today and every day.

"All the professors from my school came to see me, too. And my girl friends from the art school where I was studying to be a sculptor. And so, at last, little by little, I started smiling, and speaking, and moving. Maybe it was a miracle—a little one. I think so. I think it was God.

"At just the time I am beginning to smile again, there is a big party at our house and all these people are there and it was so awful for a girl, fourteen, with legs so thin she had to be held up! This makes me able to feel sympathy with the growing pains of girls who have legs too thin, or too fat, or not a good skin or something that makes them embarrassed with themselves.

"But for the most part my growing pains were not caused, as I have told you, by these problems. What caused me pain as I grew was that in my childhood I did not know, was not permitted to know, did not want to know what is in the world. Until the war came, I saw people all like my mother and father, all kind and tender and taking care of me. I wanted not to see the world and people any different. I fought not to. I had always my hands in front of me, in front of my face. I didn’t want to face reality. What is in the world I didn’t want to know.

"One of the first to help me come out of my childhood was Leonide Moguy, who directed me in my very first picture, ‘To-morrow Is Too Late.’ Moguy, who is a French director, saw me one night in the home of friends. Instantly he said to his wife, ‘There is the girl for my picture!’ In the park where I often walked with my girl friends, a lot of people were often asking me, ‘Why aren’t you in the films?’ I told them, ‘I don’t want to be!’ I meant the truth. I happily studying at my art school. I didn’t ever want to be in the
movies. I wanted to concentrate on art.

'But then, this night, Moguy asked my mother, please, to bring me to his house so he could talk to me about his picture. And, although my father said violently, 'Not to the very idea of a film career for me, my mother—who had always dreamed of being an actress and had been a very successful actress in amateur productions—encouraged me to take this chance now it had come.'

'The day we went to his home Moguy took me in a room to talk and I had never been alone with a man before and I was scared. I sat, I remember, Pier smiled, 'on the small point of the chair. So then he told me the story of 'Tomorrow Is Too Late' and the story was all about a girl who is kissed by a boy and thinks she is going to have a baby. And as I was kissing everybody. And Kirk told me, 'Please, don't throw yourself at people like a baby. You can't love everybody. If you don't,' he said, 'you will make too many people unhappy. You have to love one person. I said, 'You have to grow up.'

'But although I listened, and believed him, I kept on saying 'I love her!' and 'I love him!' and 'I love him!' and 'I love them!' and 'I love this film!' and 'I love that film!' and 'I love this girl!' and 'I love that girl!' and 'I love this boy!' and 'I love that boy!' and 'I love this world!' and 'I love that world!'

'One day, for example, we were in a restaurant and there was a little kitten. 'You see,' I would try hard to explain, 'my mother—well, we just came from Italy so, if you will please understand, she will be with us.'

'Some people have asked me, saying, 'Oh what you mean,' those who didn't say, 'this is out of this world.' So they disappear for a time, but then, Pier shrugged his shoulders, 'they come back!' he said.

'But, yes, it was a problem. An older person there, no matter how you love her, it is always different.

'When Gene Kelly and I were working together in the film 'The Major Makes Three,' in Germany, Gene helped me. He knew my mother is so very strict and he said to her, 'In my opinion, you are very wrong, Mrs. Pierangeli, to be so strict.' I knew how she never had a daughter of my own. But if a girl wants to do something, she will do it. Let her be free, not afraid with men.'

'The Major Makes Three' was directed by Kurt Ingo and shot in Berlin, Berlin. Gene taught me to walk and to fox trot and on this evening, the first time I had ever been out without my mother, I was relaxed with men.
"Leslie Caron, who has been married," Pier said with the slight awe of the unmarried for the married girl, "she helped me, too. She came to my house and we play records and we talk. She is very wise in a way that is sweet and good.

"But it was only last year that I really grew up. I knew I was grown up when my mother let me go out on a date unchaperoned. It was in London where we were staying while I was working in "Fame and the Flesh.""

"You can stay out now," my mother said, "as long as you want." I went out that evening for supper with Carlos Thompson, who is playing opposite me in the picture and—at eleven o’clock I was home!

"I know I am grown up now when I have to go to the lawyer, all by myself, and sign things. All the contract things.

"I know it, and I feel a little tight in my throat when my mother tells me, ‘If you want to get married, I will express my opinions, but the decision is yours.’"

"Until last year I had any make-up at all. Now I wear just a little lipstick, but of no color, only to keep my lips smooth and moist. Until last year I wore only flats on my feet, now I wear high heels. 'til June, nineteen-fifty-three, I always wore my hair down and the necks of my dresses up. Now I sometimes wear my hair up and my neckline low. More sophisticated dresses, a few, and since I am twenty-one my waistline, which was twenty-three, is also twenty-one!

"I have not been in love, but now I think of love, the kind of love you talk about, the kind of love Debbie and I talk about and dream about and the peace of mind that will come, when it comes, and the peace in the heart.

"The things that happen to you are all a part," Pier said, "of growing up. Joys help you to grow the same way sunshine and rainwater help flowers to grow. Suffering is a part of growing up, too, and I have done quite a lot of that. And I will do more of it. And more of the joyous things, too, because as long as we live there is beauty and the simple and feelings keep happening to us.

"So perhaps we never," Pier said wistfully, "really stop growing up. Perhaps we are always children with things to learn to help us.

"Only we must not play with toys any more. We must have what is called the 'mature mind.' We must take our hands from in front of our eyes and face responsibility.

"This is why the little silver room goes with me. To remind me..."

The END

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mature, interesting young woman, which she is—rather than a Hollywood sexpot, which she definitely isn't!

Lady In The Dark: The most beautiful expectant mother in Hollywood looked bewildered. "Now what could possibly be wrong in your perfect life?" inquired nosy Cal. Ann Blyth smiled wistfully. "I guess life isn't perfect for anyone. I just read the script of 'Marco Polo' which Leo McCarey directs next October in Spain. It's so beautiful and he wants me to play the Chinese princess. But I'd have to give up my Las Vegas singing engagement, be separated from my husband and I couldn't leave my baby who will be born by then. What do you think I should do?" Said Cal cryptically: "Shoot me for asking!"

New Twos: Leave it to Terry Moore who has a direct line into Dan Cupid! She had the first date with handsome ex-baseball player, Bud Pennell, who signed a long-term contract with Paramount after making a terrific test . . . And Lori Nelson and Bob Kenaston have been running off old Billie Dove movies in the projection room—with good reason too. Neither Bob nor Lori was born when his mother was a famous silent-screen star. So that's why they get such a kick out of seeing beautiful Billie on the screen . . . No, it's not a "romance" between handsome Richard Egan and Marisa Pavan, as her personal publicist insists. They are friends and they do date. But since Shelley Winters returned from Europe and is about to divorce Vittorio Gassman, she and rugged Richard have been enjoying laughs and life too! . . . It's a far cry from Piper Laurie to Joan Crawford, but George Nader's managing to date both lovely ladies—not at the same time! George, by the way, has a new U-I contract and the studio has high hopes for him.

Life Begins: Remember back in "South Pacific" when Ezio Pinza opened up a whole new world for middle-aged lovers? Well, now it's Jeff Chandler who's blazing the trail for gray-haired men. He's received thousands of thank-you letters from grateful compatriots who tell him their "snow caps" are no longer considered a handicap when pursuing the opposite sex. Of course Jeff's pleased and very amused! Still in his middle thirties, he's become prematurely gray since his teens. And speaking of Jeff, since their divorce, he and Marge are even better friends than they were before.

Inside Hollywood: Aly Khan talking to the Ray Millands at the Gary Cooper party: "Be sure and look me up when you get to Paris. I'd love to show you the city." Gene Tierney, sitting beside Aly: "Yes, be sure and look us up when you get to Paris, we'd love to show you the city." Well, does that answer the million-dollar marriage question—or not?

Just Between Us: Terry Moore's now watching for those dangerous curves ahead and placed herself in the hands of Hollywood's favorite masseuse . . . And here's a real switcheroo. After years of trying to reduce, Judy Garland's now overweight—but she's never looked better! . . . Considering the spots he's in, Bob Mitchum being doggone tolerant of the Italian actress who pulled a fast strip-tease, just as a cameraman snapped their picture. "Everyone's trying to get ahead," Bob laments laconically. "I suppose she figured this was the best way to do it."

True Confession: Only the inimitable Humphrey Bogart would tell this story, which he did to the lunch crowd at Romanoff's. It seems he was standing in line, waiting to have his luggage checked at Customs. "They finally got around to me," grinned Bogey. "First the fellow looked at my face and then my passport. As he returned it to me, he cryptically cracked that he was a great fan of mine but if I ever made another picture like 'Beat the Devil' he'd never let me back in the country!"

Studio Scuttlebutt: M-G-M made a mint loaning Janet Leigh to other studios, which is why she's so excited about securing a release from her contract. "Now I can make more pictures with Tony," beams Janet, "and still keep all that magnificent moola myself!" . . . Director William Wellman tells everybody that Doe Avedon's test for "The High and the Mighty" was the most stimulating he's directed in many years. Since the preview of this marvelous movie, every studio is trying to sign this exciting New York actress . . . And while we're witnessing exciting performances, Tab Hunter's love scenes with Dorothy Malone in "Battle Cry" didn't get by the Breen office. When the studio told him he'd have to do retakes, Tab almost suffered from shock!

Change Of Heart: Rhonda Fleming's unexpected decision to reconcile with Dr. Lew Morrill unleashed those typical Hollywood rumors. But Cal believes the beautiful redhead realized how much the good doctor meant to her after his fall when he broke his leg in three places . . . And the Gene Nelsons finally arrived at a definite decision—not to reconcile! According to her close friends, Miriam Nelson confines their same problems still exist, so why take chances?
Trouble on Cloud 9

(Continued from page 43)

at home we don’t carry on the same way and make our marriage equally un-

Jeff nodded solemnly.

“We believe in talking things out, in not hiding things from each other—and that

includes our anger as well as words of affection. In Hollywood, one cross word, one

angry gesture of husband toward wife or wife toward husband and the whole town as

you see the family lawyer. It’s just plain crazy!”

Jeff’s right, it is just plain crazy. There

no such thing as a perfect marriage.

e the same way as there’s no such mon-

on as a perfect human being. But there

such a thing as a satisfactory, wonderful

arriage relationship. And Barbara and

Jeff are among those movie couples who

chieve a happy marriage under some of

the most difficult conditions two people

ever had to cope with. Barbara and Jeff

are among my neighbors and my friends,

in stars I talk with on the set and in

heir homes, who are, oh, so bewildered

how to cope with the idealization of the

perfect marriage which is built up in so

any minds.

Jeff just about broke his heart when he

the picture he was making in England ran

ad weather and he couldn’t be with

arbara during the first months of their

infancy. Barbara, alone in Holly-

ood, hated it and there were plenty of

people around to point out to her that it

isn’t right for a husband not to be

her side. But Barbara is a woman of

notional fortitude and she understood.

here was a time when Jeff’s career was

uring ahead and Barbara was awaiting

or break.

Just prior to this, however, Jeff didn’t

ake a picture for several months and

ere was tension at home. This is the

me sort of tension any family. And

hen the head of the household doesn’t

ork. And these two are the first to admit

ey are human beings first and movie

ars next. Now that Barbara has had her

reak in “Magnificent Obsession” and been

gined to “Captain Lightfoot”, being

aded in Ireland, it is Jeff who is cheering

er on, supervising the household while

arbara has been away for the better part

all, no two people are fighting harder

a perfect marriage.

I must confess I was shocked almost out

my skin when June Allyson and Dick

owell had a spat recently in public—The

wit’s Table—a restaurant of all places.

ut that’s because I for got for a few mo-

ments that Dick and June are human

ings like the rest of us. But June re-

inded me.

“I had just arrived back in town from

ation in Florida,” she explained the next

ay. “I was terribly tired. But I asked

hard to take me out to dinner. He was

red too. He’d been working for weeks

paring a picture, and you know how

ugh that can be. So we go to dinner, and

all things, we would argue about

ere we shall send Pammy (their six-

ar-old daughter) to school. It’s the first

me we’ve had argument in the nine

ears we’ve haven’t been married, and I have to

ave it at the Table. Anyway, I

ushed out to the car, then I went back,
nt Richard was so mad; he rushed out,
hen I rushed out. Thank goodness we both

ave a sense and we started to laugh.

But from now on, I do my arguing

ome.”

The happy marriage of Dick and June

as always pleased me, because I sat in on

corvay at Metro when June was

ating Dick, many years her senior, and

isted while a big shot assured her

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AT ALL 100 STORES

the marriage couldn't possibly succeed. He pointed to the difference in their ages, and the bigger difference in their temperaments. He was right. They are different.

To me, Dick resembles a colossal Great Dane, with June a frisky little puppy. But Dick is a patient guy. And he waited patiently for June to grow up. And she did, the day in the hospital when June told her that Dick was dying. She didn't leave his bedside, just sat there hour after hour, praying him into recovery. These are the things you don't forget in marriage. And a flaring of tempers either when he calls or home or in public, is just a ripple in a placid pond. (By the way, they still haven't decided on a school for Pammy!)

Janet Leigh has been married twice when she met Tony Curtis, who was real scared of women. Tony was raised in a tough part of the Bronx, and he was shy in the presence of movie actresses. Shy? He was terrified. And thrilled when Janet fell for him. It's true that he's unexplainable things that while Janet and Tony have been writing about their perfect marriage for the magazines some of their best "friends" have worked overtime, trying to sabotage the most attractive romance in Hollywood. Talk of Janet's being flirtatious—it's true, but not the way it is interpreted by some people! This was the truth, the truth! When Tony married her, he wouldn't have her squelch her naturally high spirits for any gossip in the world.

No two people are more in love than Tony and Janet. He isn't important as a star when they married. But Tony has managed to reach her rung of the ladder without putting their marriage on a precarious footing. They even like working together. But Janet and Tony are just different as ham and eggs, which also go together. And their happiness isn't a haphazard affair. They work at it.

I was at the party Universal gave for Janet and Donald O'Connor—after their completed "Walking My Baby Back Home." And Tony, wanting to take his baby back home, came on the sound stage where the party was going great guns. About two hours after it started, Tony whispered, "I called the house and dinner is ready. The maid is waiting." "I can't leave now," she hugged him, "this party is for me. You go on and I'll come home when I can." Tony wedged it out of her and then looked seriously at his wife. "All right," he said, "but promise me you'll drive very carefully." Janet laughed aloud and said, "I promise. I'll drive at night, and then added with a serious face) but on the wrong side of the road." This time Tony laughed. Which was exactly the right thing to do. Janet left as soon as she decently could—by car, home.

Janet is a sharp girl. She's the Joan Crawford of this generation—very cooperative. Loves to dress up and go to parties. She has a soft exterior and a whim of iron. Tony lives very wisely with Janet. He wants, he wants. She wanted to dance with a broken ankle, so they danced. But it takes two to tango. And two to make a happy couple. Janet does her share.

She's obsessed with this idea—erroneous, but wifely nonetheless—that Tony is delicate and underweight. She has long confab's with her mother, whom she adores, and the two ladies concoct fancies which are perfect for the man they love. And when he's working in a picture, the most exciting party isn't exciting enough to lure the Curtises from early to bed. This, my friends, makes a marriage healthy, wealthy and wonderful.

And you can say it again for Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger. When Stewart is making a picture, with if the Queen of England were to call them for a date, I'm sure Jean would reply, "I'm sorry, Jimmy (his real name) has to relax so he'll look nice in the morning for the cast. And he's going to bed instead of going out."

At the beginning of this marriage, there wouldn't have given any odds for its lasting. Jean was miserable. She was working and she couldn't adjust to the Cini climate. This latter sounds impish. It happens. Stewart always seemed to be bawling out. But I understand him better now. And I shall have known better. It's sometimes habit of English people to pretend to I pull up. I'm a charming wife of a bag, and she is something stronger in return, I know they're not fighting, they're just preferring some conversation.

Tony Curtis' is the water. But hubby is good cook. At first he would chide her. Now, on cook's night out, Stewart tal over in the kitchen. At the beginning their marriage, he expected food. But he's not yet learned to cook for him. He didn't even wince when an un diplomatic autograph hound took Jean signature, then turned to Stewart and d mumbled, "Two over your signature, Tony Curtis' husband," he replied gravely. A that's how he signed his name. But if the were any doubt about the solidity of it marriage, it was erased, from my point of view. The marriage of Janet and Tony seemed to be an affair of humor and almost her mind when s couldn't join her husband in England, he was making Beau Brummell over there. Her tangled movie situation with Dick in Hollywood and never seen a girl miss her man so much even after the story was printed that wasn't missing her, but having a ball with Eliza Doolittle. This, and Tony, by the way seem to have solved the riddle to happy marriage in Hollywood by staking home with books and music, appearing in public only when they absolutely must.

And Lita, the beautiful Miss Lita Baron, married to handsome Re Calhoun. Lita has a Latin temperamen And she gets mad at Rody because she won't get mad.

When Rody went to Canada on loc with Marilyn Monroe, Lita packed her bag and joined him there. It was that she mistrusted Monroe. Besides DiMaggio was there. She just believes herself with her husband. And Rody was delighted to see her. He adores this bundle of temperament. And he knows he isn't a saint to live with. Rody's bad habit of fame is not turned at night at midnight, for twelve noon, and unless you c him at 11:30, he's just as likely to somewhere else. But he's striving to cut the annoying (especially to Lita) black out on him. He's giving himself to himself strategic points in the house.

And Lita, an indoor girl from 'way be in Mexico—or is it Spain?—has learned hunt, shoot and fish because these are Rody's activities. And Rody is ested in her career. When Lita opened the Mocambo in a dance act with Bill Daniel, Rody packed the place with h pals. And they hung the Masionette Room in New York, Rody was on hand, leading the applause. It's that little mutual considerations and kindness that make a marriage last longer.

There is almost a constant realization that the drop of a adjective. But this is the way they get to petty irritations out of their system. Another brother, how this Eve protects her Adam. She won't let anyone rib him. On the clay day of "The Caine Mutiny," Humphrey Bogart kidded Van with, "What's all this and so about you liking the Navy."

Witted. But Evie flew at Bogey like tiger. They have an arrangement about parti Van goes home early. Evie stays to the end and gets a ride home. I remember when
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The career I was involved in happened to come up in the conversation. There was a horseback ride marked, "With your looks, kid, you ought to make a try for the movies yourself."
He dipped his head sort of shyly, mumbled a little and said, "I wouldn't want to wear all that make-up on my face and bother about learning lines. I'd rather ride."
And he meant it. Horses were his life, and he was willing to do anything to ride the best.
Shortly after I met him he wanted to work out a certain jumper. The owner agreed if Tab would pay half of the feed bill. Naturally the kid couldn't afford it. It was heartbreaking to watch the yellow-haired adolescent looking after the big horse he wanted to ride so badly. Navy pay didn't give me much spare cash or I'd have paid the bill myself. As it was, Tab's mother agreed to share his costs as far as he could earn part of the money. So he took a job at the orange-juice stand on Hollywood Boulevard to get the funds.
That was the first time I'd seen determination to achieve whatever his heart was set upon. I've seen it a lot since then. Tab has always worked hard until he became a perfectionist in whatever struck his interest in the jockey line of the sport.
He learned to become one of the best junior horsemen on the West Coast. After he'd won a bunch of blue ribbons, he lost the drive temporarily and turned wholeheartedly toward the silver blades of amateur ice skating competition.
At once, as soon as the fancy had taken him, Tab plunged into extensive practice. He spent countless hours at the local ice rink, repeating basic figures, polishing techniques, practicing, improving his form and style. Along with the actual repetition of skating, he grabbed up chunks of theory and shot for speed. When ever Ice Capades hit town, he was at every performance. Donna Atwood and Bobby Specch, charmed by the youngster's eagerness to learn, would spend hours talking to him when they too were competitors in the sport.
It wasn't long before he felt he was good enough to take a stab at competition. He entered and won quite a few amateur championships. Tab is an amateur and plans someday to get his gold medal.
I had come back from the Navy and was working in "Our Very Own" when Tab came to Los Angeles and asked me when the set one day. That evening he even went so far as to admit, "You know, Dick, maybe pictures aren't so bad after all." I had a feeling it would be the start of something. Both of our interests, expressed aloud, meant he'd been thinking about it. Later, I learned he had joined the dramatic group at St. John's Military Academy and had a few parts. He was temporarily sidetracked when he decided to join the Coast Guard.
I didn't see much of Tab in the ensuing months. I went to New York on business. Tab, who was in boot camp in Connecticut, called me when he got leave. I took him to his first Broadway play and saw right then the rekindled spark of interest in acting.
"The New York Interlude" was a lot of fun for the kid. I had a small apartment which I told him he could use whenever I was out of town. Upon my return from a weekend trip I usually found that he'd be on liberty with a half a dozen of his Coast Guard buddies—the cupboard was always bare. They were never fed at camp—if the way they cleaned me out was any indication.

Tab—and They Call Him Dreamboat

(Continued from page 49)

I got a kick out of seeing Tab put three of his big interests into practice the next afternoon. There was horseback riding in Central Park, ice skating in Rockefeller Center and shows at night along Broadway.
At three thirty one morning I came home from a party to find Tab forlornly sitting in the big chair.
"Hiya buddy," I said. "Thought you'd be back at the base this evening."
Tab looked kind of sad. "Yeah."
"Get your 'boy or you'll be sitting in restriction."
"Well, you see, it's like this, Dick. I gal and I went to a show and dimmed the theatre."
"I reckon I have to say any more. The combination of being generous to a fault and not having the vaguest idea of how to handle money spelled out 'broke.'"
"That's right," frowned Tab, "I blew it."
I fell to thinking this over."
"Hey Tab, if I were you I'd try to get back to the base before roll call."
"I know it, but the story shop be that Tab was late, got thrown into brig or at least given company punishment and thereafter became as money-consc
dee as old Mac.

No such thing. A buddy covered up for him, as buddies in service do, no knew he was missing and Tab is as careful about the state of his bankroll as ever. When Tab finally returned, service came directly to Hollywood and looked up, for by this time I'd returned to Coast and was in the midst of a transit from actor to agent."
"Dick," I feel now that honestly want to try for a career in pictures. Do you think I could?"
"I said it when you were a twelve-year-old kid, Tab, and I say it again. In fa you offered now. I don't know how you can miss."
He hit it with all fours in the sat sincere, hard-driving way he'd done all his life. He had tried.
But it wasn't as easy as some people might think. Tab did Little Theatre work and knocked on studio doors for nearly ten years before the big break came.
Paul Guilfoyle, whom he'd met at a rehearsal of a play, thought of Tab and suggested him for the role of the young giant in "Island of Desire."
He was tested, signed for the picture given a name-change from his own Art Gelien. Tab said at the time that he did like the same much but that, after a name is only as important as the own makes it.
He proved it by getting the role in "Land of Desire" and following it with honors for himself in PICTOPLAY's "Choo Your Star" poll in 1952.
Then, one after the other, came roles "Son Bell," "Steel Lady," and "Return Treasure Island." And now he has a starring part in "Battle Cry."
In any friendship certain things pop into mind that are out of any sort of sequence. One of the first about Tab. Things that are perhaps truest index to the kind of a guy he is.
For instance, he won't simply run it a shop and take the first thing at hand when he buys a greasing out or a gu.
He goes out of his way, takes his time to exercise his taste, his sense of humor displays a real intent to please someone. Debbie Reynolds' last birthday found
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Tab had been thinking of such a move or sometime but felt he should remain at one. His mother sensed this and sensed the rightness of the time. Tab left and found a place close enough so that they could see each other often.

Mrs. Gellin’s wisdom paid off for her in helping him achieve added poise, confidence, a fresher, more mature attitude toward people and things.

In Tab’s growing years he used to be extremely shy around girls and older people, an ailment common to most growing kids. With Tab’s independence and the broadening influences of his trip to Europe, Tab has emerged as a man able to meet the demands of social activities necessary to an actor. Now, at a party, Tab holds his own, can make small talk, or serioiusly discuss practically any subject. Girls like Debbie, Lori Nelson and Terry Adler, who’ve always liked Tab but were kept in their opinion of him, now admit they thought he had too much kidish exuberance about him before, that now it’s tempered, with maturity.

As his success grows, Tab finds a little more time to visit the ladies he likes, to date them, get to know them. It’s all part of the role of becoming what he’s become.

To Tab, it’s a way of life. He’s always been that way.

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As his success grows, Tab finds a little more time to visit the ladies he likes, to date them, get to know them. It’s all part of the role of becoming what he’s become.

To Tab, it’s a way of life. He’s always been that way.

Tab had been thinking of such a move or sometime, but felt he should remain at one. His mother sensed this and sensed the rightness of the time. Tab left and found a place close enough so that they could see each other often.

Mrs. Gellin’s wisdom paid off for her in helping him achieve added poise, confidence, a fresher, more mature attitude toward people and things.

In Tab’s growing years he used to be extremely shy around girls and older people, an ailment common to most growing kids. With Tab’s independence and the broadening influences of his trip to Europe, Tab has emerged as a man able to meet the demands of social activities necessary to an actor. Now, at a party, Tab holds his own, can make small talk, or seriously discuss practically any subject. Girls like Debbie, Lori Nelson and Terry Adler, who’ve always liked Tab but were kept in their opinion of him, now admit they thought he had too much kidish exuberance about him before, that now it’s tempered, with maturity.

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...About the wonderful way in which any Madison has handled the whole divorce situation with Gail Russell. Many men and women who’ve found themselves in the midst of public mud-slinging battles have admired these two for being able to solve their difficult problems in private. Many is the prayer that’s been said for Gail in this situation—no one girl in Hollywood has ever had so many calling for her.

...About Grace Kelly, who’s had so many telephone calls from romantic young men that she had to get an unlisted phone put in. And about Debbie Reynolds, who seems breathless over Robert Dix, son of the great Western star, Richard Dix.

...About Bella Darvi’s possible return to a European acting career. Bella finished “The Egyptian” (during which time she acquired a white leather-lined Cadillac because “it was such a bargain with the amount I received in trade for my Ford”) and fled herself to France from whence she came. There is speculation among those who the know that she won’t return.

...About Corinne Calvet’s teaming with Johnny Ray. This is one of those impossible combinations that are not dreams but nightmares!

...About Frank Sinatra’s new lease on life. If his Oscar had come encrusted with diamonds it couldn’t have meant more to him financially than the uplift it’s given his career. With two pictures or United Artists, “Not as a Stranger” and “Suddenly,” set, with two per cent of the Sands Club at Las Vegas in his pocket, he can pick and choose anything he wants in the movie line. We knew he’d arrived the other day when he turned down a pressman’s request for a few minutes of his time with “drop dead!” When this happens, you know Frankie’s real sure of himself.

...About the unpredictable Jean Peters, whose sudden return from years of seclusion had Hollywood’s eligible males crying in delight. Then, just as suddenly, she surprised everyone by marrying southern socialite Stuart W. Cramer III in a quiet ceremony at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C.
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Used by more women than any other rinse in the world

260,000 Minutes of Marriage

(Continued from page 32)

guidance and then approval. It takes hours, weeks of preparation for a song which will consume only minutes on the Cinema-Scope screen.

"Madam is improving...she opens her mouth and takes a note...she's surer of herself," said Schaefer, during abreather. "I worked with the best singers. The Madam's got it."

I admitted Marilyn was singing better than ever. The piano playing resumed. The singing resumed. More and more of the same. It was almost enough to make me like Liberace.

The telephone, on the desk in the far corner of the room, rang. "I'll answer it," said Marilyn, who had stopped singing at the end of the room and was already grabbing the phone.

"Hello, Joe," she said softly. "Gee, I'm glad you called."

Then and there Marilyn Monroe was Mrs. DiMaggio. The dialogue is placed in evidence. I couldn't hear Joe, but Mrs. DiMaggio listened bright-eyed. She made these remarks at intervals: "Sure, Joe, if you think it's best... "I'm getting along fine."

..."I've been thinking about you..."

..."I can get there in time..."

..."Don't worry about a thing, Joe, please..."

"So long, dear."

She stepped back and became The Monroe. She told Hal and me she had been talking to Joe on the phone—as if we had to be informed. She explained that Joe had been working hard, moving furniture, trunks, etc., into the Beverly Hills house they had rented. She said she should have been helping him ("It's a wife's job"). But Joe didn't want her to, especially because the picture was about to go to bat. A professional man, Joe understood the importance of going to bat. This in itself indicates how Joe and Marilyn are working out the career bit between them.

"I'd like to get over to the house before it's dark. Think we can knock off soon?" Marilyn asked Hal.

"Soon," he answered. "Maybe sooner. Depends on how you do the next half-hour."

"If you'd like to see the house," Marilyn said to me, "stick around." The piano started. The singing started. Except for breathers, both didn't stop for half-an-hour.

"That's all, Madam," said Schaefer. He added that he was very pleased with Marilyn. "Besides the singing, she stays with it. She's learned to concentrate on a song. And that concentration can be applied to anything. She doesn't goof at any more."

"Thanks," said Marilyn. From the couch she picked up her purse, quickly felt around in it to make certain she had the car keys. Then we were started for the car (a new Cadillac) parked outside near the bungalow. Marilyn didn't even stop to put on lipstick, which had disappeared during the singing session.

Marilyn drove. And when she drives, she doesn't have to look where she is going—the other drivers are all watching her.

Driving toward the house, Marilyn said we'd be able to pick it out immediately: It resembled a haystack. The DiMaggios had considerable trouble renting a suitable house because they'd take only a six-months' lease; most owners insist on a year's lease.

"We didn't want to be tied down for a year," explained Mrs. DiMaggio. She said they wanted a house in town only while she was working in a picture. After the movie was finished, she and Joe would hurry to San Francisco. Joe owns a house there. A nice, large, roomy, two-story place. She and Joe regard this place as home. Joe's sister, Marie, and her daughter, Betty, also live there. "Betty's two years younger than me. We get along fine," said Mrs. DiMaggio. "Marie is older than Joe. She's great...real great. I couldn't get along better with my own sister." Marilyn beamed, proud of her acquired family. A rarity indeed: A wife pleased because she had annexed relatives.


Marilyn parked her car behind Joe's. We got out. We tried the front door. Locked. Marilyn rang the bell. No answer.

"Let's try the back door," suggested Marilyn. Locked. She rang the bell. No answer. She shouted Joe's name. No response. "I don't get it," said Marilyn. Neither did I.

Marilyn looked into a side window of the house. A policeman, who had just parked his proud car in the driveway, suddenly approached. He looked sinister. He wanted to know what we were doing. Somehow, I felt guilty.

"This is Mrs. DiMaggio," I said, trying to explain. "She was supposed to meet her husband here. They just rented the house and are in the process of moving in."

"I can't understand what happened to Joe," said Marilyn, softly. It would have won over any cop in a movie.

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

In color I want to see:

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

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

Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
"This house is on the patrol. We’ve got it marked unoccupied. Anyone seen around is immediately arrested. If you move in, please phone the Beverly Hills Police Department so we’ll know. We keep a close watch on things.

“That’s nice,” said Marilyn. “Thank you.” I thought I should hold off the confusion and inform the cop I wasn’t moving in. We said our goodbyes and he took off to prowl elsewhere.

Marilyn disengaged the side window wasn’t securely locked. She lifted the screen and climbed into her new house. Then she opened the front door for me.

“This won’t happen all the time. I’ll have a key,” said Marilyn, smiling. Then: “I wonder what happened to Joe? . . .

Well, what do you think of the place?”

I replied that from the little I had seen, it looked comfortable, well made, and in good taste. I had no doubts it would serve all intended purposes.

“We didn’t want anything big or fancy,” explained Marilyn. “Joe and I like simple things. Wait till you see how I fix it. It’ll be much better. Even a rented house must have some personal things to be really your place.”

She agreed. Marilyn then led me to the sun parlor, directly off the living room. It was an enclosed room and looked out (I guess that’s the expression used) on the backyard and swimming pool. The sun parlor, a long couch, large comfortable chairs, bookshelves and a fireplace where steaks, hamburgers and hot dogs could be barbecued. “I guess we’ll spend most of our time here.”

“I think I’ll put the television set here.” She immediately walked around, investigating the room, seeking the best vantage place to put the TV set.

“I suppose television is important to you and Joe?”

“I watch it, but not as much as Joe. I think I’ll put the TV set to the right of the fireplace. Then Joe or company can visit on the couch. I’ll put one of the big chairs here (a little in front of the couch) so Joe can sit there most of the time. I must remember to buy a foot stool.

She was completely Mrs. DiMaggio. She explained she was going to arrange the furniture so that Joe could watch TV better than anyone else in the room. Joe usually went to the movies, movies and a few of the big coast-to-coast shows. “I never say,” continued Marilyn, “oh, gee, I want to see such-and-such a program.” She added with a smile, “We’ll have two TV sets. If it’s really important, I can turn on the program I want in another room. It happens very seldom, though.”

Marilyn told me that while Joe is watching the game she is ready, she doesn’t say, “Come to dinner.” She brings the dinner to him. She serves it quietly, quickly on a small folding table set in front of him. Marilyn said she doesn’t think we’ve got two muscles. Treat a husband this way and he’ll enjoy you twice as much,” advises Marilyn.

Mrs. DiMaggio, as I said, didn’t restrict her philosophy to only TV and dinner. If children and wife and future wives are interested, I’ll try to set down, as accurately as possible, more of the Monroe doctrine.

She believes a man should never have to think about his clothes, except to go to the closet and get them. A wife should see to it that her husband’s shoes are shined, ready for him. “If don’t mean,” said Marilyn, “I have to shine them myself. But send them out . . . see that it’s done.” She continued, “I like to iron Joe’s shirts. He doesn’t want me to. And often I haven’t the time. But I do once in a while. I like to look at Joe in a shirt I ironed, especially the collar. There’s no one who can iron a shirt—especially the collar—like I can.”

He said he was becoming an accomplished housewife. She said she believed this should accompany marriage. She thought people could mix career and marriage successfully. “When marriage is right, it’s wonderful,” declared Mrs. DiMaggio. “I’d pick it before everything else—because it is your life.”

From this, you and I can surmise that Joe is Number One, that Marilyn places marriage before career, if it ever should even be necessary to make such an important decision.

As Marilyn led me into the dining room, she asked, “I wonder what’s with Joe?” This isn’t like him. I’m beginning to worry. You think he’d phone? Oh, I forgot—the phone isn’t connected yet.”

“He probably thought you’d be late. You know how you are,” I said. “What’s with this room?”

“It’s all right. I want to make it more cheerful, though. A dining room should be cheerful. Not that we’ll ever eat here.”

Marilyn caught my puzzled look, “I don’t go for a set routine for eating,” she explained. “Having meals in the same place, at regular appointed hours. Phooey! It’s good to change things. We’ll eat here, sometimes; sometimes out by the pool. Often in front of the television set. There’ll be mornings when we’ll have breakfast in bed.”

Marilyn is not just another good-looking, great-shaped blonde; or she never would have become the phenomenal success and tremendous personality that she is. Her experience, plenty of it touched with loneliness, contributed, adding the dimension of depth to character, quality most of the recruits in the Hollywood army of blondes don’t possess.

I thought a lot about marriage—and getting married—before I did it,” admitted Marilyn. “I told myself this time I’ve got to stay married. Joe helped me decide. I wonder where he is? Don’t you think he should be here by now?”

“Buy a TV set, and you decide?”

“It wasn’t anything he said . . . No speech . . . It was being with him, knowing someone honestly cared what happened to me. I wonder if you know how important this child is to you?”

I realized Marilyn didn’t expect an answer. I let her talk on. She told me that she felt she had matured enough not only to get married, but also to raise children properly.

“I read where you said you wanted six children.”

Marilyn laughed. “I never said that. It could be five—two for each. I have a child as soon as possible. I should have two. So one doesn’t get lonely, so they can grow up together.”

“It makes sense to me.”

“Buying to other sensible things,” said Marilyn, “I’m going to put myself on a budget. Run this house right. So much for food, for laundry, for a maid. How to get all these things done on a budget?”

I admired Mrs. DiMaggio’s intentions. Then I asked to see the upstairs part of the house. “Certainly,” she said, adding she must remember to buy candles and order flowers.

“I know it sounds cornball,” said Marilyn, “but I like to dine by candlelight, even if it’s on a bridge table. People shouldn’t be ashamed of being romantic.
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(Continued from page 62)

visit home for only a day and a half—all the time she was to be with the twins around the Christmas tree. Susan literally fought with the studio brass to be allowed to make the trip; there even had been a suggestion from the President of Mexico himself to break the period of her work permit, to get permission to leave Mexico and return it again. But Susan insisted and won her battle. She spent precious hours with the twins, brought them their presents and then went back to work again. "It was worth it all," she said, "just to be able to hold Timmy and Greg in my arms."

Susan had to do a lot of thinking during those past months. She has tried to learn why her marriage failed, to gain self-knowledge. And if and when she marries again, she intends to give up her career—to be a full-time wife and mother, not a part-time one.

As to her hard-and-fast contract at 20th Century-Fox, Susan had her answer. "If I should marry while I'm still under contract, I expect to make one picture a year. My contract gives me the right to do that. I'm trained as a wife and mother and am continuing to work, which developed into a career which became overwhelming in its demands on my time and energy. It required too many sacrifices and I am not able to cope with the needs of both husband and children. It also meant handing my children in their formative years to a nurse and housekeeper. I prefer to help when I wanted to be with them myself.

"In one of Ibsen's plays he said, 'Marriage is a thing you've got to give your whole mind to.' And he was so right. Because of the strain of marriage versus career, or marriage and a career. Marriage is a career."

"I know that working women argue, since men combine a career with marriage, they should be able to manage it also. The answer is that men can have careers largely because their wives make a career of marriage. When wives and husbands are both working, they have to work on their marriage."

"I think the boy has come close to knowing his marriage. At home, in the Hay-ward, where housekeeper Cleo is in control, while Cleo's daughter, Willy Mae, looks after the boys during the hours that Susan is at the studio. The twins also feel that the chief reason why Susan plans to do a lot of thinking before she says, "I do" again."

"I'll want to know a lot about how that unknown man feels about children, and why he wants them, and what he finds me. I'll do the best I can bringing them up with the help of my mother and my brother Wally."

"Despite what 'viewers with alarm' have to say about the children of divorce, I think the boy have come through this period of adjustment with few scars. Anyway, I believe that problems can be far better solved by with full understanding and comfort whom after a demanding day? It's a problem."

"Susan's answer to that problem is not the expectation of immersing herself in some other affair to profit by past mistakes."

"The marriage is going off in a dire need after marriage. She's far too creative and dynamic a person for that. And her plans mirror her varied interests. She hopes to study music and painting, to continue with her painting, possibly to study law—to do any number of things she's long dreamed of trying."

"Such as," she'll tell you, "a real working ranches, and the boys really learn to live an outdoors life. Not race horses, though. What I'd like to try is raising quarter-horses for the foreign market. The Western market in Arizona or Nevada—not a place to tend a draft horse, but to stay for long, happy weeks. But that's in the future."

"Right now the beautiful red-head has dropped a tremendous life of the past year, aware once again that every day is a fresh beginning. In Hollywood, the curious custom holds of announcing a separation in the morning and joining it in the evening. This last, Susan explained, is not altogether problem-free. Timmy recently returned from an exploring excursion up in the hills rising sharply behind the house. She asked where Greg was. Timmy had returned earlier. Susan rushed out, climbed halfway up the steep hill and spied Greg on a ledge, hesitating to move up or down."

"The practice of using a cleansing, deodorizing douche for feminine cleanliness, health and married happiness is prevalent among modern women. Another survey showed that of the married women asked:

83.3% douche after monthly periods,
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ZONITE is a perfect solution for your douche! It is recommended among nurses who know of ZONITE's many advantages. In fact, ZONITE is a type liquid product for the douche of all those tested is sopowerfully effective yet so absolutely safe to body tissues as ZONITE.

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ZONITE is a powerful antiseptic-germicide. An advantage of douching with ZONITE is that it promptly washes away germs and odor-causing waste accumulations. ZONITE leaves a woman with a sense of well-being and confidence—so refreshed and dainty.

ZONITE completely deodorizes. Enjoy the many benefits of ZONITE. Inexpensive—only a few pennies per douche.

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I called to him," explained Susan, "to sit down and gradually to inch his way down. The only damage was to his blue jeans—no backside. I suppose from now on we'll lose more jeans that way.

The boys attend a private school. But next year, Susan's father was planning to send them to public school where they'll have a more democratic background. "They complain bitterly about the school plays—kid stuff they call them," says Susan about why they can't be in plays about Marines or airplanes or their favorite TV program.

"On their homework they ask for help only on particularly knotty problems. Wouldn't you know? I feel it's a tectonic type in school. Very good at spelling and such cultural subjects. I try to help them, however. 'Oh, no, Mother, we don't do it that way!'" Susan made a few comments about her method—so different from what I learned in school. But we get the results!

Today Susan is more indifferent than ever, her beauty deepening and tempered by the fires of emotional struggle. The past has lost some of its power to torment her, and her moody hazel eyes turn impish more frequently. We sat by the fire in her comfortable, red-and-brown den and candidly Susan discussed the future.

"Do I hope to marry? Frankly, I do. As an institution, I'm all for marriage. I wouldn't like to remarry single from the rest of my life. And I hope to have more children. Once a woman has married, it's hard to live alone. I believe I'll find out that a special relationship and a full date book are no substitute for marriage. Doesn't every woman agree that it's nice to have a man around the house? I think a home looks happy when a man lives in it. Men, their books, his fishing gear and his pipes are where he wants them to be; when his meals are a man's meals and the refrigerator his to raid when he likes; when he can put his feet up wherever he wants; and most of all, when a wife is happily glad when Sunday comes around and he is home all day. I want that for myself—but most of all, I want a companion.

Any special type of man in mind?

"I haven't thought about that too much," smiled Susan, "but I'd say it's not likely I'll marry an actor. Two acting careers in one family too often becomes one too many. But of all the professions for a man, that of the writer interests me most. A writer is generally bursting with ideas; he is intelligent, charming and adaptable, and an amusing companion. At least that's true generally of those I've met. I like the law, too, and even hope, some day, to study it myself. But, really, why should I try to be a companion when they don't seem to say about women. Like any female, I reserve the right to change my mind... and probably will. Some day I may meet an actor and forget all my resolves. But right now, I don't think so.

One thing, though, Susan knows, and that is there is no truth in the frequent linking of her name with that of Jeff Chandler. To the irrepresible gossip columnists it was all like putting together the pieces of a crossword puzzle. Jeff and Marjorie Chandler separated for the second and final time, after seven years of marriage. Susan and Barker sternly wrote finis to their nine years of marriage. And it was recalled that Susan and Jeff, both 34, had attended PS 181 in Brooklyn together. So the columns were filled with the news that Jeff was "offering Susan his broad Brooklyn shoulder to cry on."

"The truth of that fanciful story," Susan explained, "is that Jeff lived on 33th Street and I lived on 35th. I was always humming in school plays and Jeff, too, wanted to act. He had a kid crush on me, perhaps, but our paths separated at graduation. In fact, I still have a class picture that shows him a plump and round-faced twelve-year-old and me in a kind of wind-blown, homemade haircut, looking pretty wispy.

"Once or twice we exchanged hurried greetings after we were both in pictures then once in a restaurant my husband and I ran into Chandler, after his first separation. Wouldn't you know? I feel I disappeared. "After my own separation, Jeff called me and we went out once or twice. The columnists immediately blew it up into a 'big thing'—embarrasing both of us. Jeff Chandler has his problems and I have mine; he is a wonderful actor and a fine person, and I wish him well. But linking his name with mine is pointless. I hope he'll find the right girl for him—and I hope the right man will find me."

Meanwhile Susan is content. Deeply spiritual by nature, she believes God will look after her children and herself. She wants to build memorbilies for the boys—to celebrate traditions that belong in a family: birthdays, Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving and all the good holidays. A child's memories, as Susan knows from her own youth, are built of very simple things: warmth and affection and the coming home to a house where love is. "I think the more I share my life with Greg and Timmy," says Susan, "the happier they will be. And the happier they are, the more I'll have to share. And as long as we're really together, the way ahead can only lead to lasting happiness."

THE END

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 c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Cal.

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Columbia Pictures, 1348 N. Gower St., Hollywood

Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles

M-G-M, 1020 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marmion St., Hollywood

RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood

Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood

20th Century-Fox, 2012 W. Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills

United Artists, 8227 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood

Universal-International, Universal City

Warner Brothers Studios, 4000 W. Olive Ave., Burbank
IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

Bob Wagner: "I want to believe I'm really a star"

How come," I asked Bob Wagner, "that everyone in and out of Hollywood—except Bob Wagner—thinks of you as an honest-to-goodness Tinseltown star? Don't you think you have what it takes to be a star?"

Bob looked at me for a second without speaking. Then he flashed his million-dollar smile and said: "I've made eight pictures in two years, true, and my name seems to have become a box-office draw, but so far I haven't been seen on the screen in any roles that required a great deal of acting. My parts have been so-called 'personality' characters. But in my next picture, 'Broken Lance,' I really get a chance to show what I can do. I have to play the part of an easy-going young man who changes into a rabid killer. If I put that transformation across convincingly—well, that'll be soon enough to talk about being a star."

One thing is certain. No star works harder or takes his career more seriously than does young Bob. And no star is more modest.

"I've never thought of myself as a terrifically talented person. I'm not a great actor. I think of myself as a fellow who has had a lot of good breaks and a lot of help from nice people, and I am willing to subordinate everything to become a good actor.

"In addition, I've had the advantage of advice and counsel from most of the established stars at 20th Century-Fox, my home lot. Ethel Merman is living proof of the value of friendliness and vitality. Dan Dailey taught me to enjoy modern music. Barbara Stanwyck showed me how to co-operate with the press. Clifton Webb provides the perfect example of poise. Spencer Tracy gives me acting pointers. Susan Hayward really 'trouped' when she played Jane Froman. And who is a better actor than Dick Widmark?"

Bob, it seems, is the kind of guy who knows he doesn't know it all. His is a constant effort to absorb new skills, to learn all there is to learn about this job of movie-making. For example, several years ago before Bob was ever in a movie, Alan Ladd once told him of the tremendous importance of good relationships with the fans. Bob has never forgotten that piece of advice and carefully pores over the fan magazines each month to keep in touch with the boys and girls who buy tickets. He's determined to make good.

As Bob himself puts it: "I don't know if I have what it takes to be a star, but I wouldn't have gone into acting unless I thought I had a chance to hit the top. I hope I make it. I know one thing—if I've got the stuff in me, I'll work like a demon to bring it out. I'm determined to make myself believe what you say my fans believe—that I really am a star!"
It's No Secret—Any More

(Continued from page 29)

and Los Angeles, where they discovered, London. That subject polished off, Bob said that Ursula was one of the few girls he had ever known who had a cleft in her chin. "I've often wondered how it happened that a doctor had to come in this deal, when it should be the other way around. A girl doesn't have to worry a razor around the canyons." He was surprised that she had read an article compiled by European penologists, giving the information that in all the history of continental crime, only two or three criminals had been dimple-chinned. "Just the other day, Dimpled chin, devil within," said Bob, going on to describe himself as a reasonable citizen, inclined away from devility and toward ease. "Come right down to it, and I guess you'd have to say I'm a little lazy."

Ursula said she didn't believe she was especially lazy, but she certainly loathed getting up in the morning; she looked up the word, was unable to find the meaning, and turned to talk to anyone during the morning's first thirty minutes or until after she had swallowed a cup of coffee.

Somehow the mention of coffee brought up the subject of Los Angeles' restaurants, favorite foods, and such, and it should come as no surprise that the following evening Bob called for Ursula at seven and they drove to a fine restaurant. Ursula wore, without realizing that she was actually coinciding with Bob's taste, a simple black jersey blouse and a voluminous silver taffeta skirt. (Bob loves grays as a relief for black.)

That night Bob happened to compliment Ursula on her English. She had studied English in school, of course, but from those years she had brought with her to America of it - and Bob to her, "Everyone was happy except Little Paul." She had no recollection of the story surrounding Little Paul or the reason for his misery. Together, Ursula and Bob laughed at the absurdity of the foreign words or phrases that stuck to a person while passing rapidly through school courses.

But said he might not starve in Spain, but his vocabulary would leave serious loopholes in his diet. The only words he could remember off-hand from his junior Spanish were Mantequilla (butter), Hielo (ice) and Pollo (chicken).

There was one thing that puzzled Ursula: "Why, in English, is the word for a room belonging to babies or small children the same as the word meaning a growing place for plants? Nursery?" she repeated, tapping up her table manners.

Of course they talked picture-business. Ursula had seen Bob in "Camille," "Waterloo Bridge" (her favorite) and "Johnny Eager" before coming to this country. Bob confessed that he had been able to make a few of Ursula's pictures, to which she replied with a gratified smile, "They haven't been shown—so much the better."

There were other evenings at Ciro's, at Mocambo's, at Rocco's, at Romanoff's. Finally a columnist stopped at their table one night and asked, "When are you kids going to get married?"

Bob, accustomed to the friendly frankness of those she was obliged to get the news first, even by shock treatment if necessary, said something about getting lost, boy, you're embarrassing the lady, and ended the incident with his characteristically good-natured grin.

Ursula had gone white. A reserved per- son by nature, she had been brought up to believe that there are some questions never asked in considerate society. Completely the continental woman, Ursula took it for granted that after a couple had been properly introduced they first cultivated a proper friendship. In case the friendship developed into a relationship that was pleasant, but certainly nothing about which one could be questioned. After a year or two, an engagement could be announced at the proper time, in the proper manner, and the persons. Certainly a stranger did not ask questions about the marriage of two individuals who had known another only a short time!

Bob did his best to explain how these things were done in Hollywood, that no rudeness was intended by the question, it was asked every day in the film colony, sometimes of people who were married for years. Certainly a stranger was merely given an indication of liking to dance together. And, besides, Bob added, what was so wrong about the idea?

Ursula, not a talkative type, avoided the charge of being a busybody. The weeks and months that followed, she managed, gradually, to make her position clear. First of all, she would not be hurried. Bob, himself, agreed with that attitude.

Next, there were personality traits to be lived through and opinions to be investigated. There were personality traits to be learned, areas of agreement and disagreement to be discovered.

Ursula was sixteen when she fell in love with her first husband; she was married slightly over a year later, became a mother a year after that and had her second child two years subsequently. That marriage had failed. Ursula believed that she knew why, did not intend to repeat her original mistakes. She did not intend to inflict—or suffer—hurt again.

There must be soul-searching for the present—a girl who has already married once. Her father is rigorous enough, but that of stepfather, particularly when the man has never had children of his own, can be filled with inponderables. Ursula wanted to love her husband fully, freely and unreservedly—above all other beings in her life—but she knew she would not be able to do so until the man understood her deep devotion to the needs of her children.

Thus, there have been two careers in one marriage. For her to continue to make use of her talents, she must have both the agreement of her husband that she should continue acting and his understanding of the problems involved and his hearty co-operation in solving them.

Perhaps the greatest hazard of all was that only a girl who has already been married can appreciate the inscrutable, inescapably continental, knew that she would be committed to share every portion of her husband's life. Often, American wives are not disturbed by—or even aware of—the many foreign words and phrases which a European woman's wife accepts without question. If Ursula should marry a hardrock miner, she would expect to live in a desert shanty, curry the cattle, rattle snakes and do the family wash in water so hard it would float a ball bearing. She might not like it, but she would have elected to marry the man in the case, and she could feel that his way of life along with the man himself.

The only sensible course, then, was to be certain that before marrying she was voicing to love, honor and obey a man whose way of life was for her lovable, honorable and free of the chains that do a prison make.

Ursula and Bob had been seeing one another regularly (but mainly out of the
Many couples, when facing long separation, announce their intentions. Ursula simply refused to comment. Bob told those who asked that they were "good friends." Ah, said the matchmakers, that means they have had an argument, or that they never had an agreement in the first place. Or that.

Every theory developed anywhere finally reached the columns. You could have read that, one, Ursula and Bob had never been seriously interested in one another; two, there had been a grand stand of fireworks; three, that they were testing love with distance to check this fondness increase.

What really happened was that Bob wrote to Ursula every night for six months—with the exception of one visibly important week.

In turn, Ursula wrote to Bob every night for six months—with the exception of the same seven crucial days.

That precious week started on Ursula's birthday in 1953. She received the usual lavish bouquet of roses by cable from Bob, and she also received a more call saying that he had made arrangements to be free of the shooting schedule for a week and would fly to Los Angeles to spend the time with Ursula. Would she please call Bob's mother and explain that he was on route home?

When Bob appeared in town he explained his brief visit by a vague reference to business, managed to be seen stag here and there (but not for long) and spent most of his time with Ursula. In fact, Ursula, her assistant had added a new portrait to his collection (he already owned a contact of a Reflection and one or two others) so he and Ursula drove around the countryside on a picture-making spree.

In January of 1954, Ursula's ten-year-old daughter, Manuela, came to the U. S. (Michael, eight, will probably arrive in the fall.)

Manuela's presence was a test and provided a happy answer. She spoke very little English; perhaps because of this she was not so fussy, and they were delighted, and thoughtful lady on occasion. Ursula thought, "If Bob laughs at her, I shall die."

She needn't have worried. Bob was as courtly as if Manuela had been Queen Victoria and he, Disraeli. He helped her into her coat and into the car; he waited gravely while Ursula translated the dinner menu; he did not grin when Manuela wanted an ice-cream soda at Chasen's. Tall for her age, the lust is slenderer a wheat stalk and as blond. She grows out of her dresses in a few weeks and is as coltish as Jo in "Little Women." Occasionally her high spirits and her brief years send her romping across a room to cast herself into her mother's lap, all flying legs, arms, and braids.

When that mood came upon her, Bob sized her up, tossed with her, treated her much as if she had been a boy. She loved it, of course, and one fine spring day—he unloaded a girl's bright red bike from his car, Manuela's delight burst through. Three layers like a small H-bomb.

Somewhat later in the month Bob showed up with a Stereo-Realist camera in order to photograph Manuela & bicycle and, only because it was convenient, Ursula.

In addition to his interest in photography, Bob does planes. Many men find that a wife can't take an interest in flying but Ursula went up with Bob after they had known one another as few weeks; she loved it, decided she never wanted to fly on a commercial plane again. "They are so big they frighten me."

She hopes to take instruction and earn her private pilot's rating. Bob will also teach her to drive a car—a more hazardous undertaking in California.

In many ways Bob is still a Nebraska farm boy, but his home to his own dining room, to a family dinner. Here again, the European background of Ursula has stood her in good stead. Her ability to cook is stupendous, she loves to build through layers of vegetables, spiced meats, then baked. She likes to top off dinner with a steamed plum pudding.

Small wonder that Hollywood is filled with onlookers who scrutinize Bob Taylor and mutter, "Lucky cuss. What a cinch he's got."

Ursula says, "Now that we are married after our two-year engagement, we know there will be problems to come up, but Bob and I have become good friends, understanding of one another and trusting. We know that we can work out the little difficulties because we have lived out and talked out the big ones. Without a long engagement, this would not have been possible."

Bob says nothing. He simply looks like 175 pounds of pure bliss.

The End

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BRIEF REVIEWS

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

EXCELLENT  VERY GOOD  GOOD  FAIR
A–ADULTS  F–FAMILY

ARROW IN THE DUST—Allied Artists, Technicolor: Vigorous Indian-fighting yarn, Sterling Hayden poses as a cavalry officer to aid Coleen Gray, other pioneers. (F) July

BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT—U.A.: Enchanting French film (titles in English), mixing slapstick and sense. Gerard Philipe, a poor young composer, dreams he's a big success in bygone times, wooing Gina Lollobrigida. (F) June

CARNIVAL STORY—RKO, Agfa Color: Gaudily effective drama of passion and violence on the midway. Anne Baxter has a juicy role as a German girl involved with no-good Steve Cochran and likable Lyle Bettger. (A) June

CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT—Paramount, Technicolor: Wild gags and slapdash action keep Renaissance Italy jumping. Bob Hope's a timid tailor who impersonates the great lover in a plot masterminded by Joan Fontaine. (F) May

COWBOY, THE—Lippert, Eastman Color: Modest, often fascinating documentary showing how the West has changed, how two young modern cowboys really live and work. (F) July

DRIVE A CROOKED ROAD—Columbia: Mickey Rooney's fine as a first-rate but under-sized driver-mechanic lured into crime by Dianne Foster. Taut, well-scripted action. (F) May

DRUMS ACROSS THE RIVER—U.I., Technicolor: Rapid-fire Western. Audie Murphy and his dad (Walter Brennan) fight to keep gold-mined gunmen from gobbling Indians to war. (F) July

ELEPHANT WALK—Paramount, Technicolor: In a flamboyant drama, Liz Taylor's the bewildered bride of Ceylon tea-planter Peter Finch. With exotic locales and Dana Andrews. (F) May

EXECUTIVE SUITE—M-G-M: A starbright cast topped by Fredric March and William Holden shows the intense struggle for power that follows a business tycoon's death. (A) May

FIREMAN SAVE MY CHILD—U.I.: Hugh O'Brian and Buddy Hackett do an Abbott-Costello in a headlong bit of slapstick. Spike Jones and crew also play zany firemen. (F) July

GORILLA AT LARGE—20th; 3-D, Technicolor: Lively chiller with a carnival locale. Several murders involve aerialist Anne Bancroft and barker Cameron Mitchell with cops. (F) July

HELL BELOW ZERO—Columbia, Technicolor: Against authentic backgrounds of today's whalers in the Antarctic, Alan Ladd investigates the death of Joan Tetzel's dad. (F) July

INDISCRETEION OF AN AMERICAN WIFE—Columbia: Unusual drama, shot in Rome. Tourist Jennifer Jones tries to end her love affair with an Italian (Montgomery Clift). (A) May


LUCKY ME—Warner's; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Doris Day's warmth carries this musical. A show-girl stranded in Florida, the romances with songwriter Robert Cummings. (F) July

MA & PA KETTLE AT HOME—U.I.: More knockabout comedy by Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride. To help son Brett Haley win a contest, they try to convince a magazine editor that their ramshackle old home is a model farm. (F) June

MAN WITH A MILLION—Rank, U.A.; Technicolor: Gay yet malicious whimsy, Gregory Peck, a Yank in London of 1960, is taken for a millionaire, lives high–on credit. (F) July

MIAHI STORY, THE—Columbia: Racketeering yarn, long on thrills, short on plausibility. Ex-gangster Barry Sullivan is hired to smash the mob ruling Miami. (F) July

PHARYGIRL—U.I.: Shelley Winters scores with a wisecracking, emoting role in a lurid expose of big-city night life. Colleen Miller's the sweet girl who goes wrong. (A) July

PRINCE VALIANT—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Rousing adventure yarn of knight-hood days. Bob Wagner's the exiled prince who seeks justice and fights treachery at the court of Arthur. James Mason takes care of the menace; Janet Leigh, the romantic angle. (F) July

PRISONER OF WAR—M-G-M: Shallow study of American reactions to atrocities in North Korea. Ronald Reagan's an Intelligence officer; Dewey Martin, a "progressive." (A) July

RAILS INTO LARAMIE—U.I., Technicolor: Lively outdoor action. Opposed by old friend Dan Duryea, John Payne tackles a racket-ridden town where railroad-building is stalled. (F) June

Rhapsody—M-G-M, Technicolor: Romance given weight by fine music and real European locales. Liz Taylor's a possessive rich girl who loves violinist Vittoio Gassman. (A) May

RIDING SHOTGUN—Warner's, Warner Color: Unassuming Western with unusual twists. Randolph Scott, a stagecoach guard, tries to save a town threatened by a bandit gang—nearly gets lynched, Joan Weldon stands by him. (F) June

RIVER OF NO RETURN—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Lusty adventure tale. The Canadian Rockies overshadow even Marilyn Monroe, a dance-hall gal going downriver on a bawdy raft voyage with Bob Mitchum. (F) July

SARACEN BLADE, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Over-plotted swashbuckler about intrigue in Italy and the Crusades. Ricardo Montalban is out to avenge his murdered family. (F) July

SIEGE AT RED RIVER, THE—20th, Technicolor: The Civil War's fought out West, with plenty of local color and vigorous action. Confederate Van Johnson steals a new Union weapon, wows a dear enemy, Joanne Dru. (F) June

SOUTHWEST PASSAGE—U.A., Pathoscope: Horse opera—with imported camels. Rod Cameron, John Ireland and Joanne Dru fight thirst and Indians on a desert expedition. (F) July


WITNESS TO MURDER—U.A.: Ingenious suspense movie. Barbara Stanwyck sees neighbor George Sanders commit a murder, reports it—then can't get the police to believe she isn't a neurotic, subject to delusions. (F) June

YANKEE PASHA—U.I., Technicolor: Florid adventure story. Jeff Chandler's a frontiersman come to North Africa to rescue Rhonda Fleming, enslaved by Barbary pirates. (F) May
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Cover: Rock Hudson, U-I star, is in "Magnificent Obsession"
Rock is salling a Catamarn, Color Portrait by Orntz

Ann Higginbotham—Editor

Be Ready for Love... when you wear BLUE WALTZ... the perfume that makes dreams come true. Try it... if you dare... and see!

**PHOTOPLAY** SEPTEMBER, 1954

**HIGHLIGHTS**

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Seven village beauties are kidnapped, courted and kissed by seven lusty brothers. That's why America is talking about M-G-M's fresh-as-a-daisy musical with the shotgun weddings. The best music, the fastest-paced dancing, the most fun you'll have this year!

SEVEN BRIDES
FOR SEVEN BROTHERS

Starring
JANE POWELL • HOWARD KEEL

With JEFF RICHARDS • RUSS TAMBLYN • TOMMY RALL
Screen Play by ALBERT HACKETT & FRANCES GOODRICH and DOROTHY KINGSLEY
Based on the story "THE SOBBIN' WOMEN" by STEPHEN VINCENT BENET
Lyrics by JOHNNY MERCER • Music by GENE de PAUL • Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD
Color by ANSCO • Directed by STANLEY DONEN • Produced by JACK CUMMINGS
AN M-G-M PICTURE

SONGS:
"When You're In Love" • "Bless Yore Beautiful Hide" • "Goin' Courtin'" • "Wonderful, Wonderful Day" • "Sobbin' Women" • "Spring, Spring, Spring" • "June Bride" • "Lament"

Available in M-G-M Records album. Recorded directly from the sound track of the movie.
I know a guy whose favorite actress is Piper Laurie. But he wonders if she and all the other girls around Hollywood—including Debbie Reynolds—are as innocent as they seem to be... Yvonne DeCarlo believes most good-looking men aren’t smart... It was not too long ago that Susan Hayward told me she could forgive a man practically anything because she likes men. I don’t have to brief you on what happened recently... I believe Ethel Merman when she sings “There’s No Business Like Show Business”... Scott Brady looks like a bop musician to me.

Hollywood is on a lady kick. The movie colony is very pleased to classify Audrey Hepburn and Grace Kelly as young actresses who represent Lady... The old Burton Holmes travelogues now have a story and are interwoven in CinemaScope movies... I can recall not long ago when I wrote that an unknown, Cyd Charisse, would be a bigger movie star than her husband, Tony Martin. I think she proves it in “Brigadoon.”

There is no prettier face on the screen than Ava Gardner’s. And those who want to shout Liz Taylor can shout... My favorite character Mike Curtiz told form-fitting dancer Barrie Chase (“White Christmas”): “In two years I’ll make you a star overnight.”... Lauren Bacall sounds more like Marlene Dietrich every day... I flip when Lena Horne sings practically any song... I wish Frank Sinatra would record “My Time of Day” from “Guys and Dolls”... Marge Champion always looks well groomed... Sheree North figures to be a star... Bob Wagner told me that he was looking at a picture on TV that was so bad he walked out of his own house and went to the movies.

Even stage money is more expensive these days. A few years ago you could buy a million dollars for twenty dollars; now the million costs almost fifty dollars. I’m still waiting for a good explanation of Liberace. Don’t hit, just try to explain... Gilbert Roland is the most amazing actor in pictures to me. I’ll explain: Roland was around when Norma Talmadge was a silent film star, and he’s around—better and more handsome—as Jane Russell’s leading man... Janet Leigh has muscles where a girl should have muscles... Charlotte Austin looks like Olivia de Havilland did when Olivia started in pictures... Just for a change, I’d like to see Claire Trevor not play a fallen woman. She’s too good an actress to put in a groove.

I goofed with Leslie Caron. To me, nothing. But now I realize what others see in her... Lana Turner with a little weight on is still much sexier and interesting than a carload of the new starlets... While I’m in the mood, let me say that all those “bosom and sand” pictures sound and look alike to me... Continuing the confession, I can’t distinguish between Mary Castle and Peggie Castle, and don’t know which is doing what career-wise or otherwise.

I know a guy who thinks Marilyn Monroe is trying to be another Mamie Van Doren... By the way, I can’t think of a more exciting combo than The Monroe and Marlon Brando for a movie... I don’t dig Guy Madison as Lindbergh... Bob Mitchum likes San Francisco and told me about a hep pal who, while they were strolling through Union Square, said: “Man, whatta town. Even the squares here have a union”... Too many young actresses act as if they were another Audrey Hepburn... I’d love to listen to a tape recording of a night’s dialogue between Zsa Zsa Gabor and Rubirosa... No longer am I too surprised or shocked by anything an actor might do or say. I excuse it by remembering that it was an actor who shot Lincoln. And that’s Hollywood for you.
Hitchcock brings you his masterpiece!

They stared too long... saw too much!

 PARAMOUNT presents

James Stewart in Alfred Hitchcock's

Rear Window

co-starring

GRACE KELLY - WENDELL COREY - THELMA RITTER

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

DIRECTED BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK • SCREENPLAY BY JOHN MICHAEL HAYES • BASED ON THE SHORT STORY BY CORNELL WOOLRICH
SOAP BOX

Lucky is the girl who grabs Tab Hunter! When I was in Los Angeles recently, I had a swimming date with Tab as a result of a contest held here in Seattle. Many times, when I read articles by various movie stars, I wonder if they practice what they preach. In the case of Tab Hunter, I know that he does.

I have been used to boys being a little late for a date, but they've never been courteous enough to call. Tab was to meet me at the Beverly Hills Hotel at 2:00 p.m. He called and said that he would be ten minutes late since he was moving into his new apartment that day. He arrived at 2:10!

You probably know what an excellent swimmer Tab is, so you can imagine how

Tab Hunter—some girl will be lucky

I felt—dog-paddling to drowning! He was very sweet again, saying, "You probably don't have the opportunity to swim as much as we do in L.A." Consideration personified!

Since Tab had to make an appearance at a gala premiere later that evening, we had to cut our date short, and when we got back to the hotel, Tab was very thoughtful again. He called my mother and told her what a fine time we'd had. Mother, who had been a bit leery of movie stars, was completely taken by this tall handsome blond.

Hooray for stars like Tab, say I! Now you can understand why I say, "Lucky is the girl who grabs Tab!"

DIANA PETERS
Seattle, Washington

I just saw "The Eddie Cantor Story" and think it's a wonderful movie everyone should see. Keefe Brasselle is a marvelous young actor. Why doesn't he get more starring roles?

PAT SMITH
Ardmore, Oklahoma

Today, many popular Hollywood couples are confronting the public with marriage failures. The reasons: personality differences, professional jealousy, non-existence of love.

These young couples should take a hint from the marriages in Hollywood which have proved their value and stability. Marriages founded on a spiritual element. For

success, whether it be in a career or in marriage, must have faith. Faith brings with it confidence and hope, and love makes life worthwhile.

A/C R. H. SELLE
c/o 6 PM, San Francisco, California

The motion-picture industry certainly laid an egg by naming William Holden the best actor of the year.

 Didn't anyone even see the greatest performance of the year on the screen—Montgomery Clift in "From Here to Eternity"?

SILVIA GURNS
Omaha, Nebraska

Hoorah for Holden! At last he's a claimed the top actor for 1953! I have felt for some time this star was worth more recognition than the magazines or the movie industry seemed to give him. I would like to thank all those responsible for his receiving the Oscar. They could not have given it to anyone more deserving.

And to Mr. Holden—you're tops and I'm so happy Hollywood has honored you last.

BETTY EIHLENFELD
Georgetown, Illinois

... Cleaning out an old suitcase recently, I came across an old copy of PHOTOPLAY dated January, 1940. The magazine had changed quite a bit in appearance since then, but the quality and enjoyment is still the same... (although) then it cost a nickel more.

That old magazine brought me seven hours of delight, and it will, I assure you, remain among my favorite keepsakes in the years to come. My only hope is that you teenagers from now on, will be able to pick up a PHOTOPLAY and find it comparable to the excellence of those in 1940 and 1951.

JOHNA SUE FOX
Medicine Lodge, Kansas

... I have now seen several pictures of Lan Turner with her hair its natural color, and I think it makes her look younger and more beautiful than ever.

Light or dark, she'll always be Lana Turner.

JUDY REYNOLDS
Moses Lake, Washington

I have just had a copy of PHOTOPLAY sent to me and enjoyed it very much. (Continued on page 11)
Out of the Adventure Pages of the Ages!

King Richard the Lion-Hearted in sweeping grandeur! From Warner Bros. comes the magnificent presentation of Sir Walter Scott's undying story of the mighty quest for the Holy Sepulchre. Kings and Captains of the Western World charging into strange lands and thundering tumult! Here is the crafty Saladin of the Desert with his two thousand Saracen tribes—the Castelain warriors, seven feet tall, proud giants in armor—the wicked cohorts of beauteous Queen Berengaria—the savage abduction of Lady Edith the Chaste—and the Knight of the Leopard whose faith still rings through the long corridors of courage.

King Richard and the Crusaders
from Sir Walter Scott's 'The Talisman'

Cinemascope
WarnerColor and Stereophonic Sound

Starring:
Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo, George Sanders, Laurence Harvey

With:
Robert Douglas
Screenplay by John Twist
Music by Max Steiner
Produced by Henry Blanke
Directed by David Butler
HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

BY FLORABEL MUIR

The Kirk Douglas-Anne Buydens merging that has Hollywood still spinning. Kirk met Anne, a film publicist, when he went to France to make "Act of Love." He and Anne became fast friends, although his heart still belonged to Pier Angeli. Then Kirk returned to America—and Anne came following after ... just to see what Hollywood looked like. Although Kirk's romance with Pier was over by this time, there was no hint that he had transferred his affections to Miss Buydens—until suddenly they appeared at the County Clerk's office in Las Vegas with intentions to marry. Then it came out that the party given the night before by close friend Warren Cowens had been a pre-marriage party! All the guests, including Doris Day, had arrived bearing gifts for the bride and groom-to-be, who spent their honeymoon at Lake Mead—far from the maddened crowd of Hollywoodites who had failed to catch even a whisper of Kirk's intentions!

The two-way zooming of Bob Stack's career—hot as an actor via "The High and the Mighty" and even hotter as a lover since he and Terry Moore found each other. Terry has forsaken night life for the great outdoors just because that's what Bob goes for and his long-standing romance with Claudette Thornton has chilled ... How Ava Gardner avoided Las Vegas for Lake Tahoe in sitting out her divorce time because three of her exes were marking that spot at the time—Mickey Rooney, Frank Sinatra and Artie Shaw.

About Frankie Laine's stepped-up film career, which really gets going in high when he co-stars with Yvonne DeCarlo in that glittering musical review in Germany ... And whether the developing international situation may not compel a drastic change in Cecil B. De Mille's project to film "The Ten Commandments" against Egyptian backgrounds, the actual Old Testament scenery, the year's most ambitious and costly foreign location ... And the possibility that Gloria De Haven, who said she would launch a beauty parlor of her own in New York, may chuck it all to marry again following her divorce from Marty Kimmel.

About the Marie McDonald-Harry Karl rift which, their pals insist, is only a slight case of greasepaint showing on Marie, another way of saying that she got careeritis again. Harry, very much in love, thinks she'll change her mind and be content as a housewife ... About the rags-to-riches career to-date of Tab Hunter, who in four years has climbed from Hollywood boulevard soda jerk to $1500 a week as a featured player in "Track of the Cat." ... The fast-blooming amor of Ted Briskin, Betty Hutton's ex, and Colleen Miller, beauteous Universal-International starlet.

About Humphrey Bogart's performance in "The Caine Mutiny," and if talk can win an Oscar for a star Bogie's in ... The persistent denials and counter-denials that all isn't well with the Betty Grable-Harry James menace, and this is the real lowdown: There were some spats and for a time things didn't look favorable but Betty and Harry are really trying for a patch-up and admitting nothing to columnist inquirers in the hope that they can work it out. The whole thing would have been kept dark except for whispers by insiders who realized they were getting shaky.

About Charlton Heston's insistence that wife Lydia Clarke go with him to Egypt where he'll play Moses in "The Ten Commandments" because he refuses to take a chance on the consequences of one more separation. Incidentally his stand-in, Fritz Apking, may replace Lex Barker as the new Tarzan. ... And about the story seeping back to Hollywood on the grapevine that Deborah Kerr and Tony Battie, her war-hero mate, are off key.

Only select-few like Doris Day knew party for Kirk Douglas, Anne Buydens was a celebration!

Next day, the wedding that surprised Hollywood. Kirk, Anne in County Clerk's office, Las Vegas

On honeymoon flight, Kirk and Anne had a hilarious time opening gag gifts from their friends

End of a surprise story: Kirk and his bride at Lake Mead, where couple spent their honeymoon
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Now more than ever...The Soap of Beautiful Women
I am a keen film fan, I wondered if any of your readers (boy or girl) would write to me as a pen pal. I am 14 years old.

SHIRLEY BUNCE
27A Bardwell Road
Stoke-Newington
London N.16, England

Write direct to Shirley, not to Photoplay—ED

CASTING:
I have just read the true story of “The Faith of Chaplain Kapuan.” It was a wonderful story, and I think it would make a great hit in the movies with Van Johnson playing the lead role.

MARY CHAULET
Garden, Kansas

Someone should make a picture of Edward Aarons’ “Come Back My Love,” with Glenn Ford as Fleming, Rita Hayworth as Elizabeth, Patricia Neal as Cathy and Ronald Reagan as Johnny Wright.

CRYSTINA WHITE
Stuttgart, Germany

I think a good pair for an exciting, fast-moving picture would be Marlon Brando and Terry Moore.

CONNIE FISHER
Wilmington, Delaware

I am writing this in a state of sheer amazement. Recently I read that Greta Garbo is thinking of accepting the nurse’s role in Stanley Kramer’s production of “Not as a Stranger.”

Surely Mr. Kramer has no intentions of casting Miss Garbo as Kristina. Don’t misunderstand me. I think Garbo is a terrific actress and a beautiful woman, but the only thing she and Kristina have in common is their Swedish ancestry.

The girls in my office all loved the book—and Kristina—and tried to decide who fitted the author’s description of her. We have to have an actress who was attractive, not glamorous, a girl who looked Swedish who could handle a dramatic role. Fifteen out of eighteen selected the same girl—Nancy Olson.

MIDGE BREGLEY
Brooklyn, New York

QUESTION BOX:
We have just seen “Three Young Texans,” co-starring Keefe Brasselle. We think he is wonderful. We would like to know his birthday and where we may write to him.

THE GIRLS OF B.V.M.
Darby, Pennsylvania

Keefe’s birthday is February 7th, and you may direct your letters to him c/o Warner Brothers—ED.

(Continued on page 24)
IT'S ALL ABOUT A MAN-ABOUT-TOWN AND A GIRL ABOUT 18...

and the things he learns about love FROM HER!

DICK POWELL

DEBBIE REYNOLDS

Susan Slept Here

She ate his food — Used his apartment — Slept in his pajamas — and then she REALLY took over!

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co-starring ANNE FRANCIS • Directed by FRANK TASHLIN • Screenplay by ALEX GOTTLIEB • Produced by HARRIET PARSONS
Modess...because Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new whisper-soft fabric covering...no gauze...no chafe,
Meet an off-beat new heart-beat

—Bob Francis of ‘The Caine Mutiny,"

Young man in a big hurry

FULL SPEED AHEAD

By Eve Ford

‘Who could play Queeg?’ the young Army corporal wondered. ‘Spencer Tracy, maybe?’ His friends, the three captains who’d lent him a well-read copy of ‘The Caine Mutiny,’ each had a different suggestion. But on one point they all agreed: Willie Keith had themumped. ‘Nope,’ the corporal said, ‘I can’t think of anybody who’d be right or Willie.’

This was in 1952, and all over the country thousands of readers were making a game of casting the movie version of the top best-seller. But the discussion between the four Army friends was unique in one way: The young corporal was Robert Francis, who made his movie debut two years later as Willie Keith.

How did this minor miracle happen? First, let’s look at Bob as he is now. A truly refreshing screen personality, Bob has captured the hearts of moviegoers in record time. With his strong, pleasantly bony features and his crew-cut, dark-blond hair, he has the currently fashionable brand of good looks. More important, nothing in his appearance or his manner suggests the atmosphere of movie sets or night clubs. You’d imagine him instead at home in the outdoors—and your imagination would be right.

Though Bob has now made three more movies in rapid succession, he hasn’t really been absorbed into the life of Hollywood. He lives with his parents in Pasadena and spends most of his spare time there. His favorite date is a girl who has no connection with the movie business. And, as the memory of glorious ski flights among the high snows shines in his blue eyes, he can say with an earnestness that must be believed, “Some day I’m going back to the mountains and hibernate!”

Like many of the new generation of stars, he’s a native Californian; he was born in Glendale on February 26, 1930. Unlike most of his rivals, Robert Charles Francis had no acting ambitions as a youngster; at Wilson Junior High and Pasadena City College, he took no part in amateur theatricals. His heart was committed to another love.

He’d acquired his fondness for the outdoors as a Boy Scout and on weekend trips into the mountains with his dad and his older brother. During one of these trips, Bob strapped on a pair of skis for the first time. It seemed like just another sport while he was a stumbling beginner. But soon the exhilaration of gliding downhill, the mountain air briskly caressing his cheeks, convinced him that he’d found his chief

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interest in life. Bob Francis, aged eleven, solemnly resolved that he was going to be not only an expert skier, but a champion, representing his country at the Olympic Games.

That was his abiding passion all during his teens. A boy's usual concerns—girls, school activities—were brushed aside while Bob dedicated himself to skiing. He ranged up and down the West Coast, competing in one race after another, acquiring a taste for travel that he still has. And he wasn't discouraged by the dangers of the sport. During a race, he was making a fast turn when he fell with such force that his ski pole stabbed through his right forearm. He still has the scar as a souvenir.

Bob was determined to remain an amateur, so he had to plan some means of earning a living. But he didn't stray far from his chosen field; he and his brother Bill decided to open a ski equipment shop. Looking far ahead, Bob speeded up his education, taking summer courses for four or five years. By the time he was sixteen, he'd completed two years of college. "I just wanted to get college out of the way to satisfy my parents," he explains. And at seventeen, Bob was a businessman. The Francis brothers operated three ski shops at Big Pines and Mt. Waterman. They hadn't set themselves an easy task, because they were a little ahead of the game. Now the biggest skiing area in the country, this section wasn't so popular at the time. But the brothers kept slugging away.

Bob Francis had his life all figured out. So he thought. Only a little matter of climate turned his plans upside down. His was a seasonal sport, of course. When the snows melted, he went on enforced vacations from skiing and running the shops. One summer day when Bob was nineteen, he was enjoying lazy hours on the beach at Santa Monica. Thanks to his rigorous athletic training, his body was nearing the hard-muscled six feet three inches, 194 pounds that it scales today. Plenty of warmly appreciative feminine eyes turned his way. So did a pair coolly appraising masculine eyes. These belonged to a U-I talent scout who sized Bob up as a promising bit part movie merchandise.

Bob hadn't the slightest idea that was being watched. Just as the scout was about to approach him, Bob decided he'd done enough swimming a sunning. He jumped into his car and drove off, happily unaware that the scout was busy noting down the license number. Presently, the phone rang at the Francis home, and Bob heard an astonishing suggestion: Would he come to U-I for an interview? Surprised may have been, but he wasn't particularly impressed. He'd devoted so little thought to the movie business that he admits, "I didn't even know what U-I was." Once this point was cleared up, Bob figured: What have I got to lose? He and his brother had finally given up their ski-shop venture, and he was loose ends.

In a skeptical frame of mind, B went to keep his appointment at U-I. "They'll never get me," he assured his family. But his interview with Sopl Rosenstein, U-I's late, beloved dramatic coach, changed his mind. Miss Rosenstein asked him to do a reading with newcomer named Ann Pearce. Immersed as Bob was, his appearance and his voice and his personality look like star-stuff, and Miss Rosenstein advised him to take dramatic lessons.

She sold him on the idea, but he maintained faithful to his first love. "I become a big movie star," he decided innocently, "and make half a million dollars, and then I'll go back into..."
Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the "Missy" hair style. Bobbi is so simple to give, no help is needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

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I dreamed I sailed for Europe
in my maidenform bra

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is perfectly see-worthy! Tugboats are whistling,
cameras clicking...and all the excitement
is over me. See, I'm shaped to a
fare-thee-well...Maidenform makes me
a dreamboat, first class!

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's
Over-ture* in broadcloth, nylon
taffeta, acetate satin, or nylon
tape with taffeta...from 1.75

FULL SPEED
Continued

Columbia Pictures told him there
might be "a small bit part" for him in
one of their upcoming movies. They sent
him the script of "The Caine Mutiny,"
without revealing which role he was
being considered for. A short session
with Boss Harry Cohn, a long one with
producer Stanley Kramer, a screen test
with Donna Reed standing in for May
Wynn—and Bob became Willie Keith.
Three days later, he was off to Yosemite
for the picture's love scenes, shot before
the location trip to Hawaii. Here
was the turning point in Bob's life.

The three captains who'd been his
Army friends sent him a long congratulatory letter, pretending to appoint
themselves his agents, at the usual ten
percent of his salary. When "The Caine
Mutiny" started shooting, Van Johnson
made a big gag out of "hating" Bob, because the youngster had stolen the
part that Van wanted for himself.
(Johnson, of course, wound up with
only the best role in the picture.) And
Dorothy Ross gave her beau a gift he
treasures sentimentally: a pair of silver
cufflinks, on which anchors and tiny
silver spheres symbolize the Navy and
the steel balls associated with Captain
Queeg of the Caine. As for Bob's fellow
cast members, they ceremoniously
handed him a couple of D-B shots—
"for the junior Queeg."

Three more movies ("They Rode
West," "I Was a Prisoner in Korea"
and "The Long Gray Line") convinced
Bob that his movie career was no flash
in the pan. He's come to regard it as
earnestly as he does his life in general.
Bob himself thinks he has this attitude
because he's always associated so much
with older people. Eleven years separa-
tes him from his older brother and
sister. ("I was an afterthought," he
says.) Beginning to ski, in his early
years, he was usually much the junior
of the other enthusiasts. He counts
Fred MacMurray and Tyrone Power
among the closest friends he's made
so far in Hollywood.

With engaging unawareness of his
own appeal, Bob muses, "Ty must be
terrifically attractive to women—so
much poise—and now a continental
manner, after all his traveling. Dorothy
and I went out with the Powers one
evening, and I almost lost my girl! I
tried giving Linda the eye, but I
couldn't get her to look at me, either."

But with the assured success of The
Caine Mutiny—and three other pictures
coming up—Bob Francis has every
hope of being one of the busiest and
most popular young stars in the 1954
sky. And any old horoscope reader
might find things looking very good for
1960! Wanna bet!

The END
As surely as sunshine follows rain, romance follows the girl whose hair is bright to see, soft to touch, fresh as a spring breeze—the kind of hair you always have when you use New White Rain. This fabulous shampoo sprinkles your hair with sunlight. And with sunshine all around you, love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter... the essence of romance. Ask for White Rain... the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!
HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

BY EDITH GWYNN

Parties, parties, parties and one standout preem this month. But so many soirees, large and small, I fear won't have room for all of 'em!

The biggest, most lavish shindig tossed hereabouts since the famed Marion Davies hoop-la was given by wealthy charitable Elsinore Macris and groom, George Gilliland. The thirty-thousand-dollar (yep, $30,000!) hall they tossed saw Mocambo decorated with six thousand dollars' worth of gardenias — three hundred dozens of 'em! Champagne flowed from fountains carved from ice that also encased hundreds of American Beauty roses.

Guests enjoyed nibbling on eighty pounds of caviar, provided by the hosts at $25 per pound; a four-foot high wedding "cake" fashioned of flowers; a wonderful dinner and dancing to Perez Prado's crazy Mambo band, along with the usual orchestra. To say nothing of Harold Stern and his 17 violinists who "serenaded" diners as they passed among the tables. And seeing the $5,000 French lace gown on Mrs. Gilliland, created by Dan Loper!

Among the more than 300 guests were Paul Brinkman and Jeanne Crain, sporting a "diamond" tiara, Eva Gabor, dangling a few diamonds and Marion Davies, dangling a few thousand diamonds, plus Noreen Nash, in pink satin with bustle and Marie McDonald, whose flimsy gown caught fire from a cigarette. Kay Williams, in pale blue chiffon and wearing a fabulous diamond and emerald necklace, the Vic McLaglens, Estelita and Grant Withers, Ginny Simms, Jon Hall and Linda Danson, Mari Blanchard and Greg Bautzer, the Bob Cummings, Dan Dailey and Gwen O'Connor were among the cinema set present. And Arlene Dahl, who decided that her bridal nights (she has planned to become Mrs. Fernando Lamas before you read this) will be of pale pink chiffon and delicate lace — with yards and yards of the transparent, floaty stuff falling very, very softly from the waistline.

More "traditional" was the anniversary party Judy Garland and Sid Luft gave in the new Crown Room atop Romanoff's. The glass-enclosed setting gave sixty guests a gorgeous view of the city while dining and dancing to a three-piece musical combo. The Lufts seated a lot of studio execs and various chums at individual tables for eight. One of the special dishes served was rock Cornish game hen, supposedly raised just for this occasion. Judy wore a beige chiffon gown, its short sleeves banded with sable, and her brand-new (and first) diamond ring — a big marquis from Sid. Guests included Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, the Gary Cooper, the Tony Martins— Cyd Charisse gorgeous in rather short, very full-skirted white organdy dress, with a black top and the maddest black and white striped shoes of a glossy fabric! Ernie Johnson with Van was in stunning white pique (Continued on page 25)
Give your hair a lanolin lift!

Give your hair twice the twinkle with the shampoo containing twice as much lanolin.

Such dreamy, creamy lather!
Such clean, clean hair...
so soft . . . lovely . . . really radiant!
Much more manageable, too, thanks to "double lanolin."
This is the make-up whose

Pond's Angel Face smooths on like velvet—and stays! Its skin-softening vaporized beauty oils give it "magnetic" attraction!
One of the blessings of Angel Face is that, although it is a completely non-greasy, all-in-one make-up, it never "cakes" or looks powdery. Never streaks. And it is never drying to the skin.

The secret: Angel Face is permeated through and through with vaporized beauty oils which have an affinity for the natural softeners in your own skin—a "magnetic" attraction that makes Angel Face seem actually to become one with your skin! It is "magnetic" attraction that makes Angel Face go on with the soft-tinted delicacy...the incredible smoothness and "cling" that no other make-up has been able to duplicate.

If you don't yet know the magic of Angel Face—if you've been frightened off by your troubles with other make-ups, or thought you just weren't "the make-up type"—do try Angel Face by Pond's. It's different. You'll love it!

And you'll love its charming Mirror Case!

Tuck it in your handbag—in 5 seconds smooth on this wonderful powder and foundation in-one! You'll be proud to use the ivory-and-golden Mirror Case anywhere! With mirror, puff, choice of 8 luscious shades. See the dramatic new dark shade "Gypsy Angel." The slim, sleek Angel Face Mirror Case just $1.

Pond's

Angel Face

*plus tax
I have seen "Rhapsody" twice, and I think John Ericson did a superb job of acting... Would you please give me some information about him... What pictures has he previously appeared in?

An Avid Fan
Wamego, Kansas

Born in Dusseldorf, Germany, John is twenty-seven years old, married Milly Coury last year. "Teresa" was his first and only picture before "Rhapsody." Write him at M-G-M.—ED.

A friend and I are having an argument concerning Bing Crosby's boys. He says they're adopted. I say they're not. Who's right?

Mrs. Donald Wiater
Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin

You win!—ED.

In your April, 1953 issue there is a picture of John Derek and his wife Patti in which she has blond hair. In your May, 1954, issue there is another picture of John and his wife in which she has dark hair. What I can't understand is whether he was divorced or his wife just completely changed.

Gloria Proudf
Fall River, Massachusetts

Patti tried blond hair for awhile but decided her own natural brunette suited her better.—ED.

Who played Chief Vittorio in "Hondo?"

Sylv Whitfield
Salem, Virginia

Talented actor, Michael Pate.—ED.

Did Ann Blyth do her own singing in "Rose Marie?"

Betty Grace Bags
Savannah, Georgia

That beautiful voice is Ann's own.—ED.

When is "Gone with the Wind" going to be released again? Also, who played in "The Spiral Staircase?"

Ronnie Joseph
Alice, Texas

M-G-M is re-releasing GW'TW' nationally this year. Dorothy McGuire and George Brent starred in the latter film.—ED.

Joan Fetherston, lovely young dancer and TV actress, says: "It's such wholesome beauty care for my dry skin! I never knew any soap could do so much so gently until Candy taught me to beauty-wash twice every day with mild Cashmere Bouquet. I just cream that fluffy, fragrant lather over my face with my fingertips. It leaves my skin looking wonderful — smoother, softer, with a lovely, fresh glow!"

Joan Fetherston

P.S. "Scatter a few cakes of Cashmere Bouquet through your lingerie and handkerchief drawers. Leaves a lovely, flowery fragrance, much more subtle than sachet!"

Dorothy McGuire's the girl

Could you please clear up a matter for us? We would like to know who portrayed the role of Guy Haines in "Stranger on a Train." I believe it was Mark Stevens.

Peggy Hill
New York, New York

It was Farley Granger.—ED.

(Continued from page 10)
trimmed with multitudinous bits of vivid turquoise and rhinestone beading. The Peter Lawfords, the Bill Goetzes, Jack Warner, Ethel Merman (in starched black organza) were there too. Late, late, the Merm, Judy and Van Johnson did some fancy chirping together—natch!

Judy's use of sable on her filmy gown reminds me to note how "little furs," not necessarily trimming, have greatly replaced last summer's overworked dressy cardigans and will undoubtedly continue to do so way into fall. Teitlebaum, the furrier who decks most of Tinseltown's celebs, says he can hardly fill his orders for tiny (real tiny!) white mink or ermine capes and hug-me jackets. And note the many pastel shades in which he's turning out such duds. Elizabeth Taylor has a "little" pink mink cape. And we caught Mona Freeman (dining with Frank Sinatra) at La Rue one eve, wearing a wee pale blue mink capelet over a stark white cotton lace cocktail dress. Teitlebaum adds, "I used to design these things for Christmas. Now everyone wants them to wear over summer party dresses." And gals, if you're lucky enough to have an old hunk of beige or gray fox lying around, do something with it! Just as chic!

A different sort of divertissement, and much talked about, was the Hawaiian luau for 200 that socialite George Cameron gave on his spacious hill-top lawns, with both Eddie Oliver's band and a Hawaiian outfit strumming Island melodies. A ripple occurred when Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding were inadvertently seated at the same table with Liz's ex: Nicky Hilton. Fortunately, perhaps, this was not one of Nicky's drinking nights. Guests who gorged themselves on exotic food and sipped wonderful rum concoctions included Jane Wooster with John Lindsay; John's ex, Diana Lynn, with Bob Neal; Merle Oberon, back with Dr. Rex Ross; John Carroll, Anita Eckberg; Steve Crane and Kathy Marlowe; the Hoagy Carmichael; Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman.

Then there was producer Bert Freed-lob's (he's Eleanor Parker's ex) goodbye party for Tay Garnett and Mari Aldon, returning to England. Shelley Winters was with John Carroll; Yvonne DeCarlo with Bob Clark; Richard Egan with Diana Mills; Jon Hall with Linda Danson; Jackie Loughery with Vince Edwards. George Raft, Rhonda Fleming, Walter Pidgeon and Casey Robinson were some of the very few who "staged it."

For a good cause, Ciro's was turned into a veritable ranch house when Share, Inc., sparked by Yvonne Hover, Doris Day and a few other gals gave out with a fund-raising whoopee. The place was mobbed with famous people in western attire, and the hatcheck gals were busy checking rifles, guns, sling-shots and ten-gallon lids into a big covered wagon parked outside the cafe! Ann Blyth (who became a Momma a few days later) and Dr. McNulty; Pier Angeli with Allan Pearl; the Gordon MacRaes; Debbie Reynolds; Keefe Brasselle; Ida Lupino and Howard Duff; Lance Fuller with a magazine girl; Miriam Nelson with Neils Larsen; Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean (who say they'll wed the moment "No Business Like Show Business" is finis); Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who panicked everyone, were among the fun-makers.

The Dean Martins tossed a lovely dinner dance to celebrate Dean's birthday—but we'll wait till next time to tell about that one. There were no photos there, anyway, so we'd better get on with events you might learn about meantime. One of these was the unique preview and party M-G-M tossed to show "The Student Prince." Both screening (Continued on page 103)
Magnificent Obsession

With more accent on personal drama and less on a inspirational message, the second film version of the well-known novel is as compelling as the first. Jane Wyman, at her dependable best, playing the courageous heroine who is suddenly widowed and later loses her eyesight. But it is Rock Hudson who makes the stronger impression, as the wealthy, irresponsible young man indirectly at fault in both of Jane's tragedies. Established before this as an action-film hero, Rock shows splendid acting progress. He's convincing both as a cheerful wastrel and as a surgeon dedicated to serving humanity. Secondary to the romance between the reformed Rock and the blinded Jane is a gentle love story teaming Barbara Rush and Gregg Palmer—two young people who've long deserved this good a break.

Sightless, Jane tries to "see" the contours of Rock's face.

On the Waterfront

Marlon Brando has a rewarding assignment in this smashing melodrama, full of the frightening sounds and sights of racket-haunted docks. Through the influence of his brother (Rod Steiger), Marlon has been drawn into the gang headed by Lee J. Cobb. He serves the racketeers until a girl (Eva Marie Saint) and a fighting priest (Karl Malden) awaken his sleeping conscience. Eva's brother is a longshoreman who wanted to expose the crooks dominating his union; Karl takes a searching interest in the problems of his cowed, misled parishioners. The central idea is familiar, but the movie's details and atmosphere are fresh and powerful. Much of it was shot in the metropolitan area of New York City, where explosive headlines have recorded similar situations, not yet resolved.

Moments with Eva Marie Saint help in Marlon's regeneration.

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers

A honey of a musical performance by Jane Powell—her sprightliest so far—takes on added charm from the general buoyancy of this tune-film. It's unusual all the way from the moment Howard Keel, a bearded frontiersman blows into town to shop for provisions—including a wife. Jane, a slavey at the local inn, accepts his proposal. She imagines a quiet life on the farm, alone with her husband. A shock is in store; he has six husky, only half-civilize brothers. Once she gets these boys tamed, each year she has a wife for herself. They take riotous measures to get their girls. Among the brothers are likeable Jeff Richards and Russ Tamblyn—and skilled dancers borrowed from the ballet. The songs are delightful; the dance sequence are done in richly imaginative style.

A rickety bed gives Jane and Howard a wedding-night laugh.

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF NEW FILMS SEE PAGE 29 • BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT FILMS ON PAGE 104 • MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE 1
All the Passion and Pageantry of Knighthood's Epic Age!

The Story of England's Outlaw Knight who pledged his life to save a throne and his love to win the forbidden lips of a kingdom's ravishing beauty!

Universal International presents

THE Black Shield
OF FALWORTH
COLOR BY Technicolor

in CINEMA Scope

starring TONY CURTIS • JANET LEIGH
DAVID FARRAR • BARBARA RUSH • HERBERT MARSHALL
with Torin Thatcher • Daniel O'Herlihy • Rhys Williams

Directed by RUDOLPH MATE • Screenplay by OSCAR BRODNEY • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR and MELVILLE TUCKER
Garden of Evil

Again, a yarn about men hungry for gold provides lusty action entertainment. Bound for California's new discovered lodes, Gary Cooper, Richard Widmark and Cameron Mitchell get side-tracked in Mexico. Susan Hayward offers them money to come to the rescue of her husband (Hugh Marlowe), hurt in an accident at their remote mine. The party's wilderness trek covers savage and beautiful scenes, filmed on location. As a taciturn Texan, Coop shares the hero's stunt with Widmark, who has the choice role. Dick's a gallant, philosophical gambler, with a scoundrelly appearance and gentlemanly instincts. Mitchell's itchy-fingered, craven-hearted gunman. After Susan and her gold mine have set all these personalities to clashin' Indians furnish a gory finale.

The gold craze causes plenty of trouble, Gary warns Susan.

Her Twelve Men

Well, hello, Mrs. Chips! Greer Garson's role in this story of an exclusive school for boys recalls her first Hollywood hit, except that she, rather than her husband, becomes the beloved teacher. With no teaching experience, she is timid about taking on the dozen young hellions of the title. But she finds that these sons of the wealthy are unruly children, usually unwanted at home. A particular probing child is unruly Tim Considine, Barry Sullivan's boy. Greer's problems are complicated by the fact that she's the school's first female teacher, resented by her pupils and by a group of fellow instructors. Robert Ryan. It's a frankly sentimental tale, somehow removed from reality. But the little boy is appealing, and there are pleasant touches of humor. Romance links Greer with both Barry and Bob.

Greer sees to it that neglected Ronald MacDonald gets

Living It Up

"Nothing Sacred," well-remembered movie comedy, lent its plot and its heroine's name to the Broadway play, "Hazel Flagg." Now, with the sexes of the principals reversed, the same story returns to the screen as a rowdy Martin-Lewis farce. Jerry's a wistful small-towner who believes that he has only a short time to live; Dean's an alleged physician who makes the mistaken diagnosis. At Janet Leigh's very pert and smart as the New York newpaper gal who decides Jerry's plight is wonderful headlining material. Off she goes to treat Jerry to a final fling in the big city. The satirical angles of the first movie version are lost, but laughs remain plentiful. (Objection: No illness really funny, but these days radiation poisoning is also as unfunny as you can get.)

With Dean's coaching, Jerry plays invalid to delude Jan.

Gone with the Wind—M-G-M. Directed by Victor Fleming; Gerald O'Hara, Thomas Mitchell, Ellen O'Hara, Barbara O'Neil; Scarlett O'Hara, Vivien Leigh:Scarlett O'Hara, Evelyn Keyes: Carreen O'Hara, Ann Rutherford, Brett Albertson, George Reeves; Stuart Trenkle, Fred Crane; Mammie; Hattie: Dock Todd, Mark Polk, Oscar Polk; Prissy: Butterfly McQueen; Jonas Wilkerson, Victor Jory; Big Sam: Everett Brown; John Wilkes, Howard Hickman; Indiana Wilkes, Aletta Rhet: Ashley Wilkes; Leslie Howard; Melanie Hamilton, Olivia de Havilland; Charles Hamilton, Rand Brooks; Frank Kennedy; Carroll Nye; Rhett Butler; Clark Gable; Aunt Pittypat; Hamilton, Laura Hope Crews; Uncle Peter, Eddie Anderson; Doctor Mearl, Harry Davenport; Mrs. Meade, Leona Roberts; Mrs. Merrivert, Jane Darwell; Bele Wathen, Ona Munson.

Her Two Men—M-G-M. Directed by Robert E. Leonard: Jack Stewart, Greer Garson; Joe Harrigan, Robert Ryan; Richard Y. Oliver, Sr., Barry Sullivan; Dr. Accord Barret, Richard Haydn; Barbara Stanwyck, Barbara Lawrence; Ralph Munroe; James Arness; Homer Curtiss, Rex Thompson; Richard Y. Oliver, Jr., Tim Considine.

Horizon's Choice—U.A. Directed by David Lean; Henry Harles Hobson, Charles Laughton; Ashley Wilkes, Robert Montgomery, Alec Guinness; Wotey Cook, Janet Leigh; The Mayor; Edward Arnold; Oliver Stone, Fred Clark; Jitterbug Dancer, Sheree North.

Magnificent Obsession—U-I. Directed by Douglas Sirk; Helen Phillips, Jane Wyman; Bob Merrick, Rock Hudson; Joyce Phillips, Barbara Rush; Nancy Acker, Agnes Moorehead; Randolph Scott, Otto Kruger; Tom Masterson, Gregg Palmer; Valerie, Sara Shane, Dr. Girard, Paul Cavanagh.

Mr. Hulot's Holiday—G. B. D. Internationale. Directed by Jacques Tati: Mr. Hulot, Jacques Tati; Martine, Nathalie Pascual; The Aunt, Michelle Rolla; The Old Maid, Valentine Gagne; The Boatman, Louis Perreault; The Colonel, Andre Dubois; The Hotel Proprietor, Lucien Fregis; The Waiter, Raymond Carl.

On the Waterfront—Columbia. Directed by Elia Kazan; Terry Malloy, Marlon Brando; Father Barry, Karl Malden; Johnny Friendly, Lee J. Cobb; Charlie the Gent, Rod Steiger; K.O. Doggett, Pat Hingle; Edie, Eva Marie Saint; Joey Doyle, John Finnegan; Jimmy Collins, Art Keggie; Moose, Ruby Rand; Luder, Don Blackman; Mitty, John Ireland; Brand; Pop Doyle, John Hamilton; Big Mac, James Westerfield; "J. P.", Morgan, Barry MacCollum; Glover, Leif Erickson; Tony Galento, Tami Mauriello, Abe Simon, Fred Gwynne, Mike O'Dowd.

Outlaw Stallion—The—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears; David Wayne, Phil Carey; Mary Saunders, Dorothy Patrick; Danny Saunders, Billy Gray; Hagen, Roy Roberts; Wagner, Gordon Jones; Rio, Trevor Bardette; Sheriff Fred Pomeroy, Morris Ankrum.

Ring of Fear—Warners. Directed by Edward Hays: Clyde Beatty, Frank Wallace, Pat O'Brien; Mickey Mack, Sean McClory; Eddie St. Denis, Marian Carr; Armstong St. Denis, John Bozold; Gonzales-Gonzalez; Jane Tracy; Tubby, Emmett Lynn.

Royal Tour of Queen Elizabeth and Philip, The—20th. Supervised by Sir Gordon Craig; documentary.

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers—M-G-M. Directed by Stanley Donen; Adam: Howard Keel; Benjamin; Jeff Richards; Gideon; Russ Tamblyn; Frenchy; Tommy Dall; Daniel; Marc Platt; Caleb; Max; Matthew; Claire Deane; Jacobs; Helen; Sammy; Jane Powell; Dorca; Julie Newmar; Alice; Nancy Kilduff; Jean; Betty Casa; Lilla Gibson; Ruth, Ruta Kelmon; Martha; Nora Doggett.


Valley of the Kings—M-G-M. Directed by Robert Florey; Mark Brand, Robert Taylor, John Wayne, Ralph Morgan; Eleanor Parker; Philip Miller, Carlos Thompson; Haned Hanem Hunkin; Kurt Kasznar; Tyrone Power; India, Leon Askin; Father Anthonius; Al Aljimi; Dancer, Sammy Gual.


Costs of Current Pictures


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Wear it from dawning to dancing, wash it in seconds—see how fast it dries! At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

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You put away your furs, your wools, your winter clothes in the summertime. Why should you tie yourself to something as hot, as uncomfortable, as unnecessary as the whole bulky belt-pin-pad harness?

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Think what a difference that makes to your vacation and week-end plans. You feel you can plan anything, go anywhere, anytime! A whole month's supply of Tampax goes into your purse, offers no packing problem. And Tampax is so easy to dispose of.


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By SHIRLEY THOMAS Hollywood Correspondent for NBC-Radio

It started in a drugstore, where so many stories of two young people begin. It was the familiar pattern: an unknown boy and girl making believe they are famous, making believe the chocolate soda is champagne.

She was a model, doing all right. There were weeks when it looked as wonderful, exciting and glamorous as she had hoped it would be, but there were too many times when it seemed that she would never make the grade, when she could jingle her bank account in the palm of her hand. After a dreary day of trudging from agency to agency, from one photographer to the next, without success, she would stop at the midtown drugstore and have a soda before going to her tiny room to dream.

By coincidence, she was usually served by the same handsome, forceful young man. At first, their relationship was limited to the conventional "How are you today?" and "Nice weather we're having." Since she came in at a slack time of day, he was free to talk—and soon they were exchanging tales of hardship and dreams of the future. He had been having such little luck landing a job in the theatre as she was in setting the modeling world aflame. It won't always be like this, they told each other—and believed it, as young people will.

Then, in a whirlwind series of unexpected events, she was plucked out of anonymity, whisked away to Hollywood, given intensive private dramatic lessons by a leading producer-director and launched into sudden prominence of movie fame. Overnight, with only one picture, she was a star. Studios clamored for her services, tempting roles were offered to her. Still, she remembered her soda-serving friend. At parties, when executives talked about the need for fresh talent, for new faces she would tell of the impression this young man had made on her.

"Oh, we're sure he's quite a man, they would say, and add, smiling, "but after all, a soda jerk..."

Meanwhile, he had been able to get a small role on Broadway, then another and then a good part—and finally, he, too, was brought to the movie capital. But success was not to be sudden. He suffered through second leads and small roles. He didn't call his friend, because she might think him presumptuous. He thought he needed work, might offer him something out of pity rather than because of his talent.

One day he made his mark. It took one movie, the right one. Soon after he became a star, the trade papers an movie columnists announced that the boy and the girl would be the leads in a big new picture. The workers on the set, the first day of production, couldn't understand why these two rushed into each other with such broad smiles.

But then they didn't know that the model was Lauren Bacall and the soda jerk was Kirk Douglas.
George Sanders’ caustic quip about the $100,000 a month starlet that failed to light up the New York stage.

“After the first time in history three eggs laid one egg.”

Dorothy Shay is telling it:

A group of Boy Scouts helped out by dressing as wounded citizens in a mock air raid. The first-aid squad got behind on its schedule and one little Cub scout waited to be rescued for over an hour. When the squad finally arrived, they found a note where the boy should have been. It read: “I had to go home so I died.”

Groucho Marx walked into a noisy movie-theater night club. The hostess asked him to sit. Groucho rumbled at the deafening din and said: “Across the street.”

Overheard at the Palm Springs Biltmore:

“He’s such an egotist he’s always meep in conversation.”

An Irma-brained starlet was asked if she had seen “Annapurna,” the movie about mountain climbing.

“I don’t think so,” she replied. “You see me of those Italian glamour girls and you’ve seen them all.”

It’s Phil Silvers’ theory:

“When a woman can’t get the man she wants, heaven help the man she gets.”

Susan Hayward’s wordage about Mexican women after a southern of the border trip:

“They’re just like American men—always thinking about just one thing—how late is.”

Ed Wynn says: “There’s only one time man should marry a woman for her money—when he can’t get it any other way.”

Sign on a bebopper’s tombstone: “Don’t Dig Me Now—I’m Real Gone.”

During Marlon Brando’s suspension for refusing to appear in “The Egyptian,” Jerry Lewis sent this telegram to Darryl Zanuck, producer of the delayed film:

“Why worry about Brando? I look stunning in a toga, have own Sphinx, will rave.”

When coffee was $1.10 a pound in Hollywood, Pinky Lee announced a celebration: “I’m going to buy my wife a mink stole and a five-pound can of coffee.”

A damsels in a nudist colony, it’s being said, saw a photo of Marilyn Monroe in a bikini bathing suit and hissed: “Clothes horse!”

After a visit to Las Vegas, Donald O’Connor and Sidney Miller came up with a new song parody: “Take My Hand, I’m a Stranger to a Pair of Dice.”

Title for the autobiography of an egotistical actress: “The ME Around Us.”

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

LAUGHING STOCK

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Valley of the Kings

Out of history and science springs a tale of high adventure in a series of magnificent locales. Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker, Carlos Thompson and other members of the cast journeyed to Egypt to film the exotic story. Bob’s an unscholarly-seeming archaeologist, a tough character who likes liquor and the ladies. As the daughter of an archaeologist, Eleanor wants to carry out her late father’s mission: to find the tomb of the Pharaoh who ruled when Joseph was in Egypt, in the hope that it will hold writings to corroborate the Old Testament story. Of course, these tombs also contain gold and gems of fabulous value, for centuries the prey of robbers. Carlos, Eleanor’s husband, is a dealer in art objects, and Bob suspects him of dealing in hot antiquities. The trio’s search for the lost tomb has all the excitement of a detective story, with gunplay and general skulduggery at every turn. There’s the added drama of a love triangle in these romantic, ancient settings. Though the story’s period is 1900, recent headline discoveries in Egypt give it strong current interest.

The Unconquered

The story of Helen Keller, one of the most remarkable women of our time, has been recorded in a documentary film that would move any audience to tears. And yet it is not a sad picture. Miss Keller is seen first at home, as she is today, then (in still photographs) as a beautiful child and young girl. At the age of two, an illness left her totally deaf and blind, in a solitary world of her own. But a wise and loving teacher managed to communicate with the little girl, to help her become finally a highly educated woman, whose life has been dedicated to serving the world’s handicapped. Miss Keller is seen meeting the famous from Mark Twain to President Eisenhower. She is even seen, her dignity unimpaired, starring in a rather ridiculous silent movie. But the most inspiring sequences reveal how she lives and works today. The face of Helen Keller at seventy-four is unforgettable—eager and serenely happy.

Hobson’s Choice

Charles Laughton makes one of his welcome and now rare movie appearances in a warm and witty British comedy. He’s a pompous bootmaker in northern England around the turn of the century, a widower who bullies his three unmarried daughters. The oldest, smoothly portrayed by statuesque Brenda de Banzie, rebels and proves she’s as formidable a personality as her old man. She drags on John Mills, a humble worker in the shop, to marry her. Because he has a special gift for making fine shoes, she sets him up in business in opposition to her father. Then she maneuveres Laughton into furnishing dowersies for her two younger sisters, so they can marry the men they love.

The Vanishing Prairie

The second of Walt Disney’s feature-length, live-action nature studies is even more amazing than the first ("The Living Desert"). This is a picture of America’s great plains as they must have looked before the white man or the Indian roamed there. Again we find a wonderful mixture of drama and comedy in the daily lives of wild creatures: the mating dance of the whooping cranes; the sinister grace of a mountain lion on the prowl; the bravado of a prairie dog angrily trying to chase a buffalo away from its burrow.

Mr. Hulot’s Holiday

Here’s a mad, completely off-beat French movie, calculated to please special tastes. Some of its talk is in French, some in English; but in effect it’s a silent movie. Its sound track makes amusing use of voices, along with sounds and music, but its humor is chiefly in terms of action. Jacques Tati is the happy, hapless Mr. Hulot, who arrives in his wheezing jalopy at a seaside resort, cheerfully intent on having a good time. Everything doublecrosses him: A boat gently folds up in the middle as he’s paddling around; a horse refuses to cooperate when he wants to accompany a pretty girl on a canter. The picture has literally no plot at all; it’s constructed more like a piece of music, with the antics of various eccentric vacationers as recurring themes.

The Royal Tour of Queen Elizabeth and Philip

On CinemaScope’s ample screen, ideal for a travelogue, movie-goers are taken along with Britain’s royal couple on their air and sea trip to various outposts of the Commonwealth, from Australia to Gibraltar. The picture isn’t as impressive, as full of patriotic feeling and historical meaning as the movie record of Elizabeth’s coronation. Still, it should satisfy any would-be traveler who can only dream of faraway places.

Ring of Fear

A three-ring circus, also a logical subject for CinemaScope, here becomes the background for a suspense melodrama. The Clyde Beatty Circus is featured, with the noted animal trainer playing himself and Pat O’Brien stepping in as manager. Another real-life celebrity cast as himself, Mickey Spillane, is called upon to unravel the mystery of the “accidents” that have begun to plague the show. However, the audience is in on the solution from the start: Sean McClory, a homicidal maniac who’s escaped from an asylum, has returned to his old job as ringmaster and is paying off a grudge against Beatty. McClory also has designs on aerialist Marian Carr, an ex-sweetheart of his, now happily wed to her partner, John Bromfield.

The Outlaw Stallion

Mountain vistas and a lot of handsome horseflesh in action are the main attractions of this modest Western. Over the objections of his pretty young mother (Dorothy Patrick), Billy Gray is eager to capture and break a white stallion, leader of a wild herd, even though his father was killed by a wild horse. Neighbor Phil Carey endangers his courtship of the widow by taking the boy’s side in the argument. The story’s complicated by a gang of ornery “horse-runners.”

Gone with the Wind

The famous epic of the Civil War, originally released in 1939, is being officially revived this summer. No movie-goer should miss it, and many will want to see it again. Its characters have become almost legendary in the history of Hollywood: Vivien Leigh’s spirited, often unscrupulous Scarlett O’Hara sheltered Southern belle who fights courageously for existence when her civilization lies in ruins around her; Clark Gable’s swaggering Rhett Butler, blockade-runner.
I would like to know the name of the man who played Dunn in “Riot in Cell Block 11.” How old is he?

Marian Theile
Glen Ellyn, Illinois

Thirty-three-year-old Neville Brand played the leader of rioting convicts.—ED.

Would you please tell me why... we never see pictures of Susan Hayward, June Allyson and Shelley Winters in bathing suits or shorts? ... Could you also tell me how old June Allyson and Barbara Stanwyck are?

Terry Barnhart
Sherkston, Ontario

Many established stars tend to resist photographs which class as “cheesecake.” June is 30; Barbara is a young 4. —ED.

Who was the actor who played Johnny, the young soldier, in “Night People”? Let’s see more of him.

M. S.
Wilmington, Delaware

That newcomer, Ted Avery.—ED.

I would like some information on the handsome actor who played Phillippe in “Thunder Bay.” Who is he and where may I obtain a photo of him?

Ruby Fujita
Ewa, Hawaii

His name is Robert Monet, and you may write him c/o Universal-International.—ED.

I have just seen “The Glenn Miller Story” and it was... wonderful. Please tell me what happened to Mrs. Miller after his death. Did she remarry? I know many people are interested... since he had so many fans.

Janet Mann
Kansas City, Missouri

Since her husband’s death, Mrs. Miller has led a secluded life in San Martino, California with her two children. She has not remarried. She did act as an adviser for some of the more personal sequences during the filming of the story.—ED.

Exactly what part did Marilyn Monroe play in “All about Eve”?...

Ruth Bon Fleur
Daytona Beach, Florida

Marilyn had a brief role as one of the guests at Betty Davis’ birthday party in the picture.—ED.

There’s a real terrific gal over at M-G-M by the name of Debbie Reynolds. This chick is no square. Her looks are the coolest, her singing and dancing the gonset and her acting the sheerest. As the title of one of her movies says, “Give a Girl a Break.” Put our pint-size stick of dynamite in a movie that will really turn the goods to solids and make the critics say, “Man, where have we been?”

This gal’s got the most, to say the least. How old is she?

Pokey
Toledo, Ohio

Twenty-two.—ED

I thought Columbia was going to make “Not as a Stranger.” Now I hear that it will be United Artists. Please set me straight.

A. G.
Brooklyn, New York

Stanley Kramer will produce it for United Artists—not for Columbia, as Photoplay stated last month.—ED

No other hairdressing leaves hair so natural looking...

Gives your hair healthy-looking glow ...relieves dryness

See! You feel more romantic already! ... No other hairdressing adds so much sheer beauty to your hair! For only SUAVE contains amazing non-greasy Curtisol ... relieves dryness, frizz, split ends. So good for your hair! Keeps it in place ... lovely to behold all day long!

Gives your hair that “cared for” look...

Without oily after-film

(Suddenly be a new interest in you!)

(You look prettier than you have in months!)

HELENE CURTIS

the HAIRDRESSING
women prefer 7 to 1

2 forms, lotion, or creme (in jars),
50¢ to $1 (plus tax)

*TRADEMARK
That
Ivory
Look

Young America has it...
You can have it in 7 days!

Babies have That Ivory Look . . . Why shouldn’t you?
Doctors everywhere advise mild, mild Ivory Soap for
the most delicate skin of all—a baby’s skin. And it’s
this mildness—this reliable, reassuring mildness—that
makes Ivory so right for your complexion, too. Shouldn’t
you be using Ivory Soap?

In one week—That Ivory Look for you!
Just start cleansing your skin regularly,
using pure, mild Ivory Soap. In one week
you’ll see a look that’s as beautiful as all
outdoors — clearer, fresher, brighter —
you’ll have That Ivory Look.

More doctors advise Ivory
than any other soap!

99⅔% pure...it floats
“The sparks began to fly,” in Arlene Dahl’s own words, when she first met Fernando Lamas, working with him in his M-G-M screen test. But he was then only separated from his Lydia, and Arlene refused to date him. Later, when Arlene’s interlude as Mrs. Lex Barker was over, when the romance of Lana Turner and Lamas reached a fireworks finale, Arlene and Fernando finally got together. Of a certain idyllic weekend, he said, “In Palm Springs you can touch the stars. We touched a few.” Gossips said Fernando was suffering from headline hunger and wounded ego, assuaging both by romancing Lex’s luscious ex. But a year of steady dating went by before the sparks died and the stars blinked out—or seemed to. Maybe the absent treatment worked. Arlene went on a trip to Spain. After she came back to begin “A Woman’s World” at 20th, the stars shone again. On her ring finger Fernando put a diamond-circled five-carat diamond—joined by a golden wedding band.
Neither Janet Leigh nor her pet pooch Houdina will forget that last day of work on the M-G-M lot!

Rhonda Fleming nearly died at big bonus offered if she’d change from redhead to black. But she didn’t dye!

INSIDE STUFF

Glamour Gams: Rhonda Fleming has brains to match her beauty, which is why she refused to become a black-haired senorita in an important European movie. Even a five-thousand-dollar bonus couldn’t induce her to dye the famous red hair that’s become her trade mark in Hollywood. But Debra Paget, who became a carrot-colored blond, had to acquire a new wardrobe to complement her new personality. She displays strapless bare shoulders for all occasions, including luncheon in the studio commissary. Debbie’s two favorite models are ice blue and violet organza worn with endless petticoats. Cyd Charisse is an eye-stopper anywhere, and especially as seen above in green. She loves red, too—and her lipstick-red summer cotton, worn when she and Tony Martin vacationed in the Virgin Islands, stopped traffic! Cyd’s startling red outfit has a tiered skirt, halter neck and comes complete with cover-up jacket that converts it into a dinner dress. The Tony Martins guest spot in M-G-M’s “Deep in My Heart” but they never appeared in the same scene or even worked on the lot the same day.

Vacation: Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis got that dream vacation in Boston—except the studio put Tony into “Five Bridges to Cross” and he had to work on location! After eight eventful years at M-G-M, Jan decided to free-lance and her last day on the lot was so typical of Hollywood. With pet pooch
Cyd Charisse turned heads, stopped traffic when she and Tony Martin went on Virgin Islands vacation.

A trip to romantic Rome, where she made "Three Coins in a Fountain," put Jean Peters in a marrying mood.

Houdina, wearing a diamond-studded velvet collar, she posed for Christmas cover art—on the hottest day of the year! . . . Indefatigable Marge and Gower Champion finished their last number with Betty Grable in "Three for the Show" on Friday and started shooting "Jupiter's Darling" with Esther Williams on Saturday. Next stop—a cross-country concert tour. Cute story concerns Marge, who always reads local gossip columns. "It says here," she (Continued on page 92).
It was born of a small boy's heartache and a mother's prayers—and the wisdom of a woman close to earth. Its name is faith.

Yes, from your German-Swiss grandmother you get faith and assurance that no matter how dark the night—the dawn finally will come and the harvest will be here.

You will need this faith—and your mother's prayers—to chart your course through the dark rainy days to come, to guide you through years of discouragement, illness, accidents and poverty. Through your years, Rock Hudson—This Is Your Life.

Turn with us as we turn back the pages in the book of time to the beginning of this boy, whose dreams and ambition—flanked by faith—have carried him right to the top in his chosen career.

It's November 17, 1925. A son is born to a garage-man in Winnetka, Illinois, and his pretty wife, Kay.

Continued
You weigh 5½ pounds and you’re 27 inches long—so thin the nurse wraps your shirt around you to keep it on. But you’re a big noise even now—according to that nurse, Pearl Scherer, today Superintendent of Nurses at Deaconese Hospital, St. Louis, Missouri—and your own Aunt Pearl.

"Yes, he was. Ralph. I was right there, and I’ve loved him like my own son ever since. His leg was broken in an accident when he was six months old, but Roy was the best-natured baby through it all. My nephew deserves everything good that has come to him. He’s always been a good boy and a hard worker. And I’m not surprised at the name he’s made. From the way Roy squalled the night he was born, I knew then he’d make himself heard as he went through life."

Your Aunt Pearl had you pegged right from the start. And we’re going through the early years of your life right now, to 1929 and a four-year-old who’s devoted to a dog named ‘Crystal.’ You have the widest grin and the most engaging Buster-Brown bob in town, and the relatives shed a tear when your hair is cut this year.

It’s 1931. You’re six years old—a very sensitive six—and you’re deeply hurt when your parents separate. Your mother, heavy-hearted, can’t tell you why. She goes to work, determined to be both mother and father to you.

The years between seven and ten are tough, hard years for you. Roy Fitzgerald. Your mother works as a waitress, a baby-sitter, at whatever other work she can find. You take a paper route and you’re paid seventy-five cents a week at a neighborhood grocery store after school, carrying packages out to cars for customers. But there comes a day when your mother’s out of work, when there are no more pennies in the cookie jar and no food in the cupboard. A day your mother, Mrs. Joseph Olsen, now happily married and living in Arcadia, California, will never forget.

“We lived for a whole week on potatoes and bread, Ralph. But the hardest part for me during times like this was not having a dime to give Roy for the weekly movie at the Community Theatre, where all the other youngsters went on Friday nights. I didn’t tell my family how tough things were for us, but one day Roy’s Uncle Jim came by around meal time. ‘Is this all you have to eat?’ he demanded. Without another word, he went to the store and came back with a basket overflowing with everything, including candy for Roy. This was a real celebration.”

But there are fun days through childhood too, Roy, when you visit the farm of your grandparents, Lena and Theodore Scherer, near Olney, Illinois. Like any kid, you love the farm. You’re a busy little man there—gathering eggs, helping feed the cows, watching them work in the fields and pumping the player-piano in the parlor—pumping and pumping—learning the words as they roll by. And from your grandmother you learn the song of the land, of seed and sun and storm, of green-growing things and the harvest to come.

Back in Winnetka, when times are finally too tough to weather, you and your mother live with your Irish grandmother, Mary Ellen Wood, whose Victorian abode also harbors your aunt and uncle and their four children during these crucial years. From her you learn laughter. For all her years, she loves to (Continued on page 98)
In '47, truck driver Rock met agent Henry Willson, was given film test. In '48, he got first bit part. 1952, Rock, now a star, is introduced to British royalty at Command Performance in England.

The years roll by—Rock is in a strange and exciting new world. His faith—cornerstoned on an Illinois farm—is to be tested many times.

Among his mother's souvenirs: Rock's Navy discharge papers and the Mother's Day card he sent her while on duty in the Pacific.

Rock's Magnificent Obsession has paid off. The faith his mother and grandmother taught him has brought him even further than his dreams.

Rock's a long way from Winnetka now! But he's still the sincere, small-town type the girls go for. Vera-Ellen is first Hollywood romance.

Merry, infectious laughter introduced script girl Betty Abbott to Rock, led to firm friendship that has come to mean a great deal to him.
The pool looked so inviting... "Why don't we go in before we get started," suggested Lori. Deb, armed with paint, had gone strangely deaf!

Mixing paint's fun when everyone gets into the act. "Hey! we don't want the grass painted," said Deb—and fled from indignant brush fiends!

"You should see the food Mom's preparing for lunch," called Deb, coming out of the house. Smart girl! The gang lost no time getting to work.

The water's fine after working in the sun, "Who left this paint here?" asks Deb. "Why," quipped John grinning, "we thought it was water color!"

"I thought you girls only used paint on your face," kids Race. Lori, it seems, not only painted the fence, but covered most of herself as well.

"No fair pushing," Deb tells John. The Reynolds' home is rarely quiet on weekends, the pool is usually full to overflowing with Deb's pals.
That's that," said Debbie Reynolds' father—and stepped back to admire the picket fence he'd just finished building. "All it needs now is a coat of paint." "I'll do it," said Debbie. But then she became involved with a leading role in M-G-M's "Athena." And nights were always too dark—and the weekends too full of friends using the backyard pool! "I've got it!" said Debbie, finally. "We'll have a fence-painting party," The gang—Lori Nelson, Race Gentry, Sheila Connolly, Bob Dix, John and Milly Ericson and Frank Yapp—a high-school friend home on leave from the Navy—were ready and willing. Solemnly they surveyed the fence, put on their bathing suits—and went for a swim in the pool! It took some effort, but finally Debbie got the kids back onto dry land and into the front yard. Her father, looking out of the window a few minutes later, sighed with relief. "I was beginning to think I'd have to sneak out at dawn and do the job myself," he told his wife, grinning.

In spite of occasional fooling around, the fence was finished in an hour-and-a-half! And Deb's paint-happy gang raced back to the pool where a mountain of food was waiting for them.

When it came time to go home, John Ericson issued an invitation. "Come to our house next Sunday." Debbie grinned. "Milly mentioned it earlier . . . said something about how the windows needed washing!"

Soon all was quiet around the Reynolds' house. Mom was starting dinner, Debbie was going over her script. Dad? He was out in the yard—finishing up the places the party had missed!

JOHN ERICSON IS IN M-G-M'S "GREEN FIRE." • RACE GENTRY, IN U-L'S "BLACK HORSE CANYON." • LORI NELSON, IN U-L'S "DESTRY." • BOB DIX, IN M-G-M'S "JUPITER'S DARLING." DEBBIE REYNOLDS, IN M-G-M'S "ATHENA"
Marty Melcher, her husband, has a lot to do with the way Doris feels these days. "Life," she says, "gets better every day. Too many people look back on past years with regret. It's a mistake. Take them as they come and that's the fullest life there is!"

Happiness is like money in the bank, says Doris Day. It adds up with the years!

About the chipperest little character in the movie business is Doris Day, a freckled-faced party who has nothing but the warmest sentiments for the whole universe and who is worth to her employers roughly what oil is to Standard Oil.

It has been reported of Miss Day—and with the greatest affection and respect—that in the past few years she has deliberately and successfully sought a balanced and happy existence built on a strong faith.

"There's no doubt," she said recently, "it gets better as it goes along."

"Life?" I asked.

"Of course," said Miss D. "I'm happy now, every living day. So how can I help but be happy in the future? I figure that by the time I'm eighty, I'll hardly be able to stand it. Happiness, I mean. It's like money in the bank, it adds up with the years!"

Meanwhile, until that long-distant day, Doris Day is the possessor of the nicest working philosophy of the 1954 season, which she expresses very well.

"My childhood was very happy," she says. "And don't think for a moment that I'm compensating for anything. But—this is true, I know it is—life opens up like a flower as you live it. You keep learning and developing and discovering new avenues for happiness. And each year is better than the ones you left behind. All those past years were great—then. But the new ones are greater. And that's true because you're older. You see what I mean, don't you? It follows an interlocking pattern. Life has to be this way, doesn't it? It's a logical sequence."

This kind of optimistic (Continued on page 76)
THE GUY WITH THE GRIN
Few people know the real Bill Holden.  
Or the power behind  
that engaging grin. For it took  
more than personal  
charm to bring home the Oscar!

The Holdens, with Oscar he won for “Stalag 17,” have been married thirteen years. He’s currently in “Sabrina”

• “Ardis and I try,” Bill Holden once remarked to an interviewer, “to lead a sensible sort of life.”

Now, the idea of trying to live sensibly is one which simply wouldn't occur to some Hollywood stars. Live gloriously, live excitingly, live dangerously—yes. But live sensibly? Who wants to? Sounds dull.

The Bill Holdens don't find it dull at all. For them, it is a richly satisfying way of life.

The Academy Award winner, star of “Executive Suite” and the soon-to-be-released “Bridges of Toko-Ri,” and his beautiful wife celebrated their thirteenth anniversary last July 13. Theirs is one of Hollywood’s good marriages. In this world, of course, nothing is certain, but it would be hard for anyone who knows these two at all well to doubt that they’ll be together to celebrate their 23rd and 33rd and—God willing—their 43rd anniversaries just as happily.

Not just because they are still in love. They are, but marriages have been known to crack while the two principal parties were still deeply in love. Especially is this true in Hollywood, land of temperament and ego. Nor are Bill and Ardis, whose professional name was Brenda Marshall in the days before she gave up her acting career, lacking in these self-same qualities. But they do, both of them, have the emotional maturity to realize that lasting happiness doesn’t drop into your hand like a ripe peach from the tree, but must be worked for, planned for, even sacrificed for.

They’ve done all three.

It was back in 1939 when Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall met. Bill was twenty-one, and it was barely a year since he’d crashed stardom with his first picture, “Golden Boy.” Handsome and talented, he was getting the standard treatment for promising (Continued on page 39)
The farm, home-place of June Allyson and her Richard, is a two-story New England farmhouse, built of fieldstone and stout oak, solid and beautiful, sitting in its 58 acres that includes a private lake atop a mountain in Mandeville Canyon, some few miles from Beverly Hills.

In the spacious living room, done in highly polished maple with antique copper utensils, a yellow love seat faces the tremendous stone fireplace. On this love seat Richard loves to take his ease. And on Richard’s lap, as he takes his ease, June loves to take hers. In moments of excitement, elation, doubt, depression or just because “It is my favorite sitting place,” June can usually be found—curled, kitten-size, on Richard’s lap.

The other evening, a matter of weeks ago, June leaped up to answer the telephone on the small bar to the right of the fireplace.

“Oh, Harry!” Richard heard her say, her furry voice rising to a lilt. “I don’t believe it, I just don’t believe it!”—and then the receiver was hung up and there was a rush across the room and June was on Richard’s lap again saying, “Oh, Richard, guess what—Jose Ferrer wants me to play his wife in ‘The Shrike!’ That was Harry, Harry (Continued on page 80)
I
n 1951, Tab Hunter played a gangling, love-sick kid in the Marines. Now, three years later, he is still in the Marines. But, what a difference! When excerpts were shown of some of Tab's love scenes in "Battle Cry," Hollywood gasped out loud. Here was no bumbling kid, but a mature young actor with an exciting quality few had expected from blond, boyish Tab. In his scenes with his boyhood sweetheart (Mona Freeman), Tab portrays all the emotions of youth matured too early by war. As Mona says to Tab, "You're strange . . . as if I didn't know you."

In this poignant love scene from "Battle Cry," the problems of youth in war are symbolized—for Mona has become an adult before her time, too, and with a woman's instinct she fights for a moment's happiness when her man returns home for two short weeks. Tab and Mona drive to the beach where they had once spent so many happy hours together in their untroubled childhood. Now, as adults, they face this new world they live in. And though for a moment they are innocent boy and girl again, Mona, wading in the water, is no longer the girl Tab used to tease. Mona is the woman Tab loves.

Though Tab scored a hit in his first picture, "Island of Desire," it was nearly two years before he made another film, "Gun Belt." But although in the last three years Tab has appeared in only four films, his amazing fan following has remained loyal to him. Meanwhile, he took dramatic lessons, studied everything he could to improve his acting while he was waiting for his big chance.

This, most people believe, will be "Battle Cry."
a photoplay exclusive

LOVE SCENE

Tub Hunter and Mona Freeman in scenes from Warners' "Battle Cry"
Baching it with father is fun, decides Chris. While Barbara's away, her mother is taking care of Jeff and their son.

Before Barbara and Jeff married, they discussed problems of separate careers, including location trips that might part them.

Stardom came overnight. Now Barbara Rush is far from home. But there is no fear for her marriage. For when opportunity knocked, it was Jeff who opened the door.

Happy, healthy, well-adjusted Chris is not at all disturbed by fact that he's stuck with a pair of movie-star parents!

Barbara was on location in Ireland, with the important role of "Aga" in "Captain Lightfoot." Yet if the decision to go or not to go had been up to Barbara alone, she would have been in California—Mrs. Jeffrey Hunter, housewife, tenderly caring for little Christopher, almost two, and caring nothing about the movie business, ex-
cept as it concerned her husband. It was Jeff who took command at a crisis in Barbara's life. It was Jeff who made up her mind for her. That's why she went to Ireland. That's why she is now a star.

Every marriage is individual, but this one has been extra-special, in a class apart, from its beginning. Before she met Jeff, Barbara had never really been in love. When she was in college, men were mighty scarce at the University of California, as they were on every other campus in a country at war. Working with the University Players and later with the Pasadena Playhouse, she was very active in the USO. Many a soldier there was charmed at first sight of her dark, slender beauty. "But I was too involved in acting," Barbara recalls. "I wasn't interested in marriage."

Then, new in movies, she met Jeff, also a beginning actor. And her work became not a barrier, but a link between them. "We were nothing," Barbara says frankly. "And we were both tremendously excited about being in motion pictures." Well, even love can't make you forget such a big part of your life. To an outsider, each of them might have seemed to be two people: Barbara, the girl in love, and Barbara Rush, the eager starlet; Hank McKinnie, the man in love, and Jeffrey Hunter, hopefully beginning a new career with his new name. But to Barbara and Hank-Jeff, each (Continued on page 78)
Here, in the warm words of friendship, is the real ANNE BLYTH
When I painted the portrait of my good friend Ann Blyth McNulty to accompany this story in Photoplay, she had something less than two months to wait for her first baby.

Ann has always been a beautiful girl but in those last weeks before her child was to be born she was particularly radiant, aglow—as many pregnant women are when they have yearned for children and are at last fulfilled—with something more than mere physical beauty. It was as if her very soul were shining.

On that night, Ann showed me the wonderful blue and yellow nursery she has created, delightedly pointing out the blue wallpaper with silver angels, the fluffs of pale yellow curtains at the gabled windows. And one by one she took out the wonderful little things she had prepared for her firstborn, the glamorous presents from all the gay showers, the more practical essentials which she had shopped for herself. She was so excited!

There’s no time for any wife, of course, more thrilling than the months before she gives birth to her first child. I remember that myself. The later times are happy times, too, but once the first miracle is over, you can be more matter of fact the second time, or the third, or the fourth. Even so I’ve never seen a mother-to-be quite like Ann. It was completely in character, of course. I’ve never known a girl quite like her, under any circumstances.

Most women who have had Ann’s brilliant success and acclaim could be forgiven, I think, for being just a little bit cynical, just a touch jaded. But not Ann. That’s the really wonderful thing about her. She greets each new life experience with almost childlike wonder, enthusiasm and sheer bubbling joy.

This is why, when we met quite casually at some big, impersonal industry affair seven and a half years ago, I felt a sudden sense of affinity with this girl. And that feeling of closeness has grown with the years. We have never worked together, have never, as a matter of fact, worked at the same studio at the same time. But we have had a close, warm friendship all these years, a rare kind of friendship in this fiercely competitive town of ours.

We have held nothing back from one another, so I knew long ago, many years before she found her Dr. Jim McNulty and married him in one of the most moving wedding ceremonies I have ever seen, that what Ann wanted more than anything else in the world was a husband, a home of her own and children. Lots of children. I already had much of what Ann wanted even then, because Paul and I had been married for several months when we first met Ann. Little Paul already was on his way. And we had our first Home of Our Own. (All of you who have acquired it will know why I use the capitals.) We had what Ann wanted most. She didn’t envy what we had—envy is just not a part of her make-up—but she valued it. And because she valued it and we valued it, we wanted it for her.

I worried a lot about Ann in those early years of our friendship. I wonder if she knows how much.

She was working so hard at her career that I was afraid she was almost putting off her personal life. (Continued on page 38)
WIN a Present

For the girl who wants to stay in the glamour swim, Jeanne Crain's gift is a figure-flattering bathing suit by Rose-Marie Reid.

Need storage space for trousseau dreams? Suzan Ball has the perfect gift for the lucky winner—a beautiful Lane Cedar Chest.

Collectors' item: Here's an exciting prize for young moderns—an original painting by talented Tony Curtis, signed by the artist.

If the ordinary alarm clocks alarm you, here's just the present for you—from Lex Barker. A gracefully designed Sylvania Clock Radio.
Stern

from a Star

See the following pages for details of contest.

Triple treat: From Rhonda Fleming, a year’s supply of Pond’s “Ever-So-Red” lipstick with matching dress and coat.

Put your wits to work and you’ll have a chance to travel in style if you win this Samsonite luggage from Susan Cahot.

Piper Laurie’s gift—year’s supply of Cutex “Cute Tomata” nail polish, with ripe red jacket, “Cute Tomata” pants.

Every puff’s a pleasure! For the guy who likes to relax with a pipe, Race Gentry will send this Kaywoodie pipe.

This one’s for the boys; Jeff Chandler prefers plaid sport shirts—personally chose this as his gift to some lucky guy.

Twill be a great day for the Irish! Rock Hudson, in Ireland for “Captain Lightfoot,” is mailing a shillelagh!

Continued on next page
WIN a Present from a Star

Continued

• At Universal-International Studios, young players are given a chance to prove they have what it takes to be a star. Now this studio is giving Photoplay readers a chance—to win fifty wonderful prizes. So send in that winning line and get a present from a Universal-International star!

PRIZES

1. Rose Marie Reid swimsuit
2. Lane Cedar Chest
3. Original painting
4. Sylvania Clock Radio
5. Year’s supply of Pond’s “Ever-So-Red” lipstick to match “Ever-So-Red” wool knit-sweater dress by Helen Whiting and Stroock fleece coat by Ronette. State size.
6. Samsonite luggage
7. Year’s supply of Cutex “Cute Tomata” nail polish to match ripe red jacket and tapered “Cute Tomata” pants by Cole of California. State size.
8. Kaywoodie pipe
9. Plaid sport shirt
10. Irish shillelagh

DONORS

Jeanne Crain
Suzan Ball
Tony Curtis
Lex Barker
Rhonda Fleming

Susan Cabot
Piper Laurie

Race Gentry
Jeff Chandler
Rock Hudson

PRIZES CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

Hats off to the guy who wins this—from Audie Murphy, the ten-gallon hat he wore in latest picture, “Destry”

Myrna Hansen’s dreamy gift—two Playtex Heart-rest foam pillows. But you’ll have to be wide-awake to win them!

Someone is going to walk away with a honey of a present from Lori Nelson—a pair of Honeydeb’s smart play shoes

Special treat for music lovers: Donald O’Connor’s gift, autographed Decca album of “Call Me Madam” songs
Smart accessory for the girl with the winning line is handsome Ronay handbag, presented by Mamie Van Doren

Don't hesitate to reach for this one. This handsome Ronson table model lighter is the gift of Richard Long

This prize is sheer heaven: From Kathleen Hughes, one dozen pairs of Cameo hosiery in the newest fashion shade

Leslie Gaye has a jewel of a prize for someone—rhinestone brooch, with earrings to match, by Coro jewelry

ENTRY BLANK

Write a last line for this jingle

U-I is the studio that's young at heart
Here talented youngsters are given a start
Those who have what it takes
Are given the breaks

(Fill in line to rhyme with "heart")

Example:
And usually wind up with the star's part!

Fill in the prize for which you are competing and the name of the star who is giving it. Also your name and address and mail to:

Photoplay-Universal-International Contest
P. O. Box 1406
Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

I want the ___________________________ (name of prize)
from ___________________________ (name of star)
Name ___________________________
Street ___________________________
City ___________________________
State ___________________________

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BRANDO

"Without a doubt he's a genius—our finest actor today. And the gentlest man alive. All he wants is complete freedom to be himself."

We recently assigned a story on Karl Malden, who gives a superb performance in the part of the priest in "On the Waterfront." Reluctant to talk about himself, Karl Malden turned the conversation to his friend and colleague Marlon Brando.

No other actor has worked with Brando over as long a period of time or known him as intimately as Karl Malden. They met in 1946 during rehearsals for Maxwell Anderson's "Truckline Cafe." Subsequently they were together for two years on Broadway in "A Streetcar Named Desire" and thereafter in the Hollywood version of the play, where his portrayal of Mitch brought Malden an Academy Award. At present, and again under the director of Elia Kazan, both appear in Columbia's "On the Waterfront" and are almost certain to be nominated for next year's Academy Awards.

The Editors

There isn't really much I can tell you about Marlon. As I see him, he's an ordinary guy like you or me—except he's a genius. No, I'm not kidding you. I honestly believe he's by far our greatest actor today. He's completely singleminded about his profession, but aside from his enormous talent he's no different from anybody else.

There seem to be a lot of people, however, who find it difficult to understand Marlon. They've become so used to all sorts of shenanigans and publicity stunts by movie stars that they consider ordinary behavior as eccentric. Just because he doesn't go in for a lot of nightclubbing, public romances and expensive sports cars, people take it for granted he must be a screwball. I can assure you he isn't. The key to his whole personality, in my opinion, is that he's one of those all-too-rare people with (Continued on page 95)
Hollywood’s New Look in SEX

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

The gamin girls with the crazy cuts

and the lean lines are giving the lush and lovely

lasses a run for their honies

Elizabeth Taylor has the classic beauty that haunts men’s dreams and makes plain girls sigh with envy. But though Leslie Caron’s appeal relies more on her winsome charm, it’s a piquant sauce to many men.

One dictionary’s definition of sex is simply, “the physical difference between male and female; the characteristics of the difference between male and female,” and perhaps it is for this reason that the new look in sex in Hollywood had made for some hot and heavy parlor conversation recently. I agree with a producer who said to me, “Where’s a woman’s sex when you have to wait for her to turn around to reveal her womanhood?”
Jane Russell and Jean Peters are opposites in style and dress. But though Jane goes in for low necklines, both have the voluptuous figure and salty appeal that rates raves from the opposite sex.

Ava Gardner and Debbie Reynolds prove that what appeals to one man isn’t always the other man’s dish. But in the sex-appeal department, sweet Deb more than holds her own— with glamorous Ava.

The girls who characterize this new look, of course, are Audrey Hepburn, Leslie Caron, Jean Simmons whose short-cropped hair, boyish figures and wide-eyed expression have started a rage among the teen-agers.

Before you rush to the beauty parlor for the shearing and before you starve yourself into a matchstick figure, hear what some of the male authorities in Hollywood have to say about sex appeal—new or otherwise. Here’s a personally conducted tour among the male contingent for opinions on the current crop of glamour queens and you’ll see, some like ’em rounded, some like ’em thin—and some just plain like ’em.

Take The Monroe sex appeal (and who wouldn’t want to!) versus Grace Kelly, the girl who currently has such notables as Clark Gable and Bing Crosby wrapped around her little finger. John Ericson who played opposite Grace in “Green Fire” says, “She’s very sexy. Not flashy and for me this is great. Her very unassuming manner makes her very exciting. She’s a person.” Burt Lancaster adds that Grace Kelly is among the ten women in Hollywood he considers most beautiful. “She will be a big star long after the public has forgotten all the current hip-twitchers,” predicts Burt. “Because while she is very sexy, you wouldn’t be ashamed to introduce her to your mother!” Dean Martin says of Marilyn.

continued
Marilyn Monroe, "She's the kind of girl you'd like to bring home to your mother—if you could trust your father." To which Jerry Lewis adds, "To me, Marilyn's sex appeal is a study in geography. Both sides of her equator have such wonderful points of interest." Donald O'Connor seriously adds, "There is nothing wrong with Marilyn Monroe in any department—she's one girl who has sex appeal for millions of men and, specifically, has captured one. How could there be anything wrong with a girl like that?"

Next intriguing comparative combination is Elaine Stewart versus Pier Angeli, say male observers, has the femininity that makes men whistle and the innocent look that makes them want to protect her. But when Audrey Hepburn turns on that impish look, "even her photographs have that challenge!"
Hollywood's New Look in SEX

Continued

Jean Simmons. Elaine clings to the old-fashioned theory that her hair, flowing in long luscious waves, is attractive to a man—and if it isn't her hair, it sure is something that makes the telephone ring off the hook and the line form to the left on date nights! Jean Simmons, on the other hand, (could it be because she's already caught Stewart Granger?) lets the barber run rampant with the shears. Burt Lancaster has a word for her, too. "She looks (on the screen) like a girl who is a lady in the parlor and a hussy in the boudoir." For Jeff Chandler, the hair is not an important consideration in a woman's attractiveness—it's the eyes. And whether it be Elaine or Jean Simmons, The Monroe or Grace Kelly—"...somewhere along the line, it's the same innate spark and you find it in the eyes first."

Pier Angeli and Audrey Hepburn are two opposites on which male opinion is of accord—they both are sensationally sexy. Their reasoning may be different, but the total sum of male opinion adds up to one thing only—they've got sex appeal. Pier, with her innocent green eyes, Audrey with her slant-eyes send Donald O'Connor, John Ericson, Rock Hudson, to (Continued on page 80)

Elaine Stewart doesn't go along with today's gamin glamour, believes that long, flowing locks attract the men. And there's no doubt about her date line. But that close-cropped hair accentuates Jean Simmons' wide-eyed look that rates a second look.

Marilyn Monroe's luscious figure has launched a million sighs. "She's one girl who has sex appeal for millions of men." But though Grace Kelly doesn't have those dangerous curves, she's proving to be the kind of girl the Hollywood men can't forget!
Jean breathed easier after this one! And proved to be tops at tap dancing. Both Dick and Jean are in "The Egyptian"

"Ooh, my aching back," groans Jean. But Dick Allan, who started career dancing, knows value of limbering-up exercises!

LOOK, MA, SHE'S DANCING!

"I'm going to take dancing lessons," announced Jean Simmons. Stewart Granger lifted an inquiring eyebrow. "To reduce my hips," said Jean. Her husband cocked another eyebrow. "For 'The Egyptian,'" his wife explained further. "The bulges show in those costumes. And everyone knows dancing is slimming?" "Hmm!" replied Stewart—and subsided into his newspaper.

The truth was, Jean had always wanted to dance, had even studied in England and once thought of opening a dancing studio. But movie stardom had interfered. Now, she thought, she could combine exercise with pleasure. Jean enlisted the aid of actor Dick Allan, who teaches dancing when he isn't making pictures at 20th.

Dick started Jean with modern dancing. "You're going to be stiff," he warned her, "so we'll take it easy at first." Jean was—stiff! But in spite of her husband's quizzical looks, Jean kept her groans to herself. Soon, she'd graduated into ballet and tap—and Dick was racking his brains, trying to figure out what steps to teach her next!

"Look, darling," Jean said one day. And floated around the living room. "Hmm!" said her husband. But this time he didn't subside into his newspaper. Instead he waltzed her around the room. "You know," he said—and grinned, "maybe I ought to take lessons too. Then we could do a musical together!"
Audrey Dalton is deep in the most wonderful period of her life. Nothing this Cinderella girl has experienced up to now can compete with it—not the thrill of playing the biggest role of her screen career to date in “Drum Beat” with Alan Ladd, nor even the memory of her wonderful courtship and marriage to Jim Brown.

Day after day Audrey is watching a miracle take place before her very eyes, the miracle of life itself as her first-born—not quite ten-month-old little Tara—takes those first tentative steps into the future. The center and heart of Audrey's world is Tara, who already is showing signs of becoming a beauty. That's her natural heritage, from parents as comely as Audrey and Jim Brown, and from day to day Audrey finds greater joy in encircling Tara with all the love and understanding a mother can provide.

Each of her present moments is so rich and real that it's hard for Audrey to picture herself as she was two years ago. When she looks back, there's a special date she thinks of, one she'll never forget: August 8th, 1952. Until then, she had been an unknown Irish girl, raised in a convent, educated at private schools in Dublin and London, and at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. With head-whirling suddenness, she had just been whisked to fabulous New York, then to still more fabulous Hollywood, where she was to portray one of “The Girls of Pleasure Island.” Certainly it was a dream come true. Yet, Audrey was completely miserable.

There she was, in her pretty Hollywood apartment, with her two best friends. Playing her sisters in the movie, Joan Elan and Dorothy Bromiley were sharing her good fortune—and tripling her misery by sharing that too. Each time the three British girls got together, there was just one thing they talked about: home. “At home, remember, we used to...”

Neither the satisfactions of her career nor the glamour of her surroundings could make up for the terrible lack in Audrey's life. For the first time in her eighteen years, she had nobody close to her to love, nobody in love with her. Back home, there had been her mother and father, her two brothers, her two sisters (Continued on page 86)
You're off to school, or maybe this year, you're office-bound. Either way, you'll score high with the teacher or boss (not to mention your budget) if you come dressed in the Star Fashions shown here. Left: Pat Crowley chooses a Harlequin-hued wool princess coat that's Pellon-lined for permanent shape, boasts a cavalier collar and turned-back cuffs. In red, teal, purple, green, 9-15, $69.95. Right: Joanne Gilbert wears a budget-inspired wool coat of black and gray herringbone tweed with wide cavalier collar, pleated and buttoned side fullness and big flap pockets. Also in beige and white, 7-15, $49.95. Coats by Donny Jr. Dawnelle gloves. Coronet handbags

Prices slightly higher on West Coast
What's Pat Crowley saying to Joanne Gilbert? Could be about their new coats. Left: Pat models a full-length button-down coat of alpaca pile—the nearest thing to fur you'll find. Soft and smooth in fabric, abundant in cut and completely right for the coldest days. Cuffs are wide and turned back. Shawl collar adaptable, 7-15. In beige, gray, navy. About $65. By Harrister Jr.

Right: Joanne Gilbert wears a coat with a penchant for efficiency and an affinity for slim skirts. It's cut short, kept simple and neat, all the better to show off its wide sailor collar and neat back belt. Available in navy, charcoal gray, light gray, red and sand beige chinchilla, 5-15. About $45. By Diamond Debs. Llama calf handbag by Coronet. Hat in hand, soft felt cloche by Betmar.
Each month, Photoplay's fashion staff will select the outstanding junior fashions available. These fashions will receive the Gold Star Fashion Award and will be featured in Photoplay and at your favorite store. They will be tagged, so look for the Gold Star! Also watch future issues; you'll have a chance to win your favorites.

Vera-Ellen's choice for work is matching flannel separates. The Dior-inspired "Blauson" short jacket is fully lined, has its own stitched-on waistband. The skirt, slim and trim, is interrupted only by hip-pockets, kick-pleats. Color-coordinated with suit, a cotton print shirt. Skirt, 10-20, $9.95; jacket, 10-18, $16.95; shirt, 30-38, $3.95. In pumpkin, purple, lime green. Majestic Specialties

Anne Francis is in M-G-M's "Athena". Black velvet wrap is trimmed with fur, fur flap, cashmere collar. The skirt, slim and trim, is interrupted only by hip-pockets, kick-pleats. Color-coordinated with suit, a cotton print shirt. Skirt, 10-20, $9.95; jacket, 10-18, $16.95; shirt, 30-38, $3.95. In black, white, pink, blue. All by Majestic Specialties

Vera-Ellen's in M-G-M's "Athena" - Anne Francis is in M-G-M's "Rogue Cop"
Left: Mala Powers takes time out for fun in a camel-colored wool pyramid princess dress that carries its wide skirt influence to a highpoint in front, lowers to the waistline in back. The top, designed to look like a sweater, is of novelty boucle jersey; the skirt, a combination of camel and wool. Also in charcoal gray. 5-15. $39.95. By Felix Safian.

Right: Sally Forrest wears an orange orlon-wool jersey dress with figure-flattering long torso cinched in at the waist by matching fabric belt. Small collar can be turned up, has its own slim bow tie. Skirt is mass of fine pleats. 7-15. $29.95. By Pat Hartly.

Center: Colleen Miller's full skirted coatdress is red faille, accented by a steady row of black buttons from collar to hem, a striped scarf that copies the color of taffeta petticoat and dress. Also in beige, black and brown. 7-15. $22.95. By Tailored Jr.

Sally Forrest's in RKO's "Son of Sinbad"

Photo by Richard Litwin
As fashion leaders, Terry Moore and Anne Bancroft belong right at the head of the class. Left: Terry's wool tweed separates can pass easily for a dress, looks chic when worn separately. Figure-fitting jacket, which barely reaches the waist, has fringed collar, double row of buttons. Skirt is action-pleated with buttoned panel. In cognac black; purple black; moss green black. Jacket and skirt, $10.95 each. 7-15.

By Juniorite. Pearls by H. & S. Originals Right: Anne Bancroft's flannel jumper is easy to wear with its full skirt, soft scooped neckline and buttons all the way down the front. It can be worn to class with a simple wool jersey blouse, is perfect, minus the blouse, for evening functions. Available in charcoal gray, brown. Sizes 7-15. $14.95. Wool jersey blouse comes in peacock, burnt orange, gold. $5.95. Both by Ilene Ricky

Alternates for separates shown at left:
Top: Anne wears nylon-pimo dress blouse with high neck, push-up ¾ sleeves. White, pink, blue, beige, gray. $5.95. By Alice Stuart Center: Terry in a print-on-white cotton with ruffled front, cuffed sleeves. Cognac green black; purple mauve black. $4.95. Juniorite Bottom: A pretty change of pace—little-girl blouse of wool jersey, smocked top. Cognac, purple, green. $7.95. Juniorite
Barbara Darrow's in RKO's "Susan Slept Here"

Left: From office to date with no time for change, Barbara Darrow wears a suit that can be dressed up or down, depending upon the occasion. For 9-5 hours, the simplicity of this fitted flannel suit can stand on its own. Come 5 o'clock and your date is waiting, a silver or black fox tie-on collar makes it important date bait. 7-15. In gray, blue, brown. $69.95; with collar $79.95. Nobility Jr.

Right: Anne Francis wears a chic ensemble happily mated to give workaday comfort. The boxy tweed jacket can be slipped on with ease, just as easily mixed with other skirts to give a wardrobe extra go. Notice its smart back belt and rounded collar. Under it, a whistle slim flannel skirt and nylon short-sleeved sweater. In beige, blue, copper. 7-15. Helene Jr. 3 pieces $39.95

Prices slightly higher on West Coast
Busy Donna Reed finds her casual Clifton bag fashion-right from dawn to dusk . . .

For working, shopping, spectator sports . . . her hand tooled Clifton goes everywhere. Takes to rough treatment. Looks even handsomer with long wear.

One bag . . . all day . . . any day . . . always classically in style. Donna Reed's smart new "tote bag" is the latest addition to the Clifton line.

Hand crafted by artisans, all these Clifton bags are full grain saddle leather with leather lining and compartments. Zipper, brass, and leather closures. Two-way adjustable shoulder-arm straps. Also under-arm models. Most models in a choice of five colors: dark brown, as above; or below left to right, natural russet, oxblood, tan, and rust.

At fine stores coast to coast. For the name of the Clifton store in your city, write:

WESTERN SUPPLY COMPANY, ARDMORE, OKLAHOMA
Wake Up and Live!

(Continued from page 18)

philosophy has been a logical sequence for Doris Day, who happens to be a person of rather extraordinary talent, beauty, courage and faith.

These enviable characteristics helped her to ride triumphantly through a number of crises which might have whipped a lesser person. In her very early teens, she was all but mangled in an automobile accident in front of four children in and out of the hospital. An early marriage to a musician named Al Jordon did not succeed, although its precious gift was Doris's adopted twelve-year-old son, Terry. And, after the divorce, Doris, in an interview with George Weidler, brother of one-time child star Virginia Weidler, also failed.

It was shortly after this second emotional crash that Doris had a crucial interview with then-actor-director Michael Curtiz. On this interview hinged the decision as to whether she would break into pictures or not. Doris was so upset over her personal life that she was practically in tears. Curtiz was able to perceive the fundamental radiance of the girl and did not reject her.

These events are cited to show that, far from being a foolhardy girl, Doris is a woman who won her joy and peace of mind over genuine difficulties. And these events are set down from the record, rather than any direct remarks Doris made to me. It is very possible that she has no truck whatever with sour notes—a wonderful way to be.

Doris gets fun out of everything. The day I talked with her at the studio she was full of a new enthusiasm. "When I leave this studio tonight," she said, "and go home and get the garden ready, I'm on a gardening kick you never saw the like of. I love it. But that's new. Before, I thought gardening was on the square side. But now that I try it, it's like anything new you learn in life. And that's what I'm talking about. Life gets better and better the older you get and the more you learn.

"Who's afraid of growing up? Who wants to be left behind by their youth? Fiddle-Faddle. If life were intended to be like that, you might as well crawl into deep freeze when you're seventeen. But it's not like that. It's the opposite. And I wish everyone the same luck finding it out that I had."

"What's the opposite?" asked Marty. Marty had arrived. Marty Melcher is Miss Day's agent. He is also her personal manager. He has a lot to do with the way Doris feels these days—an awful lot. Marty is more the executive type; not as pretty as Mrs. M., but broader through the shoulders. Marty has a mind of his own, an integral part of Miss D.'s plate, part of mine. "What's opposite?" he repeated.

The life-gets-better—all-the-time theory was explained to him.

"You're wrong," said Marty. "I can hardly wait till I'm ninety. What's this, salami?"

Mrs. M. ignored him. "Take tonight," she said. "We're going out. Company first and Doris second. We've had two awful weeks and I've been in a rut for a while, sticking close to home. But now we're mixing around like fury, I'm not exactly the backward type, socially, but I'm slow to make a move. Marty is the opposite. If I'm not feeling like I'm all the way on the other extreme. Some momentum. For a while there I was one of those worried housewives. We'd changing the house around and around and around, too. I was afraid people'd criticize. Well, of course, who cares? I mean, do you care if you go to somebody's house and it doesn't look slick as a peeled egg? I don't. I can't imagine the pictures now and having Marty and Terry. The point is that happiness is a gathering process, not something they give you or you take away. If you want to take away, I don't mean you should hurry growing up. Because, for one thing, you can't. And for another, it's a mistake. You don't want to be twenty-five and feel that you're twenty-one. But to look back on past years with regret, that I can't see. Take em as they come and that's the fullest life there is. Who cares how old you are? I'm thirty-five and twenty. And twenty-five. I'll love being thirty-five even more. And forty and fifty!

"The more I know, the more I realize. And the more I realize, the happier I am. Marty is also the opposite. And after he pushed with Miss D.'s plate, part of mine. ‘What’s opposite?’ he repeated.

The life-gets-better—all-the-time theory was explained to him.

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"She always says that," said Marty. "Touche, Marty."

"All right," said Doris. "Take New York. We're going to New York next week. Super Chief, Razz-mazz-tazz. Take the camera along and we move out the window. Go to all the shows and the great restaurants. I used to be a little reserved about that. Maybe I was backward. No more, though."

"That's certainly kicking out that old idea that the days of one's childhood and/or youth are the happiest days of one's life," I said.

"The idea's depressing," said Doris, "even if it were true."

"Which it is not," said Marty.

"It's certainly a negative, downbeat sort of attitude toward life," said Doris.

"It's worse than that," said Marty. "Walk up to a kid in school who has enough dough in spell- ing or been stood in a corner for miscon- duct and tell him these are the best years of his life. What kind of an outlook are you giving him?"

"And the whole concept is not true," said Doris, "it's really not. Sure, childhood's fine—for childhood. But I don't want to go back, I wouldn't go back. And that's not entirely because of my being in

BUY PHOTOPLAY EARLY

See Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh on the cover of the October Photoplay and sale the first week in September

of homework that I really like doing now."

"There you are. Were you ever afraid at school dances that you wouldn't be cut in on?"

"None of your business," said Doris. "But all right, yes—I was. And no one can tell me that I'm too old. And the worst is that the upper sets when you're a child are petty ones. Not then, they're not. Did you like alge- bra?"

"Oh, not bad," said Marty.

"Well, I didn't. I'm not sure to this day I knew what they were talking about. And now look at me. No algebra."

Marty laughed. "You've convinced me. Love that. Your young life was a chamber of horrors."

"My young life," said Doris with finality, "was great. All I'm trying to say is that—those good old days weren't necessarily the best, and I'm afraid the people believe so may be unhappy. I've found out something pretty wonderful and I'm trying to pass it on. That's all I'm trying to say."

"I know," said Marty. "Keep saying it.

The love story of Doris and Marty as you probably know, back to Cincinnati and April 3 of the year 1924, when she was born Doris Kappelhoff. Her father, Mr. Kappelhoff, is a teacher and the conductor of a quartet of organ, piano, violin and voice. With that much musical heritage to go on, Doris, at age twelve, was dancing with one of the stage shows of Fanchon and Marco. Then, she succeeded Doris D up for a while. But she wisely used the long convalescent period to study voice. And by and by she was singing the then-popular song "Day After Day" on a Cincin- nati show called "Razz-maz-tazz." The song hit Doris chose her professional last name.

She later joined bandleader Barney Rapp as a singer, and from his band moved on to work with Bob Crosby, who was an outstanding talent and marking time. A three-year engagement with Les Brown's band, however, culminated with a recording called "Sentimental Journey," a great success. After that, Desti- tiny really got on the ball. The rest, as the saying goes, is history.

The successful Marty Melchers live today in a fine home in Burbank in the San Fernando Valley, where the lady of the house is the former Doris Day, who one well indeed and lately has been reading up on the effects of carbohydrates in the diet. She has taken a stand against them. Sometimes the stand works and sometimes it doesn't. The skill of her low-star will serve some as a hot stove at the drop of a flashbulb, Miss Day not only doesn't like to cook but admits it. She can, you understand, but who wants to? This independent attitude is typical of Doris.

But when anyone comes to her in real need, she's the first to turn from personal concerns and offer help unselfishly. For example, a few weeks ago a letter came to me from a bedridden child who had read of Miss Day's own recent setback and requested sympathetic advice. The child got it—"Little Miss Sunshine." Words like "sick" and "setback" are not a normal part of Doris Day's language, but do not think this affected her answer to a sick child's appeal for comforting. She wrote a letter, addressed it to the pub- lie, press and by her fans than Doris Day. Her response is genuinely her own. What she says is simple, warm and unrelieved as spring sunshine. And her belief that life should get better as we goes on, it is devoutly to be admired. And if Doris Day affirms that it is so, then with her it has been so. Besides—is there a better way of living it?

The END
In these 3-hour danger periods your skin "dies" a little

Every day for periods of 1 to 3 hours, your skin is "open" to trouble, dermatologists say. This is immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Your skin takes 1 to 3 hours to re-establish its defenses. Meanwhile, real trouble can "breed":

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- Flakiness; often a splotchy look.

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Young Mrs. Carhart, of New York and Southampton, shows her love of simplicity and perfection not only in her choice of dress—but also in her complexion care. "I find that the simplest skin care is also the most effective," she says. "It's a quick smoothing with Pond’s Cold Cream the moment after I wash my face. And I always give my skin a deep clearing with Pond’s Cold Cream every night at bedtime."
BARBARA'S SHINING HOUR

(Continued from page 53) was a whole person, wholly loved. Before the first day of marriage, they talked over all the problems they would have to face—including the possibility that location trips might part them for long weeks at a time. "Hank and I, Barbara says, "are the first married couple with the full knowledge that he was an actor and I was an actress."

In mind, they were prepared for the pain of temporary separations, but in their hearts they were not—and can never be. When Barbara talks about Jeff's trip to England and Malta, almost two years ago, her distress at the separation is reflected in her face. "That was the hardest time for me," she admits. Unhappily, Jeff had to leave for location shooting immediately after their baby was born. During the months of his absence, she had plenty of opportunity to think. Her career seemed stalemated. Though Paramount had made her a member of its "Golden Circle" of newcomers, she hadn't achieved any really important parts. And this phase of her career had ended when she found Christopher was on the way.

Slowly, Barbara came to a decision. Why bother with movies? she thought. I have my husband, I have a nice home, a wonderful husband, a darling baby. Why suffer? It was a strictly feminine decision, such as a man is never called on to make. "A man," Barbara says, "always moves on. After all, he's the bringer-home of the money."

But the man of the Hunter household turned out to be an unusually understanding husband, realizing that Barbara's work had meant much more to her than just a source of extra money. When he came home and heard about her retirement plans, "he was courageous enough to say, "Hank set me down and talked to me," says Barbara. "He said, 'Just try a little longer. You have something to offer—I'm sure you have. I'm behind you—and Christopher will be proud of you.' So we talked it over, and I changed my mind. Who, I thought, doesn't want an actress for a mother?"

You see, the young Hunters acting in movies is no humdrum, everyday job. For all their experience, they see the wonderful world of make-believe with its magic untarnished. They know its drawbacks, its nervous tensions; yet they feel its excitement and find strength in sharing the challenge. So Barbara went back to work. Career-wise, Jeff was ahead of her. "And he always will be," she says proudly. But she soon proved that her husband's faith in her talent was justified. Her casting in U-I's "Magnificent Obsession" was the turning point. The role was offered to her almost spontaneously. She was a part of it from the start. It was a big picture. "It'll be a good thing for you." But Barbara's warmly emotional performance built up the stature of her role and fully justified her co-star billing. Then, suddenly, unexpectedly, came the test of the decision that husband and wife had reached together about their willingness to face— Barbara was about to leave for a brief visit in New York, to help publicize "Magnificent Obsession" when a telephone call came through. "Get right over to the studio, Barbara, I really need you. I've just been given the first—not the second—feminine lead in the lavish production "Captain Lightfoot," opposite Rock Hudson. But there was a catch: The picture would be shot in Ireland.

That is, it might have been a catch for any other couple except Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunter. Her immediate reaction was to grab the phone and let him know. "I always do that the minute anything nice happens." And Jeff was as happy about her good fortune as she was. "It had been a great disappointment to him, Barbara explained; 'I wouldn't go along when he went to Europe on location, so he was pleased I was going to see a little of what I'd missed.'

When there is such strong union of spirit, there can be no real separation. There would be letters to link Barbara with her family—every day, she promised. "At least, I'll try. It's really easier that way. My mind is fixed on the film when you're writing five pages to catch up." And there would be more than letters.

While Jeff had been in Europe, a family friend who was a newspaper cameraman, took pictures of the newborn Hunter heir about every other week, and off they were sent to the young father. Jeff celebrated a birthday while he was supposedly out of the picture, with a cake, but he really wasn't. A little ahead of the big day, Barbara staged a birthday party for him back home, with all their friends on hand. Movies of the big blowout were winging Jeff's way, along with birthday presents and a fruit cake with birthday candles.

So Barbara, with their situations reversed, had Jeff's precedent to follow while she was abroad. And Jeff let his wife take his camera along on her trip. "It was like giving me his right arm," she acknowledged. "That's a very special camera." In the spring of 1953, Jeff went on a USO tour to Hawaii, the Philippines, Hong Kong, In Singapore, he made a good friend, a wealthy Chinese theatre owner still loyal to his native country's ancient traditions of hospitality. Learning that Jeff had only a borrowed movie camera to record his trip, the Chinese gentleman wanted to present Jeff with an extremely expensive camera. Jeff felt he should refuse the costly gift, until he remembered that his refusal would be an insult in Oriental terms. And this camera is the one Barbara had with her on her trip to Ireland.

So Jeff saw pictures of souvenirs of his tour, including pictures of the Emerald Isle before her return. And, with co-star Rock (another family friend) to lend a hand as cameraman, Barbara's lovely face remained familiar in the eyes of her little son.

She left with not a fear in the world for Chris's welfare. He would be in the loving, capable hands of her mother, who lives in a charming Tudor house on the Hunters' property. Even in dear of Chris's life during those ten weeks was clear. Barbara's mind as she took off. Chris has his own place to sleep at Grandmother's house.

For part of the early summer, Chris was in a youngster's paradise. His grand mother took him to her home state, Wisconsin, to swim, and to stay with the Summer Rort's summer home. "There's a beautiful lake," Barbara says, "with lots of little ducks and chickens. An uncle of mine began teaching Chris to swim—we all stood by. He was such a star. I'm sure Chris would have a wonderful time." At a face lights up at the thought of his son's happiness.

No, theirs isn't the conventional pattern of marriage. There may be those who would criticize Barbara. She admits, "The idea of family separation—even briefly upsets me. I'm on the defensive, even though I know lots of women around Hollywood who have no jobs—and send their kids to a nursery school, leave them at home with a nurse—anything gets away from them. They spend less time with their kids."

"When Hank and I are between pictures, we spend more time with our kids than the average working couple possibly could," she adds. Movies and movies—one of the reasons why we really grateful to be in this business. Sometimes the three of us will go out to Palm Springs. Whether we're working or not, we try to fit in some time just for fun, and he keeps to our schedule! If one of us is on a picture—or both of us—he wakes up at six. And if we're not, he sleeps until seven."

Happy, healthy, well-adjusted, Chris isn't at all disturbed by the fact that he is stuck with a pair of movie-star parents.

During a normal evening at home, when Chris sleeps peacefully, his mother father are likely to be reading the next day's lines aloud, recording them, play them back—and criticizing each oftentimes the greatest you ever gave," Barbara says, "his ability to accept criticism. We can, can from each other—because we understand each other so well."

Thanks to his visual intervention, acting in movies remain very much a part Barbara's life. She appreciates "the joy of motion pictures: The hours are worthwhile; the work helps to develop emotions; you get opportunities to travel. She has given her son all the care she could bring into the leisure hours that mov allow her, and she wants to see to it that he benefits by the travel advantages, "We'll get to see the Philippines and study school! I'm going to take him with me. I'll have a tutor, of course, but meet different kinds of people will be real fun for him—the one—but we can take him with us."

For Barbara and Jeff Hunter, co-star in a picture is a dear, if distant, dream. We just live for that day!" In the meantime, "will happily be separa tions, and this won't grow any easier time goes by—because Barbara is devoted to her son and to Jeff, and misses th ey every day they are separated. In spite of his sudden and surprising leaves sian on the Hunters' marriage. "We go through with it," Barbara says grave because we love each other so much."

(Continued from "The Black Shield Falworth."")

THE END

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Hollywood's New Look in Sex

(Continued from page 65)
mention just a few. Says John Ericson: "Piera! It's a seafood type!" And John should know, he was one of Pier's first dates when she arrived in this country. Donald O'Connor thinks it's some "inner something" that comes "shining" through Bob Waterfield. "Bob is a goating thing that Audrey has in her eyes. Even her photographs seem to fasten her gaze on you as a challenge. This, dear lady, generates heat." It sure does Rock—especially in a guy like Mel Ferrer who can hardly stand to be near the fire.

No two girls could be more unlike than June Allyson and Susan Hayward. And yet they both have tremendous appeal. June, says her loving husband (and who could ask for a better authority) "has a nice clean quality. Susan is sultry sex, but in my opinion, she'd look sexier if she covered up more. The same for Marilyn Monroe. For either one to undress too much is wrong. Each would be more exciting with a higher neckline—what you can see is never as thrilling as what you can imagine."

Speaking of undressed sex, how do the men feel about the opposite, Jane Russell and Jean Peters. Jane started out with a real sex kick, but Peter Lawford has added a hip-wiggle to her other attributes in "The French Line." In real life, of course, she's a church-going girl with Bob Waterfield for a husband and couldn't be more different from her screen persona. She's just one of the many who have the general idea that sex and religion are incompatible. Her ruling dictum is that one can have it both ways, and she has never been more successful in proving it to be valid. Generally speaking, there is a sort of flagging type—she expects to be chagrined and cavedared, she said with a dreamy expression on his face. Jerry wiped it away when he added, "But all she'll get from Dean is sympathy, and all she'll get from me is understanding.

While those two zanies are sound off, we might as well go on to the comparisons (or lack of them) between Leslie Caron and Audrey Hepburn. Both girls have a certain charm about them, and it's easy to see why Leslie Caron has a sort of fragile-type beauty that rocks a man's pulse. She looks as though, if you touched her, she'd break in two. To which Jerry Lewis added, "And if you can't break her, you can't compete with her."

Leslie does, of course, have that beauty that comes from within—for her face could never be called more winsome. At the other extreme, Elizabeth Taylor, for sheer classic features, there is no one in Hollywood who can hold a candle to her. John Ericson, a young and eager and very shapely John Ericson told me. "I work with her in 'Rhapsody' and she was just too darn beautiful. Give me an Audrey Hepburn with eyes like a faun—that just goes on and on. She's a real gem, but a little bit too frank, however, adds with emphasis. "However, Millie my wife—I wouldn't trade her for all the faunlike eyes in th world!" Walter Bogert, a bit of contrast to John in age, adds his two bits' worth from a worldly point of view. "There are no unappealing women," he says, and the thoughtfully adds, "but Elizabeth Taylor has everything a woman could desire on the surface."

Dana Andrews compares Elizabeth and Gene Tierney in his box of appeal—"Each is quite different. Elizabeth has great warmth, while Gene is deep and a little more serious. She has a smoldering kind of vitality, constantly expressed in her remarkable eyes (Perhaps this is why Mike Wilding's such happy guy! But Gene Tierney, with his slanting eyes and high cheek bones, has an exciting, almost Oriental quality. We read, good conversationalist, cosmopolite and this adds up to sex appeal." Um—I'm not quite sure. After a certain age, when you've been happily married as Dana has for many years, these qualities might be the safest to sight as sex appeal. Actually, a kidding aside—no matter what type of girl you want to appeal to the average man (and you wouldn't want to be like Audrey Hepburn if your husband can stand the dying you'd have to do, he could certainly stand the way you look), like Elizabeth Taylor, for example."

As for all, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, for all their wisecracks, just love the way they tear away from sex appeal!

The End

She's Nobody's Baby Now!

(Continued from page 49)
Friedman of MCA on the phone, Harry says he thinks Elia Kazan was the first to say I should be the wife but that Jose Ferrer has got all out to get me. Jose Ferrer's wife in 'The Shirley'—oh, Richard, I'm so happy!

Richard looked at her for a moment, then said, "You're not going to do it, are you?"

"Of course I'm going to do it, silly," June said. "I've known the story ever since Jose Ferrer first played it on Broadway. And I've always thought, this is really something for a girl like me."

I wouldn't have asked for it. I haven't even mentioned it to you, you know I haven't. Even now I can't believe anyone would want me to do it."

"Have you read the script?" asked Richard.

"No." "Hadn't you better?" "I read it. When she read it, she realized it was even better than she thought. Richard read it and thought it was wonderful, too—but not for her."

"No one," he said, "will believe you in that kind of a story."

June bristled a bit. "If I'm not a good enough actress to make people believe me in it, I shouldn't be in pictures at all," she said.

"You will spoil the Illusion," Richard said. June knew what he meant. "The Shirley" would be a complete departure from her previous roles. June would still be a wife, as she was in 'The Stratton Story'. But she's playing the part of a young wife. June left it to my remarks, that June 'definitely looks' and will be destroying her husband instead of helping him.

Specifically, the Illusion refers to the character June has so often portrayed on the screen. If she's a girl that gets classified as a beautiful woman or a glamorous girl—she's nothing but a beauty. Whether you like her or not, she always comes out as a beauty. Whether you like her or not, June herself with a wife and every girl likes to have for a friend. At least that's what Richard said ominously...

Describing the incident later, June says that the turning point in her life came a few evenings later.

"We had a big meeting here at the Farm," she says. "Richard, my manager and I, Richard talked. He recapitulated the reasons for believing I should not, could not play the wife in 'The Shirley.' Finally he came to the point. 'Would you mind,' he asked in a small voice, 'if I talk?' There was an astonished, this-isn't-like-June pause. Then I talked.

"I am not the girl-next-door," I said quietly. "I don't think any body in the world today is the girl-next-door. Can be not. I, anyway. How could I possibly be that innocuous or that pretentious or that good? If I were, I would be in one of the most fiercely competitive industries in the world. I have to sit, remember, in room with seven or eight executives and hold my own. I've got to argue them down or have them argue me down. I have to hold my own. I am holding it now, I had accepted the part in 'The Shirley,' Richard. I am going to do it. This is my decision, you have made it and I'm proud of you!"

"Now this," June says, breathlessly, "I
really for me quite an astonishing thing!"

The astonishing thing being that for the first time in her married life June dared say "No" to her undisputed lord and master. For the first time in the nine years since she said "I do" to her Richard and thereafter abided, without question, by his decisions, June dared make a decision of her own and on her own.

This personal Declaration of Independence began, June believes, on the day she said goodbye to her professional alma mater, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She refused to re-sign with the studio which had been "home" to her from the day she arrived in Hollywood to that momentous day last year when—like Gable, the King—she drove out of the M-G-M gates for the last time. For the last time, at any rate, as a contract player.

To do this wasn't an easy thing for June, but in the doing, she grew up. All the way.

"For months everyone had been telling me," June told me, "why I should leave M-G-M. I wanted to get out, too, but I wanted someone else to do it for me. I just somehow couldn't do it myself. When they

realized at the studio that I was really and truly thinking of leaving, they were amazed. 'You're our little baby,' they said. 'Haven't we brought you up?'

'That's a fact,' I said."

"They would call me at home and say, 'You mustn't leave us,' and I'd run, crying, to Richard and he'd say, 'Don't go there anymore.'"

"But they did bring me up," June said soberly, "and they did pretty well by me and it was my home lot, my only one, but— you can't stay home too long. In a studio where you are 'our little baby,' you tend to remain just that, a little baby, infantile. Everything is done for you, everything is decided for you. They never ask your opinion. They tell you what scripts you are to do, what clothes you are to wear, who is to direct you. They do your thinking for you. They do everything except your actual acting for you. And rightly so—except that you are in danger of forgetting you have a mind of your own which was given to you to use and a pair of feet—on which you are intended to stand.

"In the end, lots of things decided me— the pictures were not good; the contract was up and nothing had been planned for me. I was supposed to do 'The Long, Long Trailer' which Lucille and Desi did so successfully. We'd had clothes conferences, I'd seen sketches, read the script and no one even bothered to tell me I was not to do it. The way I found out—I read it in the paper! Richard later admitted he'd known for two days before it broke in the papers, but he didn't tell me. 'I didn't know how,' he said. He knew how disappointed I'd be. And I was. It really did want to do it, except"—June gave a small wiggle of satisfaction—"I did 'The Glenn Miller Story' instead!

"In the past year Richard's career and nine," June said, "have kind of had a shot n the arm. In different directions. My Richard, who is now directing and producing RKO's 'The Conqueror,' starring Susan Hayward and John Wayne, directs and produces all of his own pictures and is also an executive producer for RKO. Richard can credit it all to his wonderful marvelous intelligence. He's the kind who knew, five years ago, exactly what he'd be doing today— and he's doing it. He also knows what he'll be doing five years from now. And he'll be doing it, too. My shot in the arm was that in saving M-G-M, I all at once found it very easy to say 'No' to anybody and about anything. Not only about big, important matters such as the part of the wife in
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"The Shrike," but also about all things, large and small.

"Always before, whenever anyone asked me to do, whenever anyone asked—
I'd say 'Yes.' My Richard used to tell me, 'Jute, don't always say Yes. There must be some things you don't want to do!"

"Oh, there are,' I'd assure him, 'but I can't. I'll hurt their feelings."

Jute grinned at me delightedly, "Now I Can say 'No,' I mean, then I must. Even to Richard. Can make my own decisions, too. And I've done very well so far, though it may seem immodest to say so, in making my own decisions. I made my decision to make 'The Glenn Miller Story' at Universal-International. It was my decision to make 'A Woman's World' at 20th Century-Fox— and Richard hadn't even read the script! I even read my used scripts, used to read them before I did and told me which ones I should, or should not, do. Nor has he read the script of 'The McConnell Story' which I'm to do with Alan Ladd, me, and Brothers."

"I think this was a wise decision, too, June said, kitten-faced. "I mean, I accepted the part in 'The Shrike,' but I also accepted, and quickly, the part of Alan Ladd's wife in 'The McConnell Story' in which I will be, so to speak, Mrs. Glenn Miller again!"

'Ve made one or two mistakes, of course, and how I absolutely refused to as 'The Stratton Story' and it turned out to be the best picture I've been lucky enough to be in! Richard talked me into doing that one. On the other hand, my Richard made a mistake, too. Just one. He told me to do 'Remains To Be Seen.' A stinker. During our discussions about my doing 'The Shrike,' I'd remind him that he told me to do 'Remains,' showing my little clauses, 'so we won't discard the Shrike.'"

"Speaking of scripts and such, his own RKO is the only studio in town that hasn't sent me a script! He doesn't want me at all, Richard doesn't. In the studio, that is. I may have to make his decisions for him yet!"

"As far as the house is concerned, and the children and any problems concerning them it was always, as with my work, I lived and breathed by Richard's decisions."

"This house, for instance, The Farm. Before we bought The Farm, we lived in a quite large cottage. It was perfectly lovely. But somehow we'd often sit there and say, 'This is too big a place for us.' So we went out and searched and searched and couldn't find a thing and finally Richard decided we'd build. We had plans drawn up, bid and all, and then one day Richard came home and said, 'Get in the car. I want to show you something.' And we drove down Sunset Boulevard to Mandeville Country and all the way to the end of the valley and then, passing through a pair of stone gates, up a winding mountain road. As we were driving along came we to a little cottage. 'Oh, it's lovely,' I said, 'sweet, and sweet, and sweet, and sweet.' That's what Richard is the guest-cottage. Just a little more and we came to the big house, here."

"Do you like it?' Richard asked me."

"Most beautiful thing I've ever seen," I sighed.

"That's good—I bought it this morning," said my Richard.

"That's Richard. I not only would not and could not have chosen a house for us, it was just the opposite. I choose a chair, or material for the curtains or wallpaper for a wall until Richard had approved the choice."

But now when Richard tells me what he thinks and says and I don't agree with him, I speak right up. I don't agree with you,' I say.

"Recently, a little problem came up about Pamela's school. You should take her out," Richard said, 'put her in another school."

"I didn't agree. 'Richard, you can't take a little five-year-old girl out of her school, and show signs of doing so, I Take Steps. Let one or the other begin to act tantrums. It's so noisy in here,' I'll say, 'I'll go to my room, where it's quiet, and you can come to me there and talk the matter. Some way or another, it almost always works. In the quiet of my room, to which they come, they grow quiet."

"In the house there are certain things—people, commitments and so on—the children are not allowed to touch, certain bottles they are not allowed to open. Richard knows all this, knows all about the children. One day he had to handle them and yet when he's at home alone with them, he allows them to do the 'verboten' things."

"The other day I told him about it. 'Richard, he said, 'he doesn't allow the children if you go against me. Let's sit down and talk it out.' And so, to my gratified amazement, he did."

"I suppose it's because we love each other."

"June said, 'So deeply. I suppose it's because we've both been faced with the loss of each other. Richard's illness, when he so nearly died... and the days and weeks it took me to be able to believe he was here again, home again, safe again, mine again! And then, just before last Christmas, I had my appendix out and although it wasn't even slightly as serious as Dick's nearly mortal illness and I wasn't the least bit worried, he was terrified, and I was so worried for him."

"Please, God, I thought as I was going under the anesthetic, don't let it be so hard for Richard."

"'I'm glad,' June said, then, 'very glad that I now stand up to things and be or my feet instead of Richard's! I'm glad' I can say 'No' when 'No' needs to be said. When he goes out and lefts for you and I turns out to be right, you don't feel that you've done anything. If you make your own and it turns out right, you feel so wonderful! Even if it turns out wrong-well, you think, I'll try better next time And so you will."

"Every time, every time I make a decision of my own, on my own, oh, June said, 'I'm so glad I've come to the end of my life, I just feel so strong and sure."

"I'm glad for Richard's sake, too, that I can now speak my own mind, make my own decisions. And he's very glad about it. He doesn't want me to come home and decide whether or not we need a new water softener."

"Now, at last," June spoke, real proudly, 'he doesn't need to. Now he doesn't have to be the husband and the wife at the door, as I was leaving, Jun said, as if reciting, 'The Glenn Miller Story', 'The Stratton Story', 'The McConnell Story,' then laughing, 'Why don't you try this one, June?'"

"Yes, she asked, 'is it, you know. It's that story, the Big Story, as of nineteen fifty three and four in my life!"
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(Continued from page 59)

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THE END

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(Continued from page 68) to give her a wealth of family affection (just the sort she's striving to give Tara now). And there had been boys, so many that she could scarcely remember the names of some she'd been madly in love with—for a month or a week or a day. But they'd been there, adoring and adorable.

She was completely miserable. And then the telephone rang. Carol Lee Ladd, daughter of Alan and Sue, was on the wire. She was having a party that evening, and she wanted Audrey to come. "I have a blind date for you," she said.

Audrey recoiled. Blind date indeed! American dating customs were still strange to her. Back in England, she would go out only with a boy known to her parents. She would be called for, most politely, and taken to a play, an opera, an art exhibit or even a tea.

"Well, you see, dear..." Audrey began, ready to give Carol Lee a tactful refusal. She stopped. Joan and Dorothy were looking at her. Fond as she was of her friends, she knew she couldn't see herself having dinner with them in some dull tea-room-type restaurant, hardly a man in sight. And the homesick trio would be harping away on their one topic.

"I'd love to come," Audrey told Carol Lee. "What's his name?"

"Jim Brown. He goes to UCLA, and he's tall and blond and just your type. See you at seven."

On her way to the Ladds', Audrey was thinking exactly what you'd expect of any eighteen-year-old on her way to meet a blind date. Will this be the one? She walked into the Ladd's living room and the man Carol Lee introduced to her was the one.

True to the description, he was tall and blond. But his features were more than merely handsome; they reflected intelligence and good humor and gentlemanly manners. (He'd arrived at the party in a Jaguar, too—so much velvet!)

She heard his voice, speaking to her. She saw his eyes, obviously liking her. Even while she listened and answered, in her mind Audrey launched into her usual dream: Suppose I were married to this man? Before, her lively imagination had always carried her through the whole story, from the wedding to the children to the blissful old age together. Now Audrey was surprised to find herself thinking of practical problems. Would her career interfere with her marriage? Was Jim Brown of her faith? If he weren't, difficulties would come up in raising the children.

This time, she realized, it was more than idle dreaming.

When Jim took her home, he asked for a date the very next evening. In mannerly fashion, Audrey suggested that the night after next would be better. She'd been wary of Hollywood men, but Jim delighted her by simply shaking hands after he'd seen her to her door. So August 8, 1952 came to an end.

August 9th! As far as Audrey was concerned, that day didn't even exist. The next was too important. She and Jim went to the Mocambo. "He was such a gay blade then," Audrey recalls, her eyes shining, "I guess I've changed him a lot—but he's changed me, too. Now all other of us wants is to stay home nights."

Events seemed to move fast, but actually the two spent so much time together that the foundation of Jim's family life is very solid indeed. On September 1st, Audrey and Jim had had a date every single night for two weeks. She'd learned all about his plans, to be set in motion after he'd finished his drama course at UCLA. He wanted to be in the entertainment world. Producing was his final ambition, but he was willing to start at any sort of job, as long as it was in show business. Even beyond her own work (she was making "Titanic" then), Audrey shared his interests. Her father, she explained, was Samuel Goldwyn's representative in Ireland, so she'd grown up with talk of movies all around her.

Christmas Eve was a beautiful time to become formally engaged. And spring seemed the perfect season for a wedding. But as New Year's Eve approached, Audrey and Jim began to feel that they wanted to face the whole coming year—as well as all the future years—together. There were no obstacles. Jim was a Catholic, and she a Jew, but there neither of them was religious. What would stand in the way; his own ambitions made him sympathetic to her. In fact, the two had even faced danger together—an unusual test.

The crucial event had come after a carefree evening of dancing at the Mocambo. As the young pair went toward Jim's car, they saw what looked like a hold-up. Two men were backing away from a parked car where a frightened woman sat, frozen by the sight of a gun aimed at her. As soon as the men had gotten into another car and sped off, the woman screamed.

"Quick," Jim told Audrey. "Jump in!"

Without a question or a moment's hesitation, she obeyed and his car roared after the bandits. Up into the dark hills they
When the car ahead turned and started back toward the Strip, Jim turned red and followed. Spotting a filling station that was open, Jim slowed long enough to shout an SOS for the police. At the next main intersection the police were waiting, summoned by a call from the filling station. The gunman were arrested, while Jim and Audrey were complimented for their good citizenship.

So the two had not only spent hours in revealing talk—each had seen how the other reacts in a crisis. They wanted to start the New Year as Mr. and Mrs. James Brown. Impulsively, they hopped a plane to San Francisco and their wedding. Audrey was married wearing a pink lace dress, Jim’s favorite. He wore a dark suit.

It wasn’t until the ceremony was all over that she wired him and he telephoned his.

“I just shiver now,” Audrey says, “when think how little Jim and I knew one another then. We were really taking chances—but we were so much in love we didn’t know enough to be scared.”

As it turned out, there was nothing to be afraid of. Early in their marriage, the young Brownes began building the secure, serene sort of home life that would make perfect setting for the children they wanted so much. Immediately after graduating from UCLA, Jim got a job with Reve Productions, a 72-film outfit, where he still works—from nine to six, six days a week. He and Audrey live in Westwood village, miles from Republic Studios, where Reve films are produced. That, he promptly discovered, meant he had to get up at seven each working day.

“And,” Audrey adds, “that means I usually get up at six-thirty to fix special shes for Jim’s breakfast. I love to bake, and Jim gobbles up hot breads and such things, even though he won’t let me eat them. You see, when I first came over here, after the postwar food shortages in London, I simply couldn’t get my fill of sweets. But Jim told me, the moment I was his wife, that I was too heavy. I’ve lost nearly fifteen pounds since then—and I do know that I look much better, besides feeling terrific.

“The next thing my husband did was to see that I became better groomed. He actually has much better taste in clothes than I have, and he began going with me whenever I went shopping. When he gives me a little present, it’s almost always something to wear—white gloves, extra sheer hose, tiny veils. We give each other presents all the time: On the first of every month, because that’s the day we were married; on the eighth, the day we met; on the twenty-fourth, when we became engaged; and on the twenty-second, the day our daughter was born.” Glowingly she says, “We haven’t had a single quarrel—not one.”

But they did have to do some arbitrating when it came to choosing furniture. Audrey liked period pieces; Jim loved modern. They got modern. Audrey wanted red carpeting in their little house; Jim preferred white. They got old rose—but not until the lack of any carpeting was responsible for little Tara’s appearance in the world almost two months ahead of schedule. Audrey had been cleaning and fixing the bare bedroom floor when she straightened up too fast and slipped and fell to the floor, bringing the baby on almost immediately.

In one way, at least, this too has been a blessing.

As soon as she found that Tara was on the way, all the girls she knew in Hollywood (and her married sisters, writing from Dublin) told her to be prepared for two or three months of boredom toward the end, when it would seem that the baby, so anxiously awaited, would just never arrive.

“That’s why,” she says, “after seven months had gone by, I was just plain glad that I was going to give birth prematurely. I know I should have been frightened, but I wasn’t. A jagged pain stabbed me when I fell in the bedroom, and I felt my baby give a big kick. I crawled over to the phone, called Jim, called my doctor. As I was waiting for them, I thought, ‘This is right for me. Now I’ll never be bored with my baby.’

“Only a few hours later, she was in my arms. I named her Tara, because that’s an Irish place name, and also it’s in your American wonder-novel ‘Gone with the Wind;’ as the name of Scarlett’s daughter. And now ... I’ve never been so happy in my whole life. Jim says he’s never been so happy either.”

Every so often, Audrey suddenly pictures herself as she was only two years ago—the lonesome English girl, far from her family, starving for love in a strange country. That memory makes present moments all the sweeter by contrast. Here she is, no longer homesick, but in her own home, with a family of her own. “We want lots of children. I want Jim to be a very big success in his work. If I can have some success, too ... well, I’ll love it, but I want my home, my husband, my babies first.”

And that is the way Audrey has kept it, even while she’s working on ‘Drum Beat’ with Alan Ladd. Somehow there’s always enough time snatched from movie-making to allow Audrey to do the things that are really important—the cuddling and the loving and the blissful relaxation with little Tara.

THE END
(Continued from page 55)

She seemed to be giving too much of herself, her time and her energy to her work and her charities—her church and a thousand and one other organizations have known for a long time that Ann Blyth is a girl who can't say no—that she had no time left at all just for herself, to go out for an evening with a man, for instance, just for fun. I was afraid she would miss her Right Man, that he would slip away as she sat along and Ann would be too busy to notice.

Ann knew this, too. She knew it all along, and I needn't have worried. None of those men I introduced her to, hoping to make a match, was the Right Man. She was, as always, sweet and polite, but apart. When Jim McNulty walked into her life one day about a year and a half ago, Ann recognized him as the Right Man at once, and he was her man, the only man, right from the start. I'm glad for her; she deserved to find him.

Those early years, when I fretted so unnecessarily about her, she wasn't anxious. She was waiting, calmly and confidently. She knew exactly what she wanted, and she wanted it enough to know in her heart she would not be denied it.

I remember—I shall never forget—the night when I first realized the urgency of her longing. It was Christmas Eve, almost seven years ago, Little Paul's first Christmas. He was just nine months old. Paul and I had just moved into our new home, and we were so dizzy with pride and joy that we wanted to share our happiness. We put the last bright bauble on the Christmas tree, lit the first fire in our brand-new fireplace and then threw open the big front door to say welcome to a dozen or so of our very closest friends and relatives.

Ann came alone, looking like a Christmas angel fit to deck a tree itself, and sat quietly drinking it all in—the happy family scene, the aroma of spice and candles. Little Paul recognized her at once as a friend. She has an affinity for children, and they know it. They move to her as though magnetized.

She held Little Paul in her arms that night and sat with him at the foot of the Christmas tree, and after awhile she began to sing, all the old, familiar Christmas carols, in that sweet, pure voice of hers. It was the first time that we had known what a beautiful voice she had. She had been studying quietly and had never sung in public.

No one talked. Little Paul was silent, hypnotized. It was a magic night.

She handed the baby back to me when it was time for him to go to bed. “Thank you,” she said. A little later, she slipped away—alone, again.

Paul and I talked about her late that night.

“She has to find it,” I said, with real urgency. “She has to find it, just as we have found it.”

Ann had to wait, five long years, but she did find it. Her man. She will always act, as I will, as mistress of her own home. And now, so soon, just as Paul and I were blessed so soon, the beginning of her family.

As you probably know, Ann's baby was born June 10th, a happy, over-tall-and-a-half pound beautiful boy named Timothy Patrick McNulty. Ann was conscious throughout—and saw everything, as I hoped she would because it will make her baby even more dear to her. He is just like me, with any other expectant father—obstetrician or not. He sat down, stood up, paced the floor and sat down again. He didn't go into the delivery room but forced himself to watch the proceedings through the glass window as Dr. Bernard Hanley, Jim's partner, delivered little Timothy Patrick.

Less than half an hour later, Ann was returned to her room in a lively mood, and later the baby was brought in to her for feeding. That is perhaps the happiest time in holding her baby and feeding it for the first time—and Ann must have felt the same sense of fulfillment and achievement I felt. Little Timothy curled close to his mother and kept smiling, as well as she fed him—a happy contented baby who knew his life would be filled with love and security.

I can predict out of my own rich experiences and the emotions Ann will experience in the next few months. She will be blissfully happy with her baby—fulfilled as never before. She will be calm and accepting, and he will be calm in return and content. I doubt if either of Ann's will have colic or feeding problems.

Ann will have a fresh spurt of gratitude—as I did—in the first few weeks after she brings her baby home that she had the good sense to marry a man a few years older than she is. Jim McNulty is ten years older than Ann, and I'm so glad. I remember what it meant (Paul is seven years older and I was an ignorant infant in nineteen months) to have a husband who was mature enough to take small crises in stride when the first baby was little.

A few months Ann will have the experience—painful at first—of seeing her impeccably perfect French provincial house "antiqued." Not by design—by her baby's experiments. But she will relax sufficiently to realize that you can't live the elegant life with toys in the living room. But who wants to?

Ann will be torn, as I have been torn, when first she has to leave her child in the care of someone else to work. She will keep her commitment to sing at the Sahara in Las Vegas six short weeks after her baby is born because she is confident about commitments. For the first three hours of the engagement, perhaps, she will find it stimulating and satisfying. And then she will start wondering what the baby is doing, and how he is doing from home—and she will work with only half of her heart. I know. Paul and I left all our children last year to go to Africa, where I made “Duel in the Jungle," and two hours after our plane left Los Angeles I was tortured with homesickness.

Ann will go through this, and like me, I am certain will vow never to go away without her child again. I am developing a phobia about separating my group. She will too, and she will agree with me (rationalizing?) that children need the experience of seeing different parts of the world and different kinds of people, that their security, their home is wherever their parents are.

Her work will never again be as all absorbing to Ann as it was before she married. But she will always act, as I will, as mistress of her own home. And her world and different kinds of people, that their security, their home is wherever their parents are.

Her work will never again be as all absorbing to Ann as it was before she married. But she will always act, as I will, as mistress of her own home. And her world and different kinds of people, that their security, their home is wherever their parents are.

We want to work, because work is growth—but so is love and marriage and children and home.

I am so glad, dear Ann, that you have found them.

The END
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levy, were held up on the set for some overtime shooting, so the plane was behind schedule when it left the ground. Halfway to Vegas, they ran into bad weather and had to land on a muddy emergency field and go the rest of the way by hired car. It was three in the morning when the bridal party limped into Las Vegas. The minister had gone to bed and the hotel had given the bridal suite to another couple.

Bill was discouraged but not daunted. He roused the minister, who performed the ceremony in a hotel room at four a.m.

"Then on Monday I went back to work while Ardis moved our things into the new house we'd bought for the honey moon we couldn't have. Because on Wednesday she left for three weeks on location in Canada. By the time she came back, I'd gone to Carson City on location for my own picture. I left Carson City suddenly, in an ambulance which took me to the Cedars of Lebanon hospital for an emergency appendectomy. Then I was to be released, I'd been wheeled into the operating room to get rid of her appendix. Some honeymoon!"

But that wonderful Holden grin robs the last two words of any bitterness.

It is a matter of sober fact, though, that Bill and his wife had the chance to get to know each other in the early years of their marriage. It was July, 1941, when they were married, and in December of that year the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and the nation was at war. Bill completed the picture he was making for Paramount, and then, on April 17, he enlisted in the Army. He was in the service till after the war had ended—November, 1945, to be exact.

Those who knew him in the Army say that Bill Holden was a good soldier. He asked for no favors, plainly expected none. As a matter of fact, when after his enlistment he applied for admission to Officers' Candidate School, was accepted, completed the rugged course of advanced training there and was commissioned a first lieutenant in the Air Corps. True that he took the assignments that came his way and did the jobs he was told to do, submerging his own individuality, his own hopes and ambitions into the organization that was the Army. When sent overseas, he gave no outward sign either of relief or of disappointment. He simply obeyed orders "for the duration," filling assignments at the time, took them.

He behaved, in fact, not like a famous Hollywood star but like the son of William and Mary Beedle, two ordinary, unglamorous Americans.

William Beedle was born William Beedle, Jr., in the small town of O'Fallon, Illinois. His father was a young chemist, his mother was a school teacher. Both are people of character, and early in Bill's life they began the task of building character in their son.

One thing they taught Bill—perhaps, he thinks today, the most important thing—is that there can be no privilege without an accompanying responsibility. The young Bill had plenty of play time and fun, but he always knew that in order to pay for his enjoyment he must do certain chores. He remembers an occasion when he rebelled at being dragooned because it was a heavy spring day and he wanted to go fishing. Sunday school in the Beedle family was a must, but Mrs. Beedle did not send neither she nor her husband threatened her son to the thought that Bill could certainly skip Sunday school if he were willing to skip the movies next Saturday. Bill saw the point, as he was to see it many times in his formative years.

When Bill was five, the family moved to Monrovia, California. There was a younger brother by then, and a year or so later a third was born. The Beedles prospered, Bill's family were happy, the responsibilities of family life, though they depressed him at times, that when the depression hit them at the same time that Bill's father was laid up with pneuimocystis, an illness which kept him bedridden for three years. Bill, at fourteen, became the family's breadwinner. Helping his father, his two brothers and himself while Mrs. Beedle took up her profession of teaching once more.

"Bill was wonderful," Mrs. Beedle says today. "Many a night I'd go home, tired and worried, and find that the three boys had the house spick-and-span and dinner started. Bill would pull out my old typewriter, and I'd go to the sitting room and visit with the visiting royalty. We didn't have much to laugh about in those days, but we laughed just the same."

Mr. Beedle recalled, proudly, the depression, the grip of the nation, and there was money for Bill to attend Pasadena Junior College, with an eye to following in his father's footsteps as a chemist. Chemistry did not particularly inspire him, but in his home town he didn't know exactly what would inspire him more. Without seriously believing he could ever act professionally, he was active in college drama, and it was playing the role of a seventy-year-old man at the Pasadena Playhouse that a Paramount talent scout saw him and was—to put it mildly—impressed.

"Any great kid who can convince me he's an old man—there is an actor!" the scout reported to his studio superiors.

Artie Jacobson, head of talent at Paramount, sent for Bill and offered him what almost certainly would have been a great jump at—a screen test. "We'll shoot it a week from now," Jacobson said briskly. "Every day until then, report here at the studio for coaching."

Bill flung his head regretfully. "I can't, Mr. Jacobson. We're having finals all next week and I can't skip classes and risk flunking out."

It wasn't, you see, that Bill didn't care at all. He didn't want to care, passionately. But he had a responsibility to his parents, who had made certain definite sacrifices to send him to college. By great good fortune, Jacobson and others recognized character when they saw it. He arranged for Bill's coaching to take place at an hour every day which would not interfere with final examinations. Bill passed the examinations with flying colors, took the test, and was given a Paramount contract at $50 a week.

Ordinarily, this would have meant nothing but a bit part in a Paramount picture, but not even the Paramount studio was old enough to produce "Golden Boy" at Columbia and searching for a girl to play the sister, asked Paramount to let him see the test made by one of its stars, one of whom he had last seen, too, and when Perlberg had seen it he telephoned Paramount excitedly: "You've found our Golden Boy!"

It happened that way sometimes. Not often, of course, but it happened. In one enormous leap, William Beedle, unknown, became William Holden, playing the title role in an important picture. But always, along with the good fortune that Bill plunged into work harder than any he'd ever known—rehearsals, boxing lessons, violin lessons, voice lessons, coaching sessions. Now, if ever, he learned the value of patience. His parents had made part of his nature.

He learned it again during his days in the Air Corps. Enlisting when he did, he had interrupted his career at a crucial
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exclaimed, "that we're going to have a baby in 1955." Gower chuckled. "I know," he answered nonchalantly, "I gave out the story yesterday!"

**Moving Daze:** It's moving day for beautiful, blond and bombastic Kathleen Hughes, who's always living with her mother. "I fell in love with this little place in the hills," sighs the girl with the torso silhouette, "because it has a fireplace and a built-in aerial." As an afterthought, she added: "I wish I had a television set!" . . . Publistic-socialite Richard Gully is still head flower-sender in Vera-Ellen's life. She arranged a special showing of "White Christmas" for him. It's Paramount's first super-colossal production in exciting VistaVision, starring Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney and Missy Vera.

**Happiness for two:** In the July issue, Photoplay published the story of June Haver and Fred MacMurray—of two lonely people who met and found with each other the companionship they needed. It was inevitable that they should fall in love. But love brought problems. Problems that had to be faced before they could talk of marriage. Fred needed time for his two children to share his feelings towards June. For June, it meant days of anxiously weighing her heart's needs—for she would be marrying outside of her faith. But fate smiled once—when they met—and everyone who loves these two believes that it will smile again and bring no shadows to the marriage they have embarked upon with so much hope.

**Credit Department:** Anyone directing one word of criticism at Joan Crawford will have to answer to George Nader. It was La Crawford who plugged the handsome guy to U-I executive Milton Rackmil. Now George has a long-term contract and he gets his big break replacing Jeff Chandler, who bowed out of "Five Bridges to Cross." . . . Robert Stack is on the praise wagon too. Without the help and encouragement of John Wayne, says Bob, he never could have given that surprise performance in "The High and the Mighty." And speaking of the "Duke," when fifteen-year-old Pat Wayne was selected for "The Long Gray Line" by director John Ford (who happens to be the lad's godfather) proud Papa played the role of agent—but didn't collect his ten per cent commission!

**Acid Test:** When Terry Moore heard they were looking for a sixteen-year-old to play Greer Garson's daughter in "Strange Woman in Town," the enterprising little lady put on Bobby so blouse and skirt and combed her hair in pigtails. Then she headed for Warner's. Half way across town a motor cycle officer flagged her down. "But wasn't speeding," fumed Terry. "I know," came the dry reply, "but you look too young to be driving a car. Let's see your driver's license." Sighe Terry sweetly: "If only you were casting director!"

**Hollywood's Happy About:*** Clar Gable's decision to remain in picture which came to light when he signed percentage deal with 20th—with outside picture-making privileges yet! . . . William Holden's announcement the acting talent instead of "big names" will be given first consideration in casting his newly formed Tolucal Productions, of which he is president . . . D. irector William Wellman's prediction that Tah Hunk will be a top-rank star after the release of "Battle Cry" and "Track of the Cat" (he's just been signed to co-star with Robert Mitchum)

**It's The Truth:** That "Cry Baby" Johnnie Ray wasn't too happy over his recording session with Doris Day—he are there always two sides to a story. That Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunt now admit they're having the same amounts most young couples have, in their marriage is solid, man, solid! . . . That the recent birth of Mario Lanza fourth child (a boy) catapulted the tempestuous singer into such a happy frame of mind, his return to the screen is imminent . . . That Shelley Winters proclaims she'll never marry an actor again, after her heartbreaking experience with Vittorio Gassman.

**To You from Cal:** Whenever Pip Laurie hears "Tell Me You're Mine her eyes grow misty. It was her nur-her-one favorite in Dick Contino repertoire during their romantic inte-lude . . . Elaine Stewart is much more interested in studying medicine or psychiatry than being seen in night clubs—and she doesn't expect you to believe it either! . . . Jerry Lewis introduces Dean Martin as, "My partn whose talent is exceeded only by his alimony!" . . . Jeff Donnell broke completely visiting Aldo Ray, who, w doing a tender but dramatic scene in the "Battle Cry" set . . . Someone suggested that Jean Simmons and Stew Granger invest in raising chinchilla. So Michael Wilding and Liz Tay also suggested they write a book: "He to Raise Your Own Fur Coat!"

**Young at Heart:** For a guy who had to travel alone, Rock Hudson took for Ireland to make "Captain Lightfo
in high spirits: U-I script girl Betty Abbott promised she'd fly over to see the sights with Rock, even if she doesn't work on the picture. And Rock's wistfully wishing the news story about his new three-thousand-dollar-a-week contract was fact—not fiction! . . . It was quite a sight to see Debbie Reynolds entertaining recently. Personal press agents keep coupling their clients' names with this popular pixie. So Debbie put her sense of humor to work and threw a party for all the fellows she'd never met! . . . Julia Adams has the highest-priced dancing instructor in Hollywood and all points east. Name: Donald O'Connor. Remarks: He's quite impressed with the lovely lady and decided this was the best way to see her oftener!

Spending Spree: Fortunately for Marilyn Monroe, she doesn't have many days off from "There's No Business Like Show Business." All she bought on her first free day was a black mink coat, a brand-new Cadillac car and, as a gag gift for her husband, Mrs. DiMaggio dashed into the popular "Gifts for Men" shop and picked up a pair of those new pink linen slacks. Well, Gary Cooper wears them. Maybe Joe will call Marilyn's bluff and put 'em on!

Song and Dance Man: "Let's rehearse right now," Ethel Mermen exclaimed. "You're going to sing a song with me!" She and Bob Wagner were on the plane flying to Denver where Miss Show Business was to me, a theatre opening. "It happened so suddenly," grins Bob. "I didn't start to shake until it was all over." The audience went wild over their duet of "I Hear Music" and now, of course, Bob's bitten by the singing bug so badly—I won't be happy until I make a musical!" Rock Hudson, Tony Curtis, Jeff Chandler and other new members of the crooner's union—please note.

Seen and Heard: Jack Benny to Ann Sothern at the Bob Hopes' charity bazaar: "From the back I couldn't tell if you were a fellow who needs a haircut, or a girl who just had one!" Ann back to Jack: "And what about the front?" Jack throwing up his hands: "I can tell—I can tell!" . . . And while we're in the Italian-haircut department, movie-mogul Howard Hughes believes short hair on women is very unglamorous. So Jane Russell's promised the boss she'll shay away from shears.

Did You Know: That Jane Wyman, who isn't a Catholic, is attending church regularly with husband Freddy Karger, who is . . . That recent bride Jean Peters is a great baseball fan. When left-fielder Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox broke his collar bone, Jean sent him a fan letter although she doesn't know him . . . That Montgom-ery Clift is crazy about Wil Wright's famous Sunset Strip ice cream. Every time a Hollywood buddy flies east, a few fancy quarts of the stuff flies with him. . . . That Mel Ferrer always carries a tiny silver pill box in his pocket. It contains—Audrey Hepburn's vitamins . . . That Richard Egan lost a plucky role with John Wayne and Susan Hayward in "The Conqueror"—because he was too good looking!

Silver Lining: Cal believes John Derek is the happiest hamola in Hollywood! "My new Paramount contract boosted my morale sky high," he beams, "but my personal plans are just as exciting too. You see, no actor has ridden an Arabian stallion since Valentino—three decades ago. So I had to plead with producer Walter Wanger to ride my own Fakaar in 'The Adventures of Hajji Baba.' He isn't a movie-trained horse and this gave me an idea. I have my eye on a ten-acre ranch in Northridge. If I can swing it, I'm going to start a training school for movie-star horses! It's never been done before." Cal says: "And John's just the boy who can do it."

On the Town: Doris Day and Marty Melcher introducing Armenian food to friends at the popular "Sasha's Palate" in the valley . . . Elizabeth Taylor, along with Michael Wilding, celebrating the "unveiling" of her sequin-studded leg cast, with June Allyson and Dick Powell at Jack's on the beach . . . The Howard Keels and the Alan Laddis making up a fascinating foursome at the new Players restaurant on the Sunset Strip . . . Bare-chested Charlton Heston waiting for a hamburger in an open car at a Beverly Hills drive-in . . . Jerry Lewis surrounded by pals and his favorite turkey, ham and coleslaw sandwich in the Gotham delicatessen.

Last Minute News: U-I was all set and ready to sign handsome Richard Allan for zee big build up, when 20th gunned up the works by renewing Dick's contract for another year . . . Mona Freeman and Frank Sinatra insist their dating is purely platonic, while Ava Gardner, who's now back in Hollywood, denies there's a new Latin lover in her life . . . And still another production number has been added to "A Star Is Born" (it's already three hours long!). . . . Jess Barker went ahead and filed an affidavit contesting Susan Hayward's request for permission to take their twins on location with her. And speaking of the realistic redhead, Bob Mitchum hopes she'll refuse to play opposite him when she makes "Untamed" for 20th. "Maybe if I'm repulsive enough," kids the inimitable Mitch, "I won't be loaned out and in August my RKO contract will finally end!"

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(Continued from page 61)

enough strength of character to be completely themselves. If Marlon doesn’t own a car, except a pretty battered old jalopy out in California, it’s because he has no use for one. If he doesn’t smoke, it’s because he doesn’t enjoy them. I know he owns at least a couple of good suits, but usually he wears a faded pair of dungarees, sneakers and an old cardigan sweater. I’m not sure, if that’s the way he’s most comfortable?

Sure—I’ve been to parties with Marlon when he was dressed very neatly and very well. When he has to go to one, he can be as nice and natural as anyone I know. But he won’t go to a large party if he can possibly get out of it. He doesn’t like to drink and he doesn’t smoke. He does like stimulating talk, but that’s the one age group he avoids. When he comes to visit us, he either brings a date, or we spend the evening with him alone. We’ll take our time over dinner, talk and later maybe listen to records. He loves music and has a big record collection himself. There’s hardly anyone I know who’s better company than Marlon in a small group.

He’s crazy about kids and usually tries to come early so he can spend a little time with my little girl, Mia, who is six. She adores him, and when he’s with her he acts like a big kid. He’ll roll on the floor, romp and dance with her, and I can tell her stories—he’s come up with some whoppers—and hatch out more mischief than even she can think of by herself. The last time he was here, he got there before I came home, and when I opened the door, they both jumped at me. The lights were out and they had covered themselves with bed sheets, playing ghost. On the other hand, when his little cousin Maria, who was born last August, he was as gentle as a lamb. I’ve known a lot of young fathers to be clumsier with their own kids.

He really loves children, and I’ve often wondered why he doesn’t settle down and raise a family of his own. Of course, Marlon’s still quite young—he was thirty last April—and he’s already hit hard and take the dive, but for the time being he seems to prefer playing the field and not tying himself down. When he eventually does settle down, I’m sure he’ll do for keeps. He probably knows that himself, and I guess he gets cold feet and starts running each time he feels he’s beginning to get himself tangled up.

While he gives the impression of always being on the run, he definitely does not run so fast the girls don’t have a chance to catch up. I’ve seen Marlon date a number of girls, and not one of them fit a set pattern—there are no either-or brains or talent. They were dancers, painters, actresses or secretaries, all of them interesting and some unusual, though not necessarily beautiful. Of course, he’s no Maria, so his mother he always fell in love with the ugly ducklings of the neighborhood, even when he was still a kid in school. That’s no longer true as far as I can judge, but a girl certain more than beauty before she can interest Marlon.

Of course, he’s got a terrible appeal for women. When we were together in “Streetcar,” there wasn’t a night he didn’t have a stack of letters and flowers, and at the theater or at his house I’ve seen him with a girl who he always fell in love with the ugly ducklings of the neighborhood, even when he was still a kid in school. That’s no longer true as far as I can judge, but a girl certain more than beauty before she can interest Marlon.

As actually the brutal character of Stanley Kowalski he portrayed in the play was quite alien to him. That’s why he was particularly pleased when he aroused the purely maternal instinct in at least one woman. A lawyer presented himself in his dressing room one night, asking him to accept a present from a wealthy woman who preferred to remain anonymous. Marlon was frankly delighted. He likes to receive presents as much as he likes to give them—and he gives plenty of them. At one time he sent a struggling musician a grand piano as a gift.

Once when we expected Marlon for dinner out in Hollywood, my wife Mona thought it would be great if he made it a foursome. I don’t want to mention the name, but the girl she asked is one of the most beautiful and sought-after young women in Hollywood. About ten minutes before she was expected she called up to say she was awfully sorry, but that Pamela, her pet poodle, was sick.

“That’s too bad,” Mona said. “We’ve asked Marlon Brando to be your date. I thought you’d enjoy meeting him.”

A few minutes later the girl called back. “I put Pamela in the hospital,” she said. “I’ll be right over!”

With that kind of attention from women, you’d think Marlon would be spoilt and conceited. He’s confident, of course, but spoiled and conceited—definitely not. For one thing, he’s far too sensitive for that. Marlon’s one of the most sensitive people I know. He’s so thin-skinned and so easily hurt, he seems able to sense one person’s hostility or dislike in a crowd of a hundred people. When that happens, his reaction is to shrink away. On the other hand, he isn’t too proud to make an effort to win people.

I happen to know one of the boys from the paraplegic ward at Berlin General Hospital where Marlon spent four weeks prior to the shooting of “The Men.” Marlon was in a tough spot, a powerful, healthy fellow forced to spend three months sitting in a wheelchair with his buddies in a nearby cafe when a well-meaning but not very bright lady harangued him with an admiration to pray for help. It’s the kind of thing which—coming from an outsider—is deeply resented by people who suffer from an irredeemable physical condition. It’s exactly like asking God to grow a new leg in plain sight.

“Pray, boy, pray and have faith,” she admonished, “and you will walk again.”

Everybody was quiet, but Marlon sensed the deep bitterness in his palsy. Only laughter could break the rising tension. With a show of making a desperate effort, groaning, pushing himself up on the arm rests of his chair, Marlon struggled to his feet and started stumbling toward the lady. Accounts differ as to whether she fainted or fled in panic.

Another example that I witnessed myself saw I saw on the docks in Hoboken, New Jersey: when I was shooting “On the Waterfront.” Part of the cast were a crew of regular stevedores, about the toughest bunch of men you can find anywhere. To say they were unimpressed by Marlon is to put it mildly. I figured he was a Hollywood bigshot, and they weren’t going to give him an inch. Marlon spent about three weeks on the docks before the actual filming, going around with them, learning how they worked, sharing their lives as much as possible.

One day he was in the hold of a ship

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to blast away on the quarter hour. "The chimes," he says, "at least were melodious."

Marlon's quite musical, loves to dance and has a wonderful sense of rhythm. One of his hobbies is playing a set of Afro-Cuban drums. I don't know how his neighbors feel about that.

Another of his hobbies for a while was his big red motorcycle. On the day he bought it I remember asking Jessy Teddy, who played Blanche Dubois opposite him in "Streetcar," whether he could drive her home after the show. She said she'd be delighted. Jessica is a wonderful girl and a good sport, but very sensitive for the lady. She did a real double-take when he led her to his motorcycle. A cop got her off the hook. He was there, too, writing out a ticket for illegal parking. Whang, Whang, Whang! tried to talk him out of it—unsuccessfully, I might add—Jessica hopped into a cab.

With all his playfulness and exuberance, it's a fact that there's also a darker, brooding side to his character. I've seen him hit by sudden spells of moodiness and when that happens it's as though a dark shadow were cast over him. I don't know what eats him when he's depressed like that, and I suspect he doesn't know it himself. My guess is that he's simply a highly intelligent and very complex human being, and I'm satisfied to leave it at that.

Marlon's very first stage part was as the poet Marlowe in Katharine Cornell's Candida. It's funny that ever since he's been cast as a tough guy, when he's really one of the kindest and gentlest persons I know. Perhaps his chance to make Marlon a great actor is the chance for release on stage and screen, the opportunity to project facets of his personality that he cannot live or even acknowledge in his personal life. Violence or brutality are completely alien to him. I can't think of anyone who is less of a bully than Marlon, and I don't imagine it's merely an accident that his personal friends should be Wally Cox of "Mr. Peepers."

What I like best about Marlon, in fact, is his real concern for the underdog, for the little guy who is liable to get hurt. Once during the shooting of "On the Waterfront," his stand-in told him that he hadn't been paid in a couple of weeks and needed the money. Marlon changed character almost before my eyes, and Spiegel, the producer, came out to Hoboken next day. I honestly was afraid I'd see Marlon commit mayhem.

"What are the chances of getting a little pay of not paying Jack promptly?" he demanded furiously. "It's not one-tenth so important you pay me as it is to pay a guy like Jack who really needs the dough."

It was so typical that the one time I saw him get tough and badger someone he picked on the boss. I'm sure there was no malice on the part of Mr. Spiegel or anyone else, it was simply an oversight, but Marlon took it personally as something that sort of thing. Incidentally, Marlon's probably the only actor in history to invent a new way of not getting a job. Once when he was under a contract he didn't like, he greeted him with a fresh-laid egg concealed in the palm of his hand.

Nor—be it said to his credit—is Marlon doing that sort of thing only since he's become an established star. Eight years ago, when he was still struggling for recognition, his agent sent him to Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne for an audition for a part in one of their productions. He walked on and was immediately handed a script from which he was to read. Even to this day he hasn't learned to give a good reading without time to study the script, and on that occasion he was completely tongue-tied.


Needless to say that in the case of his stand-in he immediately helped the boy out by a personal loan. Marlon's probably the softest touch I know. He's completely unable to refuse anything to a friend—or to anyone else who's in need. I know of one mutual actor friend who was down on his luck and was supported by Marlon for close to a year. I know of another case where he did all he could to help a young couple who were friends of his. They were in love, out of work and broke. "Go ahead and get married," he told them. "Everything will work out all right." He helped them get jobs and tied them over with money when they needed it.

That kind of generosity is one of the reasons why he always used to be broke. Another is that he simply has no money sense. I once saw him tip a shoe shine boy five dollars. By contrast, you have to watch him like a hawk to keep him from putting the bite on you for an endless supply of quarters and dimes. When he really started making money his father, therefore, suggested to him that he let him handle his finances. Marlon's entire paycheck is now turned over to his father, who merely gives him an allowance: something like a hundred dollars a week when he often earns ten times that much. Marlon's today probably more secure financially than most other successful young actors. Among other things, he owns a ranch in Nebraska with a herd of cattle. That kind of a backlog gives him the independence he cherishes above all other things.

As I mentioned before Marlon has no taste for luxury except the one of being completely free and unrestricted. He loves to travel and is fiercely jealous of his freedom, resenting bitterly any form of pressure and compulsion. I think it's a little sorry today that his rebelliousness in school kept him from going to college. He has a great deal of intellectual curiosity, is very articulate and reads constantly to fill in the gaps in his formal education. He can be extremely serious, and I know of no one who works harder at his craft than Marlon. There's no foolishness about him during rehearsals. He's a pro, and I've never seen him throw tantrums or become temperamental like a lot of stars.

His childhood, by the way, seems to have been a very happy one, despite his antics. The Brandon house was full of affec-


tionate. His mother adored him and was grief-stricken when she passed away recently. He's on excellent terms with his father and very close to his two sisters who live in New York, for whom he frequently baby-sits for an evening with his little nieces.

What else do I know about Marlon? As I said, he likes to travel and is especially fond of France, though he doesn't go in for fancy cooking. When we've eaten together in restaurants he's usually suggested a dairy place, and once or twice we went to the House of Chan in Hollywood. He plays a very good game of chess, but I've never seen him play cards or gamble. He likes jazz, bebop and modern dance. When he's in a play, he keeps in shape by going to Sadie's gym on Broadway to work out with barbells and do mat exercises. He's also an excellent horseback rider.

To sum it up, I'd say Marlon has a set of standards that may not necessarily jibe with those of a lot of movie people. But plain, ordinary folks never find him hard to take. There's real substance to him, and I personally consider it a privilege to call him a friend.

THE END
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(Continued from page 41)

go to Riverview Amusement Park in Chicago and you have hilarious times together riding the roller coaster there. When your good friend takes a trip down there, turn up the radio and dance in the street in front of the car lights. We had some pretty hilarious times. They were a comedy team way back in the old days and Roy, One night coming home from a dance, Nancy and I stood guard while they took a For Sale sign from a vacant lot and transplanted it in the yard of a girl we were on the outs with at the time. Heaven.”

Now you’re eleven years old, Roy Fitzgerald and you make your theatrical debut in the fifth-grade’s Christmas play. You want to have a long blue toboggan — a sheet dyed blue with a hole in the middle for your head—and you barefoot it out on the stage as one of the “Three Wise Men.”

At twelve, you’re an ardent movie fan. Inspired by the movie “Hurricane,” you decide to be a movie star and really dream it up big. You watch wide-eyed as Jon Hall dives from the ship into the lagoon before the admiring eyes of Dell Henderson Lamour. Also you literally live in the waters of Lake Michigan. This year, too, you’re the pride of Miss Pratt’s dancing school. You defend a smaller boy when other older ones gang up on him, and out of gratitude, his wealthy mother rewards you and insists on paying for some dancing lessons.

Here’s to the team—they’re the green and gayer, and for the New Trier Echoes, Roy!
You've just been transferred from fighters to B-29 bombers, and you have a little trouble with one of the big planes—Big trouble, Ralph. This was my first experience checking out multi-engine bombers and getting them flight-ready. Nobody had told me to rev up two motors on the same side first. The plane jolted and completely demolished a Piper Cub on the field. For this I was transferred again—to the laundry."

In June you send your mother $40 for a new dress and request her to send a dozen red roses to Nancy for her graduation. She sends some long-stemmed beauties, but your next letter says, "Mom, you sent the roses to the wrong Nancy. That's what I got for not telling you everything." 1945 just isn't your year. You're stationed in the Philippines when you get a letter from the right Nancy informing you she's in love with somebody else. You feel pretty dejected and rejected. Slowly you turn the envelope to look at the date, then at the three-cent stamp. Now your pride is really hurt. You answer it immediately. The least you could have done was tell me air mail.

The months roll on, Roy—it's 1946—and you're out of the Navy and back in Winnetka getting on your feet again, literally, as a substitute mail carrier. One customer—your mother—doesn't get all of her mail. When she calls business houses asking why they haven't bailed her, she gets the same answer—"You boy took care of it." You've paid the bills and never mentioned it. On the other hand you "collect" from one of the ladies on your route, a family friend, Mrs. Aug达尔.

Roy was the most munificent we ever had, Ralph—and also the hungriest. I always had doughnuts and coffee waiting for him. I've known Roy for years. When he was a little fellow he was our paper boy. When Roy and his mother came back to Winnetka a couple of years ago, they stayed at our house and really put it on the map, in a matter of speaking. My daughter, Betty and Sharon Rattler, are great fans of Rock's. They insisted on giving up their bedroom to him. Ever since then, visitors have filed through to see the bed Rock Hudson slept in.

It's still 1947 and your name is still Roy Fitzgerald. You pass the Civil Service exam with a 96 rating. Your plan is to be a full-fledged mail carrier but your mother is transferred by the telephone company to Florida, and you decide to go to the University of Southern California on the GI Bill, you head west—into the sun...

There are still dark and discouraging days ahead of you—You can't get into the university, so you're driving a truck now for the Budget Pack Company, making $60 a week and sharing quarters with three truckers in an old family hotel near Westlake Park. Often you'll detour and pick up your mother to keep you company on the long route to markets surrounding Los Angeles. One day the chief operator puts through an "important" call to you. You're bringing over somebody for her to meet when she gets off work, you say. Your mother can't wait, envisioning no doubt the little wife-to-be.

"Mom, I want you to meet Lizzie," you say. Lizzie is a 193% black Ford coupe with yellow wheels.

Yes, having your own car is a proud day, but driving a truck isn't the way you meant to travel through life. Not for that kid who watched Jon Hall dive into lake Seminole 21 years ago the day they named a name for himself in movies some day. You're not even a name. You're a trucker's button with a number on it. This isn't the big screen, anymore. It was necessary a change, or the rewarding harvest that your grandmother talked about. Your only challenge...
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It's suffering. Don't gone, report positive after Test."

They were pretty rough, Ralph. Being around water isn't too good for any fresh injury. During one shot on the beach, Rock leaned on his arm. When the scene was over he couldn't move his arm or his elbow. That night a big lump welled up. He was afraid he might be paralyzed and not able to finish the picture. At first he was concerned, too, about what he could contribute to a cast feeling like that. Rock's a great artist at heart. He's highly emotional and sensitive to the reactions of other people. At the premiere of "Magnificent Obsession," dear old Rock was counting the coughs in the audience. If anybody coughed he was sure they didn't like the picture. Finally he noted they were coughing from "teen "

For you, Rock Hudson, "Magnificent Obsession" determines whether you have what it takes, whether you belong here.

You're grateful when such established stars as Jane Wyman, Agnes Moorehead and Otto Kruger welcome you from the first day with open arms. According to Otto you had no cause for worry—

That was the marvelous thing about him, Ralph. From the first day, Rock had both hands out all the time—open for any suggestions or advice. He had a terrific problem and he knew it. It's that kind of part. I remember when Bob Taylor came into my dressing room years ago and tossed me the script, saying, "Pop—look at this. Look what I've got to do. I can't do it—" All you have to do now is show any actor the script of "Magnificent Obsession" and tell him, "You're going to play this part—Rock's part—and he'll die. And Rock really played it. It's a wonderful thing for an actor to see a young man struggle through cowboy and Indian things, get into a real thing like this and then lick it completely. I couldn't pick out a flaw—"

It's January 11, 1954. "Magnificent Obsession" is sneak previewed at the Encore Theatre. It's a quiet preview for the first public reaction to the picture. The word has gotten around. There is the darkness men are pulling for you. Yours. A couple of two hours will decide the rest of your life...

When the lights go on, you make your way in a daze through the crowd. Your eyes are filled with tears, but you don't want anyone to see. This is a moment too sacred to be shared. You go out into the dark parking lot among the cars back of the theatre, to get over the first emotional impact. For the first time, you realize that Roy Fitzgerald of Winnetka, Illinois, may actually be some one. That your dream can be reality. This is your life—

The word spreads over Hollywood like wild fire—a new dramatic star has been born. Director Douglas Sirk won't take the credit for the delivery.

"I had a great conviction from the start that Rock was right for this role...and he lived up to my expectations. He gave a wonderful performance in depth, warmth, and honesty. But that camera has an X-ray eye. It's a case of being the part, too. If the ability and feeling isn't there already inside, no director on earth can get it out." Take Jane Wyman.

"He's a young man to assume so mature a part. Rock has a wonderful depth and a fine dramatic knowledge of things. Let's face it—the man couldn't do it if he didn't have it."

You have it all right, Rock Hudson. Deep inside. You can bless now all the things that have happened to you, that have melted you through the miles of your 28 years.

On April 19, among blazing klieg lights, excited fans and a brilliant throng of stars and critics, "Magnificent Obsession" is premiered and within minutes, the whole world is to know the victory that is now yours. This is your triumphal hour. Here beside you are two who belong in that hour. One is Betty Abbott. The other, standing with pride in her eyes for the world to see, is the person who shared in so many milestones along the way—"I want you all to meet my mother..."

Nearer in your heart is another—your grandmother—who fostered the faith that today's dawn finally would come. . .

For you, Rock Hudson, the harvest is here.

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Some 3-D films are also being shown in 2-D versions. Check your theatre to see which is being used.

**FLAME AND THE FLESH**—M-G-M, Technicolor: Lana Turner does a nice job as a sleazy Italian temptress who wrecks Pier Angeli's romance with singer Carlos Thompson. (A) August

**HELL BELOW ZERO**— Columbia, Technicolor: Against authentic backgrounds of today's wilds in the Antarctic, Alan Ladd investigates the death of Joan Tetzel's dad. (F) July

**CINEMA SCOPE**—U.A., Technicolor: Aided by Piper Laurie, Tony Curtis designs a striking new-model car, races it himself. (F) August

**INDISCRETION OF AN AMERICAN WIFE**—Columbia: Unusual drama, shot in Rome. Touria Jennifer Jones tries to end her love affair with an Italian (Montgomery Clift). (A) May

**JOHNNY DARK**—U.I., Technicolor: Live-yarn of sports-car racing. Accorded by Piper Laurie, Tony Curtis designs a striking new-model car, races it himself. (F) August

**LONG WAIT, THE**—U.A.: Cruesome, gory Spillane mystery. Amnesia victim Anthony Quinn, accused of murder, tangles with rakeletcher Gene Evans and four alluring girls. (A) June

**Lucky ME**—Warner; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Doris Day's warmth carries this musical. A showgirl stranded in Florida, she romances with song-writer Robert Cummings. (F) July

**MAN WITH A MILLION**—Rank, U.A.; Technicolor: Gay yet malicious whimsy. Gregory Peck, a Yank in London of 1900, is taken for a millionaire, lives—on credit. (F) July

**MEN OF THE FIGHTING LADY**—M-G-M, Anso Color: Van Johnson, Dewey Martin, Keenan Wynn score in a splendid, near-documentary film about jet bombers over Korea and the men who fly them. (F) August

**MIAMI STORY**—Columbia: Back-busting yarn, long on thrills, short on plausibility. Ex-gangster Barry Sullivan is hired to smash the mob ruling Miami. (F) July

**PLAYGIRL**—U.I.: Shelley Winters scores with a wisecracking, emoting role in a lurid expose of big-city night life. Colleen Miller's the sweet girl who goes wrong. (A) July

**RIVER OR NO RETURN**—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Lusty adventure tale. The Canadian Rockies overshadow even Marilyn Monroe, a dance-ball gal going downriver on a hazardous raft voyage with Bob Mitchum. (F) July

**SECRET OF THE INCAS**—Paramount, Technicolor: Charlton Heston's an unscrupulous adventurer on a standard treasure hunt. Colorful Peruvian locales, native music. (F) August

**TANGANYIKA**—U.I., Technicolor: With Ruth Roman and Howard Duff, Van Heflin tracks down a crazed jungle dictator (Jeff Morrow) who has stirred an African tribe to war. (F) August

**THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN**—20th; CinemaScope, Deluxe Color: Lovely Italian travelogue plus neatly worked-out triple romance. Maggie McNamara snares prince Louis Jourdan; Jean Peters loves penniless Rossano Brazzi; Dorothy McGuire yearns for Clifton Webb,oshihish expatriate novelist. (F) August

**WITNESS TO MURDER**—U.A.: Ingenious suspense movie. Barbara Stanwyck sees neighbor George Sanders commit a murder, reports it then can't get the police to believe she isn't neurotic, subject to delusions. (F) July
Beautiful Hair

BRECK CREME RINSE - A NEW PREPARATION IS OFFERED IN COMBINATION WITH A BRECK SHAMPOO

Breck Creme Rinse, a new preparation, is used after the shampoo to add softness, lustre and manageability to your hair. It also makes combing and arranging easy. Breck Creme Rinse is helpful in the care of permanent waves and in the prevention of dry, brittle hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair, another is for oily hair and a third is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet it cleans thoroughly. Enjoy the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition and follow with fragrant Breck Creme Rinse.

Special Introductory Offer - a 2½ oz. bottle of Breck Creme Rinse with $1.00 bottle of one of the Three Breck Shampoos - for dry, oily or normal hair. Both for $1.00 plus 3¢ federal tax.
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THEY GIVE YOU the taste and mildness you want — a really refreshing smoke every time.

"Chesterfields for Me!"

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BASEBALL STAR

THEY GIVE YOU all the benefits of thirty years of scientific tobacco research. Chesterfield's laboratories are the most modern in the industry.

"Chesterfields for Me!"

Russ Hodges

SPORTSCASTER

THEY GIVE YOU proof of highest quality — low nicotine. So light up — relax — enjoy America's most popular two-way cigarette. They Satisfy millions — they'll satisfy you.

Enjoy the TASTE and MILDNESS you want

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CHESTERFIELD

BEST FOR YOU
CHOOSE YOUR STARS
VOTE NOW!

FRANK SINATRA'S
COMPLETE
LIFE STORY

IF MARILYN
HAS A LITTLE GIRL

LEIGH-TONY CURTIS
Stars of
"THE BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH"
Excerpts from the picture featured in this issue
Your Lilt home permanent will look, feel and stay like the loveliest naturally curly hair!

Only one excites such admiration. Only Lilt is nationally recognized as the wave that looks, feels and stays like the loveliest naturally curly hair. Looks naturally curly to all the world. Feels naturally curly to your touch. Lilt stays like naturally curly hair month after month—the longest-lasting wave possible today! New beauty is yours tomorrow, if you light up your life with a Lilt.

Procter & Gamble's new Lilt Home Permanent

Choose the Lilt especially made for your type of hair!
Garry Moore invites you to try All-New Ipana... on this special Ipana-Tek bargain offer

New flavor! New cleaning! New anti-decay WD-9!

“NEW IPANA is new all the way through,” says Garry Moore. “I like it better than ever—and I’m sure you will, too.” Here’s why Garry is so sure:

- Wonderful new minty flavor—the 2 to 1 choice of men, women and children who tested it.
- Twice the cleansing foam—deep cleans between your teeth, right where tooth and breath troubles usually start.

Why not try new Ipana now? Save 37¢ on the finest toothpaste and finest toothbrush you can buy. Look for the special combination at your store. Supply limited—so hurry.

All new Ipana and Ipana A/C now on sale contain anti-enzyme WD-9 (Neutral laurel leaf)

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NEW!

DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY*

SAFELY STOPS ODOR 24 HOURS A DAY!

New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

Proven in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant without M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum with M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).

2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 clings to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.

3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. Only leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.

4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.

5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamer texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.


NEW MUM®
cream deodorant with long-lasting M-3
(Hexachlorophene)

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

PHOTOPLAY

OCTOBER, 1954 • FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

HIGHLIGHTS

Hollywood's Golden Age
Inside Stuff
Choose Your Stars
The Mysterious Miss Peters
The Pied Piper of Hoboken
Build Your Date Line
When Love Is Enough
Superstitions of the Stars
Giant Heart
For the Love of Pete
The Things Mom Never Said
Miracle at the Crossroads
Having Wonderful Time
Bosom Loveliness
If Marilyn Has a Little Girl
Photoplay Fashions
It's Fun to Sew

STARS IN FULL COLOR

Andrey Hepburn
Humphrey Bogart
Marlene Dietrich
Mike O'Shea
Virginia Mayo
Clark Gable
Lana Turner
Judy Garland
Liz Taylor
Maggie McNamara
Debra Paget
Richard Burton
Grace Kelly

Race Gentry

SPECIAL EVENTS

Hollywood Whispers, Florabel Muir
Let's Go to the Movies, Janet Graces
That's Hollywood, Sidney Skolsky
Readers Inc.

Cover: Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, currently in U-I's "The Black Shield of Falworth" Color Portrait by Ornitz

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HALL OF FAME: Jane Darwell, 32; Mitchell Leisen, 32; Lloyd Nolan, 32; Virginia Weidler, 32; William Wyler, 32.

OCTOBER, 1954

VOL. 46, NO. 4

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2
You're seeing the famed stage musical from a front-row seat! Rich in spectacle... the whirling sword dance, the skirling bagpipes, the gathering of the clans, the glory of the Highland setting and more!

Those BIG BRIGADOON Song Hits!
"Heather On The Hill"
"Waitin' For My Dearie"
"Almost Like Being In Love"
"There But For You Go I"
"I'll Go Home With Bonnie Jean"... and others!

IN CINEMASCOPE

Screen Play, Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER • FREDERICK LOEWE • ANSCO • VINCENTE MINNELLI • ARTHUR FREED
Music by Color by Directed by Produced by
AN M-G-M PICTURE
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Cologne, $1.00, $1.75
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(all prices plus tax)

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

BY FLORABEL MUIR

About Betty Hutton and the unpublicized guy in her life, Alan Livingston of Capitol Records, who seems to have moved into the top spot. About the romance of Grace Kelly and Oleg Cassini, which gets its biggest chance to burgeon this autumn when Grace takes her long siesta in New York. About Jean Parker's screen return in "Black Tuesday" with Edward G. Robinson, following her decision to wind up her marriage with Robert Lowery. About whether Jane Withers and Bill Moss might not get together before their divorce decree becomes final. This was one marital split-up that has puzzled the town, and there's no question that Bill is a much-changed man since the bickerings climaxed in court.

About the surprise word brought back to Hollywood by some of the Cote d'Azur set that the real reason why l'affaire Gene Tierney and Aly Khan is indefinitely sidetracked is the opposition of the aging Aga Khan who still believes Rita Hayworth was a tough matrimonial bet for his heir to lose. But don't sell this romance short while Aly's huge diamond sparkles on Gene's third finger, left hand. Joan Crawford's latest interest, Lee Trent, oldtime burlesque actor and film bit player who retired years ago from "the profesh" and piled up a fortune as a manufacturer. About Judy Garland and Sid Luft, who will return from abroad with the nucleus of the new racing stable they've started building. Their Irish three-year-old Ozbeg won his first two starts at Hollywood Park.

About the graceful way Pier Angeli bounced in the direction of a new boy

(Continued on page 6)
“Sabrina” is a motion picture as great as its great, great cast!

It’s bubbling with Laughter...Romance...Drama...Exciting Entertainment and Academy Award Stars!

HUMPHREY BOGART

AUDREY HEPBURN

WILLIAM HOLDEN

Topping his Oscar-winning role in "The African Queen"!

Surpassing her Academy Award success in "Roman Holiday"!

Outdoing his "Stalag 17" power-performance!

Produced and Directed by the Academy Award winner who brought you "The Lost Weekend" and "Stalag 17."

Produced and Directed by the Academy Award winner who brought you "The Lost Weekend" and "Stalag 17."

WALTER HAMPDEN • JOHN WILLIAMS • MARTHA HYER • JOAN VOHS

Written for the Screen by BILLY WILDER, SAMUEL TAYLOR and ERNEST LEHMAN

From the play by SAMUEL TAYLOR • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
I dreamed I went on a safari* in my maidenform bra

Look who’s after big game... me!
... the most dangerous figure in the Congo.
Completely ambushed by admiring glances for my fabulous form.
No girl on the hunt ever had more fatal ammunition than a Maidenform bra.

Shown: Maidenform’s Maidenette in acetate satin with lace. Also in nylon taffeta and in broadcloth with lace... from 1.50

About the chances of the Harry Karl-Marie McDonald marriage to come through its current crisis. The betting is that it will, because of Harry’s total devotion, unless Marie really believes she can make it to the top as an actress. This, by the way, is a very disturbed girl.

About the off-again-on-again—maybe—eeer-toter-tottering of Frances Langford and Jon Hall, with Frances, who handed Jon his walking papers in the first place, now saying a divorce, if any, is strictly up to him. Jon’s pals know how hard hit he was when Frances slipped him the bad news. If she really wants it that way these two will be back together again.

About Johnny Ray’s initial job as a motion-picture star in 20th Century-Fox’s “No Business Like Show Business” and the inevitable comparisons between Johnny and Frank Sinatra, who came to film glory the hard way. Johnny found a couple of guardian angels right off the bat in Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey who steered him away from all the pitfalls.

About the romance of Paramount’s Marjie Millar and Johnny Flores, Collier’s cameraman, whose marriage is now set for January. But will Marjie’s great hit as the ingenue in “About Mrs. Leslie” change her rosy plans? It’s been known to happen, the wiseacres point out. And about how Marjie won her first important break, the test at 20th that resulted in the Paramount job. Her petticoat dropped off at a party and Virginia (Mrs. Darryl Zanuck) came to her rescue!
"7:55 P.M. All days off were cancelled. All officers placed on standby. This was the hottest case to ever hit the department."

In the first feature-length production of

JACK WEBB

IN THE FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH PRODUCTION OF

DRAGNET

THE TRACK-DOWN STORY NEVER TOLD BEFORE!
SO BIG IT HAD TO BE TOLD ON THE WIDE, WIDE
SCREEN IN WARNERCOLOR

Presented by Warner Bros.

Directed by Jack Webb

Produced by Mark VII Ltd.

Written by Richard L. Breen

Starring Richard Boone, Ann Robinson

‘Frank’ is in it too!

Ben Alexander

as Officer Frank Smith
"I, Sinuhe, the Egyptian, have forsaken eternity and everlasting life for the perfection of love...

"I committed every crime against man, woman and the gods. I gave my innocence to Merit, a tavern maid, who bore me a son. I surrendered my parents hope of immortality to Nefer, shameless temptress of Babylon. I committed the sin of sins, with Princess Baketamon, who coveted the throne of Egypt!"

Before your eyes, "The Egyptian" comes to life! The graven images become flesh-and-blood realities. The ancient hieroglyphics become transformed into living vistas. The Rivers of Babylon flow once again in the wrong direction. The Forbidden Land of the Hittites and the Pyramids of the Nile relive their golden age.
Broken Lance

Though the setting is the American Southwest and the time the last century, this is no routine Western. With Spencer Tracy and Richard Widmark dueling for acting honors, Bob Wagner doing his best work, it's an unusual drama of family discord. Tracy has the dominant role, as a cattle baron who considers himself above the law. Widmark has the most complex role, as the browbeaten eldest son, who finally stirs his brothers, Hugh O'Brian, who's weak, and Earl Holliman, who's dim-witted, to join him in rebellion. They resent their favored half-brother, Bob, son of Tracy's marriage to an Indian (Katy Jurado). Bob's romance with Jean Peters is touching as disaster descends upon him. An action-packed ending, however, brings events to a happy conclusion.

Dick, Spencer and Bob watch Jean sample a red-hot pepper

Rear Window

In an ingenious Alfred Hitchcock thriller, James Stewart is an aggressive action hero—wheelchair-bound. And Grace Kelly's appeal registers warmly for the first time. As a magazine photographer who has broken a leg in line of duty, Jimmy recuperates in his New York apartment, which looks out on a center-of-the-block court. He amuses himself by spying on his neighbors' activities. This hobby, obviously impolite, also proves dangerous, when Jimmy begins to suspect a tenant across the court of murder. He is salesman Raymond Burr, whose invalid wife is no longer seen in their apartment. Jimmy can sell his theories only to Thelma Ritter, his nurse, and Grace, his sweetheart—supposedly a useless ornament of high society. Detective Wendell Corey remains skeptical.

Even under Grace's blandishments, Jimmy stays marriage-shy

The Black Shield of Falworth

Cheerful and buoyant as its young stars—Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh—this dashing tale of old England provides a pleasant entertainment session. Tony and sister Barbara Rush have been brought up in a humble cottage. When their guardian sends them to the castle of nobleman Herbert Marshall, Tony begins investigating the mystery of their real family background. Meantime, he becomes a squire, in training for knighthood. These sequences are both fascinating and funny, reminding us that full armor was not only fine to look at—but mighty clumsy to wear. While Tony courts Janet (Marshall's daughter), Barbara's romanced by squire Craig Hill. And there's a roaring climax in the fight against dastardly David Farrar, out to capture the English throne.

Well-taught by Torin Thatcher, Tony is ready to do battle

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

W I T H  J A N E T  G R A V E S
Sabrina

★★★★ A slender but sprightly comedy-romance gives Audrey Hepburn another chance to weave her unique spell. William Holden and Humphrey Bogart handle off-beat roles with assurance, but Audrey plays first fiddle all the way. She's a chauffeur's daughter, raised on the fabulous estate of a rich New York family. As an awkward teenager, she worships Holden, the rattle-brained younger son. Bogart's the sober elder son, a briefcase-toting Wall Street lawyer, who rescues Audrey when she attempts suicide. Her outraged dad (John Williams) packs her off to France to learn the art of cookery. She returns a grown-up charmer, loaded with Parisian chic, to catch Holden's eye. Bogart intervenes in the crisis, since his father (Walter Hampden) is only an amused (and amusing) onlooker.

FAMILY

Thinking Audrey's a lovely stranger, Bill offers her a lift.

Betrayed

★★★★ Judged simply as an adventure story, the reunion vehicle of Lana Turner and Clark Gable is an exciting item. But the story of the Dutch underground never lives up to the authenticity of the Netherlands locale—and Victor Mature nearly steals the show. Gable is a Dutch intelligence officer captured by the Nazis, then rescued and spirited to England by Mature, dashed leader of the resistance. Lana, wealthy and once-frivolous widow of a Netherlands businessman, is trained as a secret agent so that she may serve as contact between Mature and the Allied command, planning invasion. None of the leads seems particularly European, and minor players create a babel of international accents. But the plot is full of tense climaxes, and backgrounds have a misty charm.

FAMILY

Lana tries to comfort Vic, embittered by a wartime tragedy.

Susan Slept Here

★★★★ Never before has Debbie Reynolds' natural sparkle come across so entrancingly. And Dick Powell keeps pace with her, revealing a nice comedy flair. It takes their combined skill to juggle a story that's preposterous from start to finish, moving too erratically to keep its slips from showing. As a writer planning a story on juvenile delinquency, Dick gets a strange Christmas Eve present from two police-detective friends. The present is Debbie, an alleged delinquent who is to spend the holiday as the writer's guest (and research subject). Dick fails in his effort to scare up a chaperone, and the resulting situation infuriates his fiancee (Anne Francis, again going sexy with gusto). Some lines border on vulgarity, but Debbie and Dick manage to make them funny instead of cheap.

ADULT

After refusing Dick's gift, Debbie tries it on—and weakens...
But she wouldn't have been if she hadn't corrected that insidious trouble* that came between them.

Don't let *halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light, and don't trust to makeshifts to correct it. Trust it to Listerine Antiseptic, the extra-careful precaution against offending. Use it night and morning, and always before any date.

**Lasting Effect**

You see, Listerine instantly stops bad breath, and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end . . . four times better than tooth paste. It's the extra-careful precaution against offending that countless fastidious people rely on.

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills bacteria . . . by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

**No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This . . . Instantly**

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

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**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 always gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

---

**Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath**

4 times better than any tooth paste
never never never

since the world began—has there been a perfume like Adam's Rib

Perfume: 1 oz. $18.50, ½ oz. $10.00, dram $3.00
Toilet Water: 3½ oz. $4.00, 2 oz. $2.50 prices plus tax
THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Bob Wagner now wonders if the lad who caddies for him will grow up to be a movie star . . . Judy Holliday is an indoor female. Her only outdoor fun is hunting for unique antique shops . . . Following Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh into a premiere as the fans cheered them, I overheard Tony say to Janet: "I wonder if those people in the stands realize that the main reason we came here was to see them." . . . I don't believe masters of ceremonies or disc jockeys know the celebrities they introduce one-quarter as well as they pretend . . . Hollywood is a place where celebrities get a kick out of mingling with celebrities . . . Many actresses think they are so very brave if they permit you to see them without their complete make-up. To me many actresses look better this way . . . I think the most underrated actor in town is Mickey Rooney. He's just as good today as he was when he did the sensational drunk scene in "National Velvet." . . . Please don't ask me who the most overrated actor is . . . Jeff Chandler is a restless sleeper. He uses every square foot of the bed at one time or another during the night . . . Ever notice how people married to each other start looking alike, a la Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin . . . During a conversation, my favorite female character, Marie Wilson, said: "Well, if you ask me—Jane Doe sounds like a fictitious name."

Liz Taylor explains that she seldom carries money with her because she loses everything, wallet, keys, etc. Freudian, Liz, Freudian . . . I think "It's All Right with Me" from "Can-Can" is the most neglected of current show tunes and I wish Frank Sinatra would record it . . . What's happening with Pat Crowley and pictures? Paramount isn't doing right by our Pat . . . Lex Barker is still playing Tarzan. He sleeps in the raw . . . When starlet Kathy Marlowe was asked what a certain rich boy friend does for a living, she replied: "He earns a very high allowance."

Kathryn Grayson's singing gowns feature an elastic bodice. When Katia takes a deep breath for those high notes, her chest expands to 41 inches. So don't even mention Jane Russell.
Don't let your hair look dull, drab, old.

Nestle glorifies hair with sparkling, young COLOR

NESTLE COLORINSE
Here's a wonderful, easy-to-use rinse that enriches your natural hair color in seconds! Gives your hair exciting color-highlights and sheen... makes it softer, silkier, easier to comb. Colorinse rinses in — shampoos out! 11 flattering colors plus Natural. 6 rinses 25¢, 14 rinses 50¢.

NESTLE COLORTINT adds deeper, longer-lasting, youthful-looking color. Hides gray hairs... blends-in streaked, bleached or dyed hair. Colortint is more than a rinse—but not a permanent dye. No ammonia, no peroxide, no artificial look! Contains Esters of Lanolin to condition dull hair. 10 lovely colors. 6 capsules 29¢, 14 capsules 50¢.

FREE! For sample of Colorinse or Colortint, (specify which one) send in color of your hair and self-addressed, stamped envelope to Nestle, Dept. V-903 Broadway, N.Y.16.

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

near me... I wish they'd get busy and put Agnes DeMille's "Dance to the Piper" on the screen... Hollywood is a place where the same guy who asks a celebrity for an autograph won't accept the same autograph on a cheek.

True, Joan Crawford never merely enters a restaurant or a night club. She makes an entrance. But I'm for it. Not only is it a dash of yesteryear's Hollywood but I have no objection to being kissed by Joan... The trouble with most of the night clubs on the Sunset Strip is that the tables are reserved but the customers aren't... Marilyn Maxwell wears pastel chiffon pleated short nightgowns to bed, and usually falls asleep with music from the record-player near her bed... You can take a lot of the so-called glamour gals. I'll take Joanne Dru... I'm rather proud of myself—I'm able to distinguish between Tab Hunter and Jeff Hunter. Is there a prize?

Marlon Brando will be the leading contender for all acting prizes for his "On the Waterfront" performance... George Sanders writes the naughtiest verse about the members of the cast after he finishes working in a picture... The latest fad is that the girls (Lana Turner, Terry Moore, Leslie Caron, Jean Simmons, to mention a few) are wearing men's shirts with slacks or shorts. Got to confess, it's the first time I don't object to stuffed shirts.

Anne Francis still takes her shoes off at a party... Did you ever stop to think that Howard Hughes prefers brunettes? Hastily I've tried to recall all the girls who have been linked with him romantically or businesswise and the only blond I can name is Jean Harlow... John Wayne takes his own make-up man with him from studio to studio... I sometimes get the impression that Audrey Hepburn is amazed that she is a movie star... Yet nothing about Zsa Zsa Gabor amazes me.

Rosalind Russell is as good an actress off-stage as on, which she proved at the start of a Hawaiian luau in Honolulu when she vacationed with husband Fred Brisson after her smash Broadway success in "Wonderful Town."... Joan Weldon and Byron Palmer make a good-looking couple. Too bad it couldn't be.

I believe Stewart Granger is almost as brave (in movies) as Errol Flynn used to be... Rita Moreno is as delightfully amusing as she's delightfully curved... Hollywood is a present-day town. Even a past success has the same weight as a flop... I have yet to meet a starlet who doesn't babble about her career... Doris Day sleeps in shortie nightgowns. "Pajamas make me nervous," explained Doris... I'll bet you were wondering when I was going to mention Marilyn Monroe... My favorite male character, Mike Curtiz, directing a new actor, said: "What are you trying to be—a Marlo Brandy?" That's Hollywood For You.

Liz Taylor never carries money or make-up

Roz Russell is skeptical of food at luau
Playtex Living Bra

Now... the designers who performed such miracles with Playtex Girdles bring you an exciting new bra of elastic and nylon!

"Custom-contoured" to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone!

Playtex gave new meaning to fit, flattery and freedom in a Girdle. Now they've done it again—with the exciting Playtex Living Bra! It's elastic and nylon, "custom-contoured" for utmost uplift in utmost comfort! Criss-cross front dips low, divides divinely, supports superbly. Exclusive bias-cut sides self-adjust to your every move... without "gripping" or gapping open. Back sets lower... stays lower. Cups are nylon, sculptured to round and raise. And the straps are doubled... can't cut or slip. Never any bra like it!

LOOK for PLAYTEX LIVING BRA* in the blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. In gleaming WHITE, never needs ironing! 32A to 40C........... $3.95

*U.S.A., Canadian and foreign patents pending

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with a complete inside lining that improves uplift, comfort

At last...a 4-section bra that positively assures better uplift...rounds out the figure beautifully...creates an entirely new conception of fit in motion.

But more—the unique petal-smooth inside lining of self material eliminates chafing and irritation, guards health as well as beauty! Discover what Stardust's 4-Section Bra can do for you!

Rich acetate satin or fine pre-shrunk cotton; A, B, or C cups. $1.00

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GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR

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STARDUST, INC., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., N. Y. 1

Address your letters to Readers Inc.,: 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York. We regret we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column.

READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

From all over the country I receive letters which ask over and over again: "How can I become a star?"

Well, first, there's the matter of getting into the entertainment field. My case is one of being born into show business. But there are other ways. They all entail hard work. Many an "overnight success" has come after years of study and near-starvation.

An early start helps. I'd advise taking advantage of high-school days—the class plays, parties that can be livened by imitations, appearances at local benefits. Boys and girls who go on to college can find excellent drama courses and opportunities for stage work in college productions. A small-town little theatre will also be glad to lend a hand. If there isn't one, it might be a good idea to organize one.

There's summer stock. You may sweep out the auditorium and paint scenery the first season, but a good deal can be learned from watching professionals in action. There are dramatic schools—a reputable one can offer invaluable aid.

Then on to Hollywood—if bank account is equal to the shore. With a solid background, a belief in oneself and a will to work, an aspiring young hopeful has a right to ask for the big chance.

DONALD O'CONNOR

I have just seen that wonderful new movie, "The High and the Mighty," and I certainly wish to congratulate Warners on their wise selection of John Wayne for the part of Dan. No one could have played the part better. Congratulations to you, John, and lots of luck to you and to Warners in the future!

MARY YARBURY
Salt Lake City, Utah

I just saw "The Greatest Show on Earth." The theatre was really packed. This may not seem so much, but it is when you live in a town with the whole number of 831 people and with "The Robe" playing only a few miles away.

If there were more movies as good as this one, Movie Makers wouldn't have to worry about tv or anything else.

FRANCES REILLY
Mabton, Washington

You probably don't get much mail from the men-folks, but I'm writing a short note for a reason. The reason is Marilyn Monroe. I wish you would please tell me why everyone thinks she is so beautiful...I have been photographing women for about ten years, and will defy anyone, even her husband, to tell me she is good-looking...There are many women walking around the country that are prettier than she is...

ARNOLD SYLVESTER
Gloucester, Massachusetts

To Marilyn Monroe:

I am writing this open letter in answer to that large part of the public who have been against you. I had heard a lot about you from friends who had seen you on the screen, so I decided to see you for myself. The picture was "Monkey Business." I was shocked and flabbergasted at the way you walked and the clothes you wore, but thought, well, she's just playing the part on the screen. After that, I went to see more of your pictures. Then I saw you in "Niagara," this was the picture in which you captured my heart. And I must confess that for one, was against you, but I realize now that here's a star that is going places and will top even the brightest stars if given the chance. In "River of No Return" you have, without a doubt, proven yourself to be a most versatile actress and are showing the cynics that for all your beauty and sex that you can be a good dramatic actress, too.

I close with these words, Good Luck and may God be with you in your climb to stardom.

Sgt. PHILLIP L. QUINTYNE
Washington, D. C.

I'm tired of everybody, or almost every body, saying mean things about Robert Wagner. If they don't like him, just shut up! I'm tired of reading that he's a baby. Well, if he were a baby, he wouldn't be where he is. People also say that he is not a good actor. For me, he is a good actor, good looking, sweet and has many qualities that guys of his age don't have. The actors that are now famous started the same way.

WHY DON'T THEY ALSO STOP BOTHERING MARLON BRANDO? HE IS A GOOD ACTOR AND SHOULD BE JUDGED BY HIS ACTING ONLY.

NATANIEL FERNANDEZ
Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

(Continued on page 18)
Revolon’s ‘LOVE PAT’

the miracle makeup with the face-powder finish

Imagine! You puff on powder and makeup all-at-once! Instantly your complexion takes on new radiant color, a new younger look! Once you’ve tried this new way of powdering your face, you’ll never go back to loose, spilly powders. Actually, ‘Love-Pat’ does a complete makeup job …no base needed! It can’t spill, puffs on in seconds, clings hours longer than powder. 8 genius shades that won’t streak, won’t turn orangey on your skin!

Only compact makeup blended with Lanolite…3-ways-better than Lanolin itself!
Why Be Fat?

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No Drugs . . . No Diet . . . Results Guaranteed! Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box ($2.98) or your money back!

Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. It contains no drugs or laxatives.

New Loveliness in a Few Weeks. Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan.

Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you! At your drug or department store.

Ilona Massey

(Continued from page 16)

I just finished reading Ralph Edwards' "This Is Your Life, Audie Murphy" and want to say I enjoyed it more than I have any other story which has appeared in your magazine for a long, long time . . . Let's have some more like it in the near future.

Carol Lee Simonson
San Francisco, California

So far I have been sitting back and listening to everybody criticize Elizabeth Taylor. They are all wrong about her. I had the opportunity to meet her personally. There were about seven of us there and she signed our autograph books even though she had to report to work. How can anyone judge her without knowing her?

Phyllis Kros
Inglewood, California

I have read almost every issue of Playboy this year, and not once have I seen a picture or a story on one of my favorites.

Edmund Purdom . . . Please have a story on him in a future issue.

Carolyn Riggs
Kalamazoo, Michigan

An article on Mr. Purdom will be featured in the November issue of Playboy—ED.

I'd like to say that I wholeheartedly agree with Cal York (July, Inside Stuff) when he says that Donald O'Connor did a swell job winning this year's Academy Awards. The Press must have just been speaking for itself, which is certainly a minority compared to the millions of people across the country who liked him.

Vivian Morrow
Mt. Clemens, Michigan

We want to congratulate Maxine Arnold on writing such a wonderful article on Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis (July). To us, Dean and Jerry have always, and always will be, two of the best in show business.

The Martin and Lewis Fan Club
Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

Last night I saw Republic Studios release "Jubilee Trail," and, though I've never written a letter praising any movie or actor, I felt that for once I had to express my delight in one of Hollywood's "prospects." The casting was as nearly perfect as in any picture I have ever seen. I'd like to say that the most perfectly portrayed character was John Ives, played by Forrest Tucker. He was John Ives. I hope that we'll see him in some more of the leading roles he so richly deserves.

Louise E. Wise
Orlando, Florida

(Continued on page 20)
honestly darling! this lovely carryette didn't cost a cent!...

with Deltah's stunning new choker or necklace

it's free!

and look!

the monogram plaque hides a 4 picture album!

Who else but Deltah dreams up such enchanting double dramatics—or simulates pearls as faithfully as this?

Both the "Elegance" choker and the "Classique" necklace bring you beauty that's always your most flattering accessory.

Big fashion news too—Deltah's fabulous free gift (worth $7.50)—the handsome black and gold plastic carryette with monogram plaque concealing a 4-section photo holder. Satin lined with make-up pocket. Practical and smart looking wherever you go!

"Elegance" single strand
adjustable choker ........ $12.75
double strand (shown) .... $15.50
triple strand ............ $18.00

"Classique" graduated single strand
necklace (not shown) .... $12.75

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Look Out Red

Slow down—this is a red you have to see! A bright, blazing, stop-and-look red... hard to miss, but awfully easy to wear. For Look-Out Red is all red—no trace of orange or blue—and perfect with every stitch you own. It's a Cashmere Bouquet red that stays red and stays on—hour after hour!

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Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet

Advice from the Beauty Director of the Conover School: "Use a lip brush for a sharp, clear outline. Then fill in with short, down strokes of your Cashmere Bouquet lipstick."

Candy Jones

cashmere bouquet
INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK
Super-creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

READERS INC...
(Continued from page 18)

CASTING:
I think Guy Madison would be wonderful in the role of the famous flier Charles Lindbergh when they make the movie of his book "The Spirit of St. Louis."

PATRICIA HOLLISCHER
Houston, Texas

There have been what I consider some very good and some very poor suggestions in this column. I couldn't stand to see rugged Charlton Heston cast opposite Marilyn Monroe—as somebody wrote. Marilyn's mate should be Steve Cochran. Charlton Heston rates someone like the beautiful newcomer Grace Kelly.

SHARON LUPFER
Sheffield, Alabama

Look-alikes Marilyn and Mamie in sister act

I think that Marilyn Monroe and Mamie Van Doren should play sisters in some picture because of their strong resemblance.

LILLIAN HAMRAD
Charleston, West Virginia

Why doesn't M-G-M make George Bernard Shaw's "Anthony and Cleopatra," starring Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh?

FAY BURGESS
Alabama City, Alabama

I would like to see the picture "Mrs. Mike" made over starring Rock Hudson as Mike and Marcia Henderson as his wife. I saw them together in "Back to God's Country" and they were very good.

I hope they are given more pictures together because they make such a perfect team co-starring together.

JUDY HUX
Fruitland Park, Florida

I just read "The Southerners," by Edna Lee, which I think would make a wonderful movie. I also think Ann Blyth would be perfect as Jessica.

KAY M.
Dayton, Ohio

John Wayne and Jane Russell would be a terrific team in Westerns. Are both of them married?

ETHEL LONG
Wells Tannery, Pennsylvania

Jane is—to ex-football pro, Bob Waterfield. John Wayne was recently divorced.—ED.

I am convinced that the perfect leading lady of the film version of "South Pacific" would be Judy Garland. . . Howard Keel or even Mario Lanza would be ideal for the leading male role in the film.

W. T. HOWES
Montreal, Canada

(Continued on page 37)
With Kim Novak, Fred enjoys being a detective

Columbia

In a tough, crisp tale of crime, seductive Kim Novak makes a promising debut, and Fred MacMurray has a role recalling his hard-hitting “Double Indemnity.” He’s a detective assigned to track down a bank robber and recover the stolen cash. To do this, he strikes up a prompt and very close friendship with Kim, the bandit’s girl. They’re genuinely attracted to each other, they find, and they plot to kill the bandit when he appears—and keep the cash for themselves. On stakeout, Fred has the pleasant task of watching Kim’s apartment, but his partner (Phil Carey) is distracted by her next-door neighbor, a nurse (Dorothy Malone). The tension is built up skillfully; the characters are believable, except that Kim’s is a bit sentimentalized.

Veering

An obscene, astonishing episode in American history provides the basis for an excellent Civil War film, done tautly and with genuine emotion. Van Heflin leads a band of Confederate officers in an escape from a New York State prison camp. Crossing into Canada, they return stealthily to plot a raid on the little town of St. Albans, Vermont—eventually carrying it out in full Confederate uniform! As a charming war widow with whom Van boards, Anne Bancroft shows him how the other side feels. Richard Boone has an interesting role as a maimed Union veteran with a guilty secret, while Lee Marvin and Peter Graves are outstanding among Van’s subordinates.

The Raid

20th, Technicolor

Francis Joins the W.A.C.s

Here’s the most amusing Francis picture since the talking mule’s first. Costar Donald O’Connor is back in the Army, called up from the reserves—and, through a snafu, sent to an all-WAC unit. He heads a platoon including such unmilitary-looking types as Mamie Van Doren. Also on the post are Julia Adams and Lynn Bari, Don’s superior officers—and Francis, who helps Don and the girls beat male troops in a battle maneuver featuring the use of camouflage. Chill Wills helps the gals along, playing a general who talks exactly like Francis (hardly strange, since Chill has always been Francis’ voice).

The Little Kidnappers

RKO, U.S.A.

Two of the most engaging little boys you’ve ever seen on the screen dominate a delightful story of Scottish and Dutch settlers in Nova Scotia (where the pictures was shot). Tow-headed Jon Whiteley (of “The Stranger In Between”) is the older; the younger is Vincent Winter, a completely natural five-year-old who seems to have no idea that the camera’s watching him. Newly orphaned, they’re taken in by their grandfather (Duncan Macrae). He’s a stern old tyrant, just scraping by on his small farm, and he can’t understand the lonesome children’s yearning for a pet, preferably a dog. So they find and adopt a most unusual pet—a baby, whom they hide away and care for tenderly. Adrienne Corri, the spectacular redhead of “The River,” does a beautiful job as a drab young spinster, daughter of the tyrant, who blocks her romance with a Dutch neighbor (Theodore Bikel).

The Grafters

Harrison and Davidson

This Japanese film (with English titles) seems at first an adventure in the exotic, dealing with people and ideas far away in space and time. Slowly, it broadens into a story of the way war, ambition, love and death affect ordinary people. Then it becomes touchingly real, even though it takes place in a world where the existence of ghosts is taken for granted. As warrior kings battle across a frightened countryside, two peasants abandon their quiet homes and their wives. One is led by a longing to wear the splendid armor of a samurai; the other is ruined by his hunger for money and his infatuation with a stranger, lovely woman. Several of Japan’s top stars give strong performances in the leading roles, and many of the scenes are as enthralling to the eye as fine oriental prints.

King Richard and the Crusaders

Warners; Cinemascope, Warnercolor

Hollywood’s current vogue for the Middle Ages now casts George Sanders as Richard the Lionhearted, off to free the Holy Land from the infidel (and liberate a few valiantes on the way). Threatened by treachery in his own ranks, he has a staunch defender in Laurence Harvey, a fiery young Scottish knight. The picture lives up considerably when Rex Harrison appears, as the wily Sultan Saladin, Richard’s respected enemy. Virginia Mayo shares a romance with Harvey, between all the battle clashes and fine flourishes of chivalry.

Charles Antell

NEW SUPER LANOLIN FORMULA 9

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Both for Only 98c

NEW LANOLIN SHAMPOO

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Money Back Guarantee
Bobbi is perfect for this new “Martinique” hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking waves. No nightly settings necessary.

Bobbi’s soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new “Cherie” style. Bobbi is so simple to give—no help needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

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

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

Bobbi’s so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — and that’s all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

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

Casual, carefree — that’s the “Catalina” hairdo — thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents give you soft, care-free curls and waves right from the start.

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

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.
Suddenly

A suspense story that generates a fair amount of tension gives Frank Sinatra a chance to continue his new career as a non-singing actor. He's that familiar type, the psychopathic triggerman—with a sensational assignment. He's been hired to assassinate the President of the United States. Nancy Gates is the scared heroine, a widow whose home is commandeered by Sinatra. Sterling Hayden, as a local cop (Nancy's beau), and James Gleason, as a retired Secret Service man (her father-in-law), are doughty good guys.

Down at Socorro

Starting off with a lively burst of action (which recalls the true saga of Tombstone), this Western later slows down, as it tries too hard to emulate first "Stagecoach," then "High Noon." Rory Calhoun's a dashing gambler, who retires from gunfighting on doctor's orders, to cure a racking cough. But he's pursued by a vaguely vengeful gunman (Alex Nicol), and he pauses on his way to a healthier climate in order to rescue Piper Laurie from a life of sin. Exiled from home by her nasty-minded father, she has decided to take a job as hostess at David Brian's gambling house.

The Littlest Outlaw

A colorful locale gives interest to a pleasant story. Filmed in Mexico, this is a standard child-and-animal yarn, after the manner of the Lassie and Flicka movies. Andres Velasquez, a comely boy with a sweet smile, rescues a beloved horse after it has failed as a jumper, because it has been subjected to brutality. The adventures of the runaway pair wind up with an exciting bull-ring sequence. Pedro Armendariz has too brief a role as the owner of the horse, and Joseph Calleia is a sympathetic padre.

A Bullet Is Waiting

The lustrous beauty of Jean Simmons is the chief attraction of a suspense film that dawdles over too much philosophical dialogue. She's the daughter of an English scholar (Brian Aherne), who has retreated to the isolation of a California sheep ranch. Alone, she's visited by two survivors of a plane crash: Rory Calhoun, alleged killer; sheriff Stephen McNally, Rory's ex-captor. Jean and Rory make a handsome pair of lovers, and photography helps the idyllic mood.

Duel in the Jungle

Wild African backgrounds are the making of this thriller, shot on the spot. As an insurance investigator, Dana Andrews goes there to check on the death of diamond tycoon David Farrar, supposedly lost at sea. He keeps running into Jeanne Crain, the "dead" man's deluded fiancee, and eventually both find Farrar—alive, malevolent, serenely ready to collect his...
Look lovelier in 10 days with Doctor's Home Facial or your money back!

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

* If you aren’t entirely satisfied with your complexion—here’s wonderful beauty news! A famous skin doctor has worked out a home beauty routine that helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier!

**Why It’s So Successful!**

Noxzema is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients found in no other leading beauty cream. It’s *greaseless*—and it’s *medicated* ... to aid healing, help keep skin looking fresh and clear.

**The Tingle Tells You!** The moment you smooth on Noxzema, you feel a cool, refreshing tingle. Noxzema is going to work, helping your skin look prettier!

Noxzema is wonderful for rough, dry skin, externally-caused blemishes, and dull, lifeless complexions. Start your Noxzema care tonight. Here’s all you have to do:

1. **Cleanse your face with a Noxzema cream-wash.** Smooth on Noxzema, wash off with a wet face-cloth—just as if you were using soap. Unlike most cold creams, Noxzema washes off with water!

2. **Night Cream:** Use Noxzema before going to bed, to help soften and smooth your skin while you sleep. Pat a bit extra on any externally-caused blemishes. It’s medicated to help heal them—fast! You don’t have to worry about a messy pillow—Noxzema is greaseless!

3. **Powder Base:** Before putting on make-up, apply Noxzema. It helps protect your skin all day!

**It works or money back!** In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women to have lovelier looking complexions. Use it for 10 days. If you don’t look lovelier, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—your money back.

**50% More NOZXEMA for your money (than in smallest sizes)**

Limited time offer! Big 6 oz. jar only 60¢ plus tax, at drug and cosmetic counters.

Enough Noxzema for months at a big saving!
why Dial soap protects your complexion even under make-up

Dial clears your complexion by removing blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin.

No matter how lavishly or sparingly you use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected underneath your make-up.

For mild, fragrant Dial washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin.

Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. And there's nothing else as good. It clears the skin of unseen bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

Works in a new way!

Until Dial came along, no soap could remove these trouble-makers safely and effectively. Even after the most thorough washing with ordinary soaps thousands of bacteria are left on the skin. Then, when you put on make-up, they're free to cause trouble underneath. But daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of them. And Dial's AT-7 clings to your skin, so it continually retards the growth of new bacteria.

And Dial is so mild!

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

P. S. Shampoo a Diamond Sparkle into your hair with new Dial Shampoo.
ENRICHES YOUR HAIR WITH BEAUTY!

Twice as much lanolin gives your hair twice the twinkle! Leaves it amazingly manageable. So soft, so clean... radiant to behold!

Helene Curtis
lanolin shampoo

It's Lanolin magic!

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BELIEVED—M.G. Directed by Gottfried Reinhardt: Col. Peter W. Dever; Clark Gable; Cora Van Deren; Dana Turner; "The Scare": Victor Mature; Gen. Ten Eyck; Louis Calhern; Col. Helmuth Dietz; O. E. Hasse; Gen. Charles Larracy; Wilfrid Hyde-White; Capt. Jackie Larson; Ian Carmichael; Blackie; Niall MacGinnis; Maj. John Alton; Vesta June; Nora Swinburne; Gen. Godfrey; Roland Culver; "Pop": Leslie Weston; Chris; Christopher Rhoades; Jan's grandmother; Lily Kwan; Joe; Brian Smith; Capt. Von Stanger; Anthony Ferrigno.

BLACK SHEET OF FALSTONE, THE—U. Directed by Rudolph Maté: Myles Forman; Tony Curtis; Lady Anne; Janet Leigh; Earl of Alba; David Farrar; Frederick Beaton; Barbara Rush; Earl of Marksbury; Herbert Marshall; Diccon Owen; yoga Williams; Prince Hale; Daniel O'Herlihy; Sir James; Tony Torrance; King Henry IV; Ian Keith; Walter Blunt; Patrick O'Neal; Francis Gagey; Hanging Hill.

BROKEN LANCE—20th. Directed by Edward Dmytryk; Matt Devereaux; Spencer Tracy; Joe Devereaux; Robert Walker; Barbara; Jean Peters; Ben; Richard Widmark; Sena Deveraux; Kay Jurado; Mike Devereaux; Hugh O'Brian; Two Moons; Edward Frank; Davy Devereaux, Earl Hollin; The Governor; E. G. Marshall; Clem Laxton; Carl Brenton; Van Cleef; Philip Ober; Mac Andrews; Robert Burton; O'Reilly; Robert Adler; Captain elk; Robert Grandin; Prison Guard; Harry Carter; Cook; Nauche Gallardo; Marston; Julian Rivero; Court Clerk; Edmund Cobb; Judge; Russell Simpson; Clerk; King Donovan; Gatemian; Jack Matthew; Paymaster; George E. Stone; Ranger; John Eiger; Bulitoff; Paul Kruger; Stable Owner; J. F. Stone. BULLET IS WAITING—Columbia, Directed by John Farrar; Colly Cahan; Jean Simmons; Ed Stone, Rore Calhoun; Sheriff Masen; Stephen McNally; David Canham; Brian Aherne.

DROWN AT SOGORRO—U. Directed by George Sherman: Brett Halsey, Rore Calhoun; Rameah Haye; Piper Laurie; Dick Braden; David Brian; Clare; Kathleen Hughes; Jim Raffy, Alex Nicol; Sheriff Canhen; Edgar Buchanan; Lotty; Mara Corday; Buddy Ferris; Skip Homester; Doc Jamieson; Roy Roberts; Earl Ferris; Leo Van Cleef; Tom Ferris; Richard Garland; Old Man Ferris; Stanley Andrews; Richard McNaught; James Millican; Vince McNutt; Steve Lee.

DECEIRED IN THE JUNGLE—Warners. Directed by George Marshall: Scott Il; Cora Van Deren; Andrews; Marion Taylor; Jeanne Crain; Perry Henderson; Arthur Henderson; David Farrar; Superintendent; Robert Patrick; Barry; Captain Malbon; George Coulouris; Martel; Charles Golden; Pit, Wilfrid Hyde-White; Mrs. Hendry; Mary Merrill; A Lady on S.S. Nigeria; Heather Thatcher; Vincent; Michael Mataka; Pan American Airline Captain; Henry Aldrich; Paymaster; Pan American Girl; Delphi Lawrence; Junior Secretary; Mary Mackenzie; Irish Landlady; Bec Duffell; Pan American Freight; Wireless Operator; Patrick Pernell; Clerk (Henderson's office); J. Sale; Jim; Walter Gotelli; Skipper; Charles Carson; Smith; Hotel Clerk; Bill Frasher; Redhead; Simone Silva; Woman; Irene Hand; Sergeant; Lionel MacLane; Bookkeeper's Clerk; Bill Shine.

EARRINGS OF MADAME DE, THE—Arlan. Directed by Max Obuha; Virginia O'Neil (General); Charles Boyer; Madame De, Danielle Darrieus; Baron Donati, Vittorio De Sica.

FRANKS JOIN THE WACS—U. Directed by Arthur Lubin; Peter Stickney; Dorothy O'Connell; Capt. Parker; Julia Adams; Gen. Kaye; Chill Will; Brandy;.Mouse Van Dorin; Mal; Simpson; Lanny Bart; Lt. Hennepet; Zara Weideman; Dickson; Allison Hayes; Kate; Mara Corday; Margie; Karen Kadler; Brissie; Elsa Home; Francis; the talking mute.

KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS—U. Directed by David and Emily Unrein; Errol and Solomon Satum; Red Sparrow; Lady Edith, Virginia Mayo; King Richard I, George Sanders; Sir Kenneth; Laurence Harvey; Sir Giles Amurri; Robert Douglas; Conrad, Margot of Montfort, Michael Rennie, Oona Lawrence; Paula Raymond; Archbishop of Troy; Lester Mathews; Baron de Vaux; Anthony Quayle; King Philip of France; Henry Cordio; Duke Leopold of Austria; Wilton Grant; Dance Speciality, Neta Ates; Nectabana, Nick Cram; Vessel; Stanley Bradly; Leslie Bradley; 1st Castellan, Bruce Lester; 2nd Castellan, Mark Dana; 3rd Castellan, Peter Ortiz.

LAW VS. BILLY THE KID—The—Columbia, Directed by William Castle; Billy the Kid, Scott Brady; Ruta Maxwell; Betty St. John; Pat Garrett; James; Griffith; Bob Oliphant; Alan Hale; John H. Towne; Paul Cavendish; Charlie Bewrade, William, "Bill" Phillips; Arnold Dodge; Benny Rubino; Tom Mattakos, Steve Darrell; Tom O'Fallon; George Berkeley; Dave Duddabough, William Tanne; Peter Marwell, Richard Carling; Carl Tephn; John Chill; Geoffrey, Marlin; Mar- tin Garagala; Jack Poe, Frank Sully; Parsons, William Fawcett; L. G. Murphy, Robert Griffin.

LITTLE KNOBBY THEES, THE—U. Directed by Philip Lannister; Thomas Grace, Maureen MacAnev; Grandson; Jean Anderson; Katsy; Adrienne Corrie; Helpless, Charles B. Hall; Whiteley; Daisy, Vincent Winter; Jan Hooft, Sr.; Francis De Wolfe; Arrow McNab; James Sutherland; Andrew Mcnaught; Joan Rice; Director; Jack Stewart; Tom Cameron; Jameson Clark; Son Ha, Eerie Woodburn; Richard A. Burton; Steffon Benney; Archibald Jenkins, Howard Connell.

LITTLE OUTLAW, THE—Disney, Directed by Roberto Cavalcanti: General Torres, Pedro Armentas; El Rodolfo Acosta; Pablo, Andres Velasquez; Pepe Ortiz (Mata); Hada, Hadda; Malvy, Malvy; Tiger, Gilberto Gonzalez; Valdure, Jose Toray; Senor Garcia, "Ferrasquilla"; Senor Garcia, En- rigue; Dona, Carmen; Senor: Roberto Carlos, Origoz; Silvestra, Maritza Llama; Marcos, Ric- cardo Quintanilla, Liz; Maria; Eugenia; The Groom, Pedro Vargas.

MALTA STORY—U. Directed by Brian Desmond Hurst: Peter Ross, Alec Guinness, Air Officer Captain; Anthony Steel; Mari, Muriel Pavlow; Meta, Flora Robson; Jean, Joan; Austin; Anderson, Brian, Roger Truman; Peter, Reginald; Ed; Hugh Burden; Control Room Operator, Ronald Adam, Inspector; Nigel Stock; Lt. Colonel, Colin, London; Strifey, Edward Chaffers; Paolo, Stuart Borde; Hobbs, No Williman; Carmella, Rosemary Corbin; Col. McCaw; Peter, Dan Harvey; Henry Wheeler, Peter Richards; Ellen Garnett, Ann Morris.

RAID, THE—20th. Directed by Hugo Fregonese: Major: Noël Briton, Van Hille, Lt. Fraternity; Anne Baurcourt; Captains Foster, Richard Boones; Lieutenant Keating; Lee Marvin, Larry Bishop, Tommy Retting; Captain Dwyer; Peter; Senior: Robert Lucas, Douglas Spencer; Colonel Tucker, Paul Cavanagh; Iowers Anderson; Will Wright; Lieutenant Robinson; James Best; Corporate, John Dierkes; Delphine Coeter, Helen Ford; Mr. Daniels, Harry Humes; Captain, Hoff, Simon Scott; Lieutenant Ream, Claude Akins.

REAR WINDOW—Paramount, Directed by Alfred Hitchcock: Jeff; James Stewart, Liz Frumson, Grace Kelly; Thomas J. Doyle, Wendell Corey; Stella, Thelma Ritter; Lars Thorwald, Raymond Burr; Rosemary, Ina destroying; Roger; Ross Bagdasarian; Miss Tora, George Darcy; Woman on Fire Escape; Sara Berner, Fire Escape Man; Frank Macy; Miss Hearing Aid, Jesslyn Faz; Honeymoonery, Rand Harber; Mrs. Thorwald, Irene Hervey; Miss Thorne, Martha Lane, Charley; Party Girl; Marla English; Party Girl; Kathrin Grundstaff; Landlord, Alan, Leon; Miss Shelley, Frances Faye; Francy; Benton; Stunt Detective, Fred Graham; Young Man, Harry Landers; Torso's, Mike; Roberta; John Mills; Mrs. cartoon; Tigilson; Walter (Carl), Ralph Smiley; Stunt Detectives, Edwin Parker; Policeman, Len Henry; Leon, John, Leon, John.

SABRINA—Paramount, Directed by Billy Wilder: Lions Larchbury, Humphrey Bogart; Sabrina Fairchild, Marilyn; Lora Lane; Dr. Barlow, Robert Mitchum; Miss Holden; Oliver Larrabee; Walter Hamden; Thomas Fairchild, John Williams; Elizabeth Tyson, Martha Hart; Officer; William Grant, Marcel Dalio; The Professor, Marcel Hillaire; Maudie Lorde; Miss Henley, Kay; X. Gregg; Manhattan; Miss McCordale, Ellen Corby; Margaret (Cook); Marjorie Bennett; Charles (Butler), Empty Vernon; Mrs. Lord; Hedda Hopper; Mr. Kane, Kay; Doctor; Paul Harvey; Lord; Robert Hartley, David Niven; Minna Campbell; Max (with tray), Harvey Dunn; Stiller's: girl friend, Marion Rose; Spiller, Charles Harvey; Serendip, Dwight Frye; Annette; Eunice (Bartali), Nick Caturelli, Joseph Cate; Tablet, Bob; Bill Net; Elevator Operator, Otto Forrest; Ship Steward, David Abdul.

SUSUALLY—U. Directed by Lewis Allen: John, John, John; Barbara Stanwyck; Robert Mitchum; Rose Poulsen, James Gleason; Ellen Benson, Nancy Gates, Pidge, Kim Charney; Beren Calkin, Paul Cavanagh; Robert; Peel, Carl Hayden; Willis Ruebie; Sib Adams, Paul Wexler; Ida; Maria; Maria; Maria; Maria; Maria; Maria; Maria; Maria; Maria; Maria; Maria.}

U.G.E.T.—Daiei, Directed by Kenji Mizogouch: Lady Wakana, Machiko Kyo; Geno, Mayakuri Ueda; Taka; Robert, Sakai Ozawa, Ohmo, Mitsuko Mito.
Which of these Make-ups is the Most Flattering to You?

No one make-up is ideal for all complexions—which type becomes you most excitingly? Unless you have proved to yourself which type of make-up is best for you, you actually don’t know how lovely you can look.

Campana makes all 3—Cake, Cream, and Liquid. Read on this page how they differ—decide which is best for your complexion—and start tomorrow to wear the make-up that makes you your loveliest self.

And if you’re not sure—experiment! Wear each of these make-ups on successive days—let your mirror, and lingering glances, tell you. It’s so inexpensive to see “for sure”—so thrilling to find the perfect answer!

CAKE?
Yes, cake—if you like a frankly glamorous make-up, flawless even in “close-ups.”

If you’re looking for a dramatic make-up, wear Solitair. No other type of make-up "covers" tiny lines and skin blemishes so completely. With Solitair, your complexion appears completely flawless. Each little imperfection is discreetly hidden. Yet—so rich in Lanolin—this non-drying cake never clogs pores (clinically proved) and never looks heavy or mask-like.

By daylight Solitair is "outdoors-y", with the freshness of youth . . . by night, alluring perfection—even in close-ups. If you haven’t liked other cakes, you’ll still like Solitair . . . it’s different from all others.

CREAM?
Yes, cream—if you crave the “natural look” or if dry skin is a special problem!

If you fear the “made-up look”—or if dry skin makes a creamy make-up especially desirable, Magic Touch is ideal for you! This tinted cream is quickly applied with finger-tips. You can feel its softening, lubricating quality as you put it on. Adds soft glowing color and radiant smoothness . . . covers little lines and imperfections so naturally they seem to melt away.

Used without powder, Magic Touch makes your complexion appear dewy-fresh, with a youthful sheen. Powdered lightly, it gives a lovely mat finish. Rich in Lanolin, soft on your skin, richly protective.

LIQUID?
Yes, liquid—if you can use a make-up so light, you hardly know you have it on!

If what you want most is delicate coloring and the youthful soft look, you’ll find your answer in Sheer Magic! Its dainty color blends your complexion to flower-fresh smoothness, actually gives it the soft look of radiant youth. Little skin faults tactfully vanish, leaving your complexion gloriously even-toned and smooth.

Your skin feels like velvet . . . baby-soft to the touch! Yet Sheer Magic is so light, you hardly know you have it on. Special moistening agents create this youthful effect. A completely new experience in make-up. Try it and see!

Solitair 
CAKE MAKE-UP
7 shades—39c, 65c, $1.00

Magic Touch 
CREAM MAKE-UP
6 shades—49c and $1.00

Sheer Magic 
LIQUID MAKE-UP
6 shades—only 79c

All 3 by Campana . . . Creator of Fine Cosmetics
Now—a pressed powder for dry skin!

New “Puff Magic” is rich in lanolin!

New make-up clings longer, softens skin—comes in 5 flattering new shades

My dear friends,

Some of my friends with dry skin have problems with pressed powders—they don’t cling long enough, and the shades are too pale. These women need a lanolin makeup, like my new Puff Magic. This pressed powder with lanolin foundation comes in five radiantly flattering shades:

- Natural Magic—a stardust finish for your skin.
- Honey Fair—for that “lit-from-within” look.
- Honey Brunette—flattering as candlelight.
- Bridal Pink—soft and natural as a blush.
- Tan Magic—rich as Riviera sunshine.

If you have dry skin, try exciting new Puff Magic. It will help your skin look younger and lovelier always.

Sincerely,

Lady Esther

NEW Puff Magic by LADY ESTHER

PRESSED POWDER WITH LANOLIN FOUNDATION

Mirored case, $1.00 + tax • Scroll case, 59c + tax

Also available in Canada

REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for months indicated. For this month’s full reviews, see page 9.

EXCELLENT   VERY GOOD   GOOD   FAIR
A—ADULTS   F—FAMILY

ABOUT MRS. LESLIE—Wallis. Paramount: Shirley Booth’s charm and superb acting sustain a rambling love story in which she recalls her affair with a married man (Bob Ryan). (A) August

ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE—U.A., Parachute: Dan O’Herlihy is the famous castaway in a strong, completely believable version of the desert-island tale. (F) August

APACHE—U.A., Technicolor: As a proud Indian warrior who won’t accept defeat with the rest of his tribe, Burt Lancaster’s a realistic, unglamorized figure. So is Jean Peters as the girl sharing his outlaw life. (F) August

BLACK HORSE CANYON—U-I, Technicolor: Joel McCrea, Race Gentry, Mari Blanchard pursue a splendid wild stallion in an ingratiating, light Western. (F) August

CAINE MUTINY, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Good acting gives power to the filmed best-seller. Van Johnson, goaded by Fred MacMurray, leads the mutiny against a psychotic Navy captain (Humphrey Bogart). (F) August

COWBOY, THE—Lippert. Eastman Color: Modest, often fascinating documentary showing how the West has changed, how two young modern cowboys really live and work. (F) July

DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS—U-I, Cinemascope, Technicolor: Spectacular but less inspirational sequel to “The Robe.” Victor Mature is tempted by wicked empress Susan Hayward into forsaking Christianity. (F) August

DIAL M FOR MURDER—Warner, WarnerColor: Suave, taut tale of suspense. Ray Milland plots the murder of his rich wife (Grace Kelly); plans go excitingly awry. (F) August


DRUMS ACROSS THE RIVER—U-I, Technicolor: Rapid-fire Western. Audie Murphy and his dad (Walter Brennan) fight to keep gold-mad gunmen from goading Indians to war. (F) August

GARDEN OF EVIL—20th: Cinemascope, Technicolor: Lusty action, magnificent Mexican locations. Cooper, Widmark and Susan Hayward seek gold, fight Indians. (F) September

Continued on page 30
Now you, too, can wear

**STOCKING COLORS TO FLATTER YOUR COMPLEXION**

Under the expert guidance of William Tuttle, head of make-up at M-G-M, all M-G-M stars add to their glamour with blended face powder and Bur-Mil Cameo stockings in "Skin Tone" colors.

Helena Rubinstein, world-famous cosmetics authority, agrees and advises that leg glamour requires misty-dull stockings which blend with and flatter complexions.

Let Bur-Mil Cameo’s Face Powder Finish give your legs a misty, well powdered look. Let Cameo’s new “Skin Tones” harmonize with your complexion both daytime and evening.

Ask for Bur-Mil Cameo in seamless and full-fashioned styles. $1.15 to $1.65.

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*the only stockings with FACE POWDER FINISH*

And whether your complexion is Ivory, Pink, Medium, Radiant, Olive or Sepia, there are perfect Bur-Mil Cameo hosiery “Skin Tones” for you.

These M-G-M stars wear Bur-Mil Cameo stockings to match their complexions.
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But sheer physical comfort, nice as it is, isn't the only reason for adopting Tampax. Another important reason is that it prevents odor from forming.

Why don't you look into this matter of Tampax? Get a package at any drug or notion counter. (It's small enough so a whole month's supply can slip into your purse.) Try it—full directions are inside the package. Few who take this step are ever content with any other kind of protection. Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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by the Journal of the American Medical Association

\[ \text{BRIEF REVIEWS} \]

Continued

\[ \text{NO BELTS} \]
\[ \text{NO PINS} \]
\[ \text{NO PADS} \]
\[ \text{NO ODOR} \]

\[ \text{GOO—U.A., Eastman Color: Science-fiction with interesting gadgets, uninteresting characters. Richard Egan investigates strange deaths in a space-research lab. (F) August} \]

\[ \text{HELL BELOW ZERO—Columbia, Technicolor: Against authentic backgrounds of today's whalers in the Arctic, Alan Ladd investigates the death of Joan Tetzel's dad. (F) July} \]

\[ \text{HER TWELVE MEN—M-G-M, Anser Color: Greer Garson teaches at a boys' school, makes a romantic choice between Bob Ryan and Barry Sullivan. Sentimental, humorous. (F) September} \]

\[ \text{HIGH AND THE MIGHTY—THE Warners: CinemaScope, Warner Color: Gripping story of aviation, Pilots John Wayne, Bob Stack fight to get a crippled trans-Pacific plane to land. Passengers' reactions vary vividly. (F) August} \]

\[ \text{HOBSON'S CHOICE—U.A.: Warm, witty British comedy. pompous Charles Laughton baffles his three daughters, gets his remarriage from the eldest (Brenda de Banzie), after she marries John Mills. (F) August} \]

\[ \text{INDISCRETION OF AN AMERICAN WIFE—Columbia: Unusal drama, shot in Rome. Tourist Jennifer Jones tries to end her love affair with an Italian (Montgomery Clift). (F) May} \]

\[ \text{JOHNNY DARK—U.I., Technicolor: Lively yarn of sports-car racing. Aided by Piper Laurie, Tony Curtis designs a striking new-model car, races it himself. (F) August} \]

\[ \text{JOHNNY GUITAR—Republic, Trucolor: Joan Crawford's the dancing, unloving heroine of a wildly off-beat Western. Sterling Hayden helps her defend her gambling house. (F) September} \]

\[ \text{LIVING IT UP—Paramount, Technicolor: Rowdy Martin-Lewis farce, Doc Dean thinks Jerry is fatally ill; newspaper gal Janet Leigh gives him a "last" fling in New York. (F) September} \]

\[ \text{MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION—U.I., Technicolor: Moving personal drama. Rock Hudson's a playboy who, blaming himself for Jane Wyman's blindness, becomes a dedicated surgeon. Barbara Rush and Greg Palmer also do a tender love story. (F) September} \]

\[ \text{MAKE HASTE TO LIVE—Republic: Slender suspense thriller. Dorothy McGuire's past (her husband, Steve McNally, ex-cop) threatens her respectable, romantic future. (F) August} \]

\[ \text{MAN WITH A MILLION—Rank, U.A.: Technicolor: Gay yet malicious whimsy. Gregory Peck, a Yank in London of 1920, is taken for a millionaire, lives high—on credit. (F) July} \]

\[ \text{MEN OF THE FIGHTING LADY—M-G-M, Anse Color: Van Johnson, Dewey Martin, Keenan Wynn score in a splendid, near-documentary film about jet bombers over Korea and the men who fly them. (F) August} \]

\[ \text{MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY—GB: Mod. totally platoless French film, recalling silent slapstick comedies. Everything goes wrong on Jacques Tati's shore vacation. (F) September} \]

\[ \text{ON THE WATERFRONT—Columbia: Smashin melodrama of the racket-ridden docks near New York. Marlon Brando serves the gang, then fights it, influenced by Eva Marie Saint and Karl Malden. (F) September} \]

\[ \text{OUTLAW STALLION—Columbia, Technicolor: Modest Western. Little Billy Gray defends mom Dorothy Patrick, tries to capture a wild horse with Phil Carey's aid. (F) September} \]

\[ \text{RING OF FEAR—Warners: CinemaScope, Warner Color: Mickey (himself) Spillane tracks down a homieial maniac as Clyde Beatty's circus goes through its routines. (F) September} \]

\[ \text{SARACEN—THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Over-plated swashbuckler about intrigue in Italy and the Crusades, Ricardo Montalban is out to avenge his murdered family. (F) July} \]

\[ \text{SECRET OF THE INCAS—Paramount, Technicolor: Charlton Heston's an unscrupulous adventurer on a standard treasure hunt. Colorful Peruvian locales, native music. (F) August} \]

\[ \text{SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Ansex Color: Detec- table, unusual musical. After frontier farmer Howard Keel brings home a bride (Jane Powell), his brothers all want wives, too. (F) September} \]

\[ \text{SILVER LORE—RKO, Technicolor: Western with both thrills and substance. Accused of murder by Dan Duryea, John Payne sees timid townspeople turning against him. (F) August} \]

\[ \text{STUDENT PRINCE, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Ansex Color: Sweet old-fashioned opera. Prince Edmund Purdom is humanized by university life, falls for barmaid Ann Blyth. Lanza's singing is dubbed in. (F) August} \]

\[ \text{TANGANYIKA—U.I., Technicolor: With Ruth Roman and Howard Duff, Van Heflin tracks down a crazed jungle dictator (Jeff Morrow) who has stirred an African tribe to war. (F) August} \]

\[ \text{THEM—Warners: Smooth science-fiction. G-man Jim Arness, scientist Joan Weldon battle monster ants (Ac-bomb ants). (F) July} \]

\[ \text{THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN—20th: CinemaScope, Deluxe Color: Lovely Italian travelogue plus neatly worked-out triple romance. Maggie McNamara shares prince Louis Jourdan; Joan Peters loves penniless Rosanno Brazzi; Dorothy McGuire yearns for Clifton Webb, sob-hish espriutiste novelis. (F) August} \]

\[ \text{VALLEY OF THE KINGS—M-G-M; East- man Color: High adventure, filmed in Egypt. Bob Taylor, Eleanor Parker look for a Pharaoh's lost tomb, also sought by robbers. (F) September} \]

\[ \text{VANISHING PRAIRIE, THE—DISney Technicolor: Fascinating documentary, show- drama, comedy and violence among wild creatures of America's great plains. (F) September} \]
Now! Magic *Fingers* to Control those "Calorie-Curves!

As if your own fingers were lifting and firming your body muscles—that's how the hidden "finger" panels control those "Calorie-Curves."

New Playtex Magic-Controller!

*has fabric next to your skin...*hidden finger panels that firm and support you for fall's slim look!

From new non-roll top to adjustable garters, Playtex Magic-Controller smooths away those extra inches at waist, at hips, at thighs without a single seam, stitch or bone.

And you've never known such a combination of comfort and control! Because it's all done with latex, lined with cloud-soft fabric—completely invisible under the sheerest, most figure-hugging clothes! What's more, it washes in seconds—and you can practically *watch* it dry!

Playtex is the only girdle with *latex* on the outside, fabric on the inside. Whether you wear extra-small or extra-large—see what a difference Magic-Controller makes in your figure.

Playtex fabric lined Magic-Controller* $7.95
Other Playtex Girdles from $3.50
(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)
Playtex...known everywhere as the girdle in the Slim tube. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending*
THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

BY SHIRLEY THOMAS
Hollywood Correspondent for NBC-Radio

Some people have to fight for everything they get in this world. Life is a battle, and even when they're winning, they worry about what might happen if they lose. For others, it is a different story. They are gifted with looks, talent and luck. Life, to them, is a bowl of cherries. This boy was a party of the second part.

His parents, while not rich, were comfortable. There were no missed meals, no ragged clothes, no stark periods of hardship and want. He didn't even have too much trouble getting into pictures—he was lucky. An agent saw him clowning around a piano—singing, mugging, enjoying himself—and liked what he saw. In no time the lad was represented by one of the keenest talent scouts in Hollywood and signed by a major studio.

The "breaks"—that hard-to-beat combination of talent and luck—kept him going onward and upward, from bits to supporting roles to choice second leads. Still, he was no more than a dilettante. Oh, he studied, to be sure. He took voice lessons and acting lessons and dancing lessons, but in the casual fashion that a young businessman might take up golf or tennis. He was playing at being an actor; he was not a professional.

Then the movie carousel whirled him past the gold ring: his first big starring part in a romantic-adventure role. Off he went on location, in a happy daze over this wonderful turn of events. Things went smoothly enough until he came to the simplest of scenes. He was supposed to swim in a river with a group of other youngsters and dive for a precious object.

The director yelled, "Action," and the boy dived from his rowboat into the water. This was no problem, for he had always excelled in water sports. But as he dived, another youth accidentally kicked him in the stomach. The boy gasped for breath—and swallowed water—huge quantities of it. He sank beneath the waves, came up again, and sank once more, floundering and helpless. Then he felt the reassuring grasp of two crewmen who spotted him.

As he sat in the warm Florida sunshine, trying to shake off the chill that suddenly possessed him, he thought how close he had come to passing through death's door. In the next hour, as he regained the strength to continue, he thought long and hard. It was not enough, he realized, to take things as they came, to accept life on a platter. A man had to pick a goal and strive to reach it. He saw how aimless his wanderings had been, and he knew that what he wanted most in life was to be an actor, a good actor. Not just the "most promising youngster" or "the youth of the year," but an actor, a professional. When he returned to work it was like looking at the world through a new set of eyes. This determination to succeed gave him new stature in the movie and has helped him move a lot closer to his goal.

The fact that he had nearly lost his life was the means of finding a real purpose to living for Bob Wagner.
Your hair is romance...
keep it sunshine bright with White Rain

You'll have sunshine wherever you go when you use White Rain Shampoo. For lovely hair is your most delightful beauty asset. And White Rain sprinkles your hair with sunlight... leaves it soft to touch, fresh as a breeze, and so easy to manage. Ask for this fabulous new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. And as surely as sunshine follows rain... you'll find that romance follows the girl whose hair is sunshine bright.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!
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Proven Conclusively by U. S. Testing Co.*; Even High Priced 60¢ Nail Polishes Don't Out-Wear Chip-pruf Cutex!

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! Regardless of price, you can't beat Cutex with its sensational new Chip-pruf formula for longer wear. Actual case-history tests by this impartial laboratory prove that even expensive 60¢ nail polishes don't outperform Chip-pruf Cutex for lasting wear! THE REASON—ENAMELON! Only Cutex, world's largest selling nail polish, contains this miracle, Chip-pruf ingredient that prevents peeling—keeps fingertips glowing with a chip-resistant lustre that stays perfect from manicure to manicure!

WHY PAY MORE? Cutex gives you longer wear—prettier colors—plus the safe Spillpruf feature, not available in the 2 tested polishes!


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Well, suh, you might as well call the past one “The Debbie Reynolds-Eddie Fisher” month, so far as Hollywood preems and parties went. They were everywhere—and everywhere they got the loudest cheers from sidewalk fans! They act like they'll get to a preacher before the year is out, too. Eddie had quite a preem of his own the night he bowed into the Coconut Grove. Place was jammed with people who furnish fodder and fripperies for the likes of this dept. He sang most of his songs in Debbie's direction, and among ringsiders who noted it were Vic Damone with Anna Maria Alberghetti (she a mass of fluffy white ruffles); Jeff Chandler and Gloria De Haven, now a regular two; Charlotte Austin with Johnny Ray, and the Jerry Lewises (necking like crazy for all to see!).

The Reynolds-Fisher combo only stayed for the first half of “King Richard and the Crusaders,” the night of that big opening, but I haven’t found out why. Star of the film, Virginia Mayo, wore a soft-flowing gown of...
pastel chiffon, its bodice-top draped in a crisscross across the bust and held aloft by tiny shoulder straps. She arrived with hubby Mike O'Shea in a very modern open convertible, escorted by very "old fashioned" Saracen knights riding white chargers—and loaded down with full coats of armor. Poor guys! It was an unusually hot night.

Guy Madison beauded Barbara Warner, doter of studio boss Jack Warner; Guy's brother Chad Mallory took Lisa Gaye. Bob Stack and Rosemary Bowe, Roy Rogers (wearing his white "formal cowboy suit") with Dale Evans, Johnny Ray (this time with his ex, Marilyn Morrison), Ann Miller with Dr. Al Meitus, the Bob Cummings, Julia Adams with George Nader, Rita Moreno with songwriter Jule Styne, the Preston Fosters, Jon Hall with Linda Danson, Joan Bennett, Joan Weldon—well, the celebrity list would fill a book!

At the sparkling preem of "About Mrs. Leslie," Debbie and Eddie again drew the most squeals from the gawkers. There was plenty of squealing too—wot with Robert Ryan, Terry Moore, Pat Crowley, Marilyn Erskine (down to a dainty 92 pounds), Vanessa Brown, Byron Palmer with pretty bestgal Ruth Hampton, Lori Nelson, the Marshall Thompsons, Marla English with Larry (Bud) Pennell and Kim Novak (in a skin-tight black lace sheath over a flesh colored slip) among people to gawk at. Kathleen Hughes was with Lance Fuller—but this was a whole week before Kathleen announced she'd marry producer Stanley Rubin. Julia Adams (with Bill Thomas) was poured into something that had a strapless pale green top and a transparent lavender chiffon apron-type skirt, under which were green satin toreador dancing pants! Julia wore the same outfit to Ciro's with George Nader couple of nights later. She says, "I love evening pants. They give great freedom of movement." (I wouldn't call a full bouffant skirt exactly confining—would you?)

Now we're back to them again: Eddie Fisher was right on hand to help when Debbie Reynolds tossed a party for Paul Lillard, her adopted "brother." Pier
Angeli with actor James Dean (who came West to be in "East of Eden"), Lori Nelson with Race Gentry and Robert Dix with Sally Jeffreys were some of the younger set on hand.

When the Harry Jamisons threw a gay moonlight cocktail-buffet for visiting columnist Louis Sobol and his wife, more than a hundred took a "tour" of the fabulous Jamison home. Don Loper, who did the decor, imported almost every inch of material, fixtures and floors for the place from Italy. The Jamisons are leaders of the cafe-society set hereabouts and entertain constantly. Among those who were bug-eyed at the solid-gold bathroom fixtures, the "marble halls," the exquisite old crystal chandeliers set in rooms with a definitely modern "feel," were, yup: Debbie and Eddie (both of whom sang later), Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse, Ethel Merman and Bob Six, Anne Jeffreys and Bob Sterling (Anne being about the best-looking expectant momma these eyes have seen!) Mitzi Gaynor was telling people she and Jack Bean really will tie the knot this fall and that she has her wedding suit all picked out. A stunning cadet-blue soft wool, trimmed with natural blue fox, sexed her.

Which brings me to another wedding, one that came off as expected when petite Wanda Hendrix and Jim Stack took their vows. About 200 gathered in the garden at the home of Betzi Stack, mother of Jim and movie-star brother Bob. Wanda was married in a pale blue taffeta torso-hugging dress with a full skirt that was pleated from the hips down. She wore a tiny blue bonnet and blue veil that matched her blue eyes. Wanda's eyes were full of stars—the kind Jim put there! And believe me, she was the most composed person at the ceremony and the reception that followed. Bob was sooo merrysoussss, everyone thought he'd collapse before it was all over. In addition to the many socialites present, the Hollywood contingent included Jeanne Crain, in a black linen sheath trimmed with white and wearing a big black hat; Rhonda Fleming and Dr. Lew Morrill; Nancy Sinatra; Joy Page and Bill Orr.

Photographers had phun at a crazy mid-day "Hunt Breakfast" staged at Bob Dalton's restaurant by local socialite George Cameron and hosted by the Bob Daltons. Actually it was a sorta "miniature" sports-car exhibition—with food—and lots of celebs vying for fancy silver cups and other prizes. Hollywood, like so many other places around the globe, has gone sports-car mania—mostly for foreign cars that cost several thousand dollars. At this shindig, writer Horace McCoy showed up with his Jaguar; TV star Bill Leyden drove his Allard; Alan Young, Greta Peck; the Walter Pidgeons; Wanda Hendrix and Jimmy Stack; Bob Stack; Lily Pons and several others either showed off their sleek racing cars or acted as "judges." But more than a hundred saw Lana Turner and Lex Barker walk—beg podden—drive away with first prize in that to-die-over bright canary yellow Fiat Lana bought in Europe. Rumored price tag—fourteen thousand dollars! Lana's back to her old blond sylph (for "The Prodigal")—but neither she nor Lex is happy about it. Everyone else, though, likes Lana's looks light! Her costumes for "Prodigal" are the end! We'll tell you about 'em next time 'round!

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE CONTINUED

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TALC—IN AMERICA'S
BELOVED FRAGRANCE—

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You'll want to discover this new antiperspirant in creamy liquid form. Its smooth, creamy texture is so kind to your skin...pleasent to use and refreshingly scented! 79c
Prices plus tax

by CHERAMY
PERFUMER

Julia Adams, with George Nader, likes dancing pants—her new night-club attire

Virginia Mayo was both modern and medi evul at the big preeem of "King Richard"
I would like to know Susan Hayward’s real name and age. Also... how long has she been in pictures? thought she was swell in “Garden of Evil” and “Demetrius and the Gladiators.”

Nancy Smith
Phillipsburg, New Jersey

Edith Mercener is her real name; she’s thirty-five years old. Susan’s been making films for sixteen years.—ED.

I wonder if you would settle a small disagreement that has arisen between a few of my friends and I, ... who was in “Captain from Castile?” We know that Ty Power was the leading male. Who was the leading girl? Was it Jean Peters? Was Lee J. Cobb also in this picture?

Helen Brown
Darby, Pennsylvania

All three players you name were cast in the film.—ED.

I recently saw the picture “Johnny Guitar” and thought it was wonderful. Could you please tell me who played the part of Turkey, the young boy. I’d also appreciate it if you could tell me something about him.

Joanne Bryla
Westfield, Massachusetts

Twenty-one-year-old Ben Cooper was born in Hartford, Conn. He has brown hair, blue eyes and is unmarried. He is currently under term contract to Republic.—ED.

Who was the marvelous actor who played the Emperor Caligula in “The Robe” and “Demetrius and the Gladiators”? He is one of the best, but I don’t know his name.

Emmy-Jo Leland
Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from page 20)

QUESTION BOX:

I would like to know Susan Hayward’s real name and age. Also... how long has she been in pictures?... thought she was... swell in “Garden of Evil” and “Demetrius and the Gladiators.”

Nancy Smith
Phillipsburg, New Jersey

Edith Mercener is her real name; she’s thirty-five years old. Susan’s been making films for sixteen years.—ED.

I wonder if you would settle a small disagreement that has arisen between a few of my friends and I, ... who was in “Captain from Castile?” We know that Ty Power was the leading male. Who was the leading girl? Was it Jean Peters? Was Lee J. Cobb also in this picture?

Helen Brown
Darby, Pennsylvania

All three players you name were cast in the film.—ED.

I recently saw the picture “Johnny Guitar” and thought it was wonderful. Could you please tell me who played the part of Turkey, the young boy. I’d also appreciate it if you could tell me something about him.

Joanne Bryla
Westfield, Massachusetts

Twenty-one-year-old Ben Cooper was born in Hartford, Conn. He has brown hair, blue eyes and is unmarried. He is currently under term contract to Republic.—ED.

Who was the marvelous actor who played the Emperor Caligula in “The Robe” and “Demetrius and the Gladiators”? He is one of the best, but I don’t know his name.

Emmy-Jo Leland
Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from page 20)
Should the hostess be served—

[ ] First  [ ] last  [ ] in turn

If you lived in the days of the poison-dealing Borgias, you might want to de-jitter your guests! So—you'd be served first, to prove no cyanide lurked in the soup. But today, etiquette scolds on "me first" hostessing. Here, service should start with the femine in foreground (at right)—continuing clockwise; hostess to be served in turn. Being sure builds poise. That's why, on those days, you choose Kotex—assured no outlines show, thanks to special flat pressed ends!

What's a good wampum-magnet?

[ ] Your piggy bank  [ ] a bureau

Need extra mazuma? Have Mom help you set up an after-school-jobs bureau. Neighbors phone you for help wanted (to rake leaves, wash cars, run errands). Job minded kids apply to you, pay you 15% of their earnings. And at calendar time, let Kotex keep you comfortable. That chafe-free softness holds its shape; and you get non-tail absorbency!

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

[Continued from page 37]

Talented Jay Robinson portrayed Caligula. Cast your vote for him in the "Choose Your Stars" contest in this issue.—ED.

Please tell me a little about Lyle Betger who played "The Greatest Show on Earth" and "Carnival Story." He was wonderful in both pictures.

Kitty Wright
Camden, New Jersey

Usually a meanie in the movies, Lyle in real life is a happily married man with two sons. He has light blond hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs about 170 lbs. You can write him at Paramount.—ED.

Lyle's not really a meanie

I have just seen "Elephant Walk" and was both surprised and delighted to discover the handsome and exciting Peter Finch. Is Mr. Finch a new movie discovery or have I (perish the thought) missed all of his pictures?

Carla Mitchell
Camden, South Carolina

British-born Peter Finch is well-established as a stage and screen star in England, but "Elephant Walk" was his introduction to American audiences.—ED.

I've heard that either Rock Hudson or Charlton Heston is to play the part of Moses in "Ten Commandments." Could you please tell me which one will play the part?

Mary Jane Knapp
Homestead Park, Pennsylvania

Charlton Heston will portray Moses.—ED.

A choice bit for Charlton

Recently, my husband and I had an argument about the nationality of Anthony Quinn. I say he is Filipino and Spanish and my husband says he is a Mexican. Would you please settle this...?

Toni Ware
San Francisco, California

Tony was born in Chihuahua, Mexico.—ED.

Know someone who needs to know? Remember how puzzled you were when "that" day arrived for the first time? Maybe you know some youngster who’s in the same boat. Help her out! Send for new free booklet "You’re A Young Lady Now!" Written for girls 9 to 12, tells all she needs to know, beforehand. Write P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 12104, Chicago 11, Ill.
New from Toni — a lipstick in SIX of the most vivid shades any woman has ever worn!

Here's a new depth of color for your lips! There just never has been a lipstick so red—so wonderfully, so excitingly red, as this new VIV lipstick by Toni!

VIV comes in a range of six vivid shades from pink to plum, shades that make you feel and look vividly alive. Each is more vivid than reds have ever been before because Toni has found a way to add a new depth of color to lipstick.

Long-lasting colors stay on—keep lips soft and moist. New VIV is the comfortable long-lasting lipstick. Choose your favorite shade and see what VIV, the really vivid lipstick, can do for you.

© 1957 Gillette Co.
so easy to love—your Prell-washed hair!

so easy to have—‘Radiantly Alive’ Hair
with PRELL SHAMPOO

SO SOFT, YET MANAGEABLE... SO SWEETLY CLEAN!
Come-hither loveliness—that’s what your hair has after a luxurious Prell Shampoo!
It’s caressably soft, yet so obedient! Yes, angel-soft, smooth as satin.
glowing with that ‘Radiantly Alive’ look he'll love! And Prell leaves your hair
really clean... fresh and sweet... and free of embarrassing dandruff! Prell is easy to use, too—
so convenient. No spill, drip or break. Try Prell tonight—it's wonderful!
HOLLYWOOD’S GOLDEN AGE

Stan is a man you’ll never hear of again—an average guy who works in an office here in New York. He’s married and has a daughter just turning fifteen. Before his daughter Jane’s school started, Stan and his wife and Jane toured the United States on a month’s vacation, and in the evening after they had explored the town in which they found themselves—they’d go to the movies. And it was Stan’s exclamation that inspires this piece: “Why,” said he on his return, “this is the Golden Age of motion pictures!”

Like most good things in life, this didn’t “just happen.” In Hollywood today are men who have spent their entire lifetimes gaining experience, bringing the best in entertainment to the screen. That knowledge is paying off in the best motion pictures ever made. Just as last year Hollywood produced “The Robe,” so this year it has produced such wonderful spectacles as “Knights of the Round Table,” “Prince Valiant,” “Demetrius and the Gladiators,” “King Richard and the Crusaders,” “The Black Shield of Falworth” and “The Egyptian.”

In the field of adventure films, “Hondo,” “Rob Roy,” “River of No Return,” “Apache” and “Valley of the Kings” provide a full measure of excitement.


What thrillers of other years have reached a greater pitch of suspense than “Dial M for Murder,” “The High and the Mighty” or “Rear Window”? For romance, gay or touching, you have “Three Coins in the Fountain,” “Sabrina,” “The Barefoot Contessa.”

For hearty laughs or sly chuckles, there are “Knock on Wood,” “Susan Slept Here,” “A Woman’s World.”

“The Glenn Miller Story,” “The Student Prince,” “Seven Brides for Seven Brothers,” and “White Christmas” pour out a wealth of music to give a final touch of brilliance to Hollywood’s Golden Age. Discover for yourself, just as Stan did, that there is nothing like a good movie to provide a completely satisfying evening of entertainment.
Time marches on: When Clark Gable and Lana Turner made "Betrayed," in England, it was their first picture together in six years!

Mike O'Shea has his arms full—and loves it. Mary Catherine's Mom Ginny, lovelier than ever, is star of medieval film, "King Richard and the Crusaders"

Judy, in pajama top she wears in "A Star is Born," proves there's nothing wrong with the Garland figure. Three-million-dollar film took year to make

When Junior goes to the garage of the Wildings' new mountain-top home, it won't be for his kiddie car! Liz and Mike have converted it into a nursery suite
INSIDE STUFF

CAL YORK'S

Home Fires Burning: Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding took one good long look at a very modern mountain-top home that was built in a circle around a pool. Their adoring eyes met, they nodded approval and Mike whipped out his check book. The present owner (still in the house) is allowing them to build a caret and convert the garage into a nursery suite for young Michael Howard and the other two babies they hope to have. To complete their happiness, all Liz and Mike have to do is sell the old homestead, move into the new—and join the stork club!

Lights, Camera, Action: Interiors were shot in London and interiors in Holland. At all times, in all places, long-time friends Lana Turner and Clark Gable had a ball working together in "Betrayed." Clark brought back old copper pieces for his Encino ranch fireplace. Lana collected rare, cut crystal mugs. Between shots the Hollywood pair taught English cast members how to play Scrabble!... And it was old home week for glamorous grandma Marlene Dietrich, who visited Paramount and Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart on "Sabrina" set. In typical Bogart fashion, La Dietrich got ribbed for failure to bring them a box of her famous cookies. They arrived the following day, via special messenger. ... A pox on those Judy Garland rumor rousers. Her face and figure in "A Star Is Born" are completely captivating and she didn't feud with director George cukor. Although the three-million-dollar production was in work one year, Executive Jack L. Warner's so

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

thrilled with results, Judy and husband Sid Luft get a trip to Europe as a thank-you present.

Love Tales: What Hollywood needs is more wives like Janet Leigh. She wanted to be with Tony Curtis, so she went on his "Five Bridges to Cross" location in Boston. So the first evening when Tony returned to their suite in the Ritz-Carlton, he found his favorite paintings on the wall and Janet had even sneaked his favorite ash trays into their trunks. With one day separating their anniversary from his birthday, Tony's wife threw a double-cake surprise party for the cast and crew. They "trained" back so Tony could relax (it says here!) and Janet could study her script for "My Sister Eileen," her first Columbia picture.

It's Magic: Joan Crawford said it and all Hollywood agrees. "Eddie Fisher loves people, therefore people want to give him love in return." And it was proven the star-studded night the entire industry paid rare tribute to the modest, warm-hearted singer at his Cocoanut Grove premiere. Anna Maria Alberghetti was there with another singer, Vic Damone, and Debbie Reynolds attended with Mike Todd, after which she flew to Las Vegas. It was there that those rumors of her big romance with Eddie Fisher began. Both deny it.

In Case You Care: Red-headed Rhonda Fleming didn't have to "dye" for her art and she gets to do that picture in Rome after all. ... Despite those printed reports, there's just about as much serious romance between Guy Madison and Eva Gabor as there is between Percy Kilbride and Marjorie Main. ... Napoleon's favorite dish, and we do mean Marlon Brando (he plays the ill-fated emperor in "Desiree"), is eggs topped with sour cream! ... Ava Gardner, while establishing residence in Nevada to divorce Frank Sinatra, introduced her Latin-looking escort to people as—"My Spanish tutor!"

Seen And Heard: Cal caught up with Tab Hunter in the Beverly Hills Ford Company. "Guess I'm getting conservative in my old age," he grinned. "While we're shooting 'Track of the Cat' at Mt. Rainier, I'm having my coral-colored car painted black!" ... And Elaine Stewart can stop dreaming. She now owns a white car with red leather seats—just like Clark Gable's. ... You're going to flip over Jeff Chandler's new recording of that old favorite, "Lamplight." The opposite side features "That's All She's Waiting to Hear," and for this one, the big boy also wrote the lyrics. Jeff treated Cal to a preview hearing of the record, which will be released in a month or two. ... John Wayne's friends were asked to bring books to his birthday party—his former wife cleaned out the library shelves when they divorced. But no one mentioned what kind of books John likes to read!

Status Quo: Following a two-year absence, Gregory Peck arrived home from Europe. He was loaded down with presents for Greta and the boys and sporting the beard he'll wear in "Moby Dick." ... During his two-week stay, the Pecks (Continued on page 92)
Seeing stars?
Then send in your votes for the two players you believe most likely to succeed as the top actor and actress of 1955

By Ruth Waterbury
Which male and female players do you think will become the top stars in the year 1955? Which man do you think will be the new idol, which girl the new Miss Glamour?

Through all the years that PHOTOPLAY has been running “Choose Your Stars,” you readers have shown an amazing ability to pick the newcomers actually destined for the heights. When they were just beginning their movie careers, you unerringly singled out for fame such big names of today as Tony Curtis, Jeff Chandler, Marlon Brando, Bob Wagner, Howard Keel, Pier Angeli and scores of others.

Yet you have never had such a wide and wonderful choice as you have this year. Suddenly, every studio in Hollywood is crammed with spectacularly talented young people, some newly arrived, some being given long-deserved opportunity in answer to the public’s demand for fresh personalities. Most of these players are not, as in former years, being tried out in bit roles. They have the leading roles in multi-million-dollar productions: Edmund Purdom in “The Egyptian,” Grace Kelly in “Green Fire,” Barbara Rush in “Captain Lightfoot,” Maggie McNamara in “Three Coins in the Fountain.”

The studios are making a courageous gamble with this sort of casting. For it is you, the fans, who will decide whether these players are true stars. You may agree with the studios’ judgment—or you may applaud as your new favorites actors and actresses who have no strong studio backing, who conquer by sheer force of personality. Only a few years ago, you spotted Marilyn Monroe in a minor role in “The Asphalt Jungle”—and your reaction put her name up in lights.

With such a wealth of talent on hand, PHOTOPLAY is giving you a generous forty names to choose from. To varying extents, all forty of these young players have had a chance to show you what they can do on the screen. In direct contrast with the record of previous years, this list includes thirty-one players securely under contract; only nine are free-lancing.

Here is PHOTOPLAY’s unbiased description of the forty candidates. The names are listed alphabetically, so that nobody will get top billing. Now it’s all up to you!

**Doo Avedon:** Current picture, “The High and the Mighty,” Next picture, “Deep in My Heart.” This tall, blond ex-model clicked with such warmth as the airline stewardess in her debut film that Batjac, John Wayne’s unit, signed her and other studios are borrowing her. A young widow, she is sensitive and intelligent, as well as beautiful.

**James Arness:** Current picture, “Them!” Next picture, “Giveaway Hill.” Like Doe, he’s under contract to Batjac Productions. Like boss man Wayne, he’s big and rugged. Six feet six, married, handsome enough, he now stands an excellent chance to make the grade, in spite of several fruitless years in movies.

**Neville Brand:** Recent picture, “Riot in Cell Block 11.” Next picture, “Return from the Sea.” Not overwhelmingly handsome, Neville’s a powerful personality, a possible bet for stardom. Things look sharp for

Continued
him, now that he’s crashing into big-budget pictures with “The Prodigal.”

Rossano Brazzi: Current picture, “Three Coins in the Fountain.” Next picture, “The Barefoot Contessa.” The tall, sex-appealing Italian made a brief trip to Hollywood several years ago and got nowhere. But in the last year he’s become a Hollywood hit without stirring out of his native country. Also a producer-director and writer in Italy’s movie industry, he’ll continue his acting career opposite Katharine Hepburn in “Summertime.”


Leslie Caron: Recent picture, “Lili.” Next picture, “The Glass Slipper.” Of course, this unique little dancing star won the fans’ hearts with her first picture, “An American in Paris.” But the gradual, surprising success of “Lili” made her a contender for top stardom. Will “The Glass Slipper,” in which she plays Cinderella on the tips of her ballerina toes, make her one of the top stars? She’s divorced and distinctive-looking, beyond mere prettiness, and M-G-M is planning to give her the big build-up.

Pat Crowley: Recent picture, “Red Garters.” Next picture, undecided. Hazel-eyed, brown-haired, pert-featured Pat clicked in her debut, “Forever Female.” She’s twenty, unmarried and very ambitious, but so far she hasn’t had the luck to be in a smash boxoffice hit.

Bella Darvi: Current picture, “Hell and High Water.” Next picture, “The Egyptian.” Her studio, 20th, is betting on this exotic-looking Polish-French girl to score heavily with movie-goers. That’s in Bella’s favor; so is her assurance in dramatic scenes and her industrious fight to lose her accent. But the decision is up to you.

Marla English: Current picture, “Living It Up.” Next picture, “Shield for Murder.” Here’s a doll, aged seventeen, with black hair, sea-blue eyes and a figure that makes men drool. Paramount loves her, but many a cuddlesome doll starts as Marla has in bit parts—and never gets any further. Will Marla be the exception?

John Ericson: Current picture, “The Student Prince.” Next picture, “Green Fire.” Tall, blond, gentle-mannered Johnny is one of the nicest guys in filmdom—maybe too nice for his own good. A fine young husband off-screen, he’s usually the fine young man on-screen. With strong M-G-M backing, he’ll be all right if his own politeness doesn’t get him lost in the shuffle, as it has so far.

Steve Forrest: Recent picture, “Prisoner of War.” Next picture, “Rogue Cop.” Also a rangy blond, Steve is Ericson’s opposite in attitude—a natural-born fighter who’ll see to it that nobody overlooks him. (Brother Dana Andrews may help him to avoid Hollywood pitfalls.) Already, major projects are afoot for Steve, not only at M-G-M, but on other lots. When you begin to get borrowed, you’re hot! Steve is.

Robert Francis: Debut picture, “The Caine Mutiny.” Next picture, “They Rode West.” In Hollywood’s opinion, this tall, fair-haired, thoroughly likable, highly eligible young bachelor is about the most exciting prospect unearthed in a long while. Columbia has tremendous plans for him.

Dianne Foster: Recent picture, “Drive a Crooked Road.” Next picture, “Three Hours to Kill.” Dianne has brown-red hair, is in her early twenties, has been divorced, is intense about her career. A colorless ingenue in her first leading role (“Bad for Each Other”), she suddenly bloomed as a sexy Hayworth type in “Crooked Road.” Like Rita, Dianne belongs to Columbia, and she’ll be right on hand if Rita keeps wandering.

Race Gentry: Current picture, “Black Horse Canyon.” Next picture, not yet decided. U-I believes that broad-shouldered, youthfully attractive Race is good for the long pull, just as they judged Rock Hudson a few years ago. Question: Can he acquire acting prowess as fast as Rock has? If he can, nobody’s future could be brighter.

Joanne Gilbert: Debut picture, “Red Garters.” Next picture, undecided. Three weeks after her first nightclub appearance, Joanne was drawing $3,000
CHOOSE YOUR STARS

Continued

a week at a succession of clubs all over the country. Paramount signed her, put her in one picture, then apparently forgot her. But she has luscious brunette appeal, a beautiful figure and a great singing style, and she’s under consideration for top roles.

Elroy Hirsch: Debut picture, “Crazylegs, All-American.” Next picture, “Unchained.” Here’s one of the few professional athletes to click in pictures since Johnny Weissmuller turned Tarzan. “Mr. 40” of football fame, six feet two inches and 190 pounds, this happily married man registered with such warmth, simplicity and charm in his first movie that he was quickly signed for a second.

Jeffrey Hunter: Current picture, “Princess of the Nile.” Next picture, “White Feather.” Six feet one, handsome, happily married (to Barbara Rush), Jeff has had two bits of bad luck: Bob Wagner’s fast rise at the same studio (20th); his own assignment to minor movies. Now, however, he’s landed a top-flight job, and he has the talent to meet the challenge.

Rick Jason: Current picture, “The Saracen Blade.” Next, “This Is My Love.” Black-haired, green-eyed Rick attracted fans with his Latin role in “Sombrero,” later managed to retain his appeal as a swashbuckling villain. Though he’s married, on the job he’s going it alone, without studio backing, so only moviegoers’ acclaim can win him better assignments.

Grace Kelly: Current picture, “Rear Window.” Next picture, “Green Fire.” Blond and beautiful, soft-spoken but sexy, Grace made her distinctive per-
sonality shine even through pallid roles in "High Noon" and "Mogambo." Finally, this seems to be her year. She belongs to M-G-M, but every studio cries—and pays and pays—for her services. It's profitable to be different!

Jack Kelly: Recent picture, "Drive a Crooked Road." Next picture, undecided. Tall, dark and debonair, bachelor Jack stood out in the same picture that brought Dianne Foster to attention. Fine things are prophesied for him now, but his free-lance status is slowing his career. Will Jack's gamble pay off?

Jack Lemmon: Debut picture, "It Should Happen to You." Next picture, "And Then to Bed." Here's a comedian who's romantic yet! Curly-haired, brown-eyed Jack looked like a natural from the start, and Columbia's prepared to give him anything his heart desires. Can sing and dance; isn't afraid to try anything.

Maggie McNamara: Current picture, "Three Coins in the Fountain." Next picture, not yet decided. She's five feet two, with eyes of hazel, dark brown hair, a provocative voice and a fine acting background on the stage, TV and radio. She couldn't be cuter, as you must remember from "The Moon Is Blue." But she couldn't be more temperamental, either. Soooo?

Guy Madison: Recent picture, "The Command." Next picture, any one of five first-flight jobs—the choice being entirely up to Guy. As a green youngster, he scored a quick hit in movies, then an equally quick flop. Now, endeared to fans as TV's Wild Bill Hickok, he's off on a whole new movie career. This time, will (Continued on page 116)
The only mystery in Jean’s own story is—how one girl could fool all of the people, all of the time!

BY GLADYS HALL

At 3 o’clock on the afternoon of May 29, in the sanctuary of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C., with the Rev. Dockerty reading the marriage service, Elizabeth Jean Peters said “I do” to Stuart W. Cramer, III. The bride wore pink, a pale pink chiffon taffeta one-piece dress trimmed with Chantilly lace, a little pink pill-box hat, with veil. She carried an old-fashioned bouquet of Sweetheart roses and the fragrant stephanotis and stood, during the ceremony, on a piece of the very same gold carpet on which the young Queen Elizabeth stood during her coronation in Westminster Abbey. The historic square of gold carpet was obtained by Dr. Dockerty from Westminster Abbey and Jean was the first bride to use it (“which will be forever memorable to me”).

The members of the wedding were three—the groom’s mother and father and the bride’s mother. Immediately following the ceremony, the Just-Marrieds flew to Bermuda (“A very dreamy spot,” says Jean) on the first lap of what Jean calls “Our two-part honeymoon,” and the evening papers carried the story which could have been titled: “Surprising Girl in Surprise Wedding!” (Continued on page 105)
He sang—and a million teenagers followed his magic voice.

But Frank Sinatra was to lose his own way many times in the turbulent years that followed

- Yours is a song that would not be stilled. . . .
- And yours is a story unparalleled in our time. The story of an Italian boy, bosomed in the toughness of a New Jersey waterfront, who rose almost overnight from obscurity to a fame such as the world has seldom seen. And may not see again. . . .
- You shook the hands of presidents and the hearts of a nation's teenagers who swooned when you sang, who screamed their homage whenever you appeared. Your polka-dot bow ties made fashion history and made almost obsolete those more conservative ties of Winston Churchill. Overnight, your every word was page one.
- You are known as "The Voice." And you have been the voice for many—for Jew and Catholic, for all faiths and nationalities. A voice that sang from the heart—from America's heart—"The House I Live In."
- The house you lived in was next door to an international settlement of tenements. That you weathered the toughness and the distractions, the taunts of the intolerant who yelled, "Hey, you—Dago . . ." you yourself have attributed to your parents, to their loving and fighting vigilance. You've worried about others who've been less fortunate. "My family realized the danger and worked to get me away from it as soon as they could. They got me into an environment where I could (Continued on page 54)
In 1939, Frank married his boyhood sweetheart, Nancy.

By 1943, the King of Swoon had captured even the sophisticates. Hollywood beckoned and The Voice went higher and higher. But in 1948, Nancy and Frank, now the parents of Nancy Jr., Frank Jr. and Christina, already knew anguish of a marriage tottering on the edge of fame.
better opportunities. I only wish I could do something to help all the other kids too."

And you have helped them. You are an inspiration and a reminder of all that America means. That however humble the heritage, a boy can become as successful as he wills himself to be. That he can run a fast race, no matter how tough a start he had, and win.

You have won the highest honors Hollywood can give. You are the talk and the toast of the entertainment world. The Voice triumphant again. Pull up a microphone and hang on, Francis Albert Sinatra—for from Hoboken to Hollywood—this is your life.

A shrewd press agent and loyal friend, George Evans, played an important part in Frank's career. His sudden death in '50 was an emotional shock beyond words.

In 1951 Frank married Ava Gardner—with her, met the then Princess Elizabeth of England. The Hoboken kid had come a long way from the water fronts of New Jersey.

America thrilled when he sang "The House I Live In." But the one Frank and Nancy lived in broke up. Both agreed he could always see the three children he loved.

1952 brought rumors that Frank's old black magic was failing. It also brought a cable from producer Buddy Adler that he'd won role in "From Here to Eternity"
An only child, you are born December 12, 1917. Your mother is a pretty nurse named Natalie, who brightened the eye of many a doughboy in World War I. Your father Martin Sinatra is to bring some measure of immortality to Hoboken’s Fire Department as your dad. You weigh in at fourteen pounds, and you are the undisputed fatty of the neighborhood!

Your father, a former prize fighter, instructs you very early in the art of self-defense, and you are early provoked into practicing it. In one neighborhood encounter an antagonist breaks a bottle on your forehead, and today you still bear the scars from the wound the jagged glass made. You have your first communion at St. Francis's Church. You are the envy of all the kids who want to grow up to be a fireman. You’re already on the ground floor. The firehouse is an adventurous kingdom, and yours is the key.

You enjoy your share of childhood pranks—and some you don’t enjoy. On one occasion you set off an alarm in the middle of assembly at school and pandemonium almost occurs. You’re crazy for carousels, and once at a fair, you get a little too carried away playing cowboy. Aboard the merry-go-round, you’re shouting, “Hi-ho, Silver!” and leaping high, you (Continued on page 120)
BUILD YOUR DATE LINE!

Relax, be yourself, have fun and you won’t have to worry and wonder. You won’t
BY TAB HUNTER
Star of "Battle Cry"

- I'm going to set a scene. It has nothing to do with movies. It's strictly from real life. And I think I'm safe in saying that nearly everyone has played this one at some time or another. If you haven't, chances are that someday you will.

The time: Evening.

The characters: A fellow and a girl.

The place: That isn't too important. Let's suppose they're driving along in his car.

As for the dialogue—unfortunately there isn't any. Suddenly there's just a long stretch of silence, and it's pretty darned uncomfortable for both of them. The fellow is deep in uneasy thoughts. She's so quiet... why doesn't she say something? Doesn't she like my company?... Should we have skipped the movie and gone dancing?... How can I explain that I've only enough change for a couple of milk shakes?... I think she's been having fun... Or is she just being polite?

The girl's thinking, too. Why doesn't he talk to me?... Am I making a good impression?... I wish I'd worn my blue dress, it's much more becoming... Does he like being with me?... Will he call again?... Is he having a good time?

Both have doubts. But they're doubting themselves rather than one another. It's their first date and they've reached the stop-and-ponder stage, the lull before they desperately start to talk about the weather. Sound familiar? Then you know how it can sneak up and strangle an evening. I (Continued on page 113)
WHEN LOVE

The Curtises with his parents, brother. Says Mrs. Schwartz. "Janie takes care of my Tony so well..."

The Morrisons have a warm regard for their son-in-law, know Janet's welfare is Tony's main concern.
IS ENOUGH

This is not just the story of two movie stars.

It is the story of every young couple who has faced the same problems as Tony and Janet

—and levelled them with love

They're for the young at heart who've claimed them. The pert pretty blonde from a small California town whom you know as Janet Leigh and the dark handsome husky from Hell's Kitchen whom you call Tony Curtis were fingered by fate for the weavers of dreams.

Only Hollywood, which specializes in boy meeting girl, could ever have brought them together.

She was a college co-ed, a student of the finer arts, majoring in music. He'd finished high school "to kill the time." He'd lived to the discordant rhythm of a tenement symphony. To shrill voices, the whistles of cops, the cries of children and all the sounds of humanity packed too close and struggling to be heard, he had only the music in his own Gypsy heart.

A famous motion-picture star, idly turning the pages of a large album in the lobby of a ski lodge in northern California one day, is stopped by a ski photo of a lovely vivid girl. "Who is she?" Norma Shearer asks. "She's Fred's and Helen's girl," the lodge owner says, speaking of the assistant manager and the receptionist. "She ought to be in pictures," Norma Shearer says, uttering the magic phrase that opens the door to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for Jeanette Morrison.

And a continent away a Universal-International scout drops by the old Cherry Lane Theatre in Greenwich Village one evening and is impressed by the performance of Bernie Schwartz, son of an immigrant Hungarian actor-turned-tailor, fresh out of the Navy and studying drama on the G.I. Bill. The scout is so impressed that two days later a good-looking youth with black curly hair, amazed blue eyes and highly photogenic chest finds himself winging the magic skies to Hollywood, still not quite believing it and telling himself not to get used to the idea. "It'll never last. I'll be thumbing it back in six months sure."

Two years later, they meet. (Continued on page 96)
If you can't see
the magic in a pair of
beat-up pants or
tired old shoes,
you'd better consult the stars!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Jimmy Durante calls them "stuperstitions." Then
admits, "I never walk under ladders. And if a black cat
crosses my path, I'm through for the day." How about
you? Do you knock on wood, walk around ladders,
cross your fingers or otherwise placate the Gods of
Chance? If you do, don't be embarrassed. Nearly every
star I've talked to in Hollywood has some foolish little
fetish devised to keep disaster at bay or ensure a smile
from Lady Luck.

With Marilyn Monroe, it's her famous derriere-
hugging red dress. She waltzed into a PhotoPlay dinner
three years ago in this eye-opening red gown—and no
one else was present as far as the press and photog-
raphers were concerned. As a result, to Marilyn, this
dress means success. She wore it many times. Although
THE STARS

she's no longer wearing it, the dress occupies a place of honor in one of her closets, and Marilyn threatens to keep it forever. It's her good-luck piece.

For Betty Grable, it's a blue dress she wore in "DuBarry Was a Lady" on Broadway, the musical that made her a star. And since that lucky day, every one of the Grable movies features something new, and it's always blue.

Some stars see dresses as good-luck insurance; for others shoes do the trick. Which brings me to Shelley Winters and her good-luck shoes. She wore a certain pair the day she made her successful screen test for "A Double Life" and you can't convince Shell, it was her talent and not the shoes that won the Academy Award-winning role for her. (Continued on page 111)

Steve Forrest was in the Army when a Dutch family presented him with this pipe. Because of the events that followed, Steve's convinced it's the best guarantee of luck he's seen.

When Shelley Winters kept the appointment that was to change her life, she wore the shoes, above. Now when anything important comes up—the shoes appear on Shelley!

Diamonds may be a girl's best friend. But to Marilyn Monroe, a red gown spells success. She wore it to PHOTOPLAY dinner, above with Dick Widmork—stopped the presses!
It happened during the filming of "The Iron Man."
The next scene to be shot was a climactic fight scene between Jeff Chandler, who had the starring role of Coke Mason, and Rock Hudson, for whom this was the first picture in which he had a chance to show what he could really do. Before this, practically all Rock's parts had been what are sometimes called "Popcorn roles," because if you looked away from the screen for a moment to see how much popcorn you had left, you missed him completely.

So Rock was eager to make good—and understandably nervous. He wasn't sure of himself as an actor, and particularly he wasn't at all sure of himself as a man who could fake a fight convincingly. As a matter of fact, he was petrified by the thought that he might make a mistake and really hit Jeff, instead of just making it look as though he had.

Jeff realized this and was perfectly willing to stage a demonstration with director Joe Pevney to give Rock an idea of the technique of contrived movie mayhem. Pevney and Jeff went through the scene without a scratch, and then the director asked Jeff to run through a rehearsal with Rock to (Continued on page 103)

He would never tell this story on himself. But somebody else did. It reveals a lot about the real Jeff Chandler
Glenn and I looked at each other, stunned. Something had happened—something that concerned Peter.

That night we became a family.

About six o'clock last night I pulled open my front door. On my doorstep stood two mighty hunters, both of them dressed in muddy blue jeans and triumphant smiles. The small hunter was wet from the top of his head to the tips of his rubber boots, and he held a jar of tadpoles in one hand. The big hunter was even wetter, and his jar of tadpoles was twice as large.

I looked at my husband and my nine-year-old son, and I had to laugh. I was remembering what a dignified acquaintance once blushingly told me.

"How much I envy you," she had said. "I can imagine just how you feel when Glenn Ford steps out of the car each night, kicks the front door open and sweeps you into his arms." . . .

"Hey, Ellie, take this, will you?" my husband said, handing me his jar of tadpoles. "I've got to get the frogs. We caught a couple of beauties."

"Hey, Mom, take mine, too." Pete pushed his jar into my other hand. "I'd better help Dad."

So there I was, stuck with two jars of baby frogs, and I had to (Continued on page 108)
BY PEER OPPENHEIMER

THE THINGS MOM NEVER SAID

A girl can learn a lot from experience—and a mother who never shows her guiding hand!

Even her closest friends in Hollywood didn’t realize how close Piper came to getting married a short time ago. They might have been even more surprised had they known that it was the refusal of Piper’s mother to interfere that was instrumental in making up Piper’s mind!

The evening Piper walked into her mother’s bedroom, Mrs. Jacobs knew instantly her daughter was facing a crisis. She also had a strong notion what it was all about.

“Mom . . . you know whom I’ve been seeing these past few months . . .”

“Yes, dear . . .”

“Frankly . . .” she hesitated a few seconds, “I don’t know if we are right for one another. And we have religious differences, too . . .”

Mrs. Jacobs agreed with her daughter, but she didn’t say so. The decision, she felt, was up to Piper.

“Why don’t you talk it over with someone of his own faith. Be frank with him. See what he has to suggest. Then make up your mind . . .”

The following afternoon, they drove to a near-by church. While Mrs. Jacobs waited in the car, Piper went inside to see the clergyman who was of the same faith as the man she loved.

She was gone almost an hour. When she came back to the car, she quietly asked her mother to take her home and spent the rest of the afternoon in her room by herself, thinking.

When Piper joined her mother just before supper, her mind was made up. “I’ll start dating again,” she announced. Her mother knew (Continued on page 101)
John Derek
Color portrait by Cronenweth

Miracle at the Crossroads

BY HYATT DOWNING

There are several excellent ways of starving to death in Hollywood, but John Derek, the handsome and extremely gifted young graduate of Columbia’s school of star-making, chose the one most likely to succeed. He tossed out the window a comfortable salary and an assured, though not rocketing, career and started freelancing in a town where sheer talent doesn’t even raise an eyebrow. Moreover, he did this in the face of obligations which might well have daunted an older man, a man already scarred by the arrows of fate. John was the father of two children; he was supporting a large house not fully paid for and a hobby only slightly less expensive than a yacht—the breeding of Arabian horses.

It takes more than mathematics and an expert knowledge of percentages to take a jump like that. Faith of an almost sublime quality is needed, the kind that moves mountains. John had this gift of heaven, and in his case, at least, it worked.

“I remember the morning last April when the telephone rang,” John said. “Things hadn’t been going too well. Oh, nothing of the ‘bloody but unbowed head’ sort of thing, but it did begin to seem I might have jumped off the roof with an umbrella instead of a parachute. A free-lance actor, especially one not too well established, is putting his head right in the lion’s mouth (Continued on page 117)

Everyone has faced critical times when they’ve waited for something unusual to happen. When it does, it sounds fictional. But for John Derek, the miracle was real—and lasting
Susan just had to see what Race was doing, discovered he was carving their initials in the tree. “Why Race,” she said, deeply touched.
The mists over the mountain slowly lifted as the group of young people cantered along the trail to Griffith Park. The horseback riding party was Hugh O'Brian's idea. It was his birthday and he wanted to celebrate outdoors. It took nearly an hour to reach the picnic grounds—long enough to sharpen young appetites for the food the Stable had sent on ahead. After lunch, everyone relaxed—John Ericson found a tiny stream, decided to pan for gold. Not having a pan, he soon gave up, though he swore he'd seen flakes of gold! The day passed quickly, with games, singing, dancing. As the group rode away into the twilight, the whispering pines seemed to say, "It's been a very happy birthday for Hugh!"

Hugh O'Brian is in 20th's "Broken Lance"; Rita Moreno, in 20th's "Garden of Evil"; John Ericson, in M-G-M's "Green Fire"; Race Gentry, in U-I's "Black Horse Canyon"; Susan Cabot, in U-I's "Ride Clear of Diablo"
Hollywood and the experts reveal the secret of how to acquire that lovely line every woman wants—and any girl can have if she's smart.

When Lana Turner went to Hollywood High, she wore sweaters just to keep warm. Even at that, she'd usually risk catching pneumonia before donning them because, when she wore them, the boys whistled at her. She blushed because her bosom was so round, firm and prominent.

Today we are where the ancient Greeks and Persians were when they worshipped the feminine figure for its very femininity, when the breasts were glorified. Very great stars like Jane Russell, or lesser starlets like Sara Shane, together with the Italian beauties like Gina Lollobrigida, initially caught Hollywood's eye because of the lovely curves of their bosoms. Yet one of these girls didn't possess this beauty naturally. She secured it through plastic surgery.

If you are the one girl in eighty who has perfect breasts, like Lana, perfect in proportion and in placement on your body, then you do not need to continue reading here. Or if you are a wee bit shocked at boldly thinking that perhaps your too-flat breasts could be improved, or your too-heavy ones corrected, then go back to your grandmother's class when it was considered very, very bold to have a manicure and the mere mention of lipstick was improper.

In our healthy age, to be shy about this vivid symbol of your femininity is exactly like being shy over being a girl. It can be, of course that you are enough of a personality, a la Audrey Hepburn, that you're utterly flat-chested and couldn't care less.

Or you may be one of the six million women who bought a padded bra this year and hoped that would do for you what nature forgot.

(Continued on page 90)
In a quiet hospital room,
two women sat talking.
Out of that discussion
came this story—
one that will surprise those
who cannot imagine
Marilyn Monroe as a mother

IF MARILYN HAS A LITTLE GIRL

BY ISABEL MOORE

Now that Marilyn is married to Joe DiMaggio, a
great many people who don't know Marilyn very well
are wondering what sort of mother she'll make. A lot
of them are finding it hard to reconcile the picture of
the sexiest glamour queen ever to burn up the celluloid
with the picture of the devoted wife and mother which
Marilyn vows she'll be. But though I know her only
slightly, I was privileged to know her at a moment
when her defenses were down. I was privileged to sit
and talk to her for two long hours one day in February,
1952, when neither Marilyn nor I was particularly in-
terested in talking about the movie star. Many things
conspired to create a mood of confidence, and Marilyn
talked about things she has rarely discussed except
with those few people who know her well.
The place was a narrow, modest hospital room in
the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. Marilyn had been
brought in late the night before with an emergency
appendix. The acute attack had subsided, and Mar-
ilyn was to be operated on the following day. But her
thoughts were not concerned with the operation just
now. They were concerned with the strange, lonely
thing that had happened the night before when the ad-
mitt ing clerk, without even bothering to look up, had
briskly asked that routine hospital question, "Next of
kin to be notified in case of emergency?" . . .
"It was so strange," Marilyn was saying to me now,
as I sat there with notebook and pencil idle in my lap
and the bright, hot California sunlight poured into the
room. "It was so strange and—and awful to realize I
just didn't have anyone to call on. There is no one
who can drop everything and come running if I need
them. But, of course," she said with a quiet mat-
ter-of-factness that was all the more heartbreaking because
it was so quietly matter-of-fact, "I've always been alone
and I guess I always will be alone."
This was two years before her marriage, you see.
She did know Joe DiMaggio slightly at the time, but
she had no idea they would ever be married. She
already had thousands of fans (Continued on page 94)
For where to buy these fashions, turn to Buying Guide on page 89.

PHOTOPLAY STAR

FASHIONS

Inspired by U-I's
THE BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH
in Technicolor CinemaScope

starring

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis

As Janet Leigh steps across the giant CinemaScope screen as Lady Anne in U-I's 15th century Technicolor spectacle, "The Black Shield of Falworth," she wears some of the most beautiful clothes ever designed for a motion picture. On this page and the following 12 pages, Photoplay presents exciting modern adaptations of these clothes. Here Janet models an after-five dress in ice-blue silk satin Jacquard with flattering open neckline and elbow-length sleeves. The long waistline, copying Janet's gown, below, ends at the hips with soft shirring. Also in red, silver, gray or navy. 8-14. $50. Nathan & Strong. John Frederics Charmer hat, necklace $9.95, bracelet $9.95, earrings $5.95. H. & S. Originals. Martin Baer fur stole.

Original dress worn by Janet in "The Black Shield of Falworth"

More fashions
PHOTOPLAY
STAR
FASHIONS

Medieval touches inspired
by "The Black Shield of
Falworth" turn fashion wise
in these mix-match outfits

Mix and match is the secret behind
the gray flannel separates shown here.
By Stella Landre for Ilene Ricky. All
come in sizes 7-15. Myrna Hansen
(above) wears a quilted gray and yel-
low vest, $8, and a full skirt with yel-
low quilted lining, $15. (Left) She slips
into Bermuda shorts, $8, and a cotton
broadcloth fencing shirt that features
ruffled sleeves, $10. Shirt in yellow,
orange, white or black. Tooled bag, $30.
Meeker. Huskies charcoal gray moccasins

For where to buy
"The Black Shield of Falworth" fashions,
turn to Buying Guide
on page 89

For an alternate cotton blouse, here’s
a yellow little-girl style that’s all-fem-
inating from its Peter Pan collar to its
gently ruffled bodice front and cuffed
sleeve. $6. Also in orange, white, black

Against the medieval sets of "The Black
Shield of Falworth," Mara Corday
wears a blouson jacket that’s lined in
yellow quilting, $11, and a neatly slim,
man-tailored skirt. Pockets and a deep
pleat make the skirt easy to wear. $10.

More fashions on page 78
1. You'll get miles of walking comfort in these neat charcoal gray leather loafers. Side zipper on vamp makes them easy to get into. Black suede, wine, red, gray leather, white nuback. 4-10 N, M. $5.95. Huskies

2. The "Black Shield" slipper in black velvet with a shield of glitter cloth across the vamp. Comes in red, royal, green, lt. blue, pink. Sizes 5 1/2-9 N, 4-9 M. $4.99. By Honeybugs. 12-denier luxury nylons by Airmaid

3. Flat and flexible—the new charcoal gray color is carried to the feet in kicker-back loafers. Also in brown, black, red, smoke leather; brown, black, blue, gray suede. 4-10 N, M. $4.95. Huskies. Canea's Rachel nylons

The Black Shield of Falsworth

*a U-I Cinemascope Production

you'll look like a star in a NOBILITY Juniors empire suit...inspired by "The Black Shield of Falsworth." In kitten-soft Mayflower flannel. Black Magic, Carbon Grey, Carbon Blue, Carbon Brown, Winter Beige. Sizes 7-15...about *70.00*

NOBILITY JUNIORS

*Slightly higher West of Rockies

270 west 38th st., n.y.c.
Sheer Airmaid Nylons are knit (never stretched) to fit and flatter every curve of your leg!

Thigh

Calf

Ankle

at drug stores coast to coast

delicately scented

Susan Cabot prefers this black silk taffeta cocktail dress. News, not only for its "Black Shield" adaptation but for the elegant form it takes—a delicate framework of draping in the scoop neckline bodice of mat jersey, with merely a suggestion of sleeves. Sizes 10-18, $49.95. By Nathan & Strong. Wear-Right satin gloves
HOW TO FEEL LIKE A MILLIONAIRESS...

LET LOVABLE SUPPORT YOU!

This is the way to live... all curves and lovely contours with no cost to your freedom. Pretty soft, but there's gilt-edged security in Ringlet's stitched cups, sure firmness in the new anchor band lined with magical "Avalon". And who needs a fortune? Ringlet, by Lovable, costs just $1.50! Wherever you like to shop, or write, Dept. P-10: The Lovable Brassiere Co. • 180 Madison Avenue • New York 16 • Also in Canada
RITE-FIT
DRESS of the MONTH
SELECTIONS

Right: The look of tweed in rich Petit-Point (viscose and acetate). Important points of interest... the diagonal pockets, the buttons that shape a triangle. Black, Navy or Brown. 14½ to 22½. About $9.


For the name of your nearest store, see Photoplay's Buying Guide, or write: Max Wiesen & Sons, 463 Seventh Ave., New York 18.
NO WOMAN HAS A "STANDARD" BRA SIZE!

Mayflower flannel suit with the wonderful of new empire line. In carbon gray it features a slender skirt and hip-length fitted coat that's trimmed with the "Black Shield" insignia on the upper bodice. A suit such as Ren Kadler wears here, is a perfect all-purpose outfit. Also in color own, carbon blue, black, beige. 7-15, 9.95. Nobility Jr's. Dani hat. Ronay Bag.

ONLY TRES SECRETE. THE VERY SECRET INFLATABLE BRA WITH THE GLAMOROUS AIR, GIVES YOU THE PERFECT BRA CURVE!

Trés Secrète

For where to buy "The Black Shield of Falworth" fashions, turn to Buying Guide on page 89.

For more fashions turn to page 82.

Available at these and other fine stores:
Dey Brothers, Syracuse
La Salle & Koch, Toledo
Filene's, Worcester
Pomeroy's, Harrisburg
Blackton's Fifth Ave., New York
Jordan Marsh, San Diego

LA RESISTA CORSET CO., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

(For order to store nearest you—enclose check or money order)

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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Nylon Lace</td>
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<td>Nylon Taffeta</td>
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At fine stores, or write: ILENE RICKY Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY
STAR
FASHIONS

Continued

These fashions were inspired by the scene: the sets of "The Black Shield Falworth." The star: Danny Crane in Rite-Fit's tailored "Black Shield" adaptation. Highpoints: neat stitched front cuffs a pockets, trim self-covered buttons and b. The bonus: a fabric of rayon acetate the meant to wear. In 14-20, 14 1/2-24 1/2, che of gray, brown, pink/gray, blue/gray. $9

The graceful flowing lines of the medie court gowns of old combine with somethi new—the very latest details of this yec sailor collar and tie—to make a perf dress for busy young starlet, Betty Jo Howarth. Its tweedster fabric is Viscose a acetate coupled with wool. Oxford gr navy, brown, 12-20, 12 1/2-22 1/2. Rite-Fit. $9

For more fashions, see page

Honeybugs

My Favorite Slippers

Denise Darcel
Co-Starring in "Vera Cruz"
Color by Technicolor
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Jewel-Lit Velvet

Glowing velvet espadrilles, topped by glittering "jewels" on a tinsel-bright shield. Palest pastels to midnight black. Sizes 4 to 10.

$4.99
For where to buy "The Black Shield of Falworth" fashions turn to Buying Guide on page 89

"The Black Shield of Falworth"

From Formfit ... a beauty question of top priority

Which figure type are you?

Average
-Junior
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- Full Hip

47 out of every 100 women are dissatisfied with the way their girdles fit, according to a recent impartial study.

To assure you perfect fit, Formfit makes a wide range of styles and designs for every figure type.

Because no two women have exactly the same figure, no one type of bra or girdle can fit all women perfectly. That's the reason 47 out of every 100 are not satisfied with the fit of these garments.

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So, if you are one of the 47 out of every 100 who are not satisfied, decide now to change to Life by Formfit. There's a Life Girdle and Bra for you at any of the better stores. Try them—and see the difference!

#1590 Life Girdle shown ... beautifully slimming design in nylon taffeta and French-type leno elastic. 26 to 34, $16.50. Others from $7.50. Life Hidden Strip Bra #515 ... new-design stitched underbust with uplifting sewn-in strips. 32A to 42D, $4.00. Others from $1.25.

The Formfit Company, Chicago, New York
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GLOWING NEW COLOR CRAZE
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Finger gore sport ... bouncy foam soles.
Sizes 4 to 10, M and N.
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For where to buy—write: HUSSCO SHOE COMPANY, Honesdale, Pa.
Canada: Canada West Shoe Company, Winnipeg

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS
Continued

INTRODUCING "THE LIVING BRA"
that gives the utmost in lift, comfort
without wiring, boning or stiffening!

For all young girls who've long enjoyed Playtex girdles, good news! You can now enjoy the new Playtex bra. White. 32A-40C. $3.95

Black matte jersey—lined with PELLON ... under $50.

At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York
I. Magnin & Co., California
... and other fine stores.

Nathan Strong
2. La Resistita's new "Tres Secretes" nylon lace bra with plastic inserts that can be inflated to size. In white. 32-36A, 32-36B. $5
4. "Life Romance" by Formfit stitched circles of Nylo-Braid for support, natural uplift. In white nylon. 32A-38C. $3.50

More fashions turn to page 86
PHOTOPLAY
STAR
FASHIONS

Continued

For where to buy "The Black Shield of Falworth" fashions, turn to Buying Guide on page 89

Left: A dress you'll enjoy wearing as much as Katherine Case does. For the relax ways of its fine buttoned shirt-type bodice, for the trimness of its narrow skirt. The fabric is Dyne-Mite (rayon and Dacron combined); the colors, oxford, violet, stag brown, red flare. Available in sizes 12-20 and 14½-22½. Price: $9.95. By Rite-Fit

Above: The tailored shirt top merges with the feminine empire skirt and the result is a wearable acetate-chrom spun dress that's perfect for a busy girl with a busy schedule like Sara Shane's. Tiny tucks give the bodice its feminine line. Available in black, smoke blue, turquoise, mink, red. Comes in sizes 12-20, 12½-20½. By Rite-Fit
Write the wonderful Wizard of Bras for your free copy of "Between Us Girls."
HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL COMPANY • DEPT. 79 • 6773 HOLLYWOOD BLVD. • HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

All creations on these two pages, inspired by "The Black Shield of Falworth"

Bold blanket stripes inspired by the "Royal Guard" make a dramatic casual wool costume. Susan Cabot wears tapered trousers in black with red stripes, white with red/yellow/olive stripes, $11. Matching weskit is rayon-taffeta lined, $10. Wool jersey blouse in blk, green, orange, white, $8. Coordinated skirt, $15. 7-15. Ilene Rickey

For more fashions see page 88
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whatever you do...

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IT’S FUN TO SEW

LOOK FOR the coatdress to capture the stage and win biggest raves this season. Barbara Darrow stars both in RKO’s “Susan Slept Here” and in Advance Pattern’s versatile double-breasted coatdress. The dress is made of the new cocoa brown Milliken Lorette flannel that loves to be washed, behaves beautifully while being sewed, $4.00 a yd. Extra-large detachable collar is of Julliard’s mink velveteen, is trimmed with Julliard’s black braid. Advance Pattern No. 6882, misses sizes 10-18, 50¢, size 12: 4½ yds. 54” fabric, 1 yd. extra for detachable collar.

To order your Advance Patterns just fill out the coupon below

For "The Black Shield of Falworth" fashion adaptations, turn to pages 75-87
PHOTOPLAY’S BUYING GUIDE

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“Where-to-Buy” Fashions shown in this issue
as inspired by “ The Black Shield of Falworth”

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4
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6
7
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10

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11

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12
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15

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Raphael’s 1-2-12-13
Montgomery— A. Nachman’s 1-11-12-13
The Vogue 2-12-13

ARIZONA

Phoenix— Goldwater's 3-11-12-13
Korrlcka 7-11-12-13
Cele Peterson 1-12-13

Given Bros. 2-12-13

Tucson— Broadway Dept. Store 11-12-13
Horn’s 2-12-13

ARKANSAS

INDIANA”
Wayne— Wolf-Dessauer 2-3-4-10-11-12-15
Boston Store 4-12-13
. King’s A. & I. Leather 8
Gary—Gordpn’s 2-12-13
Indianapolis — Wm. H. Block 3-4-10-11-12-13
EvansviMe— De Jongs 9-11-12-13
Ft.

yres 1-3-4-7-9-10-1 1-12-13-15
H. P. £
Wasson 3-4-10-12-13
Un ,G The Fas hion 2-12-13
c
*.u
south
Bend— Robertson Bios. 3-4-10-11-12-15
Geo. Wyman 3-12-13
Terre Haute Meis Bros. 10-12-13-15
Jamie Wolf 1-12-13

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Long Beach— Buffum’s 3-4-11-12-13
Walker’s 7-11-12-13-15
Los Angeles — May Co. 4-10-11-12-13-15
Bullock’s 3-4-7-10-11-12-13-15
Broadway D.S. 3-10-11-12-13-15
J. W. Robinson 3-7-11-12-13
First St. D.S. 4-12-13
Fisch D.S. 4-12-13
No. Hollywood — H. J. Marx 2-12-13
Oakland— H. C. Capwcll 3-4-10-11-12-13-15
San Diego— Whitney’s 4-10-12-13-15
San Francisco The Emporium
2-3-4-7-10-11-12-13-15
The White House 3-6-11-12-13
I.
Magnin 1-11-12-13
Macy’s 4-7-10-12-13
Hale’s 3-4-7-10-12-13

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COLORADO

Colorado Springs— Boston Store 4-10-12-13
Hibbard’s 4-12-13

Kaufman’s 7-10-12-13
Denver— Denver D.G. 3-4-6-8-10-12-13
May Co. 4-6-7-10-11-12-13-15
Joslin D.G. 10-11-12-13
Neusteter’s 11-12-13

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport—Libby’s 4-12-13
Howland D.G. 8-10-12-13-15
Federman’s 12-13-15
Hartford— G. Fox 3-4-0-10-11-12-13-15
Brown-Thomson — 3-4-7-10-12- 13

DELAWARE

Wilmington —Leibowttz's 4-10-12-13
Richard’s 3-12-13
Scharin’s 1
Braunstein’s 2-11-12-13

Joshua Conner 8

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

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12-

Rapids— Killian Co. 3-4-6-10-11-12-15
Merc. 7-8-10-12-13
Davenport— Schaiff’s 2 - 12-13
Petersen-Harned-VonMaur 3-4-9-10-12-15
oes Moines— Younker Bros. 4-10-11-12-13-15
Connie Furs 2

Newman

CALIFORNIA

1

3-1

Woodward & Lothrop 3-4-9-10-12-13
Lansburgh’s 4-9-12-13
Allen’s 2-12-13
Erlebacher’s 2
Julius Garfinckel

11-12-13
Kami’s 4-10-12-13
Melart Jewelers 8
Loeb Co. 3-12-13
Brooks 2-12-13
S.

FLORIDA

Jacksonville— Cohen Bros. 3-4-7-10-12-13
Purcell’s 2-12-13

Furchgolt’s 4-12-13

Miami— Burdine’s 5-10-11-12-13-15

Hartley’s 4-11-12-13
Marfleet Leather Goods 8
St. Petersburg Maas Bros. 2-10-11-12-13
Tampa— Maas Bros. 2-10-11-12-13
O’Falk’s 7-12-13

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GEORGIA
Atlanta— Davison-Paxon 4-9-1 1-12-13-15
Rich’s 3-4-9-10-11-12-13-15
Regenstein’s 2-11-12-13
Lee’s 2-12-13
Augusta— Cullum’s 1-12-13
F. Goldberg’s 2-12-13
Belk’s 7-12-13
Columbus—J. A. Kirven 9-10-12-13
Davison-Paxon 11-12-13
Savannah— Levy’s 2-10-11-12-13
Lang’s 4-12-13
Silverman-Karpf 3

IDAHO

4-7-10-12-13

ILLINOIS
Chicago—Carson, Pirie Scott 1-3-4-7-10-1 1-15
Marshall Field 4-6-11-12-13
Saks 5th Ave. 1-12-13
Mandel Bros. 4-12-13
Wm. A. Lewis 2-12-13
Chas. A. Stevens 3-12-13
Palais Royal 1 1
Goldblatt’s 9-10-12-13

13

IOWA

Pfeifer’s 4-11-12-13
Standard Luggage Shop 8-12-13

—Anderson’s

7 ' 9 - 12 -

Cedar

Green’s 3-12-13

Boise

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Schultson’s 4

Rock—Famous Co. 4-12-13
Gus Blass 4-10-11-12-13

Little

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Hot Springs— Pfeifer’s 11-12-13
Saad’s 4-12-13

Washington— Hecht Co.4-6- 10- 1

oak Park— Bramson’s 2-12-13
Peoria— Block & Kuhl 4-10-11-12-13-15
Springfield — Barker’s 2-12-13
Meyer Bros. 10-12-13-15

_ Lieberman’s Luggage 8
Evanston— Marshall Field 4-11-12-13

Norman Cassidy
Dubuque— Stampfer’s 4-12-13
1

Roshek Bros. 3-9-12-13
Sioux City — Fishgall’s 2-12-13
T. S. Martin 4-10-11-12.13
DaVidS ° n 4 ‘ 1 ° 12 ’ 1

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K A^NSAS*

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Renee, Inc. 1-12-13
Stewart D.G. 2-10-11-12-13
B. B. Wertz 2-12-13
Lerrnan Bros. 4-10-12-13
Shapiro’s 4-12-13

Bon-Ton 9-12-13-15
Kahn’s 3-12-13
Paducah—Jean’s 2-12-13
Bri ^ht 2-12-13

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LOUISIANA

A lexandriar— Schwartzberg's 2-12-13
Baton Rouge— House of Fashion 2
Fellman’s 4-12-13
Godchaux’s 11-12-13
Lake Charles— The Fashion 11-12-13
Muller’s 2-12-13
New Orleans— Maison Blanche 1-4-6-7-10- 11-12
D. H. Holmes 2-3-4-9-10-11-12-13
Winsberg’s 4-12-13
Keller Zander 1-12-13
Shreveport— Selber’s 1-12-13
The Fashion 2-12-13

MAINE

Bangor— Burdell ’s 3-12-13

Lewiston — Ward’s 2-12-13
Kline’s 4-12-13
B. Peck's 3-4-7-12-13-15
Portland— Chapman’s 2-12-13
Woman’s Shop 4-12-13
Porteous, Mitchell & Braun 3-4-9-10-12-ln
Rines Bros. 4-12-13

MARYLAND

Baltimore— Hutzler’s 1-3-6-10-1 1-12-13
Gaxton’s 2-10-12-13
Stewart’s 2-3-4-10-12-13-15
May Co. 5-7-12-13
The Hub 4-12-13
Brager Eisenberg 9-10

MASSACHUSETTS

—.Jay’s 1-12-13
Coleman’s 2-12-13
Jordan Marsh 6-9-10-11-12-13-15
Filene’s 3-4-6-7-9-10-11-12-13-15
Chandler’s 3-4-10-12-13
Gilchrist’s 4-10-12-13
R. H. White 4-10-12-13
Lowell— McCartney’s 2-12-13
Lemkins 2-12-13
Bon Marche 10-12-13-15
A. G. Pollard Co. 9-10-12-13

Boston

Pittsfield

— Textile

Store 2

Quincy— Ann Starr 2-12-13
Salem — Empire Clothing 2

M. H. Baker 2-12-13
Worcester — Ulians 1-12-13
Clayton’s 2-12-13
Filene’s 7-10-12-13-14
Denholm & McKay 3-12-13
Waltham— Grover-Cronin 7-12-13

MICHIGAN

Detroit—Russek’s 1-12-13
Crowley, Milner 3-4-6-10-11-12-13
Kline’s 4-12-13
Davidson Bros. 9-11-12-13

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston — Ann’s 2-12-13

Condon’s 4-7-12-13

Columbia— Lisbeth Wolf 1-12-13
Berry’s 2-12-13
Belk’s 7-10-12-13
le
Ivey -Keith

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2-11-12-13

Sumter— Brodv’s 2-12-13

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Jos.

Rose 4-12-13

NEBRASKA

Lincoln— Miller & Paine 4-7-10-12-13
Gold’s 4-12-13
Hovland Swanson 2-12-13
Omaha— Goldstein- Chapman 2-11-12-13
J. L. Brandeis 4-7-10-11-12-13
Philips Dept. Store 9-12-13
Midwest Fashion Stores 3-12-13

NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City — Hamberger’s 1-2-11-12-13
National D.S. 10-12-13-15
Newark — Bamberger’s 1-2-5-7-10-12-13-15

Kresge’s 3-4-10-12-13
Paterson— Quaekenbush’s 2-10-12-13
Packard Bamberger 6-12-13
Trenton — Swem’s 4-10-12-13
Nan Glazer 1-12-13

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque— Kistler, Collister 2-12-13
Mandell Drefuss 4-12-13
Fedway 11-12-13

NEW YORK

Albany— Honigsbaum 1-2-12-13
Whitney’s 3-4-10-12-13-15
John G. Meyers 3-12-13
Brooklyn— Abraham & Straus 3-5-6-11-12-15
Namrn Loeser’s 4-10-12-13
Martin’s 7-12-13
Buffalo— Wm.Hcngerer 2-3-9-10-1 1-12-13
Sattler’s

4-10-12-13-15

Stem’s 4-7-10-12-13
Wanamaker’s 7-10-12-13-15
Niagara Falls — Mack Friedman 2-12-13
Wellsey Shop 2-12-13
Rochester— Sibley, Lindsay & Curr 3-4-7-9-15
E. W. Edwards 4-10-12-13
B. Forman 3-11-12-13
McCurdy’s 3-4-6-10-12-13
Syracuse McDonalds 1-12-13
Dey Bros. 2-4-7-10-12-13-14
E. W. Edwards 4-6-10-12-13-15
Chappell’s 3-10-12-13

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Peerless Co. 3-7-12-13
Providence — Carlson's 1-12-13
The Outlet 2-10-12-13
Shepard’s 12-13-15
Gladding’s 3-10-12-13

Green vi

2-12-13
Krcgar’s 2-12-13
Lexington— Purcell’s 11 12-13
Perkin’s 2-12-13
Louisville— H. P. Selman 1-12-13

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RHODE ISLAND

Pawtucket— Durgin’s 2-12-13

Billings— Hart-Albin 7-12-13
Mildred Hazel 2-12-13
Butte Weinberg’s 2-12-13

Hens & Kelly 4-10-12-13-15
Mabel Danahy 1-12-13
Jamaica—Gertz 2-4-6-10-11-12-13

KENTUCKY
Frankfort— Bing’s
Harlan—

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MONTANA

Kansas City— The Leader
Topeka— Pelletier’s 1-9-1 111-12-13
12-13
Palace Clothing 2
Topeka Leather Shop 8
Wichita— The Model 2
3 ' 4 10 1 1I2 ‘ 13
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Hess Bros. 3-10-12-13-15
—Jordan’s 2-12-13
Benson’s 2-12-13
Erie D.G. 4-10-12-13-15
H ar r s bu rg— Pomeroy ’s 4-5-7-9-10-12-13-14
Bowman’s 3-4-10-12-13
Worth’s 2-12-13
Jr. Dress Shop 2
Lancaster— Hager Bros. 4-12-13
McKeesport— Katzman’s 2-12-13
Philadelphia— Strawbridge & Clothier
1-3-7-10-11-12-13-15
Lit’s 6-7-10-12-13
Wanamaker's 4-6-10-11-12-13
Snellenberg’s 3-6-10-12-13
Bon wit Teller 11-12-13
Sachs 3
Pittsburgh—Jos. Horne 2-3-4-10-12-13-15
Rosenbaum’s 4-9-12-13
Kaufman's 7-9-10-1 1-12-13
Kaufman’s Vendome 1-6-12-13
Pittsburgh Mercantile 3-4-10-12-13
Reading — Pomeroy’s 2-4-9-10-1 1-12-13
Scranton — Salben’s 2-12-13
Cleland-Simpson 3-4-7- 10-12- 13-1 5
Scranton Dry Goods 7-9-10-12-13
Sharon— Kay Driscoll 2-12-13
Sharon Store 7-10-12-13-15
Wil kes-Barre — Pomeroy's 9-10-12-13
Beverly Shop 2-12-13
Fowler. Dick & Walker 4-9-10-12-13
Leslie’s 3-12-13
York— Sack’s 2-12-13
Erie

New York

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City Arnold Constable 1-2-11-12-13
Blackton Shops 11-12-13-14
Bloomingdale’s 3-7-10-12-13-15
Leed’s Luggage Shop 8

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NORTH CAROLINA

Ashevi lie— Ivey’s 2-3-11-12-13
Charlotte—J. V. Ivey 2-3-11-12-13
Durham — Baldwin’s 7-9-12-13
Fayetteville— The Capitol 2-10-11-12-13
Raleigh— Ivey-Taylor 2-3-12-13

Hudson-Belk 7-10-12-13
Winston Salem— M. S. Cohen 2-12-13
Anchor Co. 11-12-13-15

OHIO

Akron— M.

O’Neill 4-6-10-11-12-13-15
Rimer’s 2-12-13
Polsky’s 2-4-7-10-11-12-13-15
Canton — Hern’s 3-12-13
Erlinger’s 4-10-12-13-15
Rappaport’s 2-12-13
Cincinnati— H. & S. Pogue 3-4-7-9-10-11-12
Shillito’s 3-4-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-15
Mabley & Carew 1-3-4-10-11-12-13
Henry Harris 2-12-13
E. Kruse 4-12-13
Cleveland— Halle Bros. 1-3-6-7-10-11-12-13-15
Higbee Co. 3-7-10-11-12-13-15
Sterling-Lindner-Davis 2-12-13
May Co. 4-10-11-12-13
Fries & Schuele 4-10
Wm. Taylor 3-4-10-12-13-15
Columbus — F. & R. Lazarus 2-3-5-6-7-8-9- 1 1-15
Milgrim’s 1-12-13
Dayton — Rike-Kumler 1-2-3-4-7-9-10-11-12-15
Springfield— Ed. Wren 2-7-10-11-12-13
Toledo Sofia Lustig 1-12-13
Lamson’s 3-4-10-11-12-13
Warren — Hirshberg’s Griswold 6-10-12-13
Youngstown— Strouss-Hirshberg 7-10-1 1-12-15
Chas. Livingston 2-12-13
McKelvey’s 3-4-10-12-13

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OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City— Halliburton’s 3-9-12-13-15
Kerr’s 6-1 1-12-13-15
Street’s 2-12-13
Tulsa— Vanderveer’s 1-11-12-13-15
Seidenbach’s 1-7-12-13
Street’s 1-2-12-13

OREGON

Portland— Meier & Frank 4-6-10-11-12-13
Lipman, Wolfe 4-10-11-12-13
Chas. Berg 2-11-12-13
Bergman’s 2-12-13
Nordstron’s 6-12-13
N. Ungar 1-12-13
United Luggage 8
Fred Meyer 10-12-13-15

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown— H. Leh & Co. 1-2-10-12-13
Farr Bros. 6-12-13
Somach’s 3-4-12-13

I

Effird’s

4-12-13

SOUTH DAKOTA

Sioux Falls— Aaronson’s 2-12-13
The Leader 4-12-13
Fantle Bros. 7-12-13
Fusfield’s 3-12-13

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga — Kalman’s 2-12-13
Effron’s 4-10-12-13
Loveman s 11-12-13
Knoxville— S. George 12-13-15
Miller’s 10-11-12-13
Memphis — Goldsmith’s 2-3-10-1 1-12-13-15
Lowenstein 4-7-10-11-12-13
Bry Block 4-10-11-12-13-15
Levy’s Ladies Toggery 1-1 ]
Harry Rosenblum 4
Nashville —Loveman, Berger & Teitlebaum
7-1 1-12-13
Castner-Knott 10-11-12-13-15
Tinsley’s 2-12-13
B. W. Graves 4-12-13
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TEXAS

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Amarillo Blackburn Bros. 2-12-13
Austin — E. M. Scarbrough 9-10-12-13
Corpus Christi—Julian Gold 2-12-13
Dallas— Titche-Goettinger 1-4-11-12-13
Lou Lattimore 1-12-13
Sanger Bros. 2-9-10-11-12-13-15
Aaron Bros. 4
A. Harris 3-10-11-12-13
El Paso— Popular D.G. 4-11-12-13-15
Fort Worth— Monnig D.G. 3-4-10-11-12-13-15
Meacham’s 2-12-13
Leonard’s 4-8-10-12-13-13
Galveston— Nathan’s 2-12-13
Simon’s 4-12-13
Eiband’s 11-12-13
Houston— Craig’s 1-12-13
Smart Shop 1-12-13
Foley Bros. 3-7-9-10-11-12-13-15
Levy’s 7-11-12-13-15
Sakowitz’s 11-12-13
Columbia D.G. 4-12-13
Ben Wolfson 2
Everitt Buelow 2-12-13
San Angelo— Maurice Shop 2-12-13
San Antonio—Joske’s 4-10-11-12-13-15
Siegel’s 1-12-13
Jr. Miss 2
Leed’s 4
Bruner’s 9-12-13

UTAH

Ogden— L.

R. Samuels 3-7-12-13
Provo— Smart Shop 4-12-13
Lake City— ZbC.M.1. 3-7- 1 1 1 2- 1
Auerbach's 2-3-4-10-11-12-13-15

Salt

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3-

15

MakofTs 1
The Paris 6
Ladies Shop 4

Zion Cooperative 4-7-12-13

VERMONT
Bennington — Nichol’s 4-12-13
Burlington — Ducrell Simonds
VIRGINIA
Lynchburg — The Vogue 2
Newport News — The Vogue

4-12-13

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Norfolk— Rice’s 4-12-13
Smith & Welton 7-11-12-13

Petersburg — Rucker-Rosenstock 4-10-12-13
The Fashion 4-12-13
Portsmouth — Berson’s 2-12-13
Richmond— Thalhimer’s 1-3-4-10-11-12-13-15
Miller & Rhoads 3-6-10-11-12-13
Worth’s 2
Cooper’s 4
Roanoke — Sidney’s 2-12-13
Lazarus, Inc. 3-12-13

WASHINGTON

— Rhodes of Seattle 3-4-7-10-11-12-13
Bon Marche 4-11-12-13

Seattle

Frederick & Nelson 4-6-11-12-13
Best Apparel 2-11-12-13

Meier & Frank 1-10-12-13
Tail’s Travel Shop 8-12-13
Spokane— Bon Marche 2-11-12-13
Spokane D.G. 3-4-10-12-13
Meier & Frank 12-13-15
The Cresent 3-10-12-13
Tacoma— Lou Johnson 1-11-12-13
Bon Marche 7-12-13
Rhodes Bros. 4-10-12-13
Yakima— Bon Marche 4-12-13
Barnes- Woodin 11-12-13

WEST VIRGINIA

Charleston— The Fashion 4-12-13
Coyle & Richardson 8
The Diamond 11-12-13-15
Huntington—M. D. Angel 1-12-13
Morrison’s 4-10-12-13
David’S 2-12-13
Wheeling— Stone & Thomas 4-12-13

WISCONSIN

Green Bay— Beck’s 2-12-13
H. C. Prange 3-9-10-12-13-15
Milwaukee Ed. Schuster 3-4-9- 10- 1 2- 1 3- 1
Goldman’s 4-10-12-13
Gem Leather Goods 8
Milwaukee-Boston Store 3-7-10-1 1-12-13-15
Racine— Zahn’s 4-12-13

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**Bosom Loveliness (Continued from page 73)**

But many more girls than anyone knows belong to the two larger groups — the girls who feel embarrassed because they can't wear a smart bathing suit or formal because their bosoms are too small, and the other group of girls who try to buy clothing that will minimize their development. Some of these don't like to know the whole truth on this subject, whether you are a young girl, a young matron or the young mother whose breasts are less beautiful than they ought to be. But all the mental suffering you may have gone through is unnecessary, because when you face up to this problem the solution is really quite simple.

1. Exercise does not develop the breasts. Weight-lifting, which many a girl puts her faith in, will develop the muscles in your arms and back. It won't raise the breasts, though. In fact, anything that it broadens the shoulders and back, but if you are relying on swimming, you should have started it when you were young — not fourteen — and if you are more than twenty, it will do is firm up all your muscle tone.

2. Estrogen creams, rub on, won't do it—or any other cream or oil or lotion, for that matter, so save your money. The amounts that you can buy freely on the market isn't enough to affect a fly. Besides, by the time it is manufactured and merchandised, its potency is almost completely effective. Any All-Odors paste, said to have any value is mere quackery. It may help your skin but it won't do a thing for the glands that make your breasts the shape they are.

You can take internally that will have any effect whatsoever. Now for the things that can be done. For superficial correction, making a minus A-cup girl a plus B, let's say, the quickest and easiest way is with a brassiere. And you know that if you are smart, there is much more to this than meets the eye. To get just any old bra or falsie is as foolish as wasting your cash on a so-called miracle cream. Go to the best, most reputable and expensive of the right bra. Have it correctly fitted with exactly the right pads added (put in pockets, of course, so that you can always take them out for washing your bra).

It is possible to get the right contours, with as entirely different figures as Terry Moore, June Allyson, Marlene Dietrich — and scores of others — know the value of the perfect bra.

These Hollywood beauties pay anywhere from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars apiece for their bras — custom-made, of course. While this may seem a preposterous outlay, it is that perch that prevents figure beauty is a professional asset. There is one Hollywood beauty, for instance, now more prominent on TV, who is naturally so flat-chested she has to be bulged out in the back. Here the stiffened bra goes down that far, gently boned, and thus her tiny breasts are given prominence. And there is another, who as a result of major surgery is now a tiny 1-2 bust. She too, wears one of these all-embracing bras, from the waist up, but strapless. These girls know, of course, what too many girls in private life ignore. It's not enough just to pad the breasts from below. Many times in fact, this is all wrong. You may lift from beneath and help your beauty twice as much, or pad the breast from the sides to make the line of cleavage more pronounced.

Another trick the Hollywood beauties do for this line of cleavage is to make the low necklines of their formals or bathing suits a shade too tight in front. With the bosoms concealed within their most helpful bra, this further forces them into the breast line. And lastly, there is the caution you need to observe if you do this: Check the back of your gown and keep this fairly loose. If you don't, you'll have a little roll of flesh over the dress in back, which looks quite unattractive but a complete give-away to every other girl who knows this trick.

**PHOTOPLAY,** in order to give you the best possible indication of the famous women's wardrobe, has photostaged quite different experts. One was the famous Juel Park, who makes what must be the most luxurious lingerie in the world. Nighties at $125 each, petticoats at $65. All this goes to show Miss Park wouldn't reveal the undergarment needs of her famous customers for any price on earth, but this may be sure. If a famous star wears a particular kind of bra, it is usually a Park creation. And these negligees or nighties have built-in bras, many of them with corrective pads. And many a star wears these garments not only on screen, but in reality.

**PHOTOPLAY's** other expert is Dr. Robert Alan Franklyn, a highly respected man in the medical profession, who performs the breast surgery that has made many a woman attractive. Dr. Franklyn, green like micromastia (which means immature breasts) and ptosis (which means the collapse of the breasts as the result of childbirth), the breast operation, which is called Breastplasty, is based on two new concepts. This fall, his book "The Breast Beautiful" will be published, and it is PHOTOPLAY's privilege to give you a sneak peek at it.

But before we go into that, let us point out that both Miss Park and Dr. Franklyn completely agree on one main point. That is, the necessity to wear a bra all the time, and with care, no matter how much you have, or how old the law of gravity works and tends to make the breast drop as time goes on. So if you are a teenager and light-breasted, get yourself the correct bandeau at once. If you are, however, old and with a breast longline, with the half or full-cup whichever you need.

Miss Park really prefers the bandeau with straps, but her reasons are chiefly fashion. She finds the strapless longline, but his reasons are medical. He thinks they give the ultimate in support, both. But he agrees that a strap too loose or too tight, or one that will slip, is not correct. He reasons that the breast is not a fatty tissue, but is, so to speak, a spongy material that is held up by bands and this breast operation is a surgical procedure that is the equivalent of adding mass to the pectoral muscle.

The operation is simplicity itself—that is, it is a very little piece of a good fur coat or a deluxe television set. How long does it take? About three days in all, from the time of your operation to full recovery. Can anyone have it done? No. The skin of the average woman past fifty lacks the necessary elasticity. How advisable is it? That depends upon you and the circumstances. No sensible adult woman would think of it. But perhaps you could be solely responsible for a happy life. But to any of us, the lack of a well-developed figure may become exasperated as a source of unhappiness. As evidence of this, Dr. Franklyn says the breast operation has saved marriages that otherwise were in danger of breaking up.

In other cases the operation has been followed by marriage for girls whose self-confidence, which had been lacking, and eventual happy married life. He doesn't think it is the actual inch or two more of breast measurement that works these miracles, but the confidence that this extra breast line brings.

Which, of course, is true of all beauty aids: They do give assurance, assurance that we are looking even better than our best because we were lucky enough to be born that way. From this point of view, it can be beautiful as we desire it.

The End
New!

"Bright Future"

...the first truly modern pattern in silverplate

As a special introduction, get 8 complete place settings for the price of 6!
Two place settings are absolutely free.

Bright Future gives you a rare and priceless simplicity... at a price that lets you own every precious piece this minute. And what's more, for a limited time (until October 15th), you get a complete 52-piece service for 8 for the price of a service for 6... $69.95!
Meet your own Bright Future now; it's waiting for you at your favorite store.

Holmes and Edwards is the beautiful silverware with the extra helping of silver. Only Holmes and Edwards Silverplate gives you 2 blocks of sterling silver inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles of most-used pieces for longer lasting beauty.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
A DIVISION OF THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
(Continued from page 43) talked heart to heart. Then he took his two older boys on a camping trip before he took off again. About his marital status? Gregory and Greta have decided to separate in the interest of their two sons — and while we're sure heartbroken Betty Hutton's reconciliation with Charles O'Curran lasted just long enough to hit headlines to be followed by divorce. We know that Jeff Hunter seldom hears from Barbara Rush, who's in Ireland making "Captain Lightfoot" with Rock Hudson. Could be that she's swamped with other offers. But not, Betty Grable was at dawn at the airport. That kiss she gave him should kill those separation rumors—forever!

Fair Exchange: Charlton Heston finally "got even" with his wife, who's always buying him neckties. When he made "Secret of the Incas" in Peru, Chuck bought Lydia some Peruvian silver old pattern that can be adapted to today's high styles. They finally arrived in this country.

Tapestry Of Life: Here's an untold, touching story concerning the romance of June Haver and Fred MacMurray. For eighteen years Fred dedicated his life to his lovely ailing wife until her tragic death last year. Their two children never lacked love, but despite Fred's devotion, daughter Susan became shy and retiring. Then Fred met June. She took the little girl shopping, selected her clothes and won her confidence. Susan suddenly blossomed. June's twenty-third birthday is still married to Jimmy Zito, so she and Fred had to have a civil ceremony. Hollywood is so thrilled that two such deserving people finally found happiness—together.

People, Places, Things: Warners is looking for a script co-star Doris Day with Alan Ladd. . . . Ginny Mayo looks happier than ever since the birth of her baby. Her film is still stunning again and she's going back to work with a vengeance. After "King Richard and the Crusaders," in which she costars with Rex Harrison, she will do "The Silver Chalice," which should be perfect for her. Only wish we could print Stewart Granger's answer to an offer to appear in a local stage production of "The Four Poster" with Jean Simmons. It's crazy man, crazy!

Baby Talk: Quiet-living Audie Murphy who likes to keep his private life private, also has a sense of humor about it. His studio has endless requests and therefore is no longer a boy but is a man and a baby. So whenever he comes into the publicity department, Audie turns up his coat collar and wears dark glasses with a slouch hat. The christening of Timothy Patrick McNulty was probably the most sentimental occasion in Ann Blyth's exemplary life. Her tiny son wore a tiny gold chain and locket around his neck, which her beloved mother had placed around Ann's neck when she was christened.

Behind the Camera: Two Monroes are working in "There's No Business Like Show Business." The first and foremost is Lucille. The blonde cannot make a man, who hopes to become as rich as she is famous. The second is a handsome blond, who hopes to become as famous as he is rich—or will be eventually! He calls himself Michael Monroe. His real name is Jonathan Brink and he's the hero to the fabulously Boston-armored-car fortune. Jonathan—or Michael, wanted to make good with his own acting talent and this he's doing. He has two scenes with Marilyn, whose name he didn't copy. "Friends picked it," he explains. "It was before Miss Monroe became famous!" It could only happen in Hollywood!

Royal Razzberry: Anyone liking kids, and who doesn't, get a kick out of this story: Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes vacationed at Lake Tahoe this summer to escape (they hoped!) from their web of troubles. Rita's little girls went with them, so Dick sent for his eldest son Skipper, whose mother is Joanne Dru Ireland. Little Rebecca, whose father is Orson Welles, and Skipper hit it off immediately. Not so with Princess Yasmin, whose father is Aly Khan. Kicking off her shoe, she commanded Skipper to bring it back and put it on her foot, "Why should I?" he explained with boysiy bluntness. "Because I am a princess," answered her pint-sized royal highness. Skipper never batted an eye. "Oh, I didn't know!" he exclaimed pleasantly enough. Then he picked up the shoe—and tossed it in the lake!

Old Folks: So Debbie Reynolds threw a Gay 20's party recently, the guys wore bell-bottom trousers and the dolls came in knee-length skirts! When Missy Reynolds did her impersonation of Eddie Fisher doing his soft drink TV commercial, Eddie with love light in his eyes, laughed loudly! . . . And Tab Hunter celebrated his twenty-third birthday on the eleventh of July. His best present, a long-term contract with Warners. Present that pleased him most, a pair of miniature gold ice skates made into a tie clip, from a fan.

The Truth Is: Terry Moore is under contract to 20th Century-Fox, but RKO designer Michael Woolf made the transparent—above-the-waist—except for a few beads!—slash-skirted gown the bosomy star wore for her opening night at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas. Dick Contrary to reports, Jeff Chandler didn't buy a house in Apple Valley and he isn't about to elope with Gloria DeHaven. Jeff bought a lot and intends to build on it later. He won't be really free to marry anyone until March of next year.

Production Palaver: You don't have to take Cal's word for it—if just ask Piper Laurie's publicity man. He swears they found uranium dust in the lovely redhead's hair on the "Smoke Signal" location in sweltering Utah. . . . And while we're in this hot spot, lonesome June Allyson flew in from Hollywood to see "Time-Off," directing Susan Hayward and John Wayne in "The Conqueror." Everyone knows Junie's terrified of flying, but—"They may have to carry me off the plane, but I'll get there!" she boasted. And that's exactly the way it happened!

Overseas Duty: Here's one for the ha-ha department. That stranger lounging daily at M-G-M with Grace Kelly was her French teacher and not a "hot romance" type. Making "To Catch a Thief" in France, Grace met Bill Holden by looking up their daughter Virginia, there with a group of girls on a vacation tour. . . . And Richard Widmark, who we've been saying "Folks:" hasn't released any more of "Prize of Gold," couldn't stand being separated from his adored spouse, who remained behind to close up their house. So Dick cabled to heck with the house. I miss you, Skipper. . . . And our gee-whiz dahling, who couldn't find thatched roofs and cobblestone streets in Ireland for Rock Hudson's "Captain Lightfoot." So the studio had to install 'em, which gave El Rooco time to rent a car and tour Ireland finding country with girl friend Betty Abbott.

Newlyweds: Because pink is his bride's favorite color, Fernando Lamas ordered two dozen pink calla lilies for Arlene Dahl's first anniversary. Their first month that is! . . . Robert Taylor, who designed most of ex-wife Barbara Stanwyck's magnificent jewelry, is up to his old expensive tricks just this month. He received her current hunk of dream stuff—a brooch studded with rubies, moonstones, and fresh water pearls. . . . And not that there was doubt before, but now June Haver is over there, too. Shy sure they took a step in the right direction. After their marriage they had to hire a special secretary to answer the deluge of messages from all over the world. . . . The way is Joe DiMaggio, who recently affixed her signature to a sensational insurance policy, "It protects me from everything but bad scripts!" sighs maid Marilyn, as she winks.

Contrasts: Lana Turner's blond hair behind the wheel of her new imported canary yellow Fiat even dazzled bleaze extras when she drove on the M-G-M lot. . . . Mona Freeman's looks looking twin sapphire set in her Las Vegas sun tan, ringed with Frank Sinatra who joined her after his thrilling show. . . . Rory Calhoun wearing a white cashmere turtle-neck with black tie, at the party, his face in the fillys (two-legged types!) in the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

For Your Information: When the Burt Lancasters became parents for the fifth time, they named their daughter Siglhe, which is the Gaelic way of spelling Sheila and you pronounce it the same way. . . . Jane Russell's quartet did it again! They recorded "It's Only a Paper Moon"—"the party's over"—and it's even catchier than their now-famous "Do Lord." It's expected to make a mint. . . . Now that the Far East has finally seen "Roman Holiday," they're out of their Jeep, "Hernando! I've changed my mind! Cal can't pronounce or spell their pet name for her, but translated it means—"little seasellar!"

Down Romance Lane: His studio publicity department tried, but handsome George Nader won't go for those dream-up romances. Women like Joan Crawford and Barbara Stanwyck seem to give a guy like George more to think about. But it's not just the studio's instructions. Marla English makes like she's heart—whole and fancy free. The gal who can't miss zooming to stardom like a skyrocket, actually zooms over ex—baseball player-turned-actor Bob Dallam and feels full of pin wheel over Marla in return!

The End
How you can quick-cleanse, lubricate, make up

...all with Tussy's golden All-Purpose Cream

Now, with one wonderful new cream...you have a lubricating night cream, a deep-action cleansing cream, AND a rich foundation cream.

**Follow the arrows for quick, deep cleansing.** Stroke Tussy All-Purpose Cream from throat to forehead, always moving up and out.

Circle it gently around your eyes.

It cleanses better than any soap; better than many a cream! Why? Because it actually gets down under "Make-up Clog" and dirt, and clears them out!

**As a foundation base** for make-up, you just dab a mere dot of Tussy All-Purpose Cream on forehead, nose, cheeks, chin and neck. Blend it into your skin. A special Tussy moisturizing ingredient in the cream, helps give your skin a flower-like beauty all day long.

At bedtime, use it freely to soften skin through the night. It costs only $1.

**Use Tussy Dry Skin Freshener** after cleansing, to remove every trace of cream and grime. Pat it on: it helps reduce the look of large pores. 3 oz. bottle, only $1.

prices plus tax
If Marilyn Has a Little Girl

letters pouring into her studio every week, she was besieged by reporters and columnists who wanted to know what Marilyn thought about women, dresses, other actresses and men—anything, in fact, that would give them a new peg on which to hang another story about this young woman. And yet, with all the people she knew and all the millions who felt they knew her, when the hospital attendant asked that simple question, Marilyn Monroe had no name to give except the name of Dave March, who was about to become her business manager.

That's what she was thinking about on that first day of the new year when I happened to mention something about my own children whom I was about to join in the East within a few days. That, I tried to explain, was why I had come along with Dave to see Marilyn. There wouldn't be time for the interview I'd hoped to have with her at the studio after all, so I just came, really, to visit.

"You must be so glad to be getting back to them, I bet I was beaming with those very beautiful blue eyes of hers dreaming out the window as she talked. "I know how I'd feel if I had children. I'd want to be with them every minute. I'd never want them to feel I didn't love them more than anything else in the world. If I ever have a little girl, I think I'll be a wonderful mother to her, because I'll remember all the things I used to wish would happen to me.

And as she talked, quietly and unemotionally, and as I listened, not so unemotionally, I saw again how strong is the thread that connects our childhood with our adulthood. And there is a lesson for every parent in the realization of how deep are the wounds of childhood and how lasting the scars that very often remain for an entire lifetime.

The young woman lying in the high, narrow hospital bed was saying, "When I was a little girl, nobody ever bothered to tell me I was pretty. They used to tell me that I was smart or good or neat or clean, but they never said, 'You are pretty.' All little girls want to be told they're pretty, and when I have a little girl, I'll comb and brush her hair until it shines, then I'll let her know I think she's the most beautiful little girl in the world.

Marilyn told me on that day how, living in one foster home after another, she'd wait for her turn to be combed or to have a dress buttoned up. She'd listen to another little girl's mother lavishing praise on her, but when Marilyn's turn came, she was just a duty.

"I don't blame them," Marilyn added quickly, "I couldn't expect to be treated the way they treated their own children. They were good to me, but they just didn't have the time to give me a whole lot of affection.

And there wasn't money for pretty clothes, so Marilyn dropped out of high school because she was sick of having the other girls laugh at the awful things she had to wear. It doesn't take a psychologist to see why Marilyn went in for the most attention-getting clothes she could find, once she had the money with which to buy them. Marilyn said, "I dress for men. I'm sorry that some women don't like it."

But, of course, what Marilyn dressed for in those early days when success first began to shine on her was Marilyn. She dressed to get even with all those kids who had laughed at her dowdy, hand-me-down, made-over clothes. She dressed to be able to say to herself, "Now my clothes are as good as anybody's. Everybody notices me now."

"My little girl," said Marilyn wistfully, recalling and remembering that unhappy time, "will always have pretty clothes. Even if something happens and I don't have a lot of money, her clothes will always be as pretty as anyone's.

And she'll have a room of her own, this fortunate little girl whose mother can still remember so vividly those slights of her childhood. She'll have her own room and her own bookshelves, and she'll never know the moments Marilyn knew in those foster homes, when she'd sneak a book out of the other little girl's room only to have it snatched away with a sharp cry of, "You can't have that. That's my book! What are you doing in this house anyway? I don't want you here."

But I didn't really mind," said Marilyn. "I mean, I knew they couldn't help saying things like that. But I guess that's why I was such a dreamer. I used to think Clark Gable was my father, and he had four little girls all told, but I was the one he liked best, and I was the one he always picked up first and hugging when he came home at night. That's why I didn't mind going to bed early—I used to lie awake in the dark and dream..."

What did she dream about mostly, lying there in the dark? She dreamed about the day when she would be grown up, at last. She dreamed of the day when she'd be an actress. She dreamed of the day when she'd be famous. She knew that people wouldn't laugh at her any more. Her young husband laughed at her when she said she'd be an actress, "Don't be silly, Norma. No one's going to hire you to be an actress."

And the kids in school and all those strange foster homes laughed at her when she said, "Some day I'll have a big house with lots and lots of books, you see. I'll have a man, and I'll have all the new clothes I want and I'll never again have to borrow anything."

Marilyn Monroe has all those things now, but perhaps it's well that those young people never understood her at all. It's just as well, perhaps, that Marilyn can say, "When I teach my little girl about religion, I'll teach her that God is love, and not some man who's going to hurt her if she does something wrong.

The twelve-year-old Marilyn, who was Norma Jean Baker, covered all one afternoon and night in a small attic bedroom because she'd slipped off and gone to the movies. She'd been to a Sunday school, and as she walked back from the church she said, "I'm glad to be a Catholic."

And Marilyn knows now that when people are loved as children, when they grow up believing they're wanted and there's a place for them in the world, they're able to trust people. That's something Marilyn found it hard to do. When she first began to make a salary of $750 a week, she'd cash her salary check and pay all bills herself and put it in the bank. The money, like the incredible fact of finding out she really was pretty, was just something she couldn't quite understand. But because this had merited her attention got Marilyn into endless trouble early in her career, made enemies for her and drove one columnist to say indignantly, "What's with this girl, anyway?"

The real Marilyn still has a childhood frankness—which is a great part of her charm—and a breathless kind of excitement about everything. When she went to kid shows for instance, she really meant it when she said, "For the first time in my life, I feel like a movie star."

This is the Marilyn Monroe that Joe DiMaggio married after a long courtship. This is the lovely, inquisitive little girl who grew up into a lonely, distrustful, insecure young woman, who is only now beginning to find an emotional security in her life. No longer does she have to prove, over and over again, that she is desirable. Now at last she can look ahead to rich happy years of wifehood and motherhood. And Joe DiMaggio, too, knew that his Marilyn would make a wonderful mother for her future children because she's grown up enough now to be able to give love instead of merely to take it, grown up enough to mean every word as she said to me, "When I have a little girl I'll let her know that I love her better than anything else in the world and if I can help it, I'll never be away from her for a minute."

The End
MODEL SHEDS 10 YEARS IN 10 SECONDS

Now Available For The First Time! — The SECRET That Famous Screen, Stage, TV Stars Learned From Their Make-Up Artists

Always Touch-Up Before You Make-Up

Make this miraculous difference as easily as applying lipstick.

Your Friends Will Think You Found
“The Fountain of Youth!”

To look your glamorous best, blend your make-up over the Touch-Up Stik. Instead of looking more made up, you will look less made up — because it takes far less make-up to give you the smooth, even, creamy-looking complexion that every woman wants and every man admires.

Remover — Touch-Up Stik is invisible. People see the results — not the Touch-Up Stik itself. And it’s actually good for the skin. The ingredients have been blended together with beautifying, softening lanolin. It will not flake, peel, crack or rub off. It will stay on until you wash it off or cream it off.

The Greatest Beauty Revelation Since Lipstick

Many of you have seen the miraculous demonstration on TV where a model shed ten years in ten seconds right before your eyes. You know that a touch-up stick has been working for stars for years for stage, screen and radio. Now, at last, it is available to you. Think of how you will look without dark circles under your eyes, harsh lines softened, freckles, scars, blemishes and wrinkles all made invisible. The kind of perfection you always felt was out of your reach is now as easy to achieve as putting on lipstick.

STARS’ SECRET NOW YOURS DURING FREE INTRODUCTORY BARGAIN OFFER

Is it expensive? No. A Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik that will last you up to a year is only $2. But to induce you to try it now, to see for yourself how easy it is to shed ten, fifteen or even twenty years from your appearance, here is what we are going to do.

With each Touch-Up Stik, we are going to give you FREE a $1.50 bottle of Charles Antell’s Liquid Make-Up with Lanolin that matches your Touch-Up Stik. This is a revolutionary new kind of liquid make-up that has a natural affinity for the skin. That’s why it stays on longer, looks better and it is actually good for your skin. It needs no foundation under it, it needs no powder over it. It is the first complete make-up.

Now besides that, we are going to give you FREE a series of beauty lessons to teach you all the simple little make-up tricks of the make-up artist.

In other words, you get the $2 Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik, the $1.50 matching Liquid Make-Up with Lanolin, plus the make-up lessons — for the cost of the Touch-Up Stik alone. Only $2. This is a limited offer and may be withdrawn without notice. So act now!

MORE THAN YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You must look ten years younger in 10 seconds or you get more than your money back. Keep the $1.50 matching Liquid Make-Up with Lanolin. Keep the Make-Up Lessons. Send back only the Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik and your full purchase will be refunded immediately, no questions asked.

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You don’t keep a beauty secret like this . . . a secret for long. Not from the American woman. Even before we were ready, the news got out, so we had to start shipping ahead of schedule. Result — almost all stores have some. None of them, too many. Go today . . . and get this double-value introductory package in your choice of the perfect complexion tone for your face.

$2.00 Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik (up to a year’s supply)
$1.50 Charles Antell Matching Liquid Make-Up
A $2.50 Value for only $2.00!
PLUS — a set of FREE Beauty Lessons!

If your dealer is sold out, write to Charles Antell, Dept. C, Baltimore 3, Md., enclosing $2.00 plus 50¢ for handling and we’ll mail your kit to you. Be sure to specify your complexion shade — Fair, Natural, Medium, Light Brunette, Brunette, Suntan (very dark).
When Love is Enough

(continued from page 59)

the handsome boy and the beautiful girl who found each other through the medium of motion pictures.

Marriage, however, was distinctly their own idea. Not even the maestros who make a business of getting people married could have approved of it. From sweet-young-things roles, Janet Leigh had blossomed into a sexy glamour girl and was being given a tremendous publicity build-up. Anthony Curtis was the romantic idol of the bossy-soccer-everywhere.

"There was some opposition from both sides," Janet recalls. "We were advised it might affect our popularity. But we didn't give a damn about ourselves, and we felt we had a right to—"

Tony's answer to such warnings was forthright and typical. "If my fans go to see my pictures just because I'm single, then I'm in the wrong business. I'll just as well find out whether they like to see me as an actor and watch my performance. If my whole career is based on being single—I'd better start painting right now."

So they married in the face of premonitory and potential problems which might well have defeated screen writers who specialize in creating conflicts and solving them. But Janet and Tony Leigh came from two different worlds and two different backgrounds. They were of different nationalities with inherently different temperaments. Janet was Jewish and Tony was Catholic. Of different religious origins: Jewish and Christian Science. Although two years younger, Janet seemed far more mature. Tony was making $400 a week in comparison to Janet's future salary of M-G-M. Two years behind her in movie-town, he was just on his up way—while Janet Leigh was already an established star.

But neither would be discouraged. As Tony said, "Lovely girls in pictures I didn't think of as a career or chamelier. I'd just found a girl I loved, and money didn't matter at all. I loved her and I wanted to be her husband—"

So Tony volunteered in that he couldn't afford to get married, this Swabie not too long from the tenements pointed out, "I'm making more money than most young men my age. I'm the Just Married type of guy. I can do anything. Besides—we won't be living it up. We don't have to impress anybody."

Together, today—three years later—they've impressed just about everybody—natives and in-breeds alike. And their popularity soared. Among male stars, Tony zoomed to first place with the fans. Now his salary has just about evened with Janet's. They're the most popular, and metered by the million in a flare for acting and a desire for bettering himself. From his mother, Helen Schwartz, both gentleness and strength—and a deep down sense of right and wrong. "I've never been a good boy," his mom says now. As best he could—he made his own music then. He ran a little class of acting down at the settlement house to keep them off the streets an hour two. He would suggest, "Let's play a game," conning them along. "Okay Bernie—what kind of game?" The "acting game," he told them. "You, Joe, you're up against that wall there. You be the detective. And you, Lippy, you will play Chicke for the cops. Now then—let's go—everybody act!" As a kid, too, Bernie would hang around the stage doors of the theater, just under the marquee. If you would come out, give him ten cents and say, "Here, kid—go buy us some doughnuts and coffee." Once he delivered coffee to Bert Lahr—"That was a ton of thrills."

But that's one of the things that can hang you up. When people are hungry or thirsty. There were times when both Jeanette's father and mother were without work. More than once, her mother's watch went into the local pawn shop to buy something. She'd have to buy Jeanette a dress for some special occasion. With the Morisons it was always share and share alike. "The three of us have always been together," Jeanette knew that we had—or didn't have. We never fooled her," her mother says now. "And we had plenty of skipping to do,"

Jeanette was flat broke in Hollywood when her mother's birthday check came—enabling her to buy herself a daffodil dress trimmed with black rickrack, the "lucky dress" she wore in the interview at M-G-M that got her a contract.

The next to the most popular environments, Jeanette Morrison and Bern Schwartz arrived in Hollywood with much the same fundamental as human beings. The same basic honesty, sense of truth, and all-round human qualities which wouldn't be denied. When she was fourteen Jeanette worked at Kress's after school. Later she wrapped packages in a men's clothing store in Stockton. Her second job was as a waitress in a low-budgeted, low-student, Stan Reames, and she cooked for some of the students who boarded with them to help defray expenses. Bern Schwartz sold newspapers, shined shoes, worked in a barber shop. All this he did while going to school, this just can't go down the drain. Some day it will mean something. It's for some purpose. It won't all be wasted."

"But however, he would never have been able to believe that at that time. Nor that he would meet and marry a motion-picture star who was her own opinion, could well understand his fervent all-romantic thanklessness.

To Hollywood in general—with his uninhibited charm, his refreshing irreverence for protocol, his colorful vernacular and his touching gratefulness towards one and all—others than himself. Before him—Anthony Curtis was a new and unpredictable kind of pigeon. California was the "Promised Land" in his enthusiastic eyes. "So much sunshine, such open air. I can't walk in the rain!"

He wanted to move his mom and dad and brother Bobby out to share his new paradise. He had absolutely no plans, however, for sharing it with anyone else.

Jeanette had by then dissolved her college marriage to Stan Reames. She was in the process of reorganizing her life, and certainly had no intentions of disorganizing it all over again, when Anthony Curtis beat her to Hollywood and broke into the scene. To writers bent on keeping the clamoring fans who discovered him in formed concerning his matrimonial future, he colorfully envisioned same as a delightfully harmless misadventure. The bride will bring her toothbrush and any other footlocker and move in."

But he was, he knew, just making up a story.

Then, across a crowded room, his gypsy heart leapt at the girl who radiated the next best friend to an early movie. Tony dropped in on a party at Lacey's restaurant "to meet a few people—and for some of those wonderfull little free sandwiches." And he encountered the girl who decorated the wall, or used to, and the girl at the parlor table. "When she smiled—the lights went on all over the room."

Although he had no way of knowing it then, Tony was also a source of brilliant illogic to the young girl at the parlor table. "Tony gave me confidence when I needed it most. Belief in myself. Faith in doing what I felt I should do. I was going through a big change when I met Tony. I was afraid to be independent, afraid to trust others. I wasn't secure as a person. I wasn't sure what I thought was right—or whether I even had the right to think."

Tony's courtship was thoughtful and typical—and highly effective. Having discovered they had a common interest in the theatre, he promised to let Janet know
"Too Expensive for Me... (I thought)

until I saw it in the jeweler’s window"

"I had always wanted a fine watch, and a Hamilton would be my dream come true. But not until I saw the new Hamilton Illinois did I realize that at last my dream could come true—that such a lovely, precision watch could actually be mine for as little as $33.95."

Whether you’re giving or getting, there is no more welcome gift than a fine watch... and no greater watch value than the new Hamilton Illinois.

Each one has a fine 17-jewel anti-magnetic movement...an unbreakable mainspring. Choose from exciting new models in a wide range of styles.

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Whether you're giving or getting, there is no more welcome gift than a fine watch... and no greater watch value than the new Hamilton Illinois.

Each one has a fine 17-jewel anti-magnetic movement...an unbreakable mainspring. Choose from exciting new models in a wide range of styles.

FREE: Color folder of 1954 watch styles. Send name and address to Dept. PH-10, Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pa.
The man who's married to another woman—poet and movie star Janet—was the one to go to Universal-International and spoke to Tony.

“You nasty man, you”—she said cheerfully.

“Oh, honey—I'm sorry. I was just going to tell you. I didn't want to feel this way all day.”

A familiar scene, this, to happily married anywhere. But in print, it was the end for them—for the hundredth time.

Tony had only one word to set him off—and Janet managed to find just the right one.

Later, reliving the whole miserable bit, she thought, “This is ridiculous. I can’t feel this way all day.” She telephoned the raving star at the studio. He was tired and a little grumpy. It took only one word to set him off and Tony set out systemically to planning beyond the next few immediate minutes and prone to affix a shocked blue eye in the direction of the yellowing poster. “A gypsy? I love you, but that thing has got to go.”

For Tony Curtis the next difficult adjustment has been one common to most of his sex: “Learning to live with a woman,” Tony said, “When you're a gypsy, it's hard. I'm a gypsy at heart. Janet plans ahead, but that’s very difficult for me.” Admittedly by nature, he isn’t “very punctual. I'm bad in this respect—in fact, I'm impossibly late. It's one of the things that makes me a confirmed muncher. I never did like eating regularly. I just like to munch all day long.”

At the latter was a matter of grave concern to Janet, who’s a stickler for well-balanced diets and regular living. By nature, too, she's neat, punctual and so consciously scheduled that she carries a long notebook wherever she goes with every appointment and memo for the day noted therein. They quarreled at first when she tried to regulate Tony’s eating habits. “He was working so hard at the studio that I couldn’t make him stop for him to keep his strength up.” Tony was pretty vehement. “You're trying to make me eat and I don’t feel like eating. And Janet would insist weakly, ‘But you have to eat. You can’t work without strength.’”

Today they’ve compromised to a degree. Janet’s tried to learn “not to have everything on schedule—and not to let it bother me.”

About keeping her house in order, however, Janet does care. And exercising her natural desire for neatness, developed in childhood, as opposed to her husband’s complete antipathy to untidy domestic arrangements. As a kid she kept house for her working parents in their small apartment in Stockton—and meticulously, her mother recalls. “We lived in one room with a wall bed, leaving books and records everywhere. I don’t care how often I have to straighten the place up, but I had to make Tony understand I don’t expect him to do it, that I thoroughly enjoy doing it.”

Nor has he found maintaining a home as exhausting as “two lookouts” he jokingly envisioned. although they thought they’d “talked out” the major basic problems before they married in a restaurant in Los Angeles, they’ve come to realize that marriage in the face of situations and characteristic differences which might have discouraged two less in love. There have been many adjustments in living patterns, too. Tony, for instance, was always systemically allergic to planning beyond the next few immediate minutes and prone to affix a shocked blue eye in the direction of the yellowing poster. “A gypsy? I love you, but that thing has got to go.”

For Tony Curtis the next difficult adjustment has been one common to most of his sex: “Learning to live with a woman,” Tony said, “When you're a gypsy, it’s hard. I’m a gypsy at heart. Janet plans ahead, but that's very difficult for me.” Admittedly by nature, he isn’t “very punctual. I’m bad in this respect—in fact, I’m impossibly late. It’s one of the things that makes me a confirmed muncher. I never did like eating regularly. I just like to munch all day long.”
I Saw BLACKHEADS GO IN 10 MINUTES!

BY LILYRE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A skin specialist today demonstrated a simple 10-minute way to remove blackheads from the face of a woman who had suffered from blackheads, enlarged pores and a spotty complexion for nearly 15 years. I saw the doctor apply a peculiar, plastic-like cream. 10 minutes later...when he rinsed this creme from her skin with a moist cloth, I saw ugly blackheads rinsed away! They were clinging to the tissue that the doctor held out for all to see—actually rinsed away from the skin with a simple 10-minute home medical treatment anyone can use at home!

Actually Draws Pimple and Blackhead Material Out of Clogged Pores

In Minutes!

"You will notice," continued the doctor as he motioned us closer, "that not all the blackheads are gone. That would be too much to expect from just one treatment. Especially since our subject, Miss..., has suffered from these externally caused blemishes for a good many years." But now, watch closely! Because you will notice that this first 10-minute treatment has not merely floated away a considerable number of blackheads, but it has also so loosened and softened the more stubborn pus formations, that I can now gently tissue even more of them away. Here is the tissue for your examination!

As we all strained forward to see the results of this amazing medical demonstration, a large magnifying mirror was now placed before the woman's face, revealing the pore openings with startling clarity.

Why Many Women Confuse Enlarged Pores With Clogged Pores

The second part of our demonstration concerns the pores. I will now...
Tony and Janet put a different value on
close contact, and that's a little under-
standing, too. Until he came to Hollywood,
Tony never had enough pennies even to
bother thinking about them. Janet is far
more health-conscious. She's stopped not
only from stretching pennies but back to the
profound teenager who was official custodian
of the family exchequer. "When Jeanette
was thirteen years old, we lived only on
the government check," Janet says now. "And
she took her responsibility very seriously.
When we would go shopping for some-
ting, Jeanette would trot me all over town.
In our shop, if she saw something she
wanted, we didn't go back to the budget," Mrs.
Morrison recalls laughingly. Today—Janet still won't
buy a dress without checking to see
whether she can afford it.

On the other hand, Tony's
practically the opposite. He's in it to
spend it. Whatever's left when the bills
have been paid seems like so much velvet to
him—like a wonderful present from life
that he can't afford not to spend. "I blow
money like water," he admits.

"Many times for things I don't
need even. Like more shoes and shirts
and records. And I buy pipe cleaners by
the dozens. I'll smoke the pipe cleaners
wished I knew why. I don't even smoke.

Tony's delight in spending goes back
to darker days. To days when an occasional
coin was a shot of sunshine that made the
darkness livable. A shiny piece of happi-
ness to brighten his mom's eyes light up.
"He would bring something home to me.
A string of beads or a pair of stockings or
some little thing," she remembers feelingly.
Tony's father, on the other hand, would
come home with even a kitchen-saver. "You know, carrot-curlers.

That type of thing," Tony grins. "He would
say, 'Here—let me show you how it works.'
And grandpa would say to me, 'When you
were fun, and we would all laugh.'

And laughter, however inspired, was like gold.

Wisely enough, Tony and Janet
have different business managers, agreeing, "It's
better this way." Tony's is Myrt Blum. And Janet's
by analogy is accounting. "Dad keeps watch on mine
for me." It would not, they decided, be
fitting family diplomacy for her dad to
dictate finance to his son-in-law. The
Morrison family has no marked bias toward
anyone. It's just that in law they're too
big an association to risk endangering
it. Janet's and Tony's parents each have
noted all adjustments and watched with a
silent and fondly approving eye. Janet's
mother, in any case, is not at all concerned
in law is concerning for her daugh-
ter, when he worries aloud, "Why can't
Janie relax? I know she must be tired.
I wish she wouldn't go so fast." And Mrs.
Schwartz has often remarked the family's
choice with, "Janie is so wonderful. She
watches what he eats and looks after him.
She takes care of my Tony so well.

Tony and Janet have worked out
any financial differences exactly as the
approach they've used on everything else
in their marriage. Although the margin
between their salaries has narrowed
to almost nothing today, Tony's $400 a
week completely outstrips Janet's. And
Janet's new-motion picture deal for one
movie annually for both Columbia and
Universal-International, her salary still
exceeds Tony's a little. But it's so close
now that the difference is negligible,
with Tony's option increases, he will soon
be making more.

"Money is a joint thing, anyway," Janet
goes on. They maintain a "house account,
and each pays half of the house bills of the
supertitious but comfortable Spanish
stucco house, complete with rose trellis
and orange tree, which they rent furnished
in Beverly Hills. "In addition, I pay for
things that are strictly mine, and Tony
doesn't say that he isn't. That's fair.
What other wife in what other business
has to have a wardrobe like my job de-
mands? I spend around five thousand dol-
lars a year for clothes." Both of them
insist, "We went to the cleaners together,
but since the owners are returning from
Europe and want their home back, Janet
and Tony are house-hunting again.
Tony is moving to apartments to houses
because, as they put it, "We had Solm and
Sparrow will spend Christmas in a home—instead of an
apartment. We wanted a tree on the lawn, as well as one
indoors."

Both are now that Curtis is frankly
schmaltzy about holidays and other nostal-
gic occasions, and neither is reluctant
to let sentiment show. The bit of steel in
Janet's make-up and the fire in Tony's
eyes will warm the heart of every
one of them. Janet turns to the
little words: "I love you." As Janine observes,
"Many people think it—but they won't say
it. Tony's never afraid to say, 'I love you,'
and I think that's pretty great."

Jealous? Well, like many husbands
he may resent those Janet went with be-
fore she met him, but this I don't mind.
It's flattering to have your husband a little
jealous. On the other hand, like any
other wife, Janet finds it plenty
heartwarming to know that her husband has
turned a blind eye to the
females who think they're fatale. "There
are some women in any town who don't
care whether a man is married or not.
Janet is most fortunate. She would make
with the big balcony scene, some-
body in the audience seeks out Janet
to say, 'I wish you could see how Tony
handles himself when a girl makes a play
for him. It's a joy to watch. He's so un-
comfortable, so absolutely apart from it
— which is the sweetest music this side
of heaven to a glamorous motion-picture
star, as it is to any wife. 'I'm not suspi-
cious by nature. But this is just an added
niceness. And hearing things like this
gives you just great.

Maintaining the heady feeling of
champagne and roses in their marriage means
they do as far as they can. For instance
for Tony—Janet. "We've both refused to do pictures
abroad," Janet says now, adding, "three
months is just too long to be separate.
Tony is equally adamant. 'Separations can
cause more harm than good.' But occa-
sions come up between you can be worked
out, if you're together. But if you're a
continent apart, you haven't a prayer."

Insofar as their two careers will
allow, they try to build on personal rela-
tions too. Janice accompanies Tony on location, unless she's
also before the cameras. As for Tony—
Well, once when he had to go to San Diego
for three days' filming, he wouldn't even
let Janet do the driving. "If I had to
move, I'd feel like I'll be gone a long time.
I just take this," he said and put a few
essentials in a large paper bag. Their
toughest separation—and their longest—
followed their marriage. Tony had to be in
Honolulu on location and Janet was work-
ing in "Prince Valiant" stateside.
That was the worst," she says slowly now, "be-
cause of the joint situation... Janet lost
their expected baby while Tony was gone
and every hour thereafter seemed a plea-
s to both of them. To Tony because he
couldn't get home to her, to Janet because
she needed him so.

Together— they've weathered two of
the most momentous events in Hollywood,
with all the corresponding demands of
the emotional drain. They've had to can-
cel practically every personal plan they've
ever made and to forego again and again
the thrill of a trip, a weekend in Monte Carlo,
when a film, they finished "Rogue Cop" at M-G-M and
finished at U-I, they made elaborate plans
—for an idyllic three weeks on a farm in
Connecticut and for sunning and swim-
ing in Hollywood, for a vacation on
This time they were almost out the door
when there was a change in casting in
"Five Bridges to Cross," and Tony had to
take the train instead to Boston. Making
not just one, but two trips, to London,
with the fetching travel folders, Janet went
along.

As if this isn't enough—even for those
who love enough—they further flout any
fear of career disharmony by co-starring-
and sometimes even co-authoring—two
and a half marriages worth, with the
triumph of tempers or egos. Janet took the
feminine lead in "The Black Shield of Fal-
worth," at Universal-International, know-
ing hers was the lesser role and that essentially
husband would be her picture.
Tony's name will always precede
Janet's in their billing. Which fact, as an
actress, she dismisses with, "A man's usu-
ally down," and as a wife, "it's better.

"I'm happy myself. I can work with Janet. I like it—but I don't
want to overdo it. I don't think it would be
good for either of us.

As young marrieds, Tony and Janet
have always enjoyed their good fortune in
remaining equally popular on the screen
and they're not insensitive to what could
happen to them if one's star would dimin-
ish. "It's something we can't answer unless it hap-
pens," Janet says soberly.

On the set together, they're strictly
actor and actress, and they agree. "It has
to be that way."

"With both professions... there are
the demands of other professional artists that when they came out of
the big clinic in their first love scene for
"The Black Shield of Fawsworth," director
Rudy Maje complimented them jokingly,
saying they "would never overbelieve your
man and wife."

Sometimes Bernie Schwartz finds
this pretty hard to believe himself. "My Janet
—she's a whole way of life to me. I just
can't do without her."

It's a staggering thought for the small
town coed and the boy from Hell's Kitchen
that but for the flip of a page in a photo
album and a door opening in a musty old
theater, their whole career, they would
never have met in this life.

And there are times when Bernie
Schwartz has asked himself whether any
of it's really for real. Not long ago he
wrote an article that made such a big

Many of them around the old neighbor-
hood didn't know Bernie Schwartz was
a movie star. But they were glad to "meet
the new missus," and beam at the
Bernie, "What happened to you? Where you been?

"California," Tony grinned.

"You don't say? How is it out there?"

Mr. Curtis looked at Mrs. Curtis. The
effect, he said, couldn't have been better.

The sunshine faded, the neighborhood
seemed different. Felt different. Not
as restless, nor as discolored—nor as full
of despair. Some of its shrewlness and harshness were
gone.

And there was, as he knew, was
the girl by his side. All the violins led to
her. Wherever they were, as long as they
were together, it would be the sunny side
of life's street.

The END
Things Mom Never Said

(Continued from page 67)

an important decision had been made—by Piper.

By not high-pressureing her into the decision, Mrs. Jacobs had not only kept her daughter from becoming rebellious—and possibly going ahead with the marriage because of that reason alone—but had also stuck to the line of reasoning she had followed since Piper was a little girl. Mrs. Jacobs never imposed her will on her daughter, never interfered in her problems, never pushed her into a decision. Instead, she always tried to guide her in such a way as to help Piper to help herself.

Telling Piper what to do would have been easier—for her mother. Quite probably, Mrs. Jacobs could have kept Piper from making a number of mistakes, some serious. But she would have also made Piper dependent on her and unprepared against the time when she would no longer be around to tell her what to do.

Piper was guided into making her own decision at an early age through small, seemingly insignificant matters like eating Brussels-sprouts.

Piper had just turned six when she faced them for the first time. Never having tasted them she made up her mind in advance that they weren't for her. There was a challenge in her voice when she announced, "I won't eat them, Mom!"

Mrs. Jacobs reasoned that if Piper succeeded in talking herself out of Brussels-sprouts, she might object to any other unknown dish in the future as well. Yet, if she insisted on having her eat them, Piper would resent it even more. And so she tried a more diplomatic approach.

"You don't have to eat them, honey. Just help yourself to meat and potatoes."

But when Mrs. Jacobs had finished her portion of Brussels-sprouts, although she could hardly swallow another bite she took a second helping, and—seemingly cheerfully—even a third. Each time Mrs. Jacobs loaded up her plate, Piper became a little less convinced of her preconceived notion, until at last she decided to taste the Brussels-sprouts herself. She took one careful bite, smacked her lips and took another. Today they are one of her favorite vegetables.

More serious was Piper's dislike for anything that spelled domesticity. She was fairly good at keeping her room in order, but felt for cooking, washing dishes and the like, no, an emphatic "No!"

Not wanting to insist upon it, Mrs. Jacobs tried to inject in her daughter a desire for cooking by letting her see how much fun it could be. But sometimes, of course, even the best-laid plans don't work out exactly as expected.

One evening Mrs. Jacobs brought home all the ingredients for hot fudge. She knew Piper had a weakness for it. When she asked her if she wanted to try her hand at it, Piper went at it so enthusiastically, Mrs. Jacobs thought her plan had succeeded instantly. Her optimism wasn't justified.

By the time Piper finished her fudge, the kitchen was in such a mess that it took her mother three hours to clean it up. Piper's not overly enthusiastic offer to help came to an abrupt end when she muffed the chance to drop a couple of dishes in quick succession. Her mother has never been quite certain whether or not it was accidental. Freud, the old boy who thought everyone had a hidden meaning, might have described it as a mental block which wouldn't let Piper accomplish the dreaded kitchen work! But even this problem worked itself out eventually—although Piper hopes she will never again have to learn her lesson as dramatically as this.

By mutual consent, Piper stayed out of...

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the kitchen another year—till the day her mother suffered a stroke. It came without prior warning and for several months paralyzed Mrs. Jacobs from the waist down. Although it would have meant additional financial hardship at a time he could least afford it, Mr. Jacobs suggested getting a housekeeper till his wife was again in good health. But neither Piper nor her younger sisters would have anything to do with it. While Piper, particularly, had no liking for domestic work, she appreciated the financial difficulties the extra work would have imposed upon her. She insisted on doing her share of the housework. It probably came as much of a surprise to her as to the rest of the family that—doing it on her own accord and combined with a new sense of responsibility—she actually did it. Never again did she shun the kitchen.

Although her success on that one was just accidentally successful, Mrs. Jacobs batting average on really important problems was considerably lower. When Piper grew up she faced all the problems and temptations of the average teenager. Smoking, for instance, which has become such a fad among high-school students.

Evidently Mrs. Jacobs knew the usual result of flatly prohibiting a girl to light a cigarette. If they don't smoke at home, they have ample opportunity at night and in other homey situations where the parents are not there to observe their children's actions. The only way to control it successfully was to let Piper decide for herself whether or not she'd be better off without it.

Long before Piper was tempted to do so, her mother had planted within her the idea that smoking was neither ladylike for a young girl nor healthy, and—what proved more important—had shown her how doing it just because all the other girls in her class did it would simply make her one of the crowd, instead of standing out as an individual.

As her mother had anticipated, it was the “challenge” to be “an individual” that kept Piper from smoking, and although she was ridiculed at first, soon she was highly respected for her action. Not till Piper had to smoke for a part in a picture did she light her first cigarette.

One of Mrs. Jacob’s prime concerns was to help Piper overcome her shyness.

At first, her younger sister, Piper could be helped only by a slow, indirect process of encouraging her to mingle with other children her age, of gaining self-confidence by winning friends. Mrs. Jacobs spoke to Piper about the extent of lecturing Piper on the value of friends—but she did cheat a little.

At the time, Piper didn’t realize why the youngsters from whom she had shied away couldn’t have a week-long vacation and show such interest in her. Had she been older, she might have known that the vast amount of ice cream and cookies provided by her mother over the weekend wasn’t just for her. Soon Piper learned to be a hostess for the group. The youngsters had a good time being with Piper, and Piper found she had a wonderful time being with them.

At first, it seemed impossible to be near her new friends, but Mrs. Jacobs realized that Piper would have to develop more curiosity about people before they could really be her friends—or in fact anything. “You must find out what they have in common with you,” Mrs. Jacobs always said. Then Piper grew older, Mrs. Jacobs found a variety of subtle ways—including the example of her own boundless curiosity—to interest Piper’s younger sister in the people she met. And gradually Piper began to forget her shyness until now she has reached the point where one reporter complained that after he had interviewed Piper—she knew more about him than he did about himself.

With the beginning of Piper’s career, a whole new set of problems arose, the most recent of which nearly broke into headlines.

When Piper had been a minor, an agent talked her mother into signing, as Piper’s guardian. The contract provided that if the girl did well, the most of the money would be paid to Mrs. Jacobs. If she didn’t make a success, her earnings would go to the company. The arrangement suited Mrs. Jacobs, as well as Piper, for her earnings in her earliest years would cover Piper’s expenses, and Mrs. Jacobs would assure him ten per cent of Piper’s earnings. Because both Piper and Mrs. Jacobs were dissatisfied with his work, however, Mrs. Jacobs engaged another agent for her daughter and took over Piper’s affairs.

Recently, the original agent threatened to sue Mrs. Jacobs for “breach of contract” —unless the matter could be settled out of court. As a result, neither party was willing to break, and the case was scheduled for trial. Mrs. Jacobs had promised to settle the case which would have been a lengthy, costly, bad publicity and indecisive as long as appeals were being filed by either party at higher courts.

Having a minor when the contract was signed, Piper could have denied any personal responsibility for the contract. Instead, she insisted “this whole case concerns and affects me,” took it out of her mother’s keeping and assumed responsibility for it. By doing this, Piper left herself open to serious legal action, but before she was finished, the matter was settled out of court to her satisfaction.

Now, with Piper’s earnings coming to Mrs. Jacobs would have been Piper’s extravagance in spending money—on others.

When still in grammar school, Piper was left in charge of her younger sister Sherryly. Their efforts were restricted to buying the early edition of the Sunday paper on Saturday afternoon, selecting what they thought were the most important stories, and then, determined to about half the size, mimeographing and selling them up and down the neighborhood for a penny a piece.

Piper’s share of the net earnings seldom exceeded a dollar. Yet after the first month, she bought her mother a brooch which cost four dollars. At first Mrs. Jacobs didn’t want to accept it, urging her daughter to put aside the money for later use. Piper was in the most insistent that her mother—now wanting to hurt her feelings—had no choice but keep it.

This was only one of many such incidents, with Piper’s expenditures for presents climbing right along with her income. Mrs. Jacobs feared that if this trend continued, no matter how big her earnings, Piper would never be able to support herself. Luckily, help came from an unexpected source, but again Piper had to learn her lesson the hard way.

Last Christmas Piper gave a small pearl picture to a poor school days. The girl was delighted, with the year she brought it back to Piper with tears of disappointment in her eyes. “I’m sorry, but I can’t accept it,” she said seriously.

“But why?”

“The pearls...they’re real!”

“Yes, I know.”

“Why could you keep them because I can’t give you anything in return that’s worth nearly this much.”

So Piper learned the hard way that there is such a thing as “going overboard,” even on little things.

There’s no better way for young people to learn than by their own mistakes, Mrs. Jacobs believes. That’s why she didn’t interfere in Piper’s first stockmarket venture. Piper had been making the makings of a complete fiasco.

One evening Piper came home from work, all excited. “I’m going to buy some shares back in that stock you deserted me today who knows all about it, I can’t miss. Isn’t it wonderful?”

Mrs. Jacobs looked at her husband and back at Piper. She remembered only too well what can happen to stocks—particularly carelessly bought stocks—“from 1929.

Are you going to invest much, dear?”

“Not at first. But the moment I see them climb I’ll really go to town.”

Famous last words, thought Mrs. Jacobs, but forced herself to say nothing.

Piper’s first stockmarket venture was instead of looking at her favorite sections of the paper—the drama page and the news. Piper grabbed the stockmarket report and moved her finger down the column till she came to the line of Piper. She settled down in her new investment. And every morning she looked a little more disappointed until finally, a month later, she admitted, “May I can’t keep being smart about it after all. I guess I’ll have to come to grips again.”

When she sold her shares, she took a thirty per cent loss of her money and a much greater loss to her pride. But eventually she was able to overcome this and was able to compensate for the lesson she had learned.

Although she doesn’t believe in interfering with Piper’s life, Mrs. Jacobs draws the line in one respect—when her daughter is about to make a big mistake. Piper had decided to make the most of her vacation; but she hadn’t come up, no matter what the consequences— to the point of denying not only her daughter but some of the most important men in the film industry for work.

Now Piper was Piper returned exhausted from a personal appearance tour. She was run down and had a temperature above the hundred mark. Mrs. Jacobs insisted she go to bed immediately.

“But I’m supposed to test for a loan our picture in the morning, Mom,” Piper protested. “I don’t mind staying in bed this afternoon, but tomorrow . . . you know you are going to stay right here too!”

Piper didn’t argue with her mother but the studio officials who wanted her for the loan-out did. They sent their own physician to confirm Mrs. Jacobs’ statement.

“She has a temperature,” the doctor agreed, “but she ought to be able to go to work the day after tomorrow.”

“My dead body,” said Mrs. Jacobs.

It was not long before Piper and her mother were in bed, but a couple of hours later Piper was notified that if she didn’t report for the test within forty-eight hours, the part wouldn’t be held for her.

Although Piper’s temperature was down to normal the second morning, Mrs. Jacobs wouldn’t let Piper get up. She recalled what had happened two years before when Piper had been taken to Europe, letting her fly to Korea in spite of her rundown condition, and how she collapsed upon her return. Mrs. Jacobs was determined not to let this happen again. Piper was put back in bed, and it was a matter how many opportunities she missed.

The part went to another actress, but Piper—unhappy about it at first—was soon reconciled. She knew her mother had jumped into the picture less it was serious. Besides, by missing the loan-out, she was able to play the lead opposite Rory Calhoun in Dawn at Four, a real break for her.

It is still too early to tell, of course, whether or not Mrs. Jacobs’ way of raising Piper has been completely successful. But there is little doubt she has succeeded in helping her to develop into a healthy, happy, normal, popular, beautiful, healthy girl who is friends with herself and glad to be alive. In addition she has helped Piper to become as sure of herself and her own decisions as any girl in Hollywood. Centuries have been satisfied, to find in such a popular, popular, piping hot gift any gifts any mother can bestow.

Piper could pay her mother no greater compliment than by her decision—without any help. But she was a popular, popular, beautiful, healthy girl who is friends with herself and glad to be alive. In addition she has helped Piper become as sure of herself and her own decisions as any girl in Hollywood. The company is satisfied, to find in such a popular, popular, piping hot gift any gifts any mother can bestow.

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Giant Heart

"Whod believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"

New Scientific Medication... Clearasil

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED... hides pimplles while it works

Doctors prove this new-type medication especially for pimples really works!

In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL. And when 3002 nurses tested CLEARASIL, 91 out of every 100 nurses reporting said they preferred it to any other pimple medication.

Amazing starving action. CLEARASIL actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils that pimples "feed" on. And CLEARASIL's antiseptic action stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

Instant relief from embarrassment because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples while it helps dry them up. Greaseless, stainless. Pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

America's largest-selling specific pimple medication... because CLEARASIL has helped so many young people and adults. CLEARASIL is GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors' and nurses' tests or money back. Only 59¢. Economy size 98¢. At all drugstores. Get CLEARASIL today.

Proved effective by doctors... endorsed by nurses in nationwide tests

Now also available in Canada (slightly more)
the kitchen another year—till the day her husband came. It came without prior warning and for several months paralyzed Mrs. Jacobs from the waist down.

Although it would have meant additional financial hardship at a time he could least afford it, Mr. Jacobs suggested getting a housekeeper till his wife was again in good health. But neither Piper nor her older sister, Sherry, would hear of it. While Piper, particularly, had no liking for domestic work, she appreciated the financial difficulties the extra expense would involve—and insisted on doing her share of the work. It proved to be as much of a surprise to her as to the rest of the family that—doing it on her own accord and combined with a new sense of responsibility—she actually enjoyed it! 

Although her success on that one was just accidentally successful, Mrs. Jacobs' batting average on really important problems in her children's actions was low. Piper's growing up, for instance, which has become such a fad among high-school students.

For example, Mrs. Jacobs knew the usual result of flatly prohibiting a girl to light a cigarette. If they don't smoke at home, they have ample opportunity at parties, dances, movies, in dozens of places where they are not under their parents' control. Her children's actions. The only way to control it successfully was to let Piper decide for herself whether or not she'd better indulge in smoking.

Long before Piper was tempted to do so, her mother had planted within her the idea that smoking was neither ladylike for a young girl nor healthy, and—what proved most menaced—long range. To smoke just because all the other girls in her class did it would simply make her one of the crowd, instead of standing out as an individual.

As her mother had anticipated, it was the "challenge" to be "an individual" that kept Piper from smoking, and although she was ridiculed at first, soon she was highly respected for her action. Not till her church to smoke for a part in a picture did she light her first cigarette.

One of Mrs. Jacobs' prime concerns was to help Piper overcome her shyness. The younger was a lively youngster, Piper could be helped only by a slow, indirect process of encouraging her to mingle with other children her age, of gaining self-confidence and freedom. 

But before Mrs. Jacobs had interfered, even to the extent of lecturing Piper on the value of friends—but she did cheat a little.

At the time, Piper didn't realize why her mother had spoken such away so long ago. She had all too often shown such an interest in her. Had she been older she might have known that the vast amount of ice cream and cookies provided by her mother had something to do with it. Soon Piper learned to be a hostess for the group. The youngasters had been having a tea and Piper found she had a way of talking to them that didn't shut her up.

At first Piper was content just to be near her new friends, but Mrs. Jacobs realized that Piper would have to develop more curiosity about people before they could be her friends. It was a long way from curiosity to increase Piper's interest in the people she met. And gradually Piper began to forget her shyness until now she has reached the point where one reporter complained that after the newspapers had forgotten more about him than he about her!

With the beginning of Piper's career, a whole new set of problems arose, the most prominent of which nearly broke into headlines.

When Piper had been a minor, an agent called her mother into signing, as Piper's guardian, a contract with him which would have ruined the value of Piper's earnings. Because both Piper and Mrs. Jacobs were dissatisfied with his work, however, Mrs. Jacobs engaged another agent for her daughter.

Recently, the original agent threatened to sue Mrs. Jacobs for "breach of contract"—unless the matter could be settled out of court. A suit, no matter what the outcome, would bring bad publicity and indecisive as long appeals were being filed by either party at higher courts.

Having won a minor when the contract was voided, Piper could have denied any personal responsibility for the contract. Instead, she insisted "this whole case concerns and affects me," took it out of her mother's hands to handle the responsibility for the contract. By doing this, Piper left herself open to serious legal action, but before she was finished, the matter was settled out of court to her satisfaction. 

Piper's share of the net earnings seldom exceeded a dollar a week. Yet after the first month she bought her mother a brooch which cost four dollars. At first Mrs. Jacobs didn't want to accept it, urging her daughter to put aside the money for her future. But Piper was so insistent that her mother—wanting to hurt her feelings—had no choice but to keep the brooch.

This was only one of many such incidents, with Piper's expenditures for presents climbing right along with her income. Mrs. Jacobs feared that if this trend continued, no matter how big the earnings, as long as she could not save anything. Luckily, help came from an unexpected source, but again Piper had to learn her lesson the hard way.

At the time, the school gave a small pearl pin to a friend from high-school days. The girl was delighted with it, but the next morning she brought it back to Piper with tears of disappointment in her eyes. "I'm sorry but I can't accept it," she said seriously.

"But why?"

"The pearls... they're real!"

"Well, I'm sorry."

"Mother said I couldn't keep them because I can't give you anything in return that's worth nearly this much."

So Piper learned the hard way that there is something as "going overboard," even on presents.

There's no better way for young people to learn than by their own mistakes. Mrs. Jacobs believes. That's why she didn't interfere when Piper's latest contract included an agreement that even though it had the makings of a complete fiasco. 

One evening Piper came home from her agent's office. "They're wanting to buy some shares of stock," she announced. "I met a man today who knows all about it. I can't miss. Isn't it wonderful?"

Mrs. Jacobs looked at her husband and both could see that they were doing just what well what can happen to stocks—particularly carelessly bought stocks—from 1929.

"Are you going to invest much, dear?"

"I'm putting it all."

The moment I see them climb I'll really go to town."

Famous last words, thought Mrs. Jacobs but forced herself to say nothing.

Every morning at breakfast, instead of looking at the front page—on the stock exchange—of the paper—the drama page and the news—Piper grabbed the stockmarket report and moved her finger down the column till she reached the latest quotations on her new investment. 

When she looked a little more disappointed until finally, a month later, she admitted, "May be I wasn't so smart about it after all. I guess I'll just have to sell it.

When she sold her shares, she took a thirty per cent loss of her money and a much greater loss to her pride. But eventually she realized she had been amply compensated for the lesson over which she had learned.

Although she doesn't believe in interfering with Piper's life, Mrs. Jacobs draws the line in one respect—when her daughter's health is threatened. So when Piper caught a cold, no matter what the consequences—to the point of denying not only her daughter but some of the most important men in the film industry as well.

The bad was that Piper—too—had been turned exhausted from a personal appearance tour. She was run down and had a temperature above the hundred mark. Mrs. Jacobs insisted she go and rest for a few weeks.

"But I'm supposed to test for a loan-out picture in the morning, Mom," Piper protested. "I don't mind staying in bed this afternoon, but tomorrow..."

"Over my dead body," said Mrs. Jacobs. "It was not up to the physician to argue with her, but a couple of hours later Piper was notified that if she didn't report for the test within forty-eight hours, the part wouldn't be held for her.

Although Piper's temperature was down to normal the second morning, Mrs. Jacobs wouldn't let Piper get up. She recalled why things happened the way they did when Piper had talked her mother into letting her fly to Korea in spite of her run-down condition, and how she collapsed upon her return. Mrs. Jacobs was determined that Piper wouldn't make the same mistake again. Piper was going to get a good rest no matter how many opportunities she missed.

The part went to another actress, but Piper—unhappy about it at first—was soon reconciled. She knew that she would have never stepped into the picture unless it was serious. Besides, by missing the loan-out, she was able to play the lead in a part of "Born at Socorro"—a really challenging role.

It is still too early to tell, of course, whether or not Mrs. Jacobs' way of raising Piper has been completely successful. But there is no doubt that she has succeeded in helping Piper become a popular, healthy, happy girl who is friends with herself and glad to be alive. In addition she has helped Mrs. Jacobs to make a decision of herself and her decisions as any girl in Hollywood. Certainly these are some of the most valuable gifts any mother can bestow.

Piper could pay her mother no greater compliment than this—when she wouldn't have any pressure on the part of her parents—to live at home. A number of Piper's friends have really painted the advantages of "being on her own." None of them could ever have done that. "But I am on my own already."
(Continued from page 63)

give the kid the confidence that he needed.

Jeff obliged and they got started. Things happen fast in a movie brawl—far faster than in real life sometimes—and after a few seconds it was time for Rock to let go of the crushing right to the jaw that would settle things. He took careful aim at a point a fraction of an inch away from Jeff's jaw and swung a tremendous roundhouse all geared to miss.

Only something happened.

Rock missed the miss, and the haymaker scored right on Jeff's chin. Unprepared, Jeff couldn't roll with the punch. He had to take its full force. It threw him back on his heels and he stood stunned for a moment. Then he opened his eyes and stared at Rock.

Rock turned white and a dead husk silenced the sound stage as everyone waited to see what Jeff would do.

After all, Jeff was the star of the picture, and stars aren't supposed to have to take rights to the jaw. Certainly not from kids. Jeff had a right to be furious and everyone thought he would probably have Rock put off the lot, or at the very least thrown out of the picture.

Instead, Jeff burst out laughing and gave Rock a hearty clout on the shoulder. "Not so hard, you big lug, not so hard," he laughed and everyone relaxed. The tension was broken. Everyone joined in laughter and Rock and Jeff went on to create some of the film's best fight scenes.

But Jeff Chandler's laughter wasn't really so amazing, not if you know the man. Rock was a newcomer who had tried too hard and become so nervous he had fluffed, and to Jeff that was that. So he laughed and gave Rock another chance and forgot it.

Which points out a basic characteristic about Jeff Chandler: He likes people and likes to help them. In many ways Jeff should be paid two salaries by Universal-International. In addition to being one of its top stars, he's his brother, father, disciplinarian and advisor to most of the youngsters on the lot.

Take for example when the bottom fell out of Lori Nelson's world. She remembers vividly the day she had tested for the small part of the princess in "Against All Flags." She desperately wanted to play the role and was so hopeful of getting it that she was heartbroken to discover it was being given to another actress.

In the commissary she picked at her food and sat there feeling sorry for herself. Then Jeff walked in, saw the hurt in her manner, and made a beeline for her table. He'd been told what had happened and he wasted no time skipping the problem.

"Little one, you have to remember that things always happen for the best somehow. It's not that you weren't good enough for the part. It's just that your personal guardian angel decided you shouldn't do it. When I first started in this business . . . And he went on to tell of his own early struggles. By the time he finished, his warmth and genuine interest had made the sunshine through Lori's clouds.

"Wait, little one," he said. "One of these days there'll be a role for a beautiful, vivacious and talented young actress. Then your guardian angel will say yes and you'll get it."

And evidently Jeff knew what he was talking about for eventually Lori got the lead opposite Tony Curtis in "All-America" and the lead opposite Audie Murphy in "Tumbleweed."

It doesn't take much, usually, just an unexpected little shove in the right direction to help a newcomer over the hump. Unexpected, because Hollywood has a

New Scientific Medication... Clearasil

"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"

'Starves' PIMPLES

Skin-Colored... hides pimples while it works

Doctors prove this new-type medication especially for pimples really works!

In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using Clearasil. And when 3002 nurses tested Clearasil, 91 out of every 100 nurses reporting said they preferred it to any other pimple medication.

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America's largest-selling specific pimple medication... because Clearasil has helped so many young people and adults. Clearasil is GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors' and nurses' tests or money back. Only 59c. Economy size 98c. At all drugstores. Get Clearasil today.

Clearasil

Now also available in Canada (slightly more)
caste system like any other town or profession. Around here, it’s easier for a cat to look at a movie queen than for a newcomer to do the same.

For example, when Christiane Martel came to Hollywood from France and won the Miss Universe contest, Jeff took her under his wing and introduced her around the studio commissary to friends of his, who made her feel more at home in this strange, bewildering town.

Most big stars claim they are just too busy to be bothered with the struggling young newcomers, much less give them any advice. The stars have scripts to read, personal-appearance tours to make, mail to read and answer, their own lives to lead—not to mention their primary business of making movies—and it’s all too easy to fend off the question of the eager young players with the excuse they just haven’t the time to spare. And of course, there is always the thought in the back of the star’s mind: “Will this kid some day start getting the roles I want?”

Jeff reacts just the opposite to the fear of competition. A few days after the almost-disastrous fight scene, Rock Hudson was doing another scene in “The Iron Man,” this time with Jim Backus. Jeff wasn’t in this scene, but he stayed on the set to watch and, unknowingly, to give Rock the biggest morale boost he’s ever had. When the scene was over, Jeff, a big hunk of a man and not generally prone to show his emotions, was almost in tears.

That was one of the most moving scenes I’ve ever watched,” he told Rock. And if you don’t think that was an extraordinary compliment, stop to think about it.

This business of making magic out of film and lights and words and personalities is in some ways just like any other business. A man does what he can to get ahead, and does what he has to do to protect himself from competition. And this scene of Rock’s was certainly competition.

From a purely business point of view, Jeff felt it was smart to have another actor do a good job. The scene was excellent and it would help the picture, and since this was Jeff’s picture, anything that helped it was bound to hit. From a personal point of view, it never occurred to Jeff to act otherwise. He’s been the big brother of just about every youngster on the U-I lot, and it makes him feel good when one of them has a chance to hit the top and shows he can live up to Jeff’s expectations.

Jeff has done the same thing dozens of times before. Even as a newcomer at U-I, when he shared a dressing room with Tony Curtis, he accomplished something that’s made Janet say a special little prayer for him ever since.

Whenever Jeff entered their dressing room, he’d have to wade through a welter of Tony’s shoes, slacks, tennis racquets and just about everything Tony owned. A pair of swim trunks would be draped over the doorknob. A shirt was often covering half of the mirror. A pair of shoes had been thrown into the chair where people were supposed to sit. The rest of Tony’s things would be on the floor.

Now Jeff likes things clean and knows that to be clean they have to be neat. So he started in on Tony—gently. The first time he entered the dressing room, he chuckled at the confusion.

“Are you having a rummage sale?”
“What was your part?” asked Tony.
“Looks like a big auction going on. Everything out for display. Give you a dime for the shirt hanging over there.”

That had some effect, but not enough. So the next day Jeff continued needling Tony.

“Now I know where they got the phrase about a regiment passing through.”

Tony looked up innocently. “Where?”
“Somebody saw a dressing room after you’d hit it. One man couldn’t possibly make this much confusion.”

And eventually, little by little, Tony got into the habit of putting things away. The first time he just took his shirt from the table. The second time the shoes went into the closet where they belonged, and after a while he began keeping the place as neat as ever.

The easy friendship of Tony and Jeff may have its roots in the fact that “we guys from New York got to stick together.” Tony’s from the Bronx, Jeff from Brooklyn. They have a similar fling at Broadway, but they didn’t meet until after they got to California. Tony was already receiving the star build-up at U-I when Jeff arrived, but so far he hadn’t had the parts they needed to make any star, and he looked up to Jeff considerably.

Jeff had been brought in to play Kurtas in “Sword in the Desert.”

Tony admired Jeff as an actor and liked him as a person. Jeff, on his side, liked this kid with the big ambition and encouraged him in his desire to become a better actor.

A strong feeling of camaraderie developed and between shooting they spent a lot of time in their dressing room talking.

The kind of talk that unravels problems, pounds out snags, creates new ideas and gives words to hopes. And out of it came mutual interests. Jeff has written a couple of screen plays that are tailor-made for Tony, and he hopes the studio will produce them some day.

In the meantime, Jeff never forgets the days when he, too, needed a helping hand, when he was just getting started and needed advice and understanding. Those were the days when he was struggling along in radio in New York City, and out of those often lean days came an appreciation Jeff has lived by ever since. When he needed help, it was given, and he is following the same example now. It’s in a position to pass that help along.

And Jeff can well remember when the going was rough. But somehow there always seemed to be someone to give the little push he needed. There was the director of “Lux Radio Theatre” who came through with a part whenever he could and used to be an especially spiritual dump, for example. And the people who helped him get the lead in “Dr. Dana,” followed by the role of biology teacher Philip Boynton in “Our Miss Brooks,” Jeff had to admit, it was through Jeff’s radio work for Dick Powell on “Rogue’s Gallery” that a try at the movies was first brought up.

Dick asked Jeff if he wanted to go to Hollywood.

“Who, me?” asked Jeff, slightly bewildered since the idea had never occurred to him.

Dick suggested Jeff go down to Columbia and look around, and the result was a part in “Johnny O’Clock.”

Later, when Jeff was to test for the part of Cusine in “Broken Arrow” on loanout to Twentieth, Jimmy Stewart insisted on making the test with him so that every possible factor would be aiding Jeff.

Jeff cannot forget these boosts.

And not forgetting is so much a part of him that he always remembers what a word or a pat on the back can do for someone else.

Say these things to Jeff himself and he’ll only laugh that big laugh of his and answer, “If I lent any of these kids a helping hand, maybe I did it for ulterior motives, but I gave them a job some day and one of them will ask for me.”

The End
Mysterious Miss Peters

(Continued from page 51)

An apt and descriptive title it would have been, too, for even since Jean first came to Hollywood, some eight years ago, she has been a surprising girl, something of a mystery to her colleagues. She didn't date the Bachelor List or, for that matter, anyone at all as far as anyone knew. She wasn't seen at night clubs, premieres, or Hollywood parties. She didn't pal around with other young actresses. She didn't, in short, run with the pack. She lived, as if immured, in her house in the Hollywood Hills, first with her aunt, then shared on weekends by her younger sister, Jody, who attends Scripps College.

There were rumors: She was carrying a great big torch for someone in the background of her life. She was a recluse by nature, one of these deep 'uns, a latter-day Garbo. She is of Welsh descent and aren't the Welsh inclined to be withdrawn, a bit on the dour side? She'd become a movie actress quite by accident, having been working hard for a teacher's degree at Ohio State University just before she won a contest that entitled her to a screen test at 20th Century-Fox—perhaps the schoolteacher in her still superseded the star? She read, they said, and there were books all over her house. Even on the floor. She painted china. She sewed. Has a sewing machine, by gum, and makes her own clothes!

Last year the Surprise Girl surprised everyone by going to the premiere of 'Prince Valiant' with the picture's star, Bob Wagner, and to a party at Romanoff's afterwards. "And I even danced," Jean laughs. "I danced with Bob and found he is the only boy of my acquaintance I can dance with because I lead. But Bobby, a very relaxed dancer—is a 'handkerchief dancer,' meaning he dances on one square of the floor—managed to relax me sufficiently so he could take the lead! Suddenly, after that evening, everyone thought I was going to blossom forth into a night-club queen! 'Jean Peters,' they said, 'is going into reverse!'

When she didn't—and she definitely didn't—the rumors began again.

Then, suddenly came a genuine bolt from the blue May sky with the news of the Surprise Girl's surprise marriage, whereupon Hollywood's winged eyebrows arched, making like a question mark.

But who is he? Hollywood wanted to know. When, where, how did she meet him? And how is it we didn't know? Or even suspect? Riddle is it that Jean's own studio, 20th Century-Fox, was as surprised as anyone. Was everyone napping?

Yes, as Jean with a flash of mischiefs in her green eyes makes clear, they were. And not because she tried to pull the wool over any eyes, either. As a matter of fact, she didn't even try, which is both amusing and instructive.

Freshly returned from her honeymoon abroad, Jean got home with her husband in Washington, Jean, not without relish, told me the story:

"We met in Rome a year ago August when I was there making 'Three Coins in the Fountain.' We met just as we were both leaving Rome, over the customs counter at the airport. There had been a mix-up in our luggage. Stuart was going to Paris and I was heading back to Hollywood—my things had been routed to his address in Paris and his things to me in Hollywood. That has a strange significance, don't you think? As a result of this confusion, we had to wait for fifteen or twenty minutes during which we made conversation, the conventional chit chat between strangers thrown together in a public..."
place. You know how those things are."

"How long," he asked, 'have you been in Rome?"

"Oh," I said, 'a month or more.'

"What were you doing here?"

"Working"

"With some company, or, er—?"

"Yes, with a motion-picture company."

"What do you do with your company?"

"I am an actress."

"Should I know you?"

"Don't know," I laughed, 'whether you should or not!"

"Then something clicked. 'Jean Peters,' he said, and added, 'I didn't think you were being an actress because you don't act like one.'"

"From Paris he was going to Texas, he said, and Texas and Hollywood were not too far apart. And finally the tangled lugh-
guage was untangled and we said 'One day Richard Burt-
and Happy Landing and went our ways. I didn't give a second thought to whether or not we'd ever meet again. Meaning
that just as he did not recognize me, as Jean Peters, actress, neither would I rec-
nize him as my future husband. It was definitely not, in other words, 'Love at first sight.' He is tall and blond, with blue
eyes and I assume there must have been some attraction of personalities. One way of which I didn't realize it at the time, not at all.

"Then, some weeks later, he called me from Texas and came on up to Hollywood.

"He brushed his hair and over the Grand Tour. After that, he came up sev-
eral times, many times (ours was quite a long courtship) and we'd almost always go out, to Ciro's, to the Mocambo. Once
Stuart visited me on the set. For it is given to me, which I was making with Burt Lancaster.

"We didn't try to keep it quiet. We dated
often, and openly, never thinking about being seen together or what anyone would think."

"This is why, I suspect, no one even noticed us!

"I never introduced Stuart to the publicity
department or to any member of the
press, it's true. But I would have done so ha-
that. When he first came to Hollywood, I
ever talked about very personal and private
matters, I didn't talk about Stuart and me.
To anyone. Not even to my most personal
friends. They met him, of course, and came
with us. But I never suspected our plans. But they didn't hear
about them from me because I didn't want to
burden any of my friends with keeping a
secret.

"And the wedding? It had to be a
secret," Jean said. "We had to be married quietly because Stuart has so many
friends in his home town of Charlotte,
North Carolina—I'm the same on the West
Coast—that a big hoop-de-la either place
would have resulted in an invitation-to
the-wedding wedding. Which was some-
thing neither of us wanted.

"Stuart, who is a business man (in the
oil-drilling business, although not, as re-
ported, an 'oil millionaire') would have
hated the publicity of a 'movie marriage.'
And I would have found it equally dis-
agreeable.

"'Not,' Jean laughed, 'that I am with-
drawn, a recluse as I've been tagged. I've
always dated. Once, in college, I was
almost engaged to a pre-med student.
Used to think on days when I was a
little squeamish at first but after a whole
semester, I got used to it. That attachment
didn't work out, however. I was a bit of
a hypochondriac and he wouldn't pay any
attention to me.

"In Hollywood I always dated, too, but
not very often with the people who make
the columns. Had a close little group of
friends, none of them—with the exception
of Casey Adams —the other two were dates
and I stayed within my own little group.
This had nothing to do with Hollywood
or the people there because, at school and in
college, I always managed to get in a
close little group and stay there. Like it
that way.

"Also, I have Interests! Pride myself on
my ability to work with my hands. Can
lay stone, plaster walls, repair furni-
ture. When I first came to Hollywood, I
had a lot of free time and the landlady of
the house I then rented in Beverly Hills
used to let me lay flagstone paths. That's
how I went nuts. Cotten and I became friends. He
loves to build walls. Whenever he's tense, he
buys tons of picture stone and builds
himself a wall! Very relaxing.

"I tell you, I didn't play golf.
Or rather, I didn't play golf, although I
will because Stuart is a fine golfer. But
I swim and I like to walk. Miles. But if
you walk in California they think you're
laying around. I met Richard Burt-
son was walking along a bridle path in
Beverly Hills when the police stopped him.
'Got your walking pass,' they wanted to
know.

"'I also have Hobbies! It's quite true,' jean
laughed, 'that I read, sew, paint china
and so on. My garage in Hollywood is
filled with all my hobby equipment—
my china-painting apparatus, which is
quite small, and my sewing machine, which re-
quire a kiln. In the house are all my
books, hundreds and hundreds of them (I am something of a bookworm),
my sewing machine and over a
hundred yards of material for dresses.
Every time I go into a store and see some-
thing I like I say, 'Oh, I want to make
that up!' So I buy a 'remnant' of anywhere
from one to a half yard. And if I
have to set up my hobbis, I am having one of my
sewing machines shipped to me now, here
in Washington. I hope it is on its way
this minute! The rest of my equipment
will think about the house, and
where we are going to make our perma-
nent home. This can't be decided, however,
until my husband, who may quit the
oil business, decides what he is going to do and
where he is going to live. Mean-
while, I've given up my rented house and
shipped virtually all of my belongings
to my mother's home in East Canton, Ohio.

"Not that breaking up the Hollywood
home was anything but a shock. If Stuart
decided by that house he must have
taken a pretty dim view of me as a house-
wifey! Jean laughed. 'I've been sort of a
work-a-day girl, you see. Too many pictures
that when I rented this house, unfurnished, last October, I didn't have
time to furnish or to fix! In the living
room where two couches and a rug. The
dressers were up, but the hema were not! Books were piled
on the floor, records were piled under
lamps. And later on Stuart started tak-
ing up the slack of what little time I had
so that nothing beyond, the items men-
tioned ever did get done!

"Interests and hobbies, however engross-
ing they may be, do not stand in the way
of a girl dating or romancing if she is so
disposed—unless, perhaps, it's a grimmer
"to be indisposed. To me, an interesting
date is an interesting person and I wasn't
particularly interested in any particular
person. I never knew what I was going out for
just the fun of going out. Louie that
business of having dates that melt into
the kind of sitting-at-cocktail bars-having-
dinner routine instead of going to the
theater and having a new adventure—a date with a purpose is the
only kind of date that appealed to me.

"Perhaps I would have been more sus-
ceptible had I been a sentimentalist. I am
not a sentimentalist. Give me that Let's
go to the place we went the first time we
me' and I think, Oh, no! It's all right to
think, but don't say it!
I am completely cold-blooded. Some years ago I started to keep a diary so that in my old age I might look at it, recall what I’d done, when and with whom. I took a quick look at Dear Diary one day some months ago—and burned it.

Actually, I was wary of marriage. Doubled that you could mix marriage and a movie career. I've been on dates and, because I was a movie actress, ruined the whole party because everyone kept asking, 'Does Lana Turner really go to...?' Did Marilyn Monroe go to...?' and so on. As the result I turned out to be Miss Question and Answer and no one else was able to get a word in edgewise. I like to talk and rave on and on, which is all very well in a movie group. But for a husband who is not in the business to be part of—uh-uh!

"Or when I'm asked, as I often am, about the men I work with in pictures—for instance, 'When you were making "Viva Zapata!" with Marlon Brando, how did it feel,' a date once asked me, 'when he died you?'

"Delightful," said I.

"Very funny, but pretty rugged, I remember thinking at the time, if you had come home every night and told your husband about being kissed by Marlon Brando and other men, I'm sure—no not for any one thing, other than to spend each day as happily as I can, and without frustration, I could be happy doing anything worthwhile. I think you're always happy doing anything which you are doing well, and in pictures I am, know, improving. Because of this, I feel more at ease in pictures than I ever did and within the past couple of years have developed a more lively interest in them than I ever had before.

"Even so, I'm not screaming 'I want to be another Duse!' Very few of those! I think if I had been a great actress, I would have known it long ago. Maybe you can become one by devoting every day and every thought to your career but this I am not prepared to do.

"I always wanted to marry happily. I never wanted to just marry, period," Jean shrugged. "And I have. I married a pretty wonderful man who has all the qualities I've always wanted my husband to have. He's kind and gentle and thoughtful and—"fearful, I feel we have a solid foundation for marriage.

"I still think that mixing marriage and a movie career is a tough thing to do, but not as tough as I'd imagined it would be. Because whereas I'd always supposed that what you have to do is decide which is the most important—you don't have to. The decision, in a happy marriage, is made for you. In short, there isn't any. I've found this out," the bride said, eyes aghast, "in just a few short weeks.

"You don't have to decide where you want to live. You can't say, for instance, that you want to live in Hollywood (we never intended to set up a home there) if your husband's work is elsewhere. You simply go where he goes, live where he works. It's as simple as that.

"I intend to continue work (not right at the moment, happily, since the studio hasn't a picture for me) because it is an important part of my life and because my husband has no objection to my doing so; is interested, in fact, in my career. The career will depend, however, on his wishes and reactions. If, for instance, a picture should come up for me that my husband, for some very good reason, objected to my doing, I would not do it. What a man's wife does is very important to a man, and should be.

"As for a husband's reaction to his wife playing love scenes with attractive actors, this is something every married actress has to face, I suspect, and if she's clever, can handle simply by making sure her husband understands the whole thing is within the framework of her work and that she is not swayed by the scene, or by the actor after the scene is done. I have never been.

"And I'm certainly glad of that," Jean added softly. "I wouldn't want anything to happen that might eventually come between us. And I'm quietly determined nothing will. Right as we were being married I made that promise to myself.

"It was such a beautiful ceremony. We went to Bermuda on the first lap of our honeymoon and basked in the sun for a few days. Then, part two, we toured by car through the Smoky Mountains and stopped off for two days at Cludeford, which is the Cramers' summer home in Linville, North Carolina.

"Then we continued our tour of the Smokies until we got to Charlotte, North Carolina, where Stuart's family has large textile interests, as well as part ownership of a newspaper. There, in their beautiful town house, Stuart's mother gave a tea dance for us before we came home. Home for the present, at any rate, here in Washington."

"A formal house, as you can see," Jean said, gesturing. "Red brick with white trim, two porches hanging over the lovely little garden. And Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Cramer III very much and very happily 'At Home.'"

The End
laugh again. I put the tassels on Pete's dress—r and welcomed them to the Ford family.

I may be prejudiced, but I'd rather belong to this family than to any other in the world. However, that's obvious not because Glenn sweeps me into his arms each night, batting in the front of the house before he does it.

He's more likely to sneak in the kitchen door because he's hiding a garter snake for Pete inside a cracker box. He's more likely to limp through the hall, grin sheepishly, and say that a horse stepped on his foot. Since he won't let a stunt man do his movie stunts, he's more likely to crawl into bed with an ice pack and an aspirin because somebody made a mistake and banged him across the skull in a fight scene.

The funny thing is that I can remember when he did batter down a wall for me—a wall of rocks. He worked two hours in the moonlight so that we could wash the beach on the other side.

But the Glenn Ford who tore apart a barricade of rocks was not the same man that I love and am married to today. And the Ellie Ford who sat on the sand and watched the surf the same year of another's life that he shares with life with we. Had been married two weeks that moonlit night, but we were not yet a marriage. And I wouldn't be honest if I didn't admit that if right there with the love I felt of growing up and learning what we would have to go through before we actually did become a marriage and a family, we would probably have kissed each other politely and said goodbye forever right then.

Luckily, we couldn't see anything but the moon and the stars that night. Luckily, because today we actually are the grown-up married people we thought we were then, a thousand problems behind us and our marriage stronger for each one we solved—stronger, but still not yet perfect.

Some day, someone's going to give birth to a perfect husband. And if, at the same time, someone else gives birth to a perfect wife and the two grow up, meet and get married, there will be a perfect marriage. Until that time, even the best marriages won't be perfect. Until that time, even the best couples will have to love along from problem to problem—like Glenn and I did—and hammer together a stronger marriage with every problem they solve—like Glenn and I did.

I think that building a marriage is something like building a house. Like a house, it can be built in any of a hundred different styles, each style right for different people. And like a house, the foundations must be firm and steady or all the walls will tumble down around your ears in the first thunderstorm. Once the foundation is secure, the roof can be added—new rooms for each child, to enclose a patio or dig a swimming pool—until you have built just what you have always wanted.

In every marriage the first year is the time for laying foundations. It is a difficult time for every young husband who must discover that his wife demands his help with the dishes and for every young wife who had to learn that her husband demands a three-course meal for breakfast while she can't stand to look at food before noon.

If you are a movie star, that first year can be even more difficult because you are not allowed to fumble through your problems privately by yourself. Every slight quarrel seems to become public property. Our problems came early, carried up to us on the tips of other people's tongues.

"Are you really going to marry Glenn Ford?" my friends asked. "You're one of the biggest stars in Hollywood, and he's still an up-and-coming actor. He may never be a star. If he isn't—what will happen to your marriage?"

I smiled at them and listened to my own heart, which told me more about Glenn's sincerity and hope and determination than they would ever guess. I was quite sure that Glenn would become a star. I was sure of this because of a story that Glenn told about himself.

There was a riding stable near his house, and when he was twelve years old he wanted desperately to learn how to ride. So he puttered the stable owner into a bargain. Young Mr. Ford would clean the stables every day if the owner would promise him free lessons and free rides.

"Fine," the man said. "Just be here at five tomorrow morning." The owner had taken advantage of many a horse boy the same way. He expected Glenn to last—like the others had—three or four days.

At the end of three months, Glenn was still cleaning out the stables before breakfast—of four months, he had learned to ride well enough that he was promoted to guide. I was sure that nobody with Glenn's determination could fail in anything.

"You're crazy to marry Eleanor Powell," his friends said. "She's got a portable dance floor and a fat M-G-M contract. She probably won't even take time off from dancing to have kids. Your marriage won't last six months."

So—ten years ago—we got married. I was still dancing my way through pictures after picture, and Glenn was still on the edge of success. Unfortunately, the edge of success was the edge of a cliff in Hollywood, and Glenn met his share of avalanches and rock slides. He bore them as well as possible, cheerfully letting the rocks bounce off his head. But we were two human beings with two sets of straining emotions. I doubt if anyone would believe me if I said that we had never had a quarrel. Even the best of builders, planning a house, are likely to argue about the shape of the garage or be pointedly polite to each other after they have disagreed about the sub-flooring.

But mostly Glenn and I laughed and chuckled over our difficulties in a bucket of understanding. Pride and other bugaboos are pretty hard things to drown, but we succeeded more often than we failed and our marriage was the stronger for each success.

At the end of a year Glenn was firmly on his way, and I was able to do what I had always wanted—retire and have a baby. But it didn't happen in the movies, that would have been the end of our story and we would have lived happily ever after.

Instead, that was only the beginning. Almost I had lost my husband—lost him, that is, to South America, Australia, Montana and Scotland. Being a new star seemed to mean making pictures in jungles, canyons, deserts and abandoned caves.

Peter and I waved Glenn off at the airport and picked him up at the airport. It was hard on me, but it was worse for Pete. Glenn had no time to learn how to change a diaper. He wasn't home long enough to take Pete swimming or to give him the roughhousing and piggyback rides every boy needs from his father.

Finally, one summer afternoon when
Peter was three, Glenn came home, bearded and dusty, from Montana. When he reached down to pick Peter up, Peter pulled away and buried his face against my dress. Glenn and I looked at each other, stunned.

The next night, we became a family. After Peter fell asleep, Glenn and I sat in the darkened living room and talked. We talked about our dreams and the way those dreams centered around Peter. We talked about the qualities we wanted Peter to have and the man we hoped he would become.

Glenn's hard work had been for a house that we hoped to build ourselves and for an acre of land around it. But Peter needed Glenn more than he needed a white colonial house. We realized that this one dream would have to be postponed. We would have to roll up our sleeves together and fight for our family.

The rest of that year belonged to no one but Peter. Glenn took him to the zoo for the first time. Sitting happily in front of Glenn, he rode his first horse. Summer days we spent at the beach. Autumn nights Glenn tucked Peter into bed, told him stories about magic gumdrop trees and the little man who lives in the radio and coughs every time you turn the radio on and wakes him up and helped Peter say his prayers.

Late in the fall we took our dream out of its pigeonhole, dusted it and decided we would have to do something drastic. We lied—something that opened our marriage rumors and sly whispers and items in the gossip columns. I unpacked my dance shoes and brushed the lint off my dancing boes. Night clubs in the east had been sking me to dance. I would dance my hoes off for them, and in three months, I could contribute my share of our dream.

This time, my career was easier for Glenn and me. We laughed at the rumors and at the friends who murmured, "I understand, dear. I'm so sorry." Peter and his dad made great plans for those three months, and his dad understood that I wanted to contribute to our dream, to have some share in it. We were a family now, not just two people in love.

So we got our house and our acre—in fact, three acres—of land in the canyons north of Beverly Hills, and we live there still. The younger movie-goers don't know that there ever was a star named Eleanor Powell and don't know there ever was a time when there wasn't a movie star named Glenn Ford.

But the two-story white farmhouse doesn't belong to a movie star. It belongs to a family—a family that gets starred at 6:30 in the evening and spends its Sunday mornings in church and its Sunday afternoons hammering and sawing at things around the yard.

Like every family, our biggest problem now is what to teach and how to raise our child. That summer afternoon when Peter was three, Glenn and I realized what an enormous responsibility we, like every parent, have. And, frankly, we were scared. We both had seen how easy it is for the son of a movie star to be spoiled. Teachers spoil him, playmates envy him, grownups pet him, until finally he learns to use his father as a weapon to get whatever he wants.

So we have tried to unimpress Peter. He goes to public school and boys' club, and he's only been taken to two of Glenn's movies, both Westerns. When he was younger, he was sure that Glenn was just a cowboy. Glenn would come down for breakfast dressed in old khaki pants and cowboy boots. Before he left for the studio, he'd pretend to call the stables to see if "White Star" was fit for roping cattle. If Glenn had a love scene with Rita Hayworth that morning, he'd change clothes in the car. Later, when Peter's friends had informed him who Glenn Ford was, Glenn started taking Peter to the sets to show him acting is hard work.

I'm pretty sure that Peter is unimpressed. A few months ago, he and I were fishing at the Santa Monica pier. Another little boy was fishing beside us, and in a few minutes Peter and the boy were solemnly discussing worms and flies.

They had split a bottle of pop and were sharing hot dogs when the other boy saw Roy Rogers. "Gee," the boy said. "Wouldn't you like to have him for your dad?"

I waited to see what Pete would say. Pete took another bite of his hot dog. "It'd be all right," he said. "But I've got a mother who's a Sunday-school teacher."

Glenn and I both believe you must plant qualities in a child, water them and make them grow. I've tried to show Peter what we want, rather than tell him.

For example, I'm one of those people who wakes up each morning ready to greet the world. And Glenn has learned, to his sorrow, that one of the penalties of being married to me is that I don't live with a grouch. That's doubly true when the grouch is only nine years old.

So the first time, we tried to put Peter's room to wake him up and was met with a smirking, surly, "What's nice about today?" and a hand reaching for a comic book, I pulled down the covers and gave Peter a couple of solid whacks where they would do the most good.

So, Glenn sets a good example and allows himself the luxury of feeling grumpy.
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Every time she starts anything important, she keeps her face with destiny in those same nervously clasped hands. Betty Hutton screamed when the maid at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington unpacked her hats and put them on the bed. I knew something terrible was going to happen that day," Betty told me shudderingly as she returned to Hollywood. And that turned out to be the day she decided to divorce Charlie O'Curran. Some people are more trouble than others. But for Betty, it's hats. And it's just as dangerous, the Huttonet believes, when people say, "Good luck, Betty," before she goes on stage. "I want to punch them in the nose. The first time I appeared on stage in a good part, everyone wished me good luck—and brother was I a flop."

Dye want to live like a Gabor—with minks, ya know? Now here comes one in nothing? Then knock on wood. Eva, Zsa Zsa and Magda are so busy knocking on wood they scarcely have much time to knock each other.

More Hollywood stars see red for good luck than any other color. And please Mr. McCarthy, nothing political intended. The Monroe has her dress. Jane Wyman has had her red velvet. Claus connoisseur for six years. The start of every picture sees the stocking in her dressing room. Van Johnson swears by red socks. Wild horses and even royalty can't get him to change to more conservative hose. Glenn Ford had a red necktie, given him by an Irish friend when he made his first film. If he can't wear it in a picture, he has it sewn into the lining of his suit! And, of course, Red Skelton always sports a red tie. It's his trademark.

Fred Astaire wore an old terry-cloth bathrobe on the opening night of "The Gay Divorce," his first stage appearance with out sister Adele. The shabby garment has an honored place in his wardrobe. And Debbie Reynolds believes it's lucky to wear an old flannel wrap for one scene in each picture. Look the next time and see for yourself.

When Joan Crawford was making a picture with Tim McCoy, long, long ago, she had a red diamond of information about the way in which it was located. It troubled Joan and, on the way back, she looked for the little girl. But all she found was a beat-up shoe. It has served as Joan's good-luck charm for many years.

Steve Forrest has a different kind of good-luck piece. When Steve was in the Army, stationed in the little town of Heer in Holland, he used to spend a lot of time with a Dutch miner's family and brought them little gifts. As a farewell from them (just before the Battle of the Bulge), they gave him the grandchild's pipe, called "ooapie as. He's kept it with him ever since and claims it is the best guarantee of luck he's seen. While we're reciting "Boots, Boots, NOVEMBER PHOTOPAY "Take Glamour to Your Home" Exquisite new hairdo's You can copy from the stars. Also Complete secrets of hair care As revealed by top Hollywood stars! PHOTOPAY—on sale October 7
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GRAACE KELLY is the coolest number we’ve ever had in Hollywood. She’s a lady from the right side of the tracks in Philly, with the best schools and the most enlightened upbringing you could wish for. But Grace believes in fortunate tellers. I would too if they told me what they told Grace. Three years ago, when Grace visited a gypsy in a Fair, she was told she would be very successful on the screen. And for an extra piece of silver, that she would appear opposite big stars like Clark Gable and Bing Crosby. When the gypsy named Gracie Kelly at the swank night clubs in Hollywood, dancing with Mr. Crosby or escorted by Mr. Gable to the Academy Awards, which was the biggest social coup of the year.

To every new job, Mitzi Gaynor carries the same basket handbag. Indeed are the pictures of all the saints. “My own idea to bring me good luck,” she explains. Spencer Tracy carries a St. Theresa medallion which he never leaves his pocket. Here in his hands, he took the box when he was a child. And John Wayne never goes on a film without his St. Christopher. But his campaign for Christianity was taken to a higher plane by the purchase of a diamond ring and a devoted black cat. Last week the cat disappeared, and John Wayne is now devasted. Virginia Mayo, on the other hand, has no superstitions. Starting in the Players Club, where she was first discovered by the producers, she never goes on the road without a good supply of animal food. Twice Greta Garbo and Greta Colbert have lost their black cats, but they have taken them back into their homes, and both have been successful. The former has just won an Academy Award, and the latter has been nominated for a prize. And now John Wayne is devasted, and Virginia Mayo is looking for a new black cat. They are the only two people who have been devasted in Hollywood, and they are both happy about it.

But husband like wife, so Laraine Day says her prayers when a Giant pitcher on the New York team steps up to the white line marking the first-base path. But Greer Garson believes white brings luck. And all the cattle, chickens, horses, ducks and even the buildings on the ranch she owned before her marriage to John Wayne are pure white. John Wayne on the other hand makes himself smile all day long if he happens to see a white horse. Virginia Mayo, on the other hand, has no superstitions. Starting in the Players Club, where she was first discovered by the producers, she never goes on the road without a good supply of animal food. Twice Greta Garbo and Greta Colbert have lost their black cats, but they have taken them back into their homes, and both have been successful. The former has just won an Academy Award, and the latter has been nominated for a prize. And now John Wayne is devasted, and Virginia Mayo is looking for a new black cat. They are the only two people who have been devasted in Hollywood, and they are both happy about it.

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How many of you can remember which side of the tracks they lived on? And Ladd never forgets. He always starts at the right. This Ladd never takes a chance. Rex Harrison refuses to travel on a Friday. If necessary, he'll take a plane at 12:01 A.M. Saturday morning.

Judy Holliday inherited her superstition from an old stage trooper who told her, "Never appear at the first rehearsal knowing the lines. And if you do forget a line, don't look up at the back, but look down and spit a little pepper on the floor. It will give you the idea of where you are, and you will be able to remember your lines."

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It’s hard to remember now, but when Jimmy Stewart starred in “Harvey,” his wife, Gloria, was a bad risk at the boxoffice. Jimmy’s previous pictures were nothing to write home about. And now, even Jimmy is a superstitious man. If he ever decides to write a book, he will have a good supply of animal food. Twice Greta Garbo and Greta Colbert have lost their black cats, but they have taken them back into their homes, and both have been successful. The former has just won an Academy Award, and the latter has been nominated for a prize. And now John Wayne is devasted, and Virginia Mayo is looking for a new black cat. They are the only two people who have been devasted in Hollywood, and they are both happy about it.

Kirk Douglas has a superstitious feeling about food that stems from his hung-in-liver school days. And his wife, Arlene Dahl, used to have a good supply of animal food. Twice Greta Garbo and Greta Colbert have lost their black cats, but they have taken them back into their homes, and both have been successful. The former has just won an Academy Award, and the latter has been nominated for a prize. And now John Wayne is devasted, and Virginia Mayo is looking for a new black cat. They are the only two people who have been devasted in Hollywood, and they are both happy about it.

Ardent fisherman Ward Bond still said on the bait. If Claire Trevor is late for a date, she will throw in a good supply of animal food. Twice Greta Garbo and Greta Colbert have lost their black cats, but they have taken them back into their homes, and both have been successful. The former has just won an Academy Award, and the latter has been nominated for a prize. And now John Wayne is devasted, and Virginia Mayo is looking for a new black cat. They are the only two people who have been devasted in Hollywood, and they are both happy about it.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have many legends to avoid. They have time for anything else. Jerry does everything from crossing his eyes crossing his fingers. He turns white if he sees a black cat. And his wife, Joan, is superstitious about making plans. "I have the feeling that if I plan something with her, it will be a success," Jerry says. And especially if I talk about it, it’ll be through." Dana Andrews would rather walk a mile than be the third person light a cigarette from one match. At Walter Brennan he is being for his lucky charm—Dickerson’s, his consta companion who works for good luck every Brennan movie.

Donald O’Connor has one simple rule: stay lucky. He’s never been burned by the audience. Can you top that one?
Build That Date Line

(Continued from page 57)

know. In this particular instance, I was the guy. A reasonably shy one. And how did I become acquainted with the lady's thoughts? Many dates later, when we knew each other better, she told me. Then, at long last, we could laugh about it.

It's a crazy situation. You go out on a date to have fun. That doesn't seem so difficult. You'd think it would come naturally. And yet you have to live and learn and listen before you begin to get the hang of it.

I fondly remember my first date. My date, did I say? Well, actually she was my brother's girl. I tagged along. Walt extended the invitation for an Easter Sunday afternoon. "Want to go to the movies?" he inquired.

The fact that she hadn't received the invitation until that very afternoon didn't throw Julie. "Uh huh," she replied.

"Awright then, come on," he said graciously.

"Wait a minute," said Julie, "I want to put on my new Easter bonnet."

Walt was an elderly eight. I was seven. I never asked the lady's age. However, young as she was, I now realize that she was smart enough to know that she should dress to please us men. Still, why should I remember Julie after all these years? I think it's because she was living proof of the theory that had been trying to get him into my head—that girls weren't such a bother, after all.

Julie could look like a doll in her bonnet. But I discovered she was smart in other ways. She could play handball, climb trees, be a cowboy or an Indian with equal ease. She was never at a loss when it came to thinking up new adventures. Julie knew how to have fun. And so, she was fun to be with.

She wasn't aware of it—as few of us are in our extreme youth—but she'd found the secret: relax, be yourself, enjoy yourself. Then you have no cause to worry and wonder. You won't have time.

Of course, there are other factors that contribute to a carefree date. For instance, you can begin to get ready for the occasion long before the date. It's likely that you'll know something about the boy, even if it's a first date. Is he a scholar? A sportsman? Do some boning up on subjects you think might interest him. It's certain to find something about the subject which honestly interests you. Know what's going on in the world and form some opinions of your own on the situation. Don't be afraid to ask questions and make it known that you honestly value his opinions. You won't have to spend your evening dreading a strained silence. You'll be ready to plunge right in, conversation-wise, and cope with it.

I once went out with a girl who I thought might have a nervous breakdown before she found a mirror in which to check her appearance. I just know I look a mess," she kept saying.

She looked fine. But would she believe me? Obviously the answer was no, and we were both miserable because of it. That's why I suggest that a girl take a good look in her mirror before she and her date leave the house. Know you look your very best when you start out. Then forget your appearance. You won't have to be constantly fumbling in your handbag for a comb or seeking reassurance in a mirror.

Dressing properly for the event helps, too. If you're going out of an afternoon with no particular activities in mind, yet you know there's a chance your date might suggest a bowling game, leave your high heels in the closet. "Be prepared" is a great...
It's SO wonderful!

Dept. table believed date. can went went ivant pulled shouted my guess just length. sortments popular Proven ACID SOOTHING RELIEF FROM ACID INDIGESTION AT ALL DRUGSTORES MILES LABORATORIES, INC., ELKHART, IND.

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WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES? Send your votes for the stars you want to see in PHOTOPLAY

In color I want to see: ACTOR: ACTRESS:

(1) (1)

(2) (2)

I want to read stories about: The features I like best in this issue of Photoplay are:

(1) (1)

(2) (2)

(3) (3)

(4) (4)

(5) (5)

(6) (6)

NAME: Address: Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
have been a sterling idea. However, on his particular night, it began to rain. It came down in buckets and we couldn't see a thing. My windshield wipers wouldn't work. "Want to leave?" I asked her. I felt like an idiot, a rat and a cad, in that order, because the picture we were missing was one she'd especially wanted to see.

We stayed. We operated the wipers by hand. It was her idea, and you'd have thought she'd spent most of her life seeing movies that way!

Or there was the time Deb and I were coming home from a skiing trip. We'd gotten as far as Pasadena when I noticed we were practically out of gas. "We're going to have to stop pretty soon," I told her. After a while, I mentioned it again. And we promptly went on with our conversation. Finally, the car sputtered and came to a stop. "Tab," said Debbie, "we seem to have forgotten something.

There we were in the middle of the boulevard. And there we stayed until a kindy motorist gave us a push to a service station. Despite our good luck, I had no cause to moan. "Deb, my credit card's no good here and I'm fresh out of money," I told her.

"Allow me," she grinned.

I allowed her to loan me the money for exactly one gallon. Enough to get us to a station where I could use my credit card. Deb thought the whole thing was just short of hilarious.

Neither Lori nor Deb expects a night-club tour when we go out. Neither drinks, except for an occasional sip of champagne which they both claim tastes like Seven-Up.

Marilyn Erskine's one of the most wonderful girls I've ever known. And I believe that every girl could profit by her "honesty is the best policy" theory, on a date. And her examples of thoughtfulness and kindness.

I met Marilyn last October when I was called in to read for a part in the stage production of "Our Town." Marilyn was to be the leading lady. She'd done the part before and was great in it, and she agreed to read with me. Later, when I was told that I'd won the role I'd read for, I thanked her for all her help. "Please don't," she grinned, "I have a confession. I didn't think you could do it. And I apologize!

Despite this fact, she'd spent hours patiently working with me on the part. I was grateful for her aid and for her honesty. And I felt pretty proud of having won her respect. Her admission made me feel I'd really accomplished something.

I think you'll find that when you level with a man (and I don't mean level him right into the ground) you'll both be more comfortable. And you'll both know exactly where you stand with each other.

The stage company of "Our Town" did a series of one-night stands. That means you rush here and you rush there and while you're rushing, you have to take it all in your stride. That's exactly what Marilyn did. She never got upset by the confusion. If there was a problem, she pitched in and helped solve it. She's the kind of a girl a fellow knows he can count on. And that's the kind of a girl he likes to date.

Marilyn's secret is relaxation.

She makes sure, before she starts out on a date, that she's had a good time. To her, that's her never-failing secret. Be prepared to have fun, then relax and enjoy yourself.

Come to think of it, both have a lot in common with my youthful dream girl, Julie...although we've all long since given up cowboys and Indians! They know how to have fun, and when I walk them to the door and say good night, I go away feeling great. Because I've had fun, too.

The End
Choose Your Stars

Be Your Own Music Teacher

Send for Free Book Telling How Easily You Can Learn Piano, Guitar, Accordion. ANY No. 1 方法 To Play. Also Illustrated. NOW IT'S Easy to learn music at home. Send for free music teaching book. Just START RIGHT OUT playing simple tunes. Thousands now play and have fun. They could. Our pictures make it easy as A-B-C to learn. Write for free music book. Henry Alport, 1401 California Ave., Hollywood. Sturdy, good-looking Dewey has an M-G-M contract, but his most powerful backing comes from producer-director George Cukor. Cukor has been totally impressed by the effect of his hit in Hawks' "The Big Sky." The film was a hit away by months of inactivity. Now Dewey's rolling. Will he get there?

Dewey Martin: Current picture, "Men of the Fighting Lady." Next picture, "Land of the Pharaohs." Here's one of the most promising of our Hollywood stockies. Sturdy, good-looking Dewey has an M-G-M contract, but his most powerful backing comes from producer-director George Cukor. Cukor has been totally impressed by the effect of his hit in Hawks' "The Big Sky." The film was a hit away by months of inactivity. Now Dewey's rolling. Will he get there?

Moore: Recent picture, "King of the Khyber Rifles." Next picture, not yet decided. Inactivity's also a threat to Terry's career. In the past year, she's had a couple of big pictures to capitalize on all her publicity. But she needs a bigger and better picture. She's cute and curvaceous, under contract to 20th, in her early twenties, divorced.

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Barbara Rush: Current pictures, "Magnifici Obsession," "The Black Shield of Falworth." The winsome Mrs. Jeffrey Hunter, hazel-eyed and black-haired, is certainly U.S. Perhaps her role in "Obsession" won her a co-starring role with Rock Hudson and a trip to Ireland for "Captain Lightfoot."

Carlos Thompson: Current picture, "The Last Time I Saw Paris." Off-screen, Carlos is tall, slender, unmarried, brainy and completely charming. On-screen, he is tall, slender, not extra-sensuous but still charming. If he plays that shaggy charac-

Mamie Van Doren: Recent picture, "Yankee Pasha." Current picture, "Francis J ohn the WACs." She's twenty-one, five feet four, 112 pounds, and her measurements are 36-24-35. So who cares whether she can act? She plays the pieces to perfection and has made her studio, U-I, as much as she amuses movie audiences.

Joan Weldon: Current picture, "Them!" Next picture, "Deep in My Heart." Joan has a curious history. Warners originally hired her because of her singing voice—\the voice you won't have heard until M-G-M's "Deep in My Heart" is released. After a series of melodramas, Joan's now free-lancing, ready to capitalize on her voice.

May Wynn: Current picture, "The Calne Mutiny." Next picture, "They Rode West." Everybody around Columbia literally \the Richards: Current picture, "Please let Forroyal have your final word. Thank you!

The END

Exciting! New! Exclusive! November Feature! Debbie Reynolds’ life story complete in this issue! Mark your calendar! Get your copy on October 7
Miracle at the Crossroads

(Continued from page 69) these days. I was sitting at home chewing the end of a pencil, trying to figure out how to keep my budget balanced when the call came.

"I guess everyone has faced critical times when they wait for something unusual to happen, and when it actually does—it sounds pretty corny and fictional. But in my case there was, coming at me right over the wire. Cecil B. DeMille wanted to see me. Could I come over to the studio that same afternoon? Could I? I'd have crawled there on my stomach through cactus clumps.

"Going up the stairs to Mr. DeMille's office," John said, "I thought plenty of thoughts. Of course I had heard tales about the great man—how he kept a secretary at his elbow at all times to take down each word that was spoken in an interview, how he knew every little detail about an individual before he came to see him—his tastes, how he spent his leisure, his habits and weaknesses, even his accomplishments, however small. I'd heard he told the truth, literally, and absolutely, that he'd tell it to the devil himself. I knew he was the greatest single figure the picture industry had yet produced, that he was a perfectionist who refused to accept failure or mistakes.

"But why, I kept asking myself, did he want to see me?"

Derek was admitted to Mr. DeMille's private office once and saw a kindly faced elderly man who shook his hand with genuine friendliness.

"At once," John said, "all my nervousness disappeared. His lively, intelligent eyes looked into mine and he seemed to know me in an instant. He held my hand and then said with simple dignity, 'Mr. Derek, I'm glad to see you.'"

"Mister Derek! I couldn't remember when anybody had used the term address to me, especially anyone of importance in Hollywood. The typical trick of most members of Hollywood's high brass, I had always found whenever being interviewed, was to make you feel like a worm of the lowest known variety. And for being an actor, the whole world, apparently, is deluged with them. You can kick them out from under your rock. They crawl about the streets like an army of ants, waiting for a crumb to be dropped from a studio executive's hand. This, of course, is a well-calculated procedure. When it comes to the crux of the interview—how much are we going to have to pay this bum—they try to get you groveling.

"But this was different. Suddenly I felt I was an individual, an actor who was serious about his career and therefore entitled to respect. I was Mister Derek! There wasn't none of that phony arm-about-the-shoulder stuff, no patronizing familiarity, just simple directness and a gentle but wise appraisal."

Mr. DeMille came directly to the point. He had, it came out, been seriously considering him for the role of Joshua in the forthcoming 'Ten Commandments.'

"As we talked," John said, "he seemed to be measuring me physically, and I thought I detected a shadow of disappointment. After a few minutes he told me very frankly that I wasn't tall enough for the part. Joshua, you know, was the one whom Moses appointed to command the conquest of Canaan, and he had to be pretty impressive.

"Before he came to the studio, Derek had thought the interview would last no more than fifteen minutes. He was in Mr. DeMille's office for more than an hour, and as they talked, John became increasingly

---

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I am enclosing a check for $5.00 for the purchase of your book, "The Pied Piper of Hoboken." I was assigned this book as a supplemental reading for my English class, and I believe it will greatly enhance my understanding of the text. Please let me know if this payment is acceptable.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]

120

...continues from page 55...

jarg your head into the roof of the carousel. Your hair has to be shaved off, and they pry the carousel roof open to remove your head. They send your dad the bill. Carousel roofs cost one very high, and you are suitably disciplined.

Your father wants you to become a civil engineer and to attend Stevens School of Engineering some day. But this is dumped on your own, "What does my head care?"

As you love music, in your practical hardy neighborhood, it hasn't occurred to you that music could be a man's livelihood.

You may acquire the nickname of "Angles" at Demarest High—and with some justification. Whatever the problem, you have an idea for an "angle"—and a quick way to get it to the news. And you're on the score. Athletics seems to be the best angle to gain wider popularity. When the football coach looks askance at your weight, you make star forward on the basketball team. You win. But if you sing with the school glee club and the band. And here, too, you discover an angle that can be worked easily. By borrowing a few dollars from your dad, you invest in some musical arrangements and in a public-address system and amplifying horn. You book bands for clubs and for school dances, you rent your P.A. system to them, and get singing as singer—for a small additional fee.

At sixteen, however, there's one engagement you haven't been able to angle yet. Visiting your aunt at the seashore last summer, you got a chance to meet Miss Simone, a famous tenor from Italy, in a debate about a pretty dark-eyed Nancy Barbato, daughter of a Jersey City building contractor, whose summer home is at Union Beach. At a strum a mean ukulele on the beach, but more than a strum a heart that strum or how musically you croon, she isn't impressed. One day, however, you stroll casually by her house the next day, and you find her sister a manicure, and you manage a rakhis, "Why don't you fix mine?" and she agrees. From now on, you're a frequent and a welcome visitor in the Barbato household. And it so happens that the comfortable old three-story brownstone Jersey City home. An only, and sometimes lonely kid, you welcome the warmth and camaraderie of a new friend. And as you are an instant hit with Mom Barbato, who's always trying to fatten you up and save back a choice steak for you. Her daughter Tina (for whom your youngest is named, who is turned on Mrs. Ivy's clear, interior decorator and proprietress of the "Toluca Den" in North Hollywood), can remember only too well when the sticks were seldom there.

"Frank, I want you to get that eighth child to Mother. 'Ask Frank if he's hungry,' was her standard greeting whenever he called. And he usually was. He was quite an amiable kid. Frank and some of the other kids in the gang would take a stand on the balcony of the house and make like Mussolini or Hitler, ridiculing the dictators—while some of the rest of us tossed tomatoes at them. What havens."

These are the busy young years. Record sessions, line parties at the theatre, promenade dances. Backhose. You follow around the driftwood fire on the beach, and you, Frank Sinatra, have no indication of just how busy your future will be.

In 1935 you leave Demarest High, and you're variously employed. You work for the circulation department of the Jersey Observer, you cub in the sports department and you decide to be a newspaperman—undiscouraged even when your thousands of words about a school ball game are out, "Demarest Beats Kalamazoo—10."

Then one balmy romantic evening you and Nancy Barbato take in a movie—Bing Crosby changes your mind and you whole future. There in the darkness they have their future, determine their future. Hundreds listen to Bing's happy dream and dream of a singing career, yours is the courage to chase—and catch that dream.

You haunt the dances and the night clubs. You listen for hours at a time to Bing's records and to Tommy Dorsey's trombone. Your whole life is set to music. You move to New York City and try your luck in the great metropolis. You get a job as a telegraph operator and it's after work playing dates in the night clubs. You are up a special radio telephone for your hotel bed and you listen to bands and sing until the early morning hours.

You are being discovered by a manager at a club, and another does not. To you it all seems to add up to sincerity. The singer you—puts his whole heart into song.

Your whole heart is there too, you're a kid, a way of cooking a song. And you're dreaming of the first night you're singing for the stars.

At NBC in New York, another Sina Ray Sinatra, musical conductor at fabulous Sands Hotel in Las Vegas today, got you in touch with hearing ears.

"I'd been doing a lot of radio and was doing a show called 'The Girl Next Door,' starring Agnes Moorehead, when I got you on the air, and you're just a kid, and another does not. To you it all seems to add up to sincerity. The singer you—puts his whole heart into song.

Within a few years, your cousin Ray Sinatra will be conducting for a Command Performance show, starring you. Your variety shows are televised each week, and you're being named Sinatra at the Sands Hotel. You get your first break professionally when you audition on the "Major Bowery," and the "Night and Day," and that becomes your lucky song. Since there are the winning instrumentalists from your hometown, you're booked out as one unit. You're Billy May, and you're Frank Sinatra and you're doing a show on Station WXYH, and the ambience of the girl's voice of magnolia blossoms sufficiently to antagonize a boy. Joyee-side. But let Dinah Shore tell it...
We wait at always sincerely I Our But individual Brown 596 milestones friend enclose the fud. I understood I'd do it and he'd do it and we'd do it. The hand, and as favorite Frank's guy and Helen's Hill, and Monday now and again. Usually, a song I'll someday find the ointment I found some of the most successful treatments for hemorrhoids. The AMA estimates that 20 million people in the United States suffer from hemorrhoids. Hemorrhoids are swollen veins in the rectum or anus. They can be painful, embarrassing, and difficult to treat. But there are several effective treatments available. One option is to use over-the-counter creams and suppositories. These products can help reduce swelling and itching. Another option is to use a rubber band to tie off the hemorrhoid. This procedure is called rubber band ligation. It is usually done in a doctor's office and is quick and painless. Sometimes, surgery may be necessary if other treatments fail. There are several surgical options available, such as hemorrhoidectomy, in which the hemorrhoids are removed. It is important to consult a doctor if you think you may have hemorrhoids. They can help determine the best course of treatment for you.
the Rustic Cabin and Nancy makes $25 a week working days as a secretary at the American Type Founders in Elizabeth, New Jersey. But you manage—as Helen Soulehammon very cleverly put it—"Frank was very cute about helping fix up the apartment. One day he went out and bought yellow and brown curtains to match the kitchen and put them up all by himself—to surprise Nancy when she came home. But he was too much about shopping, and once he came home from Macy's Department Store with a whole wheel of Gorgonzola cheese!"

Frank's mother was a good cook and kept him in the kitchen, but it was winter—fortunately—and Frank kept it out on the fire escape.

For months we all ate Gorgonzola cheese.

Money was scarce with all of us, and one day Ray and Frank went downtown to see about getting jobs. The band leader was looking for a vocalist and advised him to have some professional photographs made at once, Nancy got a twenty-five-dollar advance to pay for them. But Frank was bigtime even then. He was just a kid and many of the customers out at the Rustic Cabin were older women, but his voice and little-boy charm really did impress them.

He was just a kid and many of the customers out at the Rustic Cabin were older women, but his voice and little-boy charm really did impress them.

You sing from your heart—and in June, 1939—out of that wild blue yonder into which you sing—comes the big break!"

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You sing from your heart—and in June, 1939—out of that wild blue yonder into which you sing—comes the big break!"
This is your life, Frank Sinatra—in 1940. Suing with a band, cross-country trips and cutting record that sells over a million. And on June 8—same year—there comes to your life a girl who is to be the inspiration for another record at a future date—"A Girl Was Spent."

You're at the Hotel Astor in New York, id the band's rehearsal until six A.M. you decide to spend the rest of the night alone and outside the manager's room. At eight A.M. his room phone rings. It's the Margaret Hague Hospital in Jersey City, calling to tell you that you're father. You're so goggy—you hang up and rush to the train—fly over ... She's christened Nancy Sandra, but you call her "Little Miss Moonbeam," and she's the light of your life.

By 1941 you've made your first movie with the band, "Las Vegas Nights," at Paramount, and you've met your idol—the loyal fellow who inspired you to become a minstrel man—Enry Crosby—who strolls through the sound-stage door and listens provocingly to the playback as the camera ows in on you.

This is the year too—you make your first record deal through Dorsey, and Dorsey likes it, it comes your lucky song again, "Night of Day," and you feel you will need all the luck it can allow this time. At least that's Axel Stordahl, who's been around, who conducted "I'll Be Seeing You," is one for you, remembers it.

"This was a first for both of us, and a bit nervous moment. When I lifted my arm in my hand and I counted the downbeat. And Frank didn't know what would happen—or whether he would sell alone on a label. This is a make-or-break moment for him. I'll soon learn whether or not it will be successful.

"But there in Frank's room in the Hollywood hotel listening to them over and over all afternoon. Frank just couldn't be it. This was a turning point in his career, a realizado what he could on his own.

In October 1942—you make that fateful vision that will mean fame. You leave a band and go solo. You have just got in "Twelve Wives in Beverly" at Columbia Pictures singing "Night of Day"—and you aren't even given billing. A few months from now—you will be out of the band and have paid yourself in your own payment, but on the strength of being booked into the Paramount Theatre in New York, you're able to buy a ten-room sea in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey—far enough away.

One winter day—you open at the Paramount. You hold the microphone intimately, you speak the lyrics meaningfully, you notice the fall of the music but are alone on the stage—on the audience—a girl beeps to moon softly—and you, Frank Sinatra, son of a Hoboken fireman, are on your way to making history.

The audition is low when it is sung, and you catch the keen ear of George Evans, veteran Broadway press agent who believes you're a great talent and is determined the whole country shall know. As for your managers, they are not so low. "If you like something—she says. Soon the man switches to a coloratura squeal—and the management is sold.

Soon you're the Pied Piper of song—allowed by multitudes of saddle shoes and sloppy jobs wherever you go. Six thousand fans jam 14th Street in the Paramount. Fan clubs sprang from nowhere overnight, calling themselves "The Moonlight Sinatras." Slaves of Sinatra's and one fan club has a countersign—three short sighs followed by one long. Your fan mail staggered the mailmen and is filled with proposals of marriage and money. Nancy rejects sweetly for you with thanks.

You're the talk of the nation now. The press term you "King of Swoon," "Boudoir Baritone," "Swoonatra" to name a few. Physicians and psychologists attempt to analyze a scientific name and reason for you. The best they arrive at is a wartime love shortage and the need for romance. Finland by your model publically got trying to analyze what you have and concede you undoubtedly have

But those who know music, the experts, say no one should sell you short. They say when the squealing is over you'll still be around. Canny song writers praise the way you sing every song as though it were part of you. To you "A singer is a storyteller. Music is the backdrop to a pretty poem. Symphony and entertainment world is yours. You're the star of "Your Hit Parade" and "Broadway Band Box" radio shows. You've captured the sophisticated crowd in the—lofty—Astoria Hotel's Wedgewood Room. You're breaking records on personal appearances wherever you sing.

On August 13—this time yours is a triumph entranced Hollywood. You play for a public performance concert at the Hollywood Bowl and to star in "Higher and Higher," your first movie under your new RKO contract. At the Pasadena Station all is beauty and bedlam. Two thousand sand jing fans are there to meet your train. Loudspeakers blast with "All or Nothing at All" and cordon of cops are waiting to escort you—standing there in the train a thin fellow in a tan gabardine suit and a red polk-dot tie. Flanking you are George Evans and Hank Saimco, ex-slang plunger and your first personal secretary. You have free meat and pledged you for jobs and who is now your manager.

You hold your first Hollywood press conference in an old garage near by with your father, George Evans, to your right with an "A" gas ration sticker, and with sixteen cops guarding garance doors that creak dangerously with the weight of the mob outside. Unknown to you—missing from the official committee—was your first leading lady, a pretty RKO starlet, Barbara Hale.

"I never did get to welcome him. I was just looking—away down. And I wound up for a radio press wanted to see Frank. I'd only been under contract to RKO for a couple of months and I was thoroughly awed at the thought of casting somebody for a part. As for flying, it would still be paid today. But I'd been a fan of Frank's since I was in high school when he played the Coronado Theatre in my home town, Rockford, Illinois. He was with the band and I thought, I think, I didn't see anybody else on the show but this boy. He had the same affect on all the girls in our audience then. He came into the drugstore for a Cola after the show and spoke to my girl-friend and didn't speak to me—and I was really crushed. Now, three years later, to actually be co-starring in a picture with him is the thrill of a lifetime. I was the first girl to kiss Sinatra on the screen—and I darn near fainted myself when we shot that scene.

On August 16, 1943—the nation's newspapers are full of speculation about whether Roosevelt or Churchill plan to establish a second front. And the controversy between your army of fans and newspaper lovers about your appearance on the Hollywood Bowl. For you, this is a night always to be remembered. You be...
lieved as the universal language of the world, you are entitled to be heard in any amphitheater. You accept the challenge and yours is quite a victory, as Photo Reporter play, Maxine Arnold (who was caught in the jam with you) and a London lad for the show, were real japes on all right. Frank had
them hanging from the stars, hanging from boxes. Hanging, period. I was with Frank's official party. He'd already done two 'Hit Parade' shows, and he'd done the same thing at the teeth between the winning numbers on the last show. In all the confusion it developed he had no boutonnieres, and at the last minute a page boy rushed in with a white bow tie of the right color. Frank said: "I found you a florist for him. "I 'Joisey Observer' "and only see me now," Frank joked as he got into the limousine for the Bowl.

The greatest event of his life—his life, I mean—was the palm of his hand. In the crowd that night. We had a police escort, but we'd have fared better in a tank. I was in the car following Frank's and I got the overflow. It was one of the best and most surprisingly afraid of people. They snapped at the windows, they crushed around the cars, and a few women fainted on the fenders.

"The maestro, who had just conducted the opening number that evening. His Bakaleinikoff, was a reasonably bewildered fellow. 'Not even the Russian Revolution—

Hollywood was well represented there with the likes of Dick Powell, Mickey Rooney, Edward G. Robinson, the Alan Jones, Harold Lloyd, and many and. Out front Frank begins "Dancing in the Dark" accompanied by the fans screaming. "Sir, me too," Frank yells, and in the middle of Old Man River, a barrage of thirty photographers yelled "Smile, Frankie, smile." An elderly patron of the arts, seeing the smile on the face of the man on the stage and handed me his field glasses saying sympathetically, 'Here—they will put him right in your lap.' He couldn't know I was curious about the cornflower, but it was a moment I can remember better than any of the rest of that night.

He got the Bowl out of a $12,500 deficit and enabled symphony batons to keep wandering.

On August 27, 1943—you make headlines in the Hollywood trade papers saying, "Now I belong to myself. You've bought back the fifty-three per cent Tommy Dorsey's band has owned of you because of early contract arrangements.

January 10, 1944—CBS keeps an open line from Jersey City to the rehearsal stage to let you know the instant your favorite Frank is on the air. We are all the way around. During 1944 you're earning an unheard of sum—close to $1,400,000 this year. You co-star with Gene Kelly and Kathryn Grayson in "Anchors Aweigh," your record of "Sunday, Monday, and Always," and "People Will Say We're in Love" are smash hits. The universal cry is "Semper Sinatra" and in Hollywood, in all mediums of entertainment, you are a household word.

You star in many Command Performance shows for GI's abroad with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope.

This was the year, too, when Nancy and the two children made you in your first Hollywood home, a pink stucco Mediterranean-type house in Toluca Lake (which you call "Warm Valley") dubbed "The Hollywood Hills." I was there the night, Nancy and "Goodnight, Frank" that are your sign-off are familiar in every American home.

You're an important citizen now, not only as a star of the fabulous land—but as a statesman in every part of the world. You're the voice of youth in the fight against juvenile delinquency. You've become entrenched in the nation's consciousness—not as a swooner, or at least not only

playing yourself. You know the party you own. You come out of the side of the tracks. Only a mellow old like yours—and Maggio's—wuld let music come through. But Columbia sticks with him year after year. Perhaps it is because of这几年 for Nairobi, Africa, where producer Bu Adler's cable finds you .

We were considering two important actors for the role of Frank. Jerry Lewis, who had to be approved by the United States grinningly asked you to tell him confidentially what's going to be number one that week on the "Hit Parade."

Yes, even the most skilful admiral now that a ship is here to stay.

During the years between 1945 and 1949 the screams are dying away—but your star is still rising professionally. Jesse Lasky, Jr., one of your first dramatic roles— as a young priest, Father Paul, in RKO's "The Miracle of the Bells."

But at three o'clock in the morning of June 29th, 1948, you are more occupied with Faeghe's first time in your career you can be there when one of your children is born. You pace the halls of Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, and without telling you that you're taking care of Nancy's good friend from Rustie Cabin days—Helen Schuchman.

"When Frank didn't pace, we played double solitaire," Helen says. "When Nancy moved, I'd say, 'Why don't you stop? Don't worry—she'll be all right.' And he was right. Nancy was fine, but by three in the morning when baby Tina came into this world, her father was a total wreck."

You arrive at the Springs now with a swimming pool shaped like a piano and with built-in palm trees. You have a $250,000 estate in Holmby Hills with its own theatre and projection room. You have a $450,000 airplane, your own airplane. Never, Frank Sinatra, back in those pizza parlors in New Jersey, did you dare dream this big.

But there are rumors of growing discord between you and your wife. And in 1950, when you're flying high in that plane over El Paso, Texas, a news flash comes through that makes success or failure seem like a small moment. Jimmy Van Heusen, who's at the controls, remembers only too well.

"We were flying to Houston, Texas, for Frank's opening at the Shamrock Hotel when we got word that our father had just died of a heart attack at home. For Frank this was an emotional shock that defies words. We put down immediately at El Paso and took another plane for New York and father."

On Valentine's Day, 1950, the official announcement that you and Nancy have separated is made. New York becomes your home base for television and radio.

On November 7th, 1951, you married a girl named Ava Gardner, but this marriage is to end unhappily in the not too distant future, too. For you, the troubadour sings of love for others. The lyrics can mean almost anything."

Rumors rise bold now, too, that your Old Black Magic no longer has the fans in its spell. But the Hoboken kid is far from down for the Hollywood count. You've just qualified for second win in the balloting in swinging for the important part of Maggio in "From Here to Eternity." And for you, tough-tongued, wisecracking, warmhearted Angelo Maggio is almost like

The End
Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new whisper-soft fabric covering... no gauze... no chafe.
That Ivory Look

Young America has it...
You can have it in 7 days!

Babies have That Ivory Look... shouldn’t you? Reliable, reassuring mildness... that’s the secret of Ivory’s beauty care. Mild enough for a baby’s delicate skin... so right for your complexion, too.

It can happen to you—That Ivory Look—a complexion that looks prettier, fresher,—actually younger! Simply make a change to regular care and pure, mild Ivory Soap.

99.11% pure...it floats

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IN BLYTH’S NEW BABY

Debbie Reynolds

DEBBIE REYNOLDS TELLS HOW IT ALL HAPPENED

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G.B. WAGNER

Debbie Reynolds
There's Cold Cream Now in Camay

Women everywhere tell us new Camay with cold cream is the most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care. And Camay is the only leading beauty soap that brings you this precious ingredient—new luxury at no extra cost!

Whether your skin is dry or oily, Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling delightfully cleansed and refreshed. Of course, you still get everything you've always loved about Camay—that famous mildness, satiny lather, exquisite fragrance. For beauty and bath, there's no finer beauty soap!

Really pampers your complexion?

Mrs. Fred Pittera, a lovely Camay bride, says, "I've used new cold cream Camay from the minute I heard about it. And it's just wonderful! It's so luxurious, so mild and gentle. I love it!"

Now more than ever... the soap of beautiful women.
Destroys hidden decay and bad-breath bacteria. It’s yours today—a tooth paste with a wonder ingredient so effective it destroys most decay and bad-breath bacteria with every single brushing. And Ipana combines this protection with a new minty flavor your family will prefer.

Topped all leading tooth pastes in 3159 taste tests. New-formula Ipana beat all other leading brands in 3159 “masked-tube” taste tests. It’s the best-tasting way to fight decay . . . stop bad breath all day. Taste it . . . enjoy it . . . trust your family’s precious teeth to it. At all drug counters in yellow and red-striped carton.

Send for generous sample tube. Mail coupon today for trial tube (enough for about 25 brushings).

BRISTOL-MYERS Co., DEPT. T-114,
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Please send trial tube of new-formula Ipana. Enclosed is 3 stamp to cover part cost of handling.

Name ________________________________
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(Offer good in continental U.S.A. only. Expires Jan. 31, 1955.)
New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.
They met and they kissed... for this was Paris, the city of love, in its hour of joy!

ELIZABETH TAYLOR and VAN JOHNSON entwined in a bittersweet romance by the spell of the song...

"The Last Time I Saw Paris"

M-G-M brings you F. Scott Fitzgerald’s famous story of youth on a fling!...

“We love each other... need each other, but we’re no good for each other!”

"We love each other... need each other, but we’re no good for each other!”

“From Here To Eternity”

Academy Award Winner

Directed by RICHARD BROOKS • Produced by JACK CUMMINGS • An M-G-M Picture

Screen play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein and Richard Brooks • Based on a story by F. Scott Fitzgerald

with EVA GABOR • KURT KASZMAR

Technicolor

co-starring WALTER PIDGEON

DONNA REED

“From Here To Eternity”
I think Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher always look as if they're getting ready to go into a song. What's wrong with teaming Debbie and Eddie in a collegiate-type musical? It appears to me Cleo Moore should be taller, and I'm a shortie. These days when any producer is casting any important role for an actor he wants Marlon Brando. Not long ago Marlon was considered difficult to cast and work with... Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess beginning to look more like each other —which can't hurt either... Leslie Caron is at her best when she's on her toes... I wish it could be arranged for the average guy to spend a day with Terry Moore. He'd wind up exhausted. Terry is on the go, go, go... Shelley Winters is never at a loss for words. She'd make a good m.c. for a benefit show... I guarantee you one of the hottest dance numbers ever put on celluloid is Marilyn Monroe's "Heat Wave" in Irving Berlin's "There's No Business Like Show Business"... While Ethel Merman was having dinner at Chasen's, a producer stopped at her table and tried to whisper something to her. The Merman squawked: "Don't lower your voice to me"...

Of all the new chicks I'd say is cutest and most talented is Pat Crowley... Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas hold hands in restaurants waiting for the food to arrive... The best movie to date for my money (as I paid to see it) is "On the Waterfront"... I don't want to believe but rumor has it that Elaine Steward going to crop her hair. I'll never forget giving her... I hate people who say they don't want to see a certain type of movie. Nevertheless, I want a vacation from the Hollywood war-story movie... Jeff Chandler told me: "I'll tell you a sure way of knowing when you're a movie star. People laugh at what you say, even when it's not funny"...

You can't name a better actor consistently giving us fine performances than Richard Widmark. The right people in the right picture and he'll win an Oscar... I always felt that on film illness could part the Martin-Lev team... Donna Reed's s.a. has been used to film advantage yet...
The most anticipated motion picture of our time is now ready for your acclaim.

JUDY GARLAND
JAMES MASON

"A STAR IS BORN"

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT IT IN
CINEMA SCOPe
TECHNICOLOR
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6 NEW SONGS BY
HAROLD ARLEN
IRA GERSHWIN

THE MAN THAT GOT AWAY / IT'S A NEW WORLD / GON'T HAVE ME GO WITH YOU / HERE'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR / SOMEONE AT LAST / 'LOSE THAT LONG FACE"
Deodorant...the instant moisture stop odor, check

When you travel...carry a Tussy Stick Deodorant in your purse. Easy to use...no place. Only $.1...

...it protects your skin. ...it protects your skin.

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Tussy Cream Deodorant...smoothes...flushes through the busiest day!

Follow arrows for dainties. Plus, Band Aid Cream Deodorant into the skin, moving up, then out to.

...its cosmetic, made with face cream...Its cosmetic, made with face cream.

I'm going to do it. I'm going to do it.

...can't become accustomed to its effects. Each time you use it...it becomes accustomed to its effects. Each time you use it.

...it becomes accustomed to its effects. Each time you use it.

Now, I know what I'm doing. I know what I'm doing.

...it becomes accustomed to its effects. Each time you use it.

...it becomes accustomed to its effects. Each time you use it.

...it becomes accustomed to its effects. Each time you use it.

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INTRODUCING

Playtex LIVING Bra

Now...the designers who performed such miracles with Playtex Girdles bring you an exciting new bra of elastic and nylon!

"Custom-contoured" to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone!

From the very first moment, you'll see and feel the dramatic difference! Because there's never been a bra like the new "custom-contoured" Playtex Living Bra. It lifts, it lives, g-i-v-e-s with every motion of your body...for support unmatched by any other bra. The news is in the criss-cross design, the clever use of elastic, those sculptured nylon cups. And the straps are doubled...can't cut, curl, slip or fray! Wear it once—you'll love it forever!
Sure, Ireland Must Be Heaven ... for Rock Hudson's staying there

BY CHARLES FITZSIMONS

If there is anyone anywhere in the United States who doesn't believe that Ireland is The Emerald Isle and merely another name for Heaven, just let him talk to Rock Hudson. Rock will change his mind in a hurry.

For the past months, Ireland's been home to Rock, who's co-starring with Barbara Rush in "Captain Lightfoot". I came along to work with Rock on his Irish brogue, to make sure he played his part with an authentic accent, not with the stage Irish accent that is often adopted.

I must confess that when I was hired as dialogue director, I was concerned about how we would work out together. I'm about Rock's own age and an actor of considerably less boxoffice standing (Ed. note: You've probably seen Charles in "The Black Shield of Falworth"), and I wondered how Rock would take direction from me. Yet, despite the possible antagonism that might have arisen from such a situation, Rock took direction as if I were John Ford and this were Rock's first movie. And I think you'll agree when the picture is released (probably next year) that he has succeeded in capturing the true flavor of Irish speech.

In fact, Rock enjoyed himself so much in Ireland that trying to keep up with him wore the rest of us completely out, ruined our diets and was probably the best thing that had happened to us in years! We found more wonderful restaurants in Dublin than I knew existed, including "Bentley's," the favorite of our company, and we even discovered pizza in the land of brown bread and stew.

It happened when Rock and his favorite girl friend Betty Abbott, who had toured Italy with Barbara Rush before they came to Ireland, suddenly got (Continued on page 11)
There are three Breck shampoos for three different hair conditions. Each one of the Three Breck Shampoos is made for a different hair condition. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet it cleans thoroughly. A Breck Shampoo will leave your hair soft, fragrant and naturally beautiful.

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You're so smart to say NO... definitely NO... to paying a dollar for lipstick now that Cutex Stay Fast is here! This new indelible-type lipstick comes in the creamiest, dreamiest colors ever created! Stays on when you eat, smoke, even kiss. And because of lanolin-rich "Moisturizing Action."

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You're so smart too— to say NO to paying 60¢ or more for nail polish! For that perfect, finishing touch of color at your fingertips, "jewel" them with fabulous Cutex. It's America's largest selling nail polish because it looks love-liest, wears longest!

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WHY PAY MORE? Stay Fast Lipstick is just 59¢ or 29¢. Spillpruf Cutex is only 25¢ or 15¢. Prices plus tax.
strong craving for real Italian food. The three of us were walking down the main street of Dublin and I tried to explain to Rock that "the closest pizza place is in Italy if you go south or in New York City if you go west."

Unconvinced by that kind of logic, Rock wouldn't give up so easily. "In a city like Dublin there must be..."


After unsuccessfully looking for an hour, Rock changed tactics. Instead of looking for an Italian restaurant, he started looking for an Italian! Hardly ten minutes had passed when he suddenly crossed the street and asked an elderly newspaper vendor if he knew a good place to get spaghetti.

"Si, si, signore, a wonderful place. Just like in my native Roma," he replied enthusiastically and gave Rock the address.

The food was delicious.

And Rock went even one step further—he found peanut butter in Dublin, which I can assure you is really an accomplishment.

So far, Rock has enjoyed his stay in Ireland immensely, and the feeling is mutual. Undoubtedly, he is of top popularity here, even more so, I believe, than in the United States. That goes for the movie fan—who's very much like those in the United States, though probably not quite as demonstrative—and for the aristocracy who had a chance to make his acquaintance. Many went out of their way to show their hospitality. Lord Mount-charles the Earl of Slane, for instance, on whose estate I succeeded in getting permission to shoot, invited Rock to the Meath Hunt Ball, the biggest hunt ball of the year.

Rock, chatting with Director Sirk on beach, is thoroughly charmed by Ireland—and the Irish are charmed by him.
ranged in his honor at Lady Oranmore and Brown's Irish Mansion, at Eileen Plunkett's Castle at Lutrelstown and with many other famous local families.

I think Rock himself is enjoying everything in Ireland except Irish coffee, and he's more than made up for this gripe by his fondness for the local chocolate and other foods. Strangely enough, although Rock says he has "eaten his way across Europe," he has actually lost weight, probably due to all the excitement of meeting new people and seeing new places day after day.

In many respects, Rock and the Irish are mutually surprising to one another. Take the matter of Rock's enormous height, for instance. After seeing Rock, most members of the company referred to themselves as "little people," the Irish pet name for the fairy folk.

Even more surprising to the Irish was Rock's informality in dress. Not long ago I overheard two young girls talking at the Shelbourne Hotel. They had spotted Rock just as he entered the hotel after work. He had switched from his uncomfortable 1812 uniform to blue denim and a open-necked, multicolored sport shirt. "That's Rock Hudson, I bet you," said one of them.

"Poppycock. He looks like Rock all right. But he wouldn't walk around dressed like that...."

"He's an American, you know."

"Oh well, I guess you may be right then."

But Rock has been surprised by some Irish costumes, too. We came across a group of young men dressed in kilts and armed with bagpipes. Rock promptly walked over and good-naturedly inquired, "What part of Scotland are you from, folks?"

"Scotsmen?" one man burst out. "We're Irish, man!" I quickly pulled Rock aside and explained that the Irish wear kilts, too. Only instead of wearing tartan kilts as the Scotch do, they stick to plain colors.

Before "Captain Lightfoot" started shooting, Rock and Betty, along with Barbara Rush, Hal Mendelsohn and Rollie Lane from the Universal-International publicity department toured the southern half of the island for three days.

Rock, Betty and Barbara were awed by the beautiful countryside and particularly with the Blarney-castle surroundings—wide, green lawns traversed by little streams, huge sycamore trees, softly rolling hills.

Originally, all three had planned to kiss the Blarney stone but, by the time they finished the long climb to the top of the castle, the girls' knees were shaking from fatigue. They took a look down from the breathtaking heights and decided to forego the difficult process of kissing the stone. But Rock through with it in fine form.

When shooting started on the picture, sightseeing ended for Rock. He had no time to see the most scenic of the picture, and from having to learn the Irish dialect he had to practice the "Coranto" Irish folk dance he does with Bar-Rush.

Rock is one of the few actors I know who has never been late, never comes home from the set without thoroughly knowing lines, which gives him little time for anything but his work.

But evenings and Sundays give them some free hours.

Rock and Betty Abbott spend these hours together. They have to all the theatre openings at the Savoy, Gate and Gaiety and see shows of most visiting artists at the Theater Royal, Dublin's Radio Music Hall.

On Sundays, they enjoy the cromoney Country Club, a convivial place that has a golf course, tennis court, swimming pool and a good night's sleep.

Rock and Betty have also had their occasional shopping sprees. Rock has been looking for Wedgwood china for his mother, and Irish white teacups which is known as "Bawnee," himself.

Rock and Betty are almost inseparable. There is a wonderful easy relationship between them, based on a certain amount of compatibility and warm companionship. They laugh at the same things and act readily to each other's slightest suggestion in an almost telepathic manner.

For instance, one afternoon the three of us were sitting on the set, suddenly got up, walked over to a little grove of palm trees, and started walking around the island. About twenty feet away, a pink car pulled up and out walked Betty's handbag. He gave it to her and she handed it to him. The rest of the story is that Rock gave her the bag she opened and fished out a cigarette. Yet, all he said was a word.

"How did you know she wanted a cigarette?" I asked him.

Rock smiled. "I just knew."

Whether they have any plans, I don't know and they're not saying. But obviously they are enjoying themselves for one another. Such companionship is rare.

As for my own feelings about it, I'm grateful for the chance to be a friend of his. He has genuine Irish humor which makes him a wonderful person to know.

The End
LISTERINE ACTS ON 3 AREAS WHERE BREATH ODORS CAN START

1. TEETH
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3. THROAT

Look at these actual test results

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This pleasant precaution can help nip a cold in the bud or lessen its severity. The same is true in reducing the number of sore throats. That’s because Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs before they can invade throat tissues and cause much of the misery you associate with colds.

No tooth paste—Regular, Ammoniated, or Chlorophyll—can give you Listerine’s lasting protection

Before you go any place where you might offend...on a date, to a party, to any business or social engagement...remember this: Far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. So the best way to stop bad breath is to get at bacteria...to get at the major cause of bad breath.

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So, remember—especially before any date—gargle with Listerine, the most widely-used antiseptic in the world.
LET'S GO TO THE
MOVIES
WITH JANET GRAVES

★★★ EXCELLENT  ★★★ VERY GOOD  ★★★ GOOD  ★★★ FAIR

The Egyptian
20th; Cinemascope, De Luxe Color

★★★ Against brilliant settings that re-create ancient Egypt in fascinating detail, Edmund Purdom dominates a big cast with his dignified portrayal and fine appearance. There's enough plot for three movies. First, the foundling hero is adopted by a physician, who teaches the boy his own profession. With a "university" friend (Victor Mature), Purdom escapes disaster; then he becomes physician to the Pharaoh (Michael Wilding). In the second phase, he's ruined by a frankly evil courtisan (Bel Darvi). And in the third, rich and disillusioned, he drawn by Mature, now leader of the army, and Gene Tierney, a princess, into a plot for power. Jean Simmons is gentle yet spirited as his tavern-girl sweetheart; Petie Ustinov, slyly amusing as his scoundrelly servant. FAM

With Peter Ustinov, Edmund meets Jean's son, Tommy Reti.

Brigadoon
M-G-M; Cinemascope, Ansco Color

★★★ The width of the CinemaScope screen enables Gene Kelly to present a near-copy of the musical fantasy as appeared on Broadway. Backgrounds are painted, with dream-like beauty; after each number, the players see to pause, as if applause might demand an encore. Gene is a New Yorker tired of modern hurly-burly. With pal Victor Mature, he goes on a hunting trip in the Scottish Highlands—and comes upon the mysterious village of Brigadoon, where life is lived as it was two centuries ago. Gene shares romance, dances and singing songs with Cyd Charisse, a lovely village lass. Van Johnson plays the role of a scoundrel, though he's heartily on the liveliest music-fest. In an imaginatively done New York interlude, Elaine Stewart is set briefly as Gene's frivolous fiancée. FAM

Cyd and Gene sing their love in "The Heather on the Hill.

Dragnet
Warner, Warnercolor

★★★ As both star and director, Jack Webb brings typical Joe Friday case to the screen. It isn't a mystery. From the start, the audience knows the guilty parties in a gangland killing; Jack and pal Ben Alexander a equally sure, but must find enough evidence to convict. As on the TV program, the accent is on the cops' dogged follow-up of every clue, with only occasional outbursts of violence. There are many good character sketches: Stag Harris as a supposedly hypochondriac racketeer; Virgin Gregg as the widow of the murdered man; James Griffith as a timel eye-witness. Though Ann Robinson makes pretty police-woman, for Friday it's business as usual. The famous underplayed dialogue is effective, but the camera's sometimes used awkwardly. FAM

Guided by Georgia Ellis, Ben and Jack find a murder weapon.
Here's the “Inside” Story on Fabulous Playtex Girdles!

The one and only Girdle with Miracle Latex on the outside... kitten-soft fabric on the inside... and not a single stitch, seam or bone anywhere!

No other girdle whittles away so many inches... yet stays so comfortable! Only Playtex has the slimming power of miracle latex plus kitten-soft fabric inside to caress your skin. Washes and dries in a flash. Slip into a freedom-giving Playtex Girdle soon... and get that slimmer—trimmer look—no matter what your size!

PLAYTEX fabric lined Girdles & Briefs, $4.95—$7.95. Known everywhere as the girdle in the SUM tube—at department stores and better specialty shops.

P.S. You'll love the new PLAYTEX® Living® bra! It's "custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone! Only $3.95

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The Gambler from Natchez  

★★★ A tale of romance and vengeance in old New Orleans makes a nice, swashbuckling vehicle for Dale Robertson and Debra Paget. Dale’s out to get the miscreants involved in the murder of his father, an honest gamblin’ man. As each is disposed of, Dale ticks him off in Monte Cristo style. His job’s complicated by the fact that the leader of the villains (Kevin McCarthy) has a winsome sister (Lisa Daniels), with whom Dale fancies himself in love. But Debra, a river-bred spitfire, puts up a game fight against her rival. In the role of Debra’s dad, Thomas Gomez gives one of his engaging character portrayals. The plot’s worked out neatly, in a pleasantly light vein, while the movie-goer’s eye is soothed by swirling cloaks, sumptuous period gowns and flashing swords. FAMILY

Debra resents Dale’s interest in aristocratic Lisa Daniels

Rogue Cop

★★★ A fast, slick cops-and-robbers yarn gives Robert Taylor a strong assignment. He’s a crooked police detective, loved but little respected by kid brother Steve Forrest, a staunch young patrolman. Janet Leigh, decorative as ever, turns in her most persuasive acting so far, playing a night-club singer who wants to forget her sordid past. Trouble explodes when the brothers arrest a murderer. Only Steve can make the identification. Gangleader George Raft warns Bob to keep his brother’s mouth shut—in order to keep him alive. Continuing her new sexy approach, Anne Francis takes a surprise role in the climax, as Raft’s alcoholic girl friend. The crime-does-not-pay moral is often pointed up in flatly sentimental dialogue, but these interludes never slow the action. FAMILY

Maltreated, Anne hears Janet and Bob offer to protect her

Naked Alibi

★★ Police-department heroes certainly have the spotlight this month, though in this thriller Sterling Hayden doesn’t hold his official position for long. He’s fired from the force for apparent brutality, especially while trying to pin the murder of detective Casey Adams on Gene Barry. In California, Gene’s considered a respectable citizen, married to Marcia Henderson. Trailing him toward Mexico, Sterling finds him in a cheap border-town, where he’s a free-spending, shady character. As Gene’s deluded sweet-heart, Gloria Grahame gets more of the pushing-around that is her usual lot in movies. Eventually, she decides Sterling is a more lovable type and joins forces with him in his campaign to unmask the killer. Matter-of-fact and unassuming, the story packs a modest punch. FAMILY

There’s a motive in Gloria’s affection, Sterling suspects
at your Ben Franklin and Scott stores

New Colgate Dental Cream with GARDOL*

Cleans your breath... while it guards your teeth!

Works instantly to stop Bad Breath!
One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more—helps keep you socially acceptable. Tests show Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth.

Works constantly to stop Tooth Decay!
One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream guards against decay for 12 hours or more. Night and morning use guards teeth all day—all night. In this way, Gardol works around the clock to stop the action of decay-causing enzymes. In full-year clinical tests, X rays showed far fewer cavities for the hundreds of people in the group using Colgate's with Gardol. In fact, no new cavities whatever for 4 out of 5.

ONLY COLGATE'S GIVES YOU FULL GARDOL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!

ECONOMY SIZE 63¢
ALSO 47°, 27° and 15° SIZES

GARDOL Colgate's miracle ingredient makes it doubly effective!

HOW GARDOL WORKS:
Every time you brush your teeth with New Colgate's, Gardol binds itself to your teeth...remains active for 12 hours or more. That's why Gardol, Colgate's long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient, gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste—leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more! Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. Thus, morning and night brushings with New Colgate's with Gardol give continuous protection around the clock.

*COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUCRYL SARCOSINATE

BEN FRANKLIN STORES
SCOTT STORES

BUTLER BROTHERS Headquarters in Chicago
He's No Turkey!

That was Ben Cooper's nickname in "Johnny Guitar," but fans chose to change it. They call him terrific!

Though he's a Connecticut Yankee, young Ben goes west again in "Hell's Outpost"

In the language of show business, a "turkey" is a hopeless flop. Cast as a character called Turkey in "Johnny Guitar," Ben Cooper turned this jinx word into a good-luck charm. His success came as a complete surprise to both Ben and his studio. It was one of those amazing incidents that every so often remind Hollywood who's boss around here. Who? Why, you, of course.

In another Western a few years ago, a husky young man rode across the screen briefly in the role of Jesse James. He was an unknown; he had been given no advance publicity. But when "Fighting Man of the Plains" was released, Photoplay and 20th were deluged with letters demanding, "Who played Jesse James?" It was Dale Robertson, and that flood of fan mail made him a star.

As for young Ben Cooper, he was just one of Scott Brady's gang in the Joan Crawford movie—a spunky lad who met a pathetic death. But as soon as the picture was released, hundreds of letters began pouring into the Photoplay offices. Even in a minor role, heralded by no big build-up, Ben Cooper's wistful smile-spelled "star material" to the fans, who can't be fooled. As the picture continued its run, not a day went by but dozens of readers asked, "Who played Turkey? . . . How old is he? . . . Where can I write to him?"

When twenty-one-year-old Ben Cooper checks in for a new film at Republic, in North Hollywood, he brings along an imposing lot of experience for so young an actor. Born in Hartford, Connecticut, brought up in New York City, he went out for his first professional role when he was only eight. The stage version of "Life with Father" was being cast, and the producers were on the lookout for youngsters to play the numerous Day children. Ben was asked to memorize a few lines for his audition. While he was at it, he casually committed the whole play to memory—and the dazzled producers gave him one of the top child roles.

After that, he went into radio, switching to television in 1947. Like Charlton Heston and Jack Lemmon, Ben had a good, solid reputation on TV before Hollywood discovered him. It happened this way. An actor friend of his wanted to make a screen test and asked Ben to appear with him in the scene. Willingly, Ben fed his pal the required lines.

Then Republic began casting "Thunderbirds." Producer-director John Auer had borrowed that test from another studio. Like the movie-goers who were later to see "Johnny Guitar," Auer found his eyes straying to the young man doing a supporting role. Ben had done a pal a good turn, but, ironically, it was Ben and not his friend who was signed by Republic.

The newcomer made five other movies, including John Derek's "The Outcast," before he won the lucky role as Turkey. Considering the country-wide popularity of "Johnny Guitar," Ben's happy to be cast in another Western, "Hell's Outpost." In this present-day story, he's a carefree Jack-of-all-trades. New England-born and New York-bred, Ben is still no tenderfoot, but an ardent horseman, often seen cantering around the Hollywood Hills on his own mount, Gypsy.

With bright talent to match his grin, he's ready to prove that all those sharp-eyed fans know a star when they see one. Incidentally, he's a fancy-free bachelor.
I dreamed I was a living doll
in my *maidenform* bra

*In a dream of a bra: Maidenform's exciting new Prelude* bra in embroidered broadcloth. Also in stitched broadcloth or embroidered nylon flocked. From $2.99.
Both hands of Mrs. Janice Mulcahey were soaked in detergents. Only her right hand was given Jergens Lotion care. The difference is remarkable! We believe this is the most important skin news in years.

Found: A positive way to stop "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Recently, 447 women spent many weeks looking for a way to stop "detergent hands."

Three times a day, they soaked both hands in detergents. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to their right hands. Their left hands were not treated.

The results were astonishing. In 3 or 4 days, left hands were roughened, red, even cracked and bleeding. Right hands were smooth, unblemished, soft, and white!

Many other lotions were tested the same way. Not one proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. Not even 100% lanolin did better (no hand care has more than 15% lanolin).

The famous Jergens Lotion formula, perfected over fifty years, positively stops detergent damage. This means it's ideal for roughness, chapping, and all the hand problems a woman has to face. It's your guarantee of romantically lovely hands.

If you haven't tried Jergens Lotion lately, now is the time. You'll find it a heavier, creamier lotion, with a pleasing new fragrance. It's never sticky or greasy. And it's still 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Jergens Lotion positively stops "Detergent Hands"
HOLLYWOOD
PARTY LINE
BY EDITH GWYNN

THE TWO BIG PREEMS of the month followed each other by one night. Scarcely gave the glamour-dolls time to change duds! First was not truly a premiere, but it might as well have been, judging from the stars who turned out (most of whom had seen it before—as who hasn’t?) and the reaction of all to the all-time great “Gone with the Wind.” Now it’s even more wonderful in its wide-screen revival. The scent of magnolia blossoms filled the forecourt of the Egyptian Theatre—the entire place had been decorated with the beautiful blooms. Also part of the “decor” were the ten Academy-Award Oscars the picture had won in various categories when it first came out! Fifteen years ago Cammie King, then four, played Clark Gable’s little dotter. On this starry night, Cammie King, now 19 and complete with her best beau, Bart Burnap, acted as hostess for the festivities! Shirley Temple (with hubby Charles Black) was only eleven when first she viewed “Wind,” but this time round, Shirley’s a movie star who is still resisting movie offers. She wore a stunning halter-necked, clinging gown of white crepe and sported a huge diamond pin. Clark Gable wasn’t there—but The King got the biggest audience hand of all when his handsome kisser first appeared on screen. That figgers!

Momma still doesn’t approve of Pier Angeli’s romance with James Dean, but that didn’t stop ‘em from being a two at the show. Screams and shrieks, my eah, greeted Liberace when he showed up in his white suit, white shoes, black heeled tie and cummerbund! He brought his sister Mrs. Anson Cole, Jane Powell and Pat Nerney (natch!) who admitted they’ll be marrying any minute, the Howard Keels, Thomas Mitchell, Guy Madison, Greg Peck, Jiffon Webb with his mater, Gene Kelly and his lovely Betsy, who wore a wedding outfit patterned with Chinese symbols, Jon Hall and Linda Danson, Bob Stack bearing Rosemary Bove, Bob Dix with Luana Lee, Melinda arkey with Dick Anderson, Suzan Ball and Dick Long, the Ronald Reagans—and of course, producer David Selznick—were in the throng. Jennifer Jones presented David with a baby girl the next day. We wondered that night if she’d be called Scarlett?

Few hours, it seemed, later, Hollywood Boulevard was ablaze with lights and fancy people again when a pluzzy mob descended on the Paramount Theatre to enjoy Alfred Hitchcock’s thriller, “Rear Window.” This time the biggest hand went to someone on the way in to the theatre—and I do mean lovely Grace Kelly. She was on Oleg Cassini’s arm—and the utter simplicity and taste of her getup smartly outshone the most elaborately gotten up fashion plates! La Kelly’s blond hair was combed softly up and away from her face—and uppish in back. Her gown was black, with snug-fitting bodice, full skirt. Top was V-necked and low in front, trimmed with a huge white collar that fell over her shoulders, dropped low in back where it was cut square. Grace’s only jewelry was large pearl, button-type, earrings. Anne Baxter was wearing a full-skirted white gown, criss-crossed across the bust into a halter-neck, and oh, so low in back. This was topped by a tiny matching jacket with elbow-length sleeves. Anne was also wearing a diamond ring on one of her toes—very much in evidence through her sandals.

Other shenanigans included an impromptu performance by Georgine Darcy, who is Miss Torso in “Rear Window.” Georgine insisted on doing the same dance out in the street that she does in the picture! Zsa Zsa Gabor, in flowing chiffon with flowing blue scarf, posed in the foyer, while lover-boy Rubirosa eyed the passing parade of pretties. Aldo Ray eyed Zsa Zsa, then asked someone, “Who is that blond over there?” Cary Grant persuaded Betsy Drake, who never wants to attend premiers, to go to this one. She looked lovely in black lace—and a gorgeous diamond pendant. Rosie Clooney was

(Continued on page 23)
More fabulous than the tales of the Arabian Nights
...more exciting than the travels of Marco Polo...
more spectacular than the splendors of Kubla Khan!

WALTER WANGER'S

The Adventures of
HAJJI BABA

Photographed with the revolutionary new anamorphic lens in
CINEMASCOPE

Color by DELUXE Laboratories

Who's HAJJI?

Hajji was the most romantic barber (and masseur) who ever lived, the joy-boy of every beautiful babe who ever lost her veil, the hot-shot of every harem from Isphahan to Istanbul!

JOHN
ELAINE
Derek • Stewart

with AMANDA BLAKE • THOMAS GOMEZ • ROSEMARIE BOWE
Directed by DON WEISS • Screen play by RICHARD COLLINS • Music written & directed by DIMITRI TIOMKIN
Produced by Allied Artists Pictures Corp.
Released by 20th Century-Fox
In the Wonder of 4-Track High-Fidelity, Directional STEREOPHONIC SOUND

Hear NAT KING COLE
sing the nation's newest song hit—
"Hajji Baba"!
in black lace, too. Jimmy Stewart and his Missus got a tremendous hand; so did Kirk Douglas and bride, Anne Buydens. Others glimpsed: the Brod Crawfords; Jose Ferrer; Vera-Ellen, in slinky black, with Richard Gully; Jerry and Patti Lewis; Joan Crawford in bouffant white, with Chuck Walters; Lori Nelson with Perry Coe; Marla English in a black lace number cut down to there! She was with Larry Pennell. Caught a look at Joanne Gilbert and Pat Crowley (Pat in a fluffy dress of bright pink)—but not their escorts. Marisa Pavan was with Perry Lopez; Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger—and oh, scads more turned up.

Now to that dinner-dance at the Dean Martins, who had a hundred “over to the house,” provided a seven-piece danceband. sumptuous food, put their guests at individual flower-laden tables for ten—and “wrapped the whole thing up” in a pink-and-white cellophane tent to match the flowers on the tables! After dinner, Jerry Lewis ran one of those crazy home-movie features he’s always making. This one was called “Confidential” and consisted of intimate interviews with a lot of chums, many of whom were at the Martins’ that night. Jeanne Martin wore a luscious white gown, with a long stole of lime-green satin. Patti Lewis was in white lace. Lana Turner with Lex Barker, beauteously blond again, was in a short evening gown of black lace and chiffon; Vera-Ellen, too, was in chiffon and lace—gray chiffon and gray lace. Bing Crosby brought tall, blond Betty Ute—but he left early. The Gordon MacRaes were there, and the Forrest Tuckers.

(Continued on page 91)
When are you really grown up?

There was a time when you wanted things to prove your maturity...like high-heeled slippers or the key to the front door. But all these hard-won privileges seem unimportant when you're really grown up. Then you make your decisions because they're best for you—not just to prove a point.

Take sanitary protection, for example. Almost every girl, every woman, who uses the internal method has made the grown-up decision to adopt it because she honestly believes it's best for her. She may have learned about it from a friend, from her doctor or from a Tampax ad. But basically, she has weighed the advantages of Tampax herself. Here they are: (1) Tampax prevents odor from forming. (2) Tampax is both invisible and unfelt when in place—does away with the whole belt-pin-pad harness. (3) Tampax is easy to dispose of. (4) Tampax is so small, month's supply slips into purse. (5) Tampax can be worn in tub or shower. (6) Wearer's hands need not even touch the Tampax.

Tampax is available at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Unpredictable Shelley and Farley keep tongues busy. Can they pick up where they left off?

For Dragnet's Jack Webb and Dorothy Towne, recent denials haven't dimmed those torches

Grace Kelly, Oleg Cassini only have eyes for each other, but are things as romantic as they look?

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

The increasing signs of a real altar-bound romance for Betty Hutton and Alan Livingston, since Alan publicly admitted a divorce in his family may be in the offing. Betty's been on the bounce and go so much that her attachment was one of Hollywood's better-kept secrets, but an announcement before Christmas wouldn't amaze anybody who knows the score... About Grace Kelly and Oleg Cassini and how Oleg's having to buck the most dangerous of all rivals—career. Whisper is that he's already figured in one joust—Gene Tierney's career—and been unhorsed, so if he and the glamorous Gracie do finally make it to the hitching post, ole debbil Career will still be the Guest in the house. Meanwhile, both he and Miss Kelly, according to the best Hollywood precedent, scoff merrily at the gossips and aver with one voice: "Marriage? Why, we're not even thinking about it!"

About the likelihood that Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher will reach the Mr. and Mrs. stage before 1955 is very old. After Eddie went to Europe in midsummer, Debbie definitely gave the heave to the local wolfpack, refusing all dates that might have been construed as romantic pairings. Although these two have known each other casually for more or less five years, things didn't become really serious for them until last summer... About Victor Mature's recent suspension from 20th and his still-more recent separation from wife Dorothy, which everybody thought was just another family spat. But it was a lot more serious, for Dorothy, after six years of marriage, is talking divorce... About Gloria De Haven's uncontested divorce from wealthy New York realtor Martin Kimmell... About Olivia de Havilland's plans to become Mrs. Pierre Galante, with the tying of the knot appearing more and more remote—but you never can tell with Livvy, Sy Bartlett, for whom she made "That Lady" in Spain, writes from London that she's never been more radiant... About
whether June Haver, as many will tell you, has already written fins to her acting career to devote herself exclusively to Fred MacMurray and the youngsters, who are crazy about her.

About the analysis made by Luis Donzisquin, the much-feated Spanish bullfighter, of Ava Gardner. Speaking through interpreter Annabella—Tyrone Power's ex—he said: "Depend on one thing about Ava. If she ever marries, it will be for love alone." The famed matador, who is one of the most fascinating and interesting Latinos ever to sojourn in Hollywood, had the money-conscious film capital winging when it learned that his fee in the bull ring is thirty thousand American dollars for each appearance. At those prices, small wonder he brushed off movie offers.

About Julia Adams' confiding to intimates: "Maybe in the next year or so I'll retire and become a Florida housewife as Mrs. Ted Williams—make a home run, so to speak."... About the wiseacres who predicted that Gary Steffen would remarry long before Jane Powell found a new mate following their matrimonial bust-up. They reckoned without the persuasiveness of Pat Nerney...

About the whirlwind round of attention bestowed by Johnnie Ray on his ex-bride Marilyn Morrison as summertime waned into autumn, which set the whisperers whispering almost out loud that this pair might try it again. "We just like being together," says Marilyn. "Johnnie's really a wonderful guy."... About the torch that Jack Webb and Dorothy Towne are carrying for each other despite all denials... And about shilly-shallying Shelley Winters' frank confession, putting the lie to all other romantic gossip about her: "The only man I'm in love with is Farl," meaning Farley Granger. "And as for Vittorio Gassman, I can't even remember what he looks like." Which recalls that it was while she was seeing Europe for the first time with Farley that she first met Vittorio in Rome. Incidentally, look for a new Shell when Charles Laughton's "Night of the Hunter" reaches the theatres. "That man can haul acting capabilities out of me that I never suspected I had," she tells you very happily. She got the job with Laughton because he remembered how beautifully she played Portia and Ophelia in his Shakespeare classes.
Your skin feels soft and smooth as a rose petal.
Once reported in love with the Oscar she received for "The Bad and the Beautiful," Gloria Grahame decided that Cy Howard was a nicer man to have around the house.

**WHIRLWIND WEDDING**

It's courtesies that are traditionally conducted in whirlwind style, but that meant nothing to Gloria Grahame and Cy Howard. They spent more than a year and a half courting; then, over one breathless weekend, Gloria became Mrs. Howard.

A producer-writer in movies and TV, Cy was one of Hollywood's outstanding eligibles. Gloria, too, has a special distinction: as much acting ability as sex appeal—and plenty of both. At the beginning of last year, the Grahame-Howard duo already seemed serious. But the two were in no rush for the altar. Cy had been married once, to pretty Nan Wynn. Gloria looked back on broken marriages to Stanley Clements and to director Nicholas Ray. From her second marriage, she had a son (now eight), whose happiness she had to think about earnestly.

Engagement rumors began to fly late this summer, while Gloria locationed in Arizona for "Oklahoma!" She and Cy issued denials; he created further confusion (deliberately, perhaps) by dating other girls. But one Saturday the pair showed up at Santa Monica's marriage-license bureau. They were married next day at the Beverly Hills mansion of the groom—who was so nervous that the ceremony took place an hour ahead of time. Even the honey-moon was whirlwind. The newlyweds had to cancel a cruise to Hawaii and settle for a few idyllic days at Carmel, before being summoned back to work.

**Blue Swan's Be-Ribbed... Beguiling Set**

- Featuring shimmering yards of Nylon satin baby ribbon and "fine touch" embroidery on Nylon tricot
- Sizes 32-40
- Pink, white, blue, black — about $8.00
- White or black — about $6.00
- Matching half-slip, bedjacket, brief and flare panty

Blue Swan 350 Fifth Avenue New York 1
makers of Suspants, Minikins, Frillikins, Moldikins
As long as you're dating your ex-wife all the time, why don't you re-marry her? I asked Johnnie Ray. I had cornered the Nabob of Sob on the set of Irving Berlin's "There's No Business Like Show Business," in which he's co-starring with Marilyn Monroe, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor, Dan Dailey and Ethel Merman. It's Johnnie's first movie. He was nervous. An assistant director was signalling him to get back before the cameras for a scene with Marilyn. But I had him by the collar. "I'm traveling all the time," said the Tearful Earful. "You can't make a marriage if you're on the road nine months out of the year." "You're not traveling now," I countered. "This picture has a six-month shooting schedule and you'll be stuck here in Hollywood for months. Come on, Johnnie, why don't you marry the girl?"

Director Walter Lang was having some trouble with the next set-up. So the assistant gave Johnnie a green light to relax for a while. The Squealer's Delight shrugged his eloquent shoulders. "Okay," he said. "Let's go in a corner and talk about it."

Off in a corner of 20th Century's fabulous set the Cry Guy let his hair down and said, "It's true that I'll be in Hollywood quite awhile for this musical. In fact, this is the longest time I've ever stayed put anywhere. But it wasn't that way when Marilyn and I were married. We traveled then, for many months. We traveled all over the country: Chicago this week, Buffalo next, then Syracuse and then double back to Omaha. It was too tough a schedule for Marilyn. She wasn't always in the best health. I had to leave her behind some weeks, with only her sister to look after her, in towns where she was a total stranger. And then before and during the trying period when we lost our baby, I wasn't with her at all! It was just too tough for her.

"Marilyn needs companionship and a good deal of warmth and love and tenderness. I think I give her plenty of that—when I'm here. But it's not often that I am here, except for this present stretch, and it just isn't fair to ask a girl to join me in my kind of life. She doesn't like it, neither do I. And why get married when you and your wife see each other only once every three months? I don't want that kind of marriage.

"So here we are, making this big movie here in Hollywood. What happens now? It's my first picture. If I'm a success in it and can make this my home base, I'll stay in Hollywood. Then we'll see how it works out.

"Meanwhile I've been dating no one else but Marilyn during my stay here. I love the girl. I have no desire to date anybody else. In other words, it's a case of not being able to live with her and not being able to live without her.

"There's so very much that goes into making a happy marriage. The most important thing, I think Marilyn and I discovered, was being together. We couldn't be together and that's why we broke up. It isn't fair for a man to ask his wife to lead the life of a gypsy, which is exactly the kind of life I'm leading now.

"If I thought we could be compatible insofar as my professional life is concerned, and mutually understanding of the demands of being in the limelight, I wouldn't hesitate a moment to seek a reconciliation with Marilyn. But right now I can't think about it. My career comes first, and Marilyn agrees to this, too. In other words, the public dictates my life. And if the public accepts me in this and future movies, so that I can make my home here in Hollywood and just travel a few weeks out of the year, then I will base my life here—with Marilyn."

Thus spake the Anguished Bard.
Here's an amazing, new lipstick achievement—a brilliant, bright, clear red that really stays that way on your lips...won't go dull or lifeless ever.

BRIGHT 'N CLEAR keeps your lips velvet soft...more youthful...smoother and lovelier hour after hour.
DEBBIE REYNOLDS agrees: Planning is the first step to happiness

Lovely DEBBIE REYNOLDS has learned that happiness doesn’t just happen. More often than not, it is the result of careful planning. And Debbie believes that a Lane Cedar Chest should be an important part of those plans.

A Lane Chest has a way of gathering fine linens and lingerie, and the girl who starts collecting them early will have more—and lovelier—things for the home of her dreams. What’s more, a Lane Cedar Chest will keep precious blankets and woolens fresh and sweet-smelling—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can!

Lane Chests are sold at most leading furniture and department stores. And here’s something worth thinking about: Just one nice garment saved from moths can pay for a Lane Cedar Chest!

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. P, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

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LANE CEDAR CHESTS

Over 100 styles and finishes. *$5.00 higher in the West due to higher freight costs—slightly higher in Canada.

Modern Console in blond oak with three sliding shelves for maximum storage convenience. Model #C-120. $79.95*

Stunning Modern chest in American walnut with convenient self-lifting tray. Model #3008. $59.95*

Space-Saver Chest. Ample storage, minimum floor space. In blond oak. Cabinet opens at top, drawer in base. #3100. $59.95*

18th-Century Chest in satin-finish mahogany. Full-length drawer in base and simulated drawers above. Model #2221. $79.95*

Unusually smart blond oak chest equipped with convenient self-lifting tray. Model #3081. $49.95.*

Attractive Chest of matched walnut with borders of zebrawood. Equipped with self-lifting tray. Model #3083. $49.95*
SOAP BOX:
I was in the middle of production on a picture called "Pickup on South Street" when one of the 20th-Century-Fox press agents came down to visit the set. "I've just seen the rushes," he told me. "And you, my girl, are going to be Hollywood's next sex queen."
I shuddered. "Not me," I said. "I refuse, thank you.
Furthermore, I'll always refuse this particular title. It's my theory that you don't have to be sexy to be sexy. Confusion? Well, let me explain. So many people seem to think the sex appeal in terms of sultry looks coming from beneath inch-
long eyelashes; half-closed eyes and half-open mouth: form-fitting, low-cut gown. Granted, the picture draws whirlies. But is it real? I don't think so.
Talk to a fellow like Bob Wagner, for instance. He'll tell you that as far as he's concerned there's nothing more glamorous to a man than a girl with a fresh, well-scrubbed appearance. Talk to a sophisticate like Clifton Webb and he'll tell you that a happy, well-adjusted outlook on life is what counts in a man's search for a fascinating woman.
A girl should make the most of her looks and personality, but the foundation for self-improvement comes in the form of the adage, "Be yourself." Let your sex appeal be subtle. You'll find it more effective.
JEAN PETERS

I recently saw "Magnificent Obsession" and wish to say that in my opinion U-I has never produced so great a picture with so fine a cast. Jane Wyman played her role beautifully (as she does all her roles). But what really surprised me was the way Rock Hudson and Barbara Rush handled their parts. I've never seen two such comparatively new stars give such superb performances.
I vote for more and better pictures for Rock and Barbara.
STEPHANIE WISE
Boston, Massachusetts

Mr. Brando is a genius... I'm afraid even Miss Monroe doesn't have enough equipment to hold her own with Marlon...
SONIA JENSEN
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

My husband and I were discussing some of the current movie actresses' style of dress and haircuts (?). Seems some are getting more masculine by the hour. It suddenly came to me why all who are males admire Marilyn Monroe. You can tell she is a woman! When will we women wake up!
A READER
Lafayette, Louisiana

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have always been two of my favorite personalities, but something happened this past weekend to make me like them even more.
. . . Saturday, a friend and I went to the El Capitan Theatre to see Dean and Jerry as they left the Comedy Hour rehearsal.
When Dean left about 9:00 he was very friendly and signed autographs and posed for pictures. Minutes ticked off, and it was 9:45 before Jerry appeared at the stage door. But he wasn't the same wise-cracking comedian I've seen in the movies. He could hardly lift his feet to walk to his car, and as he signed our autograph books, he spoke, "I've never been so tired in my life." He didn't even have an answer ready when his wife quipped, "That's the way I like to see you—bright, alert."
This was another Jerry—tired and serious, worried about the show. . . . I saw the show yesterday and the last nine minutes were ad-lib—very strenuous ad lib. After the show. . . . tired as he was, Dean signed over a score of autographs and posed for almost as many snapshots. But when the tall, slender Jerry left, the fans made room for him as he was helped to his automobile. "Which car is mine?" he queried.
As he left, the fans waved goodbye. I thought of just how much people like Dean and Jerry give for the people. . . . these boys, and all entertainers, deserve all the praise and respect we, their audience, can give them.
JUDY KLESTER
Los Angeles, California

I was shocked with the stunt Terry Moore pulled recently at Las Vegas in her night-club appearance. I have always thought of Terry as the "girl-next-door" type, but no girl next door would wear a dress like the one Terry appeared in. I think she wore it to get back at the people who made her leave her fur bathing suit at home. . . . and to get publicity. I think this is a cheap trick for a little publicity. . . .
TERRY MONDAREE
Des Moines, Iowa

I have just finished reading "Terry Can Take It" and see nothing about the cute fur suit that is sexy. Other Hollywood stars . . . can wear practically nothing and people don't criticize them. Why criticize Terry?
SHIRLEY and RENA
Brooksville, Florida

I simply must express my opinion of the picture layout on Debra Paget. . . . Who ever puts a pound of make-up on to step into a shower?
A PHOTOPLAY FAN
Bellefonte, Pennsylvania

. . . I have been patiently waiting for someone besides myself to notice the great resemblance between Cornel Wilde and Tony Curtis. Since no one seems to, I've decided to speak up.
MILLENCENT KAUFMAN
Dallas, Texas

Tony Curtis and Cornel Wilde: look-alikes?

I wish you would tell some of these directors to leave Bob Wagner's hair alone. It never fails—every time I see a movie with him they either bleach it or give him a permanent or a wig. Why don't they leave the poor guy alone?
DOROTHY DALTON
South Boston, Massachusetts

We're writing this, I know, for all the kids in Pittsburgh. We think Marlon Brando is the greatest that ever lived. We don't want him to change. We have had enough of actors such as Bob Wagner. All the cats around here are real crazy about Marlon. . . .
CHARLENE MASSOILI
LORRAINE MASON
McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania

I would like to say that in my opinion Bob Wagner doesn't have to worry in the least about becoming a star. . . . In my book he's already tops.
MARY McNALLY
Dallas, Texas
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Continued

Question Box:

After reading “Gone with the Wind,” which is one of the best books I have ever read, I was wondering whether it will be remade.

Sue and Rhonda Shapiro
Elmhurst, New York

Could you please tell me in what year the film, “Gone with the Wind,” was made? And what are the leading stars doing now?

Peggy Hoyt
Gainesville, Florida

Plans for a musical version of “Gone with the Wind” so far haven’t passed the talk stage—and may be further delayed by M-G-M’s official re-release of the original picture, a terrific hit in 1954, as it was in 1939. What are its stars doing now? Vivien Leigh (Scarlett) has recently been acting on the London stage, but Hollywood would love to lure her back. Clark Gable (Rhett) is starting his new 20th contract with “The Tall Men.” Leslie Howard (Ashley) was killed in a wartime plane disaster. Olivia de Havilland (Melanie), after long inactivity, is making a comeback in “Not as a Stranger.” ED.


didores

Roman Senate and People). ED.

Could you please tell me if Gilbert Roland played in “Red Garters”? If not, who was the actor that looked like him?

Marguerite McBride
Sweetwater, Texas

His name is Gene Barry. ED.

I would greatly appreciate it if you could tell me the name of the theme song from the movie “The Wild One.” Also, has it been recorded?

Marie Nicoletti
Mount Vernon, New York

Leith Stevens’ music for the Brandon film was recorded by Decca under the movie’s original title, “Hot Blood.” ED.

Could you settle an argument . . . Who played the groom in the movie, “Father of the Bride”? Cecily Johns
Wichita, Kansas

It was Don Taylor. ED.

I want to ask a favor of you. There are about 45 men in our motor pool and we all took a vote to find the most popular girl star or stars as it turned out. The winners were Audrey Hepburn, Terry Moore and Debbie Reynolds. Now all we need is their addresses so we can write to them. I hope you will help us out. A lot of us don’t get too much mail and it would sure help if we could write and maybe even get an answer from our dream girls.

Pfc. Robert W. Miller
C/o P.M. San Francisco, California

You can write to Audrey, c/o Paramount; Terry, c/o 20th Century-Fox; and Debbie, c/o 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 108, ED.
The young man walking down the crowded hot pavement was feeling eased with himself and, to tell the truth, he had every right to be. Here was back in New York, that wonderful town—his home town—on a personal appearance tour. He was liking on air. He felt tall enough to step down on the Empire State Building. What a way to come home: a new contract with the studio, his movies ing well and an enthusiastic reception from the fans that would make one happy.

The publicity people had mapped out every minute of his visit: breakfast interviews, guest appearances on radio shows, autograph parties—the whole works. But this one afternoon he had insisted was to be his, to do as he pleased. For these few hours, he left the excitement and excitement of the Times Square area to walk once more along the noisy, shabby streets of the neighborhood in which he had grown up.

Funny, how it looked the same—but how different he was. Suddenly, he was painfully aware of the fact that his clothes were new and expensive, and he was almost as self-conscious of his well-soled, polished shoes as he had once been of his tattered sneakers. Outwardly he had changed, but there was a stab of recognition inside as he passed the boys in the street playing Hacky Sack, as he saw the kids troop to the candy store, as he listened to the idle gossip of the mothers standing by the baby carriages in front of the apartment houses. He turned the corner and (Continued on page 37).
**Aida**  
Lovers of grand opera will find a rare treat in this rendition of Verdi's highly melodious classic. It's even calculated to please movie-goers with no special fondness for opera—there's not one heavy-weight diva in sight. Handsome and accomplished players act the leading roles, while outstanding Italian singers lend their beautiful voices to the sound track, in an excellent job of dubbing. Voluptuous Sophia Loren, with dusky make-up, is the captive, Ethiopian princess, loved by the young Egyptian general (Luciano Della Marra), enemy of her people. Lois Maxwell is majestic as the jealous high priestess, and Afro Poli cuts an imposing figure as the Ethiopian king. Aida's father, Though the arias are naturally all in Italian, between them a spoken English commentary explains the story. Rich color; lavish settings. **FAMILY**

**Shield for Murder**  
This slam-bang thriller starts right off with a cold-blooded killing. As a ruthless police detective, Edmond O'Brien murders a petty crook, robs him of $25,000, then claims the victim was shot while resisting arrest. When it becomes known that the cash (supposed to be delivered to a big-shot gambler) is missing, O'Brien falls under suspicion. At first, he's defended by his friend and grateful protegee, detective John Agar. O'Brien's fiancee also remains loyal. In this role, her first lead, dark-haired Marla English shows wistful appeal. **FAMILY**

**High and Dry**  
Here's an ingratiating comedy in the whimsical British manner, with Paul Douglas' stoutly American voice sounding among a swirl of Scottish accents. He's a wealthy businessman who wants a load of modern household appliances delivered to his newly bought castle in Scotland. The pupil,Evelyn Keyes, who got the role, by Alex Mackenzie, tipping skipper of an ancient "puffer"—a shallow keeled, barge-like little boat. Douglas goes into action when he hears that this beat-up craft has actually managed to get stuck on a subay! By hired plane and by taxi, he chases the puffer on its leisurely course, finally getting aboard in a hopelessly short time. The most amusing part is Douglas' last-minute rescue of the American speed and efficiency. Little Tommy Kearing is delightful as a very junior member of the puffer's crew. **FAMILY**

**Cangaceiro**  
It's fascinating to see how our southern neighbors go about making a Western. Produced in Brazil, this vigorous tale of adventure has the general outline of an American horse opera, but a totally different atmosphere. In the days when the outlaw (the cangaceiro of the title) ruled the backwoods, leader Milton Ribeiro and his bandit army ravage a country town and kidnap the lovely schoolteacher (Marisa Prado) for ransom. Suffering a combined attack of conscience and love, a handsome young outlaw (Albe Ruschel) risks his life in a wild attempt to take the girl back to civilizaition. Striking shots of faraway wide open spaces and the strains of Brazilian styles accompany the chase and the rapturous romance. **FAMILY**

**The Steel Cage**  
An off-beat sort of prison picture, stars Paul Kelly as the famous Ward Duffy of San Quentin, with Mauro O'Sullivan appearing briefly as his wife in the partly-shot film. In the first episode Walter Slezak is a master chief likely to resort to violence when his cooking is criticized. The second has the suspense you expect of a behind-the-bars story, with John Ireland and Lawrence Tierney and convicts planning a prison break. And third proves the most interesting. Kelly, too, little opportunity in movies, Ken Tobey makes as a cynical artist, living life for a crime of passion. As an innocent new chaplain, Arthur Franz suggests Tobey to refurbish a chapel made of the Last Supper—with shocking result. All three stories would have looked better if handled with more imagination. **FAMILY**

**Human Desire**  
A mournful story of infatuation in Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame and Bil- erick Crawford in a fateful triangle of ex-GI returning to his job as a railroad engineer, Brod, also a rail- way man, has an uncommandable temper and too-youthful wife (Gloria). When Cra ford murders his wife's former lover, Gloria is forced to help cover up the crime, and Glenn, struck by his sudden emotional attraction toward her, is driven into the scheme. So the stage is set for more bloodshed. Kathleen Case has a pallid role as the sweet girl who will, for Glenn's deliverance. **FAMILY**

**The Detective**  
Alex Guinness' delicate comedy role is nicely suited to the role of Fang Brown, eccentric English priest who's hobby is playing detective. In this quasi-mannered British movie, he's pitted against our old friend the debonair national crook, master of disguise. Peter Finch is bravely attractive as Alec's father. He's a valued crook, but Alec is interested less in recovering the loot than in saving the soul of the thief. Joan Greenwood gives cool charm to the role of a high-born lady who uses her treasures as bait. **FAMILY**

**Africa Adventure**  
Well-covered by movies in recent years, the continent of Africa again takes the star role, this time in a record safari made by columnist Robert C. Rusk. Its foreword promises an unusually realistic picture of life on the jungle trails, so it simply delivers, in amiable and blazing fashion, more shots of the wild life, along with humorous details of everyday living on safari. **FAMILY**
slowly strolled toward the movie theatre where he had so often longed to enter... and so seldom had the price. Suddenly he was catapulted back through time. Standing in front of the theatre were two young teenagers. He recalled, vividly, times when he had wanted to go to the movies as much as they did now.

And then one particular memory hit him with all the impact of the years in which it had lain hidden. He saw himself as a boy again, coming to a decision, running to his apartment house, urgently entering his mother's room and rummaging through her well-worn purse, extracting one of the rare quarters that never stayed there for more than a few hours. Then he raced back to the theatre, paid the admission and hurried in—only to learn that the magic of the movies cannot erase feelings of guilt and shame. He remembered the hours searching for bottles in trash cans, to make up that quarter.

He remembered the boys from this block who had begun by stealing pennies, or quarters, and had moved on to more profitable areas of operation. An overpowering feeling of gratefulness shook him free from his memories.

In New York, anything can happen. Maybe that's the reason why the two teenagers in front of the theatre didn't show any special surprise when their admission into the theatre was paid for by the stranger—TROY CURTIS.

THE END

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A wonderful guy to talk to, says Shirley

Adapted from Shirley Thomas by Hollywood on NBC radio in the Pacific Coast area at 3:30 P.M., P.S.T., Mondays. Also to "Shirley Thomas Reports" on NBC radio in the Pacific Coast area at 4:30 P.M., P.S.T., Mondays.
ABOUT MRS. LESLIE—Wallis, Paramount: Shirley Booth’s charm and superb acting in a rambling love story in which she recalls her affair with a married man (Bob Ryan). (A) August

ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE—111; Pathéster: Dan O’Herlihy is the famous castaway in a strong, completely believable version of the desert-island tale. (F) August

APACHE—U.A., Technicolor: As a proud Indian warrior who won’t accept defeat with the rest of his tribe, Burt Lancaster’s a realistic, unglamorized figure. So is Jean Peters as the girl sharing his outlaw life. (F) August

BETRAYED—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Exciting if not too convincing thriller of World War II. Lana Turner, Clark Gable, Vic Mature are Dutch underground agents. (F) October

BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH, THE—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Tony Curtis attains knighthood to avenge his family, save England, win Janet Leigh. (F) October

BROKEN LANCE—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Unusual drama of discord in a Southwestern family. Cattle baron Spencer Tracy browbeats his eldest son (Widmark), favors his youngest (Bob Wagner), whose romance with Jean Peters brings on a crisis. (F) October

BULLET IS WAITING, A—Columbia, Technicolor: Too talky suspense film. Rory Calhoun, alleged killer, and sheriff Steve McNally invade Jean Simmons’ isolated ranch. (F) October

CAINE MUTINY, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Good acting gives power to the filmed best-seller. Van Johnson, gouged by Fred MacMurray, leads the mutiny against a psychotic Navy captain (Humphrey Bogart). (F) August

DAWN AT SOCORRO—U-I, Technicolor: Slightly pretentious Western. Rory Calhoun tries to retire from gunfighting and rescue Piper Laurie from a life of sin. (F) October

DEAD IN THE JUNGLE—Warners, Technicolor: Vivid African backgrounds outline a routine melodrama. Dana Andrews, Jeanne Crain track a man who faked his own death. (F) October

FRANCIS JOINS THE WAGS—U-I: A safarno lands Don O’Connor in an all-WAC unit, but the talking mule helps him lead the girls to victory in mock battle. Affable fun. (F) October

GARDEN OF EVIL—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Lusty action, magnificent Mexican locales. Cooper, Widmark and Susan Hayward seek gold, fight Indians. (F) September

HELL BELOW ZERO—Columbia, Technicolor: Against authentic backgrounds of today’s whalers in the Arctic, Alan Ladd investigates the death of Joan Tetzel’s dad. (F) July

HER TWELVE MEN—M-G-M, Anscocolor: Greer Garson teaches at a boys’ school, makes a romantic choice between Bob Ryan and Barry Sullivan. Sentimental, humorous. (F) September


HOBBOS CHOICE—U.A.: Warm, witty British comedy. Pompos Charles Laughton bullies his three daughters, gets his comeuppance from the eldest (Brenda de Banzie), after she marries John Mills. (F) September

INDISCRETION OF AN AMERICAN WIFE—Columbia: Unusual drama, shot in Rome. Tony Curtis marries his divorced wife (Montgomery Clift). (A) May

JOHNNY DARK—U-I, Technicolor: Lively yarn of sports-car racing. Aided by Piper Laurie, Tony Curtis designs a striking new-model car, races it himself. (F) August

JOHNNY GUITAR—Republic, Technicolor: Joan Crawford’s the dashing, gun-toting heroine of a wildly offbeat Western. Sterling Hayden helps defend her gambling house. (F) August

KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Bright pageantry. George Sanders as Richard; Rex Harrison as Saladin, gallant Joe; Laurence Harvey, Virginia Mayo as young lovers. (F) October

LAW VS. BILLY THE KID, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: More legend than history; Scott Brady as a glorified outlaw. (F) October

LITTLE KIDNAPPERS, THE—Rank, U.A.: Delightful story of Nova Scotian settlers. Two of his barn boys are adopted by their next—grandpa, Adrienne Corri’s a wishful heroine, in a forbidden romance. (F) October

LITTLEST OUTLAW, THE—Disney, Technicolor: Pleasant child-and-animal yarn, filmed in Mexico. Young Andres Velasquez steals a beloved horse that’s been mistreated. (F) October

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION—U-I, Technicolor: Moving personal drama. Rock Hudson’s a playboy who, blaming himself for Jane Wyman’s blindness, becomes a dedicated surgeon. Barbara Rush and Gregg Palmer also do a tender love story. (F) October

MR. HULOT’S HOLIDAY—G-B-D: Mad, totally plotless French film, recalling silent slapstick comedies. Everything goes wrong on Jacques Tati’s shore vacation. (F) September

ON THE WATERFRONT—Columbia: Smoking melodrama of the racket-ridden dock near New York. Marlon Brando serves the gang, then fights it, influenced by Eva Marie Saint and Karl Malden. (F) September

PUSHOVER—Columbia: Tough, crisp tale of crime. Hunger for money and for Kim Novak, a bandit’s girl, makes detective Fred MacMurray go wrong. Phil Carey stays straight. (A) October

RAID, THE—20th; Technicolor: Excellent, fast-paced Civil War film. Van Heflin leads fellow Confederates in a prison break and attack on a North Vermont town. (F) October

REAR WINDOW—Paramount, Technicolor: Ingenious thriller. Wheelchair-bound James Stewart spies on city neighbors, suspects one of murder. Grace Kelly’s his sweetheart; Wendell Corey, a detective. (F) October

RING OF FEAR—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Mickey (himself) Spillane tracks down a homicidal maniac as Clyde Beatty’s circus goes through its routines. (F) September

SABRINA—Paramount: Audry Hepburn’s a charmer as a chauffeur’s daughter in a slender comedy-romance. Bill Holden’s a playboy; Bogart a stuffy Wall Streeter. (F) October

SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Anscocolor: Detectable, unusual musical. After frontier farmer Howard Keel brings home a bride (Jane Powell), his brothers all want wives, too. (F) September

SUDDENLY—U.A.: Frank Sinatra’s a psychopathic gunman hired to kill the President of the U. S.; Sterling Hayden, a doughty local cop. Moderate degree of tension. (F) October

SUSAN SLEPT HERE—RKO, Technicolor: Debbie Reynolds sparkles as a "delinquent" in the temporary care of writer Dick Powell. Preposterous but amusing. (A) October

TANGANIKI—U-I, Technicolor: With Ruth Roman and Howard Duff, Van Heflin tracks down a crazed jungle dictator (Jeff Morrow) who has stirred an African tribe to war. (F) August

UGETSU—Harrison and Davidson: Strange, beautiful Japanese film about peasant families caught in ancient wars. (A) October

VALLEY OF THE KINGS—M-G-M; Eastman Color: High adventure, filmed in Egypt. Bob Taylor, Eleanor Parker look for a Pharaoh’s lost tomb, also sought by robbers. (F) September

VANISHING PRAIRIE, THE—Disney, Technicolor: Fascinating documentary, showing drama, comedy and violence among wild creatures of America’s great plains. (F) September
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Dear Readers:

This is a letter of thanks! Thanks from a couple of grateful screwballs to the several thousand readers of Photoplay who took time from busy schedules to write letters asking Dean and me to please remain together as a team.

We couldn't attempt to put into words the deep feeling of gratitude we feel toward Photoplay and its readers for their response to the wonderfully warm story Maxine Arnold wrote concerning our problems and the possibility that Martin & Lewis were on the verge of splitting up as a team.

That story and the flood of letters that followed did more than any one thing to make us realize how foolish and petty our imaginary grievances were.

There have been reams of copy written purporting to tell the "Behind-the-Scenes" reasons for our so-called feud, but so far none of them have even approached the truth. The simple truth is this! It all started when Dean called me an imbecile. I told him to prove it and that's what we fought about. He did!! What's more we were very content with Dean being the romantic type and me being my normal idiotic self but when Marilyn Monroe picked me as one of the ten sexiest men in Hollywood, the Italian street singer flipped. He screamed bribery, fraud and demanded Marilyn be psychoanalyzed since no one in her right mind would consider me anything but an escapee from the booby hatch.

To wax serious again, we once more humbly thank our well-wishers for giving us the finest milestone in the careers of two very grateful guys.

Our warmest regards to all
Shooting star: Carlos Thompson lives alone in an isolated canyon home and loves it—but he isn’t being a hermit—just hunting!

Fish story—with proof: Kathryn Grandstaff and Marla English at Sun Valley, with activities director Don Anderson

Sporting Guys and Dolls

Water ways: Jeff Richards and his bride Shirley have been in the swim ever since they met—practically live in the water.
Iron man: Gordon MacRae is so crazy about golf, he takes his clubs with him even if he’s on location in a cornfield.

Net work: Tab Hunter wasn’t taking any chances with movie career when he went on Lake Placid holidays, tennis, skiing.

Ski stunt: Wife Evie didn’t rise to Van Johnson’s lure when he wanted to teach her the art of skiing on water

Cal York’s Gossip of Hollywood

INSIDE STUFF

Sports of the Stars: Enthusiastic Robert Taylor introduced Ursula Thiess to his favorite spot and sport when he taught her how to fly-cast at Jackson Lake, Wyoming. Back in Beverly Hills, merchants got a big boot out of impatient Ursula and Bob shopping for Christmas-tree ornaments in mid-summer! Builders promise the happy couple their new home will be ready to greet Santa Claus . . . And while we’re getting settled, rugged, romantic Carlos Thompson finally found a place for his gun collection. It’s a small, isolated house in beautiful Topanga Canyon, and here’s some sad news for Hollywood’s lonesome ladies. Carlos, who’s written three books (in Spanish) is about to begin his fourth. So his telephone’s fixed for him to call out, but no one is able to get a call through to him!

Gals and Skis: With boyfriend Bud Pennell on location, lonesome Marla English took off on a fishing trip with starlet Kathryn Grandstaff. The fragile fisherwomen learned how to bring in the big ones from Don Anderson, outdoors-activities director of Sun Valley, Idaho . . . But no one had to teach water-skiing to nautical-minded Jeff Richards and the former Shirley Siber. They met, married and honeymooned at Cypress Gardens, Florida, then rented a house at Manhattan Beach, California. Jeff and Shirley, who spend every weekend on their small boat, still aren’t water-logged! . . . Neither is Van Johnson, super water-ski man who promised his Evie a diamond bracelet to learn the sport. Land-lover Evie said no! Late summer reservations at favorite Lake Arrowhead were made by Van before taking off for Europe.

Sight of the Month: Big he-man Gordon MacRae breaking in long curly hair, Levis and high-heeled “Oklahoma” boots on the golf course at Lakeside! Ever-present clubs went along with Gordy to picture’s location site in Nogales, Arizona—“Just in case I come across a flat green spot in the cornfield!” You certainly have got to admire Tab Hunter for turning down $30,000 worth of acting roles in three pictures. Instead, he packed his tennis racket away in moth balls and took off for Lake Placid to brush up on figure skating. “The parts weren’t right for me,” confides Tab. “I’ve just finished two wonderful pictures, so why jeopardize the spot I’m in?” Why indeed when you have Tab’s looks, his talent and his acting ability and you’ve saved your money—as he has! (Continued on page 96)
"What's going to happen tomorrow?"
I used to worry.
Until I realized I was letting life go by. So...

TODAY—I'M LIVING IT UP

BY BOB WAGNER

I came across Terry Moore in the studio commissary one lunchtime a number of months ago and she was looking pretty thoughtful. "One of the magazines wanted me to write a story about you, R.J.," she told me. "But I just couldn't do it."

"Why, Terry!" I teased. "And after all the things they say we've meant to each other!"

"But they wanted me to tell about the serious you," she grinned. "How could I? I've never seen you when you weren't on top of the world. I'll bet you were even born smiling."

That's me—the original laughing boy! Or so you may have heard. However, there are two sides to every story—even the one Terry didn't write.

If I give the impression that I'm enjoying life every minute, it's strictly on the level. I am. And when I say it's a gift, I'm not being flip. The ability to make the most of each day is a gift given to everyone. It's our job to learn to recognize it—to take advantage of it. I'll be the first to admit that it isn't always easy. I'm a fellow who knows and, more often than not, I've learned the hard way. (Continued on page 105)
When his beloved wife died, Fred MacMurray retired from public life. But he came out again for June Haver.

Arlene Dahl knew what she was doing when she let Lamas slip away once. Absence made his heart grow fonder!

Kirk Douglas liked to play but not, it seemed, for keeps. Until Anne Buydens appeared—and settled this playboy!

Don't know what it is about 1954, but it doesn't take a crystal-gazer to figure out that it's been a bull year in the Matrimonial Market! Hollywood has lost some of its best bachelor holdouts to marriage, and others are teetering on the edge of the Great Decision. Let's look at the record . . .

Who'd have taken any bets that the playingest boy of the playboys, and I do mean Kirk Douglas, would end up married to Anne Buydens? All, in the same year he'd dented young Pier Angeli's heart, caused a merry widow in Palm Beach to announce she was throwing over Jack Dempsey because she loved Mr. Douglas and ended up carrying on a courtship right under Hollywood's unbelieving nose. His midnight elopement with Anne Buydens to Las Vegas is history now, but if confirmed bachelors are going to carry on this way, how can we columnists fill our columns?

And Robert Taylor. He'd been dining publicly with Ursula Thiess ever since Barbara Stanwyck divorced him. But he was seen with Barbara just as much. On the old theory that there's safety in numbers, most of us had relaxed with the notion that Taylor didn't mean business in the marriage mart. But, whoops my dears, all of a sudden he turns up married to Ursula and happy as a sandboy with his new bride. He's even ready to settle down to
Adam passed up Paradise because of Eve.
And the live-alone-and-like-it guys
are still following in father’s footsteps!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

GOOD MAN IS HARD TO GET!

Bob Taylor dated others and the columnists relaxed.
But they underestimated the charm of Ursula Thiess

Marlon Brando (with Rita Moreno on “Desiree” set) may
be hard to catch—but he’s showing signs of weakening

domesticity in a new house he’s building for the new Mrs. Arlington Spangler Brugh, which is Robert’s real name. And something new has been added to his outlook. He says he wants children, lots of them. Good for him, and good for Ursula.

Fernando (Continued on page 86)

John Wayne’s experiences made him more wary of marriage. But Pilar has what it takes to take this he-man
She fell head over heels in love—and landed in seventh heaven.
It took someone like Jeanne Crain to make it her permanent home

• "If you know within your heart you are absolutely right about the way you should live your life—then go ahead, against all opposition, and live it!"

This is what Jeanne Crain says. This is what Jeanne, with all her heart, believes.
This is the way, against all opposition, Jeanne has lived and is now living her shining-with-happiness life.

Ten, going on eleven years ago when Jeanne was just beginning in pictures (a bright beginning), she met and fell in love with Paul Brinkman and was warned against marrying him by her parents and by her studio. There were headshakings and ominous predictions concerning her happiness and her career, neither of which would be long for this world if she persisted in this folly.

Today, ten years later, Jeanne remembers and is gently amused.

"Paul was not particularly the One," she smiled to me one day, "as far as my family was concerned. I could see his wonderful qualities. I knew. But Paul had been sort of a playboy, I guess, and he was an actor—which was certainly not the type of man my (Continued on page 98)
Nothing he does can surprise his parents. They've been expecting things to happen ever since he was born!

getting to know Purdom

- It was with a somewhat hazy notion that the typical English schoolboy must fall into one of two categories—either he is like Little Lord Fauntleroy or Oliver Twist—that I made my way to the suburban home of the Charles B. Purdums in search of facts concerning the childhood of their suddenly famous son, Edmund.

To my astonishment, the Purdums’ comfortable red brick house in the new town of Welwyn Garden City, some twenty miles north of London, bore no resemblance to Fauntleroy’s mansion or Twist’s tenement. It might, in fact, have been on a residential street in, say, Des Moines or Cincinnati or Hartford. Mrs. Purdom proved to be a motherly, friendly soul who promptly established me in a chintz-covered armchair in front of a crackling fire. As I sipped a cup of tea and chatted with this pleasant, middle-aged pair, hectic Hollywood and the meteoric rise to fame of Edmund Purdom seemed far more than just six thousand miles away.

I was equally astonished at the complacency with which his parents remarked on Edmund’s stroke of luck—his overnight emergence (Continued on page 88)

BY MARThA BUCKLEY

Edmund Purdom, in costume for “The Egyptian”
A few weeks ago, my daughter Dixie—better known as Lori Nelson—missed out on a good role because the producer couldn't picture her as a tomboy.

Lori was terribly disappointed, but I had to struggle to keep from laughing right out loud. Lori is and always has been more of a tomboy than anything else, and for a long time I was positive she would never become a lady.

It is easy to see why the producer didn't think of Lori as a tomboy because she certainly doesn't look like one. Rather she seems to be a little Dresden doll—demure, shy and so very fragile. But nothing could be further from the truth!

I'll never forget the afternoon—she was about nine or ten—when I was looking for her on the empty lot behind the house. I didn't see Lori, but I finally spotted a group of her girl friends huddled in a circle, dis-
In those frilly petticoats and dainty dresses, Lori looks and acts like a lady. But there are still times when Mom isn’t sure the lady is for real!

A deceptive doll, Lori can take care of herself—she’s an expert at judo!

One problem Mom never had—daughter Lori was always popular with the boys.

(Continued on page 81)
He's a lucky baby! Timothy Patrick with his parents, Ann Blyth and Dr. Jim McNulty.

The silver angels on the wall seemed to be dancing in the sunlight. Timothy Patrick McNulty chuckled—and his chubby arms and legs beat a wild tattoo on the soft pillows in his crib. Now a big, bouncing boy of four months, little Tim is a happy baby—with the look of the Irish. And well he might have—for there's a bit of both in the two people who are his world—tall Dr. Jim, his dad, and his dark-haired mother, Ann Blyth, whose lovely face has the look of being close to heaven these days. "The most wonderful thing in the world," Ann calls little Tim. And every day she thanks God for this small bundle of heaven. "When Tim was born," says Ann's beloved Aunt Cissy, "we had to tickle his feet to keep him awake while Ann fed him." But not any more. "He's growing so fast," moans Ann—the love of her baby shining in her eyes.

It's a happy home, the McNultys—and there isn't a happier woman in Hollywood than tiny Tim's mother, Ann Blyth.
Leslie Caron’s fringed bangs, hair brushed severely back from her face, emphasize her elfin charm.

Mitzi Gaynor keeps her hair looking casual and natural with vigorous brushing.

Audrey Hepburn stays boyishly beautiful with close-cropped hair, but this is not for older faces!

Take GLAMOUR To

Hollywood lets you in on the secret of what the stars do to create those sensational head-lines.

- “The Hollywood stars have such beautiful hair,” Susan, a teenage neighbor of mine, remarked one day, “What girl wouldn’t love to have hair with that sort of glow. You know so many of the stars, is it an illusion? If not—how do they get it?”

  No, not an illusion, for to the human eye as to the camera’s eye, the hair of the Hollywood stars—despite long hours each week sitting under dryers and working under the burning, hair-drying Klieg lights, despite the bleaching and the dyeing—does have the lustre, gloss and glow admired by Susan and thousands of her fellow teenagers.

  “After dyeing my hair time and again, picture after picture for almost thirteen years, you would think,” says Lana Turner, “that I wouldn’t have one hair left.”

  You would think so. Yet Lana’s hair is as luxuriant and shining-soft today as in her early teens before she began to dye!

  How to have hair like the Hollywood
Your HEAD

beauties on this page? This is the question.

For the answer, I went to the Hollywood experts who take glamour to the heads of the Hollywood stars—and keep it there. Notebook in one hand, pencil in the other, I talked with make-up directors and hair stylists at Paramount, 20th Century-Fox and Universal-International Studios. On a few minor points, the experts disagree, as we shall see, but on the importance of a frequent shampoo for (Continued on page 102)
The Rory Calhouns have six happy years together to prove that

- Mr. and Mrs. Rory Calhoun, of Beverly Hills, California, have some very peculiar ideas about marriage. About their marriage, that is. They believe, for instance, that a man and his wife ought to prefer each other's company to that of anyone else in the world, bar none. They also believe this should be just as true ten years after the wedding day as it is ten days after it.

In addition, it is their firm belief that the first person singular, I, is a word best used sparingly in marriage; we is vastly preferable. These beliefs, they believe, will help them, God willing, to celebrate their golden-wedding anniversary.

Not that Rory and Lita Calhoun are stuffy about their opinions. You never saw two more relaxed and casual people. They're even shy about discussing their rules for a good marriage. "We don't want to set ourselves up as experts," Rory says. "We're not. We're just a gal and a guy that happen to feel a certain way about each other. Always have. Always will." His eyes, of that startling shade of greenish-blue, meet Lita's limpid hazel ones. "We're old-fashioned, I guess," he says simply.

Maybe this is one way in which it's better to be old-fashioned than modern. Certainly, watching Rory and Lita together, talking to them, getting to understand their two widely different personalities, you...
opposites can be lasting attractions

know that after six years of marriage they are still supremely happy. More important, you feel that there can't possibly come a time when they'll lose that happiness. It's so darned solid, their marriage, like a well-built, well-planned house. You might conceive of something shaking it, but never of anything actually tumbling it.

Yet, about seven years ago, it would have been hard to find two people more obviously unsuited to each other.

There was Rory—lonely, unsure of himself, doubtful of his fellow-man, not even certain that he would like to make acting his career. Born F. T. Durgin, he was black Irish, with all of the Irishman's mercurial temperament, moods and restlessness. His father a seaman, was drowned when Rory was but nine months old. His mother later married again, and Rory and his stepfather became good friends. Yet the boy must have felt some sense of insecurity because even at ten years old he used to leave his home in Santa Cruz for long, solitary rambles in the hills. Taking along a knapsack, .22-rifle and his (Continued on page 107)
LOVE IS A COURSE IN WISDOM

A very clear-eyed little girl can once again face the future.
For when Jane Powell lost her heart she found herself—and a new love

Jane Powell hummed as she put olive oil on the steak and skewered the ends together so it would fit comfortably on the broiler. One last glance at the refrigerator to see that the salad was chilled and in to kiss young Jay and Sissy good-night.

They were still asking for one more glass of water as the doorbell rang. Handing the glass to the nurse and giving each youngster a quick peck on the cheek, she rushed to open the door.

Actually, this rushing of preparation for dinner hadn’t been any different tonight than it had been on many nights during the months previous. Pat Nerney stood at the door as he had done on many another night. Jane greeted Pat and took his hat to the closet as she had a hundred times before. Life was nice; Pat’s company comfortable; the children happily laughing their way to sleep in the other room and dinner practically ready to put on the table. Jane should have had an inner feeling of excitement, some premonition of what the evening held for her—but the plain truth is, she didn’t.

It wasn’t until Pat (Continued on page 84)
Cyd Charisse, as a teenager, danced her way through Europe and the U.S. with the Ballet Russe, later taught ballet—won her way to fame dancing with Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly.

Ann Miller’s dancing won the attention of Lucille Ball—and a movie contract. In “Stage Door,” with Ginger Rogers, Ann tapped into the limelight—and has been there ever since.

With the rising popularity of ballet, Hollywood’s taking stock of its dancing daughters—and rediscovering a lot of hidden treasures! Stars are dusting off their dancing shoes—ready and able to prove their terpsichorean talents. Others, like Debbie Reynolds, Jane Powell and Jean Simmons are taking ballet lessons—for, as Ginny Mayo says, dancing is great for every girl whether or not she plans to make it her profession. And the chance to dance with such greats as Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly keeps these belles busy on their toes!


Taina Elg danced through Finland into Sadlers Wells Ballet. Actor Mel Ferrer took her to see "Lili" in London. A studio executive saw her—now Taina's on her toes in Hollywood.

Colleen Miller was dancing at three, made it her career at fourteen, competed for "Miss America" title when she was sixteen. Now in movies, she's waiting for chance to dance.

Rita Moreno studied with Rita Hayworth's uncle, Paco Cansino. She danced in two films, then went into dramatic roles. Rita's still hoping to get back on her feet!
On April Fool's Day, 1932, a spirit of mischief was born. And the warmth and gaiety of Debbie Reynolds has been tickling the heart of the world ever since!
five "monsters" heckled a happy Debbie—an impish brother and four stalwart uncles. Her report card speaks for itself. School was never dull for teacher in Debbie's day! First date—a box of candy, a five-cent matinee and Debbie's beau went home broke!

Baby Deb never cried—but, says Mom, she never stopped making a noise!

Home, sweet home in Burbank. The family has lived here fourteen years.

For you, these are the green years—and no young star deserves them more.... You're an April Fooler. You were born on the day that's dedicated to laughter, but in a depression year when there was little laughter in the land. Growing up, you have one desire—to make faces happier and hearts lighter, wherever you are.

You're enshrined in the mind of every son of Uncle Sam. You're the girl-next-door—to all that means Young America. Your laughter and your saucy sparkle endear you today to every family.

You believe in "lucky stars." And yours is guided by a faith as simple as it is strong. Your faith—that your lucky star will guide you only as long as you deserve it.

You were born under a lucky Lone Star, where the hot Texas sun beats down on the sleepy Rio Grande, "El Paso," they call it south of the border. The Pass. And you followed your lucky star through that pass and into a magic land of laughter and escape. A land where Fate must have willed you to be—and where you reach millions with your happy message.

Your star was watching over you, even before you were born. During fateful hours, and weeks, when medicine's skill battled for your mother's life, Debbie Reynolds, and for your own.... In March 1932, along with many others, your father.
The little bungalow has a pool now—to entertain old friends and new. And Mom's clever fingers are kept busy—no need now for Deb to wear made-over dresses!

With "Singin' in the Rain," Deb moves into star ranks, wins Photoplay '52 Award for her acting

Raymond Reynolds, a carpenter, has been laid off by the railroad. He works wherever he can. He's working now for a dollar a day, a 14-hour shift—at a filling station. Your parents and your two-year-old brother Bill live in a little two-room rock house behind the station. During the hot summer months they sleep under a canvas shelter outside. During the winter there's an old gas heater—that begins leaking deadly fumes. One day near the time when you are due to be born, your mother is rushed to the Masonic Hospital, overcome by the fumes. For a month doctors battle carbon-monoxide poisoning that threatens both of your lives.

They win. And on April 1 you arrive.

Your name is Mary Frances, and as your mother Maxene Reynolds says,
you're born with a permanent smile. 

"Frannie never cried. She made her noise after she was big enough to talk—and she hasn't stopped since. However, she made a distracting sound then, a happy gurgling 'Ooohhhhh'—that went on all the time. Her brother would say, 'Make the baby shut up.' But when she got quiet, I'd know she was into something and then I'd really have to run. Still, she slept a lot, and today she can still fall asleep any time . . . and just about anywhere. This I've heard her explain with, 'My mother was gassed before I was born. I was born sleepy, and that's why I've been so sleepy all my life.'"

You were born wide awake, too, and yours is a happy-hearted clan, no matter how tough the times. You have your family celebrations, even on a Thanksgiving when there's nothing in the cupboard to celebrate with, as your mother recalls. . . .

"Even if we didn't have a nickel, we managed to observe holidays and family birthdays some way. My mother would say, 'The kids won't remember whether they wore mended clothes, but they will remember the fun they had.' It wasn't always too easy. We took in washing for awhile; Dad worked for the WPA and we lived with my parents for two years after Frannie was born. Sometimes we couldn't afford a Christmas tree, but we'd manage some way to see that Santa Claus didn't disappoint them—even if the bike was secondhand. One Thanksgiving Day my husband took his gun and went out hunting for a rabbit for dinner. He came back with a turkey instead. He said it was a wild turkey, but I've always suspected that it came off somebody's farm. We picked buckshot out of that turkey for a week."

Yes, your dress may be mended but you grow up with many memories of warm family fun. You also grow up surrounded by five monsters, your mischievous brother and four uncles, who heckle you. In kindergarten you love to play with the beautiful life-sized Shirley Temple doll that's there. You have no doll like that at home. But out of necessity you're early skilled in skinning a cat and catching a fast baseball, too. You knock yourself out trying to keep up with the boys. If they climb a tree, you have (Continued on page 109)
PHOTOPLAY
GOLD MEDAL
AWARDS BALLOT
FOR 1954-55

In 1920, PHOTOPLAY magazine made its first Gold Medal Award. Now, for the first time, we are giving you, the readers, a chance to participate directly in selecting the outstanding male and female performers and the outstanding film of the current year.

The ballot below gives you the chance to register your opinion. Remember, your votes will determine the final awards.

As a guide to selecting your favorite stars and movies, we are listing, on these two pages, the movies released this year and the names of the featured players.

Vote for your Favorite Stars and Movie of 1954

BEST FEMALE PERFORMER

BEST MALE PERFORMER

BEST FILM OF 1954

Mail your ballot to PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS, Box 1291, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. Ballots must be received no later than December 10, 1954. You need not sign your name—but do mail your vote today!
MOVIES OF 1954

About Mrs. Leslie
Act of Love
Adventures of Robinson Crusoe
Americano, The
Apache
Barefoot Contessa, The
Beat the Devil
Beau Brummell
Bengal Brigade
Big Rainbow, The
Black Shield of Falworth, The
Brigadoon
Broken Lance
Caine Mutiny, The
Carnival Story
Casanova's Big Night
Command, The
Country Girl
Creature from the Black Lagoon
Dangerous Mission
Deep in My Heart
Demetrius and the Gladiators
Desiree
Dial "M" for Murder
Dragnet
Drum Beat
Easy to Love
Eddie Cantor Story, The
Egyptian, The
Elephant Walk
Executive Suite
Flame and the Flesh
Forever Female
Francis Joins the WACS
French Line, The
Garden of Evil
Glenn Miller Story, The
Green Fire
Hell and High Water
Hell Below Zero
High and the Mighty, The
His Majesty O'Keefe
Hobson's Choice
Hondo
Indiscretion of an American Wife
It Should Happen to You
Johnny Dark
Johnny Guitar
Jupiter's Darling
King Richard and the Crusaders
Knights of the Round Table
Knock on Wood
Little Kidnappers, The
Living It Up
Long, Long Trailer, The
Lucky Me
Ma and Pa Kettle at Home
Magnificent Obsession
Man with a Million
Men of the Fighting Lady
Money from Home
Miss Sadie Thompson
Naked Alibi
Naked Jungle, The
Night People
On the Waterfront
Paratrooper
Passion
Phffft
Prince Valiant
Purple Plain, The
Pushover
Rear Window
Red Garters
Rhapsody
River of No Return
Rob Roy
Rose Marie
Sabrina
Saskatchewan
Secret of the Incas
Seven Brides for Seven Brothers
She Couldn't Say No
Son of Sinbad
Star Is Born, A
Student Prince, The
Suddenly
Susan Slept Here
Thee
This Is My Love
Three Coins in the Fountain
Track of the Cat
Vanishing Prairie, The
Vera Cruz
Walking My Baby Back Home
White Christmas
Wild One, The
Woman's World
Yankee Pasha
Young at Heart

Vote Today. Choose your Favorite Stars
and Movie. Mail your Ballot Today!
At a party, following completion of her film. The new Judy has learned to laugh at herself—to appreciate, at last, her great ability as an actress.

Out of anguish, tears and determination a picture was born. But the greatest story is not on film. It is the story of a woman’s struggle against age-old fears—a story of Judy Garland’s greatest triumph.
the Clouds with Sunshine

The close-cropped, dark head of Judy Garland barely showed against the lighted screen of the projection room as she wiggled farther down into her seat. The credits flashed by for her latest motion picture, "A Star Is Born," and she twisted a little nervously in the theatre seat. Beside her sat Sid Luft, her husband and the producer who had staked his all on the fact that his wife, the woman he believes in so thoroughly, is the greatest performer of this generation.

The studio personnel in the projection room were tense—on this picture they had invested more than six million dollars and over a year of shooting time. It better be good! The picture opened and you could feel the tension ease as the audience began to forget themselves. Suddenly, over the sound track, came the sound of Judy's gay voice. Holding her sides, she was joining the others in the projection room in laughter. As the scene ended, she said over her shoulder, "I know this is terrible; I shouldn't be laughing at myself—but it's so funny it just slays me!"

The most important allies in Judy's fight against fears have been her love for her children (Lorna, above), the never-failing encouragement and understanding of her producer husband, Sid Luft.

There is also a sadness in "A Star Is Born" that has the quality of a lonely child's tears. Judy, watching, sobbed quietly. Then as the tender love scene with James Mason came on, she exclaimed: "Watch this part! Oh, that Mason, he's great! Just great!" Finally at the end, the men who knew they had a great motion picture on their hands, heard her turn to Sid and say, "You know, I wasn't aware I was watching me. I

As a team, Sid and Judy are unbeatable—he has made a career out of guiding her great talent.

Continued

BY BUD GOODE
Judy’s Painting the Clouds with Sunshine

Continued

completely forgot I was looking at Judy Garland.”

Sid smiled gently at Judy and his face grew even prouder as he watched her receiving the compliments of the studio people. For Sid, as well as everyone else present, knew what a complete triumph this statement had been for Judy. After these brief two and a half hours of seeing a rough cut of “A Star Is Born,” Judy Garland had given the first sign that she had an inkling of her own greatness, the first sign that she was beginning to appreciate her own abilities—her statement was the outward sign of confidence in herself, confidence in the Judy Garland who has for thirty-two years increasingly lived with fear.

Just when this pattern of fear first began in Judy, perhaps even she couldn’t tell you. There is little in her early childhood to indicate the complex, sometimes troubled, sometimes hysterically happy woman Judy was to become.

At the time Judy Garland was born Frances Gumm (her father had expected her to be a boy), the Gumm family consisted of Mary Jane, seven years old, and Virginia, two. Judy’s mother Ethel and her father Francis were owners and managers of the New Grand Theatre in Grand Rapids, Minnesota. As time came to obscure the events of Judy’s childhood years, people came to assume that Judy had been raised by a vaudeville troupe practically out of a theatre trunk. This isn’t true. Ethel Gumm was playing the piano in a vaudeville house when Francis Gumm met and married her, and for two years before Mary Jane was born, Francis sang and Ethel played the piano in vaudeville houses. But when Mary Jane was on the way, the about-to-be parents bought their theatre and settled down to raise their family.

Judy first sang on the stage at her father’s Christmas program. She sang “Jingle Bells” and stopped the show. After this performance, Ethel, who loved the theatre, started training Judy just as she had trained Judy’s sisters before her. By the time Judy was five, Virginia seven and Mary Jane twelve, the Gumms had a (Continued on page 74)

Scenes from the picture “A Star Is Born”

James Mason as Maine, Judy as Esther. “That Mason—he’s so great,” said Judy.
The producer and the star. For Judy, her marriage to Sid Luft is a real-life love story that spells success.

"Lose That Long Face" number  
Singing "Gotta Have You Go, with Me"  
A star is acclaimed—Judy, in Awards scene
dancing and singing trio who could stop anyone’s show. But it wasn’t until Judy was almost thirteen that the Gumm sisters came to be known to vaudeville.

A couple of years before this event—one that was to lead Judy to the entrance of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—the fateful decision had been made by Francis and Ethel to sell the New Grand Theatre, pack their two-seater Ford and with Granny Milne head for Los Angeles. There it was planned that they would buy another theatre in one of the small towns near the movie capital. It was at this point that perhaps fate, in its own peculiar way, tried to interfere—the night the Gumm were to leave, all the money they had been saving for their trip was stolen. Perhaps in that hour of indecision, fate was rooting for the small town, far from the heartbeat and troubles that were to descend in Hollywood.

In Lancaster, California, Francis Gumm managed his small-town theatre, and a few months later, the family was to move to Huntington, and Judy, along with her sisters, was to take up her regular schooling. Ill health plagued Francis Gumm and funds were soon running low as the depression years continued. Ethel Gumm worked out a routine for her daughters and soon they were entertaining wherever they could get an appearance to help with the finances of the family.

Then one night the Gumm sisters “wowed ’em.” It was the night of a civic banquet at the Biltmore Hotel in downtown Los Angeles. The crowd loved them and they couldn’t tear themselves away from the stage until nearly midnight. Ethel, at the piano, gracefully handed over the girls’ first check to Mary Jane, the oldest. The check was for $1.50. The adulation that took place that night, however, was far richer—with it came inspiration and Ethel and the girls decided to try their luck on a nationwide tour.

On a bus to Denver, three excited young girls and a worried mother who had left an ailing husband behind planned and schemed and dreamed of the glory—and the money—that would be theirs. And this trip was truly to be different. There were triumphs in Denver; disappointments in Chicago, when their agent refused to handle them with a try at the Oriental Theatre—but, in turn, again the magic touch from the hand of fate helped out when a drummer at the Oriental tipped Ethel to a booking that fell through and the girls were hired as substitutes! The Gumm girls gave their all and the audience gave them applause and curtain calls. And a man by the name of George Jessel said it was too bad they’d be famous and be called the “glumms” or whatever by reviewers. He picked the name Garland from the Chicago columnist Robert Garland. And Frances became Judy, Virginia, Jinny and Mary Jane took the name of Suzanne. Complete with their new names they toured to Denver, Kansas City and then back home to father. Summer was at hand and the next booking was fabulous Lake Tahoe where the girls could work nights and rest days under the mountain sun.

Lake Tahoe’s Lodge customers liked the Garland sisters but nothing much happened until the fateful day when Ethel piled the girls and their baggage into the family car. Jinny left her red hat box in the lobby in her hurry to respond to Ethel’s pleading to get going. Judy, being youngest, was sent back for the box and it was at that moment that song composer Harry Axt, composer of “Dinah,” introduced Judy to an agent.

Back in Los Angeles, and once again settled at home, the three girls began their more normal kind of existence—normal, that is, until about a month later when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer called the Garland home to find out about a girl called Judy whom they had heard could sing. Francis, Judy’s father, was home and Judy was out mowing the lawn. He took Judy to the studio as she was and she sang. She sang her heart out with that natural zing that has since sent her soaring to the heights. Hearing her, Ida Mae Koverman, then Louis B. Mayer’s beloved secretary, called Mr. Mayer on the telephone and asked if he could take time out for an unusual experience. He did. And Judy walked out of the studio with a seven-year contract. Her father was at her side. This was in October. In November, Francis Gumm died, leaving a disconsolate Judy to face her future.

Money worries beset the family and Judy, now a serious young lady with a pixie face, worried right along with her mother. When a check came from the studio each Friday, Judy, naive and more than a little uneasy, would debate each week whether or not to cash it. Both Ethel and Judy felt that the studio would want Judy to pay the money back when the bookkeeper found out that she hadn’t done a lick of work for it. Finally, the studio wheels turned and Judy was called for her first role, to be followed soon after by a second, and finally she was set by Mervyn LeRoy as Dorothy in “The Wizard of Oz.” Jinny by this time had married and Suzanne had settled down to keeping house. Life couldn’t have been pleasanter with Judy singing and dancing her heart out, financial worries over, and fame and even more of a fortune waiting around the corner.

When then did fear take over and happiness escape just beyond Judy’s fingertips?

Some say it started way back in her teens when Lana Turner was the sweater-girl darling of the Metro lots and Judy felt she was the ugly duckling who couldn’t compete with such beauty. She wasn’t even certain of her ability to sing and dance—consequently she’d spend fatiguing hours working and reworking the simplest (Continued on page 93)
This month's Photoplay Fashion Award goes to two of the prettiest young "informals" destined to glide across the dance floor this coming holiday season. Left: May Wynn, who will next be seen in Columbia's "Violent Men," appears in sophisticated black velveteen, embroidered with tiny rose buds and fashioned in new holiday proportions. Flared skirt has its own taffeta petticoat.

7-15. In blue, black, red, purple, brown Merrimac velveteen. $39.95. Who says opposites don't attract? Black crepe top and creamy taffeta skirt mix and mate to form the perfect dancing partner for Columbia's Lucy Morlow, soon to be seen in Warners' "A Star Is Born." The skirt's underscored by taffeta petticoat. 7-15. $29.95. Gowns by Claudia Young of Young Modes. Ingber bag.

Photographs by Christa at Ambassador Hotel's Palm Court
Off to a good start are Paramount's Marla English of "Rear Window" and Dick Allan of 20th's "The Egyptian." Marla is wearing a delustered aqua satin strapless with softly flared waltz-length skirt. The fitted bodice is carefully adorned with tiny rhinestone buttons and overlap bow. 8-16. Also in red, emerald, peacock, blue, pink. $45. Fred Perlberg, La Tausca pearls, Magid bag. Loose-fitting, milium-lined gray wool coat, Printz Biederman. $69.95. Also in red, royal teal, tan, cognac, black, moss. All stars wear nylon tricot petticoats by Mojad. Dick wears tuxedo by FORMAL WEAR INSTITUTE.

A pretty girl in a pretty gown and Paramount's Pat Crowley takes a quick last look before answering the door. Circling tulle skirt is held out wide on its own tulle underskirt; a zipper's behind the form-fitting velvet top. 8-16. In black with pink white underskirt. $49.95. Fred Perlberg, Kayser gloves.

IT'S TIME TO GO FORMAL
It's a lucky you to find yourself with an invitation to a formal. For the gowns this season are wonderful things. Shorter in length, as you may have noticed, twice as full—all the better to dance in—their whole purpose in life seems to be to accent a young figure, highlight it with a splash of lively color.

Above: Paramount's star Joanne Gilbert shows why black has become a favorite of the younger set. Here, a black embroidered taffeta dinner dress with velvet-accented midriff, 7-15, $30. Campus Juniors. Kramer jewelry. Right: Bare back, bare shoulders, tiny waist, swirling skirt . . . reasons why Paramount's Fran Lansing finds this a perfect party formal. Of pale blue net over nylon tulle with colored-sequinned bodice. Also in pink, white, aqua, champagne, black. 7-15. $69.95. Kay Selig. Escort Dick Shannon, of Paramount's "Run for Cover" in tuxedo by FORMAL WEAR INSTITUTE.

She'll be so proud, the girl who receives a Bulova 17-jewel "Goddess of Time," 4 diamonds, expansion band, $71.50 with tax.

For Him: Bulova's "23" jewel self-winding watch, shock-resistant, water-proof with bracelet-type leather band, $85 with tax.

For Where to Buy turn to page 101
IT'S TIME TO DRESS UP FOR
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

Party plans mean dressing up. Miroslava of U.A.'s "Stranger on Horseback" wears a two-piece suit of black wool jersey that takes its shape from a matador's. 8-16. Also in red, turquoise, camel, olive green, gray. Blouse, $8.95; pants, $14.95. By Jeanne Campbell for Sportwhirl. Ciner Jewelry

Date night! Take your cue on what to wear from Mona Freeman of Warners' "Battle Cry," who chooses a coordinated top of orange wool jersey, teams it with a fully lined quilted skirt of patterned white cotton, with blouse-matching cummerbund. Blouse, $10.95; skirt, $17.95. 7-15. By Ilene Rickey

Gang's coming? Miroslava suggests slipping into long red velveteen lounging pants, practical because they're washable. 10-20. Also in black, blue. $10.95. Shire-Tex slacks by Davenshire. Cotton print blouse in white with red/gray; brown/aqua; navy/gold. 30-38. $3.98. By Ship'n Shore. Fashion belts

For moderns with taste; on page 78 (left), The Waldorf, Zenith's 21" TV, hi-fi Radio, Phonograph combination, in limed oak veneer with exposed oak solids. At right, the more conventional RCA cabinet-style, large screen TV. Left on this page, Admiral's giant 21" TV—the Del Monte—in mahogany finish. Below: Emerson's TV table model on revolving wrought-iron stand
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IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE
driving down Ventura Boulevard toward Studio City when our car started to sputter, vibrate and shake. Finally it came to an ignominious stop near one of the main intersections.

Lori got out, raised the hood and tinkered around the motor with parts I can't even describe.

Just then, a couple of high-school or college boys walked up, and seeing Lori bending over the engine nearly died laughing! The bigger one sounded very generous and very manly when he offered to take a look at the engine for her.

"No, thanks," said Lori. "I'll manage." "If you don't trust him, I'll be glad to call a garageman," his pal suggested.

"That won't be necessary either. It's all done," said Lori. As she climbed down the hood, climbed back into the car, dusted off her hands—and started the engine.

When we took off, I couldn't help overhearing one of the fellows say, "Well, I'll be damned!"

In raising Lori, I had only one big problem. But it was one which continued for almost a year and a half: She became so ill we were afraid of losing her. When that happened, Lori and I decided common sense went out of the window. She had just turned seven when she came home from school one afternoon with a chin fever and a sore mouth.

At the time an epidemic of trench mouth was spreading through the valley schools and that's what we thought she had. Since we had just moved to California from New Mexico and didn't have a physician of our own, we got in touch with the city health doctor and he denounced the trench mouth and thought Lori might have gotten it from drinking raw milk.

The next day Lori felt worse. We took her back to the doctor. This time he diagnosed her symptoms as typhoid fever, the following day as diphtheria and the day after as small-pox.

By the fifth day—after five different diagnoses and we were desperate, Lori was so weak she could hardly move or talk. We called another physician, but he refused to take us when he found out we had already contacted the city health doctor. "He's his patient," he said. All our pleading was to no avail.

Really desperate now, we called the Children's Hospital—only to be turned down. This time because my husband was employed.

Something had to be done, and quickly. Robert was furious, almost beside himself, with worry, and wrapping Lori in a blanket, dressed her in her little doctor's costume and had us *suggested*, she was one of our patients. He walked straight into the doctor's office and demanded Lori be treated.

Lori, it turned out, had a serious blood infection which might have been fatal if it had been left untreated much longer. In addition, rheumatic fever had set in, which added a second danger to an already precarious situation.

The doctor wanted to send her to a hospital, but at my insistence he let me take care of her at home. As a nurse, I was able to give her the care she needed.

The little girl, despite my constant attention, knew it would be more pleasant for her at home.

It took Lori a long time to get well. For a year and a half our lives centered around her. To look after her I gave up my job. We took her out of public school and hired a private teacher. Her every wish was our command. I knew this wasn't good for her education, but it was necessary to her health.

Probably the hardest task in those days was to keep her from participating in sports. She was allergic to the outdoors and it was necessary to prohibit exercise of any kind, and although Lori loved all sports, she had to sit and watch her little pals having fun playing games, while she moved slowly and cautiously around her. It was harder on my husband.

Lori cried lots in those days. To divert her thoughts, I gave many little parties with cakes and ice cream for the neighborhood.

Yet two things quickly became apparent: Lori was rapidly becoming spoiled, and she was becoming overly dependent on me. Some corrective measures had to be taken.

My decision to send her back to the local grammar school after she had been at home so long was one of the most difficult in her life, and the handicaps she faced. It was like sending her out into the world, all alone and unprotected. Actually it was worse than it had been on her very first day in school.

The one and only happy one. The year that followed was the most unhappy period of her life.

Having been away so long, she had a lot of readjustments to make. All the things I had done for her, she suddenly had to do for herself. She was unable to participate in most outdoor activities, which all of her friends were doing, and
she never liked indoor things. This made her feel “left out.”

To make matters worse, it so happened that during this same difficult time another girl, one of the leaders of a group that was later expelled, tried every way to humiliate Lori, usually by starting “chants” about her inability to participate in any of the activities. Lori came home in tears day after day, my husband and I knew something would have to be done.

We went to see the principal, who called the trouble-maker into his office. “Why did you start those chants?” he asked her. “I don’t know,” she said.

“You must have had some reasons.”

“Well, I guess it was fun to see her cry.”

Children can be cruel without meaning to be so. The principal knew that my husband and I did so I did. But how were we going to explain it to Lori?

At home that night, I had a long heart-to-heart talk with her. “The more you cry, the more the other children will tease you. But if you show them you can take all they can hand out and still come back for more, getting after you won’t be any fun.”

The following day I sent her right back to school.

But it didn’t work out. The particular group kept after Lori, and although she fell for tears—successfully, most of the time—the step on her was so tough that I decided to take her out of public school once more. This time, instead of keeping her at home, I sent her to a parochial boarding school.

The sisters were wonderful to her. Under their close supervision and with the encouragement my husband and I could give Lori when she came home on weekends, she learned quickly and did well enough that we could finally send her back to public school again, this time permanently.

Lori’s struggle to regain complete confidence took some time, however, and her inability to make the same progress over class continued to crop out unexpectedly now and then.

During one of her earlier pictures, for example, she talked me up one day, crying so hard into the phone that she had to repeat herself three times before I could have lunch with her at the studio.

So on this day we drove on the lot and, accompanying me to the set, briefed me on what happened. “The director scolded her and she broke into tears,” he explained.

My sympathy was all with Lori. “She told me he was awfully rough on her,”

“...he wasn’t rough on her at all,” said Rock, who had gone through the same thing with you. “I’d like me for saying this, but I think Lori’s been spoiled after being around people who have worked with her. So far, every director has handled her with kid gloves because she’s the baby of the lot. It’s not fair for her to be in this business.”

“I couldn’t help agreeing with him.”

When I entered Lori’s room, I found her surrounded by her hairdresser, her makeup man and a couple of other attendants, all working on her—and thereby making her feel all the more sorry for herself.

It seems the director had criticized her in a rather strong manner for a slow wardrobe change and Lori had burst into tears—which ruined her make-up. The director was furious. “I give you just five minutes to get your face made up again and back on the stage,” he ordered.

It had taken as a result the director to sit her down again, and again Lori cried, but this time she gave her fifteen minutes to get back. This was where I came in.

“Remember when you were a little girl, Lori, and the children made fun of you? The more you cried the more they teased you!”

And for the first time in years I became hard. “Now you wipe off those tears and don’t let them get to your head!”

And when anyone yells at you, yell back!”

My advice may not have been ladylike, but that wasn’t important at the moment. It must be to be effective. Lori’s whole new adjustment went on from there.

“When are you supposed to be back on stage?” I asked.

“I have another ten minutes.”

“Be there in five!”

She was. Moreover, she strutted on stage with all the self-assurance of a marine. When she faced the director, his mouth fell open in surprise.

“Well, what are we doing for?” she demanded.

He still didn’t believe what he was seeing.

“I have slower’n molasses,” Lori laughed.

“Let’s get with it.”

That’s when the director walked over to Lori, put his arm around her and gave her a hug. “That’s the spirit I wanted all along!” he said.

Thereafter they became the best of friends and worked as smoothly together as either could have wished for.

Through this little incident Lori overcame the biggest hurdle in her life. Thereafter she never again lost her self-confidence. Instead, every time something like that happened, she conquered it, and each time she grew up a little more, gaining more and more of the assurance she had needed so badly.

One problem I never had with Lori; lack of popularity. At least not with boys! That’s one reason why I can never understand the many complaints she has about her timidity, to her shyness. Maybe it comes from the fact that she’s not as much of an outgoing or aggressively social person as people may think her to be. That doesn’t mean she’s at the other extreme—withdrawn and shy and afraid of people. If that was the case, she could not be as popular as she is.

In school with the exception of the year after her sickness, she always had more dates than free evenings, often to the regret and concern of her father and myself. We would have much preferred to see her study a little harder—and get better grades.

Of course, like most young girls, she was always in love. Her first real crush, I LORI'S WIFE — October 24 — Vol. 24, No. 24 — UNITED NATIONS DAY

“...war would be inevitable if the United Nations disappeared.”

—Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., U. S. Representative to the United Nations

UNITED NATIONS DAY

October 24

“...war would be inevitable if the United Nations disappeared.”

—Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., U. S. Representative to the United Nations

At the same time, she gives neither her self nor the fellow who has the chance to get to the point of asking her.

She has no preconceived idea of what she wants in a man, other than that he is kind and loving. Let her continue her care for the little ones and accept her “as is,” without wanting to change her into a different person.

But she doesn’t seem anxious to find him, anyway, probably not having to much fun being single. This way she doesn’t have to date Tab Hunter, of whom she is fond, Rock Hudson, Bob Kenny and all the dozen other fellows she dates more regularly.

So far, both my husband and I have approved of all the fellows Lori has dated, with only one exception.

I don’t like a fellow who is always so emphatic about having Lori home by a certain time. This particular young man thought always covered by convincingly disregarded our wishes almost every time we asked him to bring her home.

We never told Lori to stop seeing him. That wasn’t the way we brought her up.

But it didn’t take her long to find out that this young man merited little respect from us, and in the end she decided not to date him anymore.

For many reasons we haven’t told Lori how to lead her life. We think it’s better to let her make her own decisions, to give her freedom, and to find and every way to treat her as an equal.

That’s the nicest part about our relationship: We are pals, all of us. We don’t do things for one another out of obligation—these things being things we want to do them. There’s nothing to personal to be discussed, and everyone has an equal voice in all decisions that concern us. The latter sometimes leads to confusion between us.

A few months ago, just before we moved into our new home in North Hollywood, we had come to an agreement about everything—doorknobs, house-lighting, house-interior as well as interior—with the exception of the wallpaper in the den. My husband suggested a large pattern, I wanted a small print. Lori’s word as the third party was decisive. She, too, liked the small pattern.

We hadn’t lived in the house a week when we decided my husband had been right all after. The paper Lori and I had selected was too bold and had been chosen from the sample. Result: The den had to be papered all over again. The only regret Lori had about having the work done twice was the expense involved in the replacement. Although the building supervisor had agreed to have the work done free, and although English, Swedish and German, somehow, a drop of Scotch must have intermingled.

I’d say that to Lori is happy living at home. It’s not only did she want to leave and get out her own, but even the time she’d packed her suitcases, she changed her mind.

For the time being, she wants nothing more than good roles, a new car, a swimming pool and perhaps a man. This is the sort of living young, being herself.

There’s no particular man in Lori’s life at this time. However, she wants to marry and have many children because she’s been that way all through her life. And she wants children while she’s young enough to enjoy them.

I think she’s ready for marriage. My husband doesn’t. He hopes she’ll wait another four or five years. But that’s no surprise to me. He’s always been that way.

He wants his daughter around just as long as possible. And in some ways, so do I. But the decision is up to no one but Lori. If she ever decides, we’re right behind her, encouraging her on in helping whenever she asks for help.

THE END
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It means so much more to give—or get—a

Hamilton

HAMILTON—MOST TRUSTED NAME IN WATCHES
Love Is a Course in Wisdom

(Continued from page 61) should have had an inner feeling of excitement, some premonition of what the evening held for her—but the plain truth is, she didn’t.

It wasn’t until Pat was seated opposite Jane, the steak had been eaten with the usual compliments to her cooking and coffee was before them that the conversation got around to personal plans.

“You’ve never been to Europe,” Pat said casually. Jane nodded and then warmed to the subject. Europe—the place of her dreams, there were so many spots she’d like to see, so many places she’d been told about. Some instinct stilled her tongue as Pat casually put a little white box on the table and fingered it. She tried not to let her eyes appear to notice it.

Quite what happened next Jane can’t recount. There was something about if she and Pat were married they could go to Europe on a honeymoon—and if she liked this ring she could try it on and see if it fit and then it could be an engagement ring, that is if she liked it and if... .

The words, the actions of the next few moments are just a blind groping for the recovery of the thrill she felt, the tightening at her throat that told her this love Pat had for her was for real. On the third finger of her left hand was a gold ring, flat at the palm with tiny strands of gold twisting into small cups, ten in all, each holding a diamond. These ten diamonds were so closely interknit that looking at them from the top they looked like one huge diamond. It was a humble Jane Powell, a girl who knew with her head what her heart had long ago told her to be true—a Jane Powell who was pleading herself to Pat forever and ever.

Actually Jane’s answer to Pat that she would marry him had come out of nearly a year of maturity—of growing up. It was the year that had sped by since she divorced Geary Steffen. Like every other woman who goes through this situation, it changed the whole pattern of her life, and in Jane’s case, much of the pattern of her personality. If you have seen her in “Seven Brides for Seven Brothers” you can see the change for yourself on the screen. She’s prettier than ever, and even more talented, but the “cutie-pie” look is gone. There’s a young woman now, alert, thoughtful and very forward-looking.

Pat, who is not only a charming person but a very quiet and industrious one, was first attracted to Jane by this quiet maturity. Believing that emotions are shared only with those close to you, he refused to talk about his feeling for her. And no more would Jane talk of him. She’d talk of love and marriage generally but did not talk about Pat specifically.

For instance, she said things like this: “I feel so sorry for women who experience a broken marriage, then spend their time pondering over what might have been. I hadn’t been separated more than a few months when I realized that looking back does nothing but make you bitter.

“My first resolution was to do nothing on the rebound, I knew that I wanted to marry again. Women are only half alive when they are not in love, and like every other normal human being, I knew I needed someone to love and someone to love me. But I never did feel that the need for real love was answered by casual romance.

“I never have liked wolves, and I discover, very soon, I wasn’t their type either. So, for Pat’s sake, I put myself on a rigid ‘no-blues’ schedule. Of course, I wasn’t so much luckier than the average divorcée. I had my career and I had my two wonderful children. But the money wasn’t often mine, nevertheless, and I soon learned you couldn’t fight them sitting down.

“So, when I’d wake up in the morning and feel a blue mood coming on, I’d jump out of bed immediately. If you lie still and mull over indigo thoughts, they just get worse and worse. Or if later in the day I began to feel down in the mouth, I’d call the studio and book myself solid with lessons. If it was a weekend, I’d pack up Jay and Sissie and down we’d go to spend the afternoon on the beach. Or if it was winter and that was out, I’d call up friends to come over and have dinner and then I’d plan a dinner so elaborate I’d have to cook all day long to prepare it, and so I wouldn’t have to think or pity myself.”

But Hollywood began to notice that, very quietly, Pat Nerney was almost always at Jane’s and that neither of them was dating anyone else. Jane’s friends understood the great need these two both had to work out the many problems confronting them and to readjust their lives.

Like every other girl who had gone through a divorce, she had the shock discovering she did lose a few friends. She did lose some of her closest friends, some friends of whom she wasn’t aware until she needed every visible expression of friendship. But she didn’t make a mistake. Many young divorcées make. She didn’t even attempt to entertain her continually. Instead she provided them with entertainment first, and again a. For one thing, she is just about the best cook in Hollywood. Pat’s steak and potatoes is meant by that remark. To Pat cooking is creative. She has cookbooks galore, recipes by the hundred. A course that takes seven processes to complete often means the least dessert souffle that would worry a mast chef, she’ll tackle anytime.

And no matter how blue she may feel behind her smile, she let none of show. She was the life of parties—her or and every one she went to. So peo flock around her, and more and mo often, there was Pat Nerney, sitting charmingly in the corner.

A common disillusionment can be near as uniting as a common interest, and that Jane and Pat certainly had a big one. They both worked in movies and Pat had been divorced from Mona Freeman nearly a year; Jane from Geary Stephens. They were both individuals who loved children and a home. Work was work and a happy private life was very important.

And what man could help reacting to girl to whom household duties were o only fun but relaxation? To Jane, not on any day of the week could she wash her clothes or scratch her windows, scrubbing floors is truly happiness making. Just before Jane and Pat took o another for life, Jane got on a kick of interior decoration. She redid her whole liv ing room, without any outside advice, it turned out so terrifically that she start on her bedroom.

She was working all this time of course partly on “Seven Brides for Seven Brothers” and “Athena,” but she not on redding her house, but she began joining P.T.A. activities to help her children, preparing them for their upcoming school year and helping them with leisure-time activities.

In other words, she was so much mo than a pretty little movie star. She was t talented more than the disillusioned divor cee. She was a hundred times more than mere girl. She was a young woman, faci all her responsibilities, a fine you mother, a superb cook, an extraordinary housekeeper and a thinking, sensitive feeling young human being.

A man really couldn’t ask for any mo—and Pat Nerney, a bright young ma knew he had a jewel and that he loved h very much.

They may very well be married by the time you read this. As Jane and Pat at nounced their engagement, they said might be “months”—but after all you can’t be married if you want. And when you are in love, as all swe hearts know, a day away from one anoth seems a week and a month seems a ye well, paraphrasing it little, this will be a stylish marriage, ar she and Pat, with their two excellent ir comes, will be able to afford anything the hearts desire. But the most important thin that Jane and Pat will have is a war complete love, grown full by understand ing, matured by wisdom.

The End

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Don't miss—"I WAS FIFTEEN AND TOO INNOCENT"—the tragic story of a girl too naive to save herself from sin—in November TRUE STORY MAGAZINE at newsstands now.

(Continued from page 47)

Lamas, Bridgegroom No. 3 in this round-up, had been openly accused of using Hollywood as a stepping stone to further his career—and I must apologize myself for the same erroneous suspicions. Well, the iron-gray Latin lover boy certainly proved his honorable intentions.

"He's been convinced in his own mind that he was ready for another marriage," Arlene told me. This explained, she said, why she determined not to see him again soon after he had left the house from Lex Barker was final. She and Fernando had been inseparable for nearly a year at that time. "If I hadn't broken it off then, we wouldn't have married now," she stated frankly. "It was only when he thought he'd lost me that he knew he wanted to marry me. But you know how I've always felt about him." Arlene added that they are planning a family of six children.

And nothing has pleased everybody in Hollywood more than this year's marriage between Fred MacMurray and June Haver. Fred was so devoted to his first wife that he never looked at another woman during her long illness. June, a sensitive person, too, was willing to give up her movie career at the top to find peace in a convent after the death of her Doctor John Duzik. It was inevitable that these two fine people, June and Fred, would find each other. And I was there when it happened—at the Gay Nineties party given for the pair in June came with the Ray Starks (Mrs. Stark is the late Fannie Brice's daughter). Fred came to the party alone. And that was the last time for either of us to be alone.

So don't complain that a good man is hard to get. . .

And now what about the remaining batch of big heartthrob boys?

John Wayne may be the next star to wed. as a matter of fact, should be married by the time you read this—or on the verge. I don't have to tell you it's another Latin American—Pilar Palette. I talked to John about his coming marriage. "Pilar has brought me a great deal of happiness," he said. "And I'm still in favor of a marriage, though it'll take me a long time to put any woman on a high pedestal again." Pilar has already redecorated John's $140,000 house in the valley, and their plans for marriage in November—at the end of his required waiting year following his divorce—are definite. On the redecoration, Pilar did a really wonderful job. The Hollywood Kent hall used to look like a public library. Pilar rearranged the furniture and introduced fabrics to give it a look of warmth. She also selected a gray carpet for the master bedroom. "So the ashes from John's cigarettes won't show," she says. She shows every sign of adapting her tastes to Duke's, a good omen.

And how about Rock Hudson, the teenager's idol? Everyone has been expecting Rock to return from Europe married to Betty Abbott, the script girl with whom his name has been linked repeatedly for some time. Betty was on location with Rock during the making of Captain Lightfoot in Ireland (as is reported in the article on page 8 in this issue). She flew Europe with him, with Barbara Rush, his co-star in the picture, as chaperone. But how do you account for this? Rock has sent instructions back to Hollywood for a renewal on the lease of his small bachelor home and asked his pals to move in while he's away. There's not enough room in the house to accommodate a married couple. This could be a device to deceive the gossips, but somehow I doubt it.

It might well turn out, indeed, that Marlon Brando will beat Rock to the altar. He has a new girl named Josanne Mariandi. She's short, very dark-haired, not pretty by North American standards. But she's Brando's No. 1 girl these days. The first day she visited the set of Desiree, in which he plays Napoleon, everyone asked who she was. Brando retreated into his shell (a trick at which he is superb). All he would say was, "She's not an actress, and I don't want any publicity. It might embarrass her." Of course Marlon is not famous for being a one-woman man. And later when he spotted Rita Moreno at the studio—before she discovered Geordie Hormel—he was asking about her and reportedly said, "My girl friend's here now, but when she goes East, I might be interested." There is no report on how Rita feels about this! But Brando can't be classed as invulnerable—no matter what character finally wins him.

If what my spies in Europe tell me is true—and it was confirmed on my summer trip there—Gregory Peck won't be a bachelor long after his divorce from Greta. From playing the field, he settled down with a steady romantic interest in Veronica Lake. This may put the superwoman. And they say he's building a house just outside London, which will have Veronica as its mistress when she marries the soon-to-be-eligible Mr. Peck.

Are there going to be any more marrying stars who seem to have no intention of catching the prevailing marriage bug? Bob Wagner seems to be one. And maybe we should add Bing Crosby and that Toughe Trio: Bing Crosby, Clark Gable and Jimmy Durante.

Wagner, for instance, is outspoken about his attitude. "The responsibilities of marriage are not for me...right now," the Spiele. Bob has just moved into a new apartment, strictly bachelor. He's on top of the heap now in his career and doesn't hide the fact that it's more interesting in dollars than in love. He almost fell in love, long ago, with Debbie Reynolds. But now he brushes it off as having been a romance "built up by the studios, who made a big thing of a few parties and then the stars just moved on...the two stars then and much in the public eye, they might have married. But now I'm told that Bob likes older women because he finds they learn from them. Don't ask me what.

Asked recently about whether he has a steady girl, R. J. said, "No. But I do have a few girls stashed away—they're not in pictures. I don't know if she's a good wood girl. It's just too darn complicated!"

As for Cliff, every once in awhile the columnist busily revive his friendship with Mira Rostova, his long-time confidante. "I have a hunch," he says, "that Monty will marry when suits his purpose and not ours. He makes love diligently in his pictures, but in private life he's a sex-type. I don't think you can really predict that the girl he marries will be a domestic kind of girl, who will be happy to dedicate herself to him and his career. Scott Brady, another anti-marriage character as of now, was once in love with Dorothy Malone. Unhappy thing was that, at the time, he couldn't afford to marry the girl, and his name is not linked currently with any serious heart interest.

"Good grief," the gossip writer has run the gossip writers have tangled with intermittent dates with Motia Freeman, Mary Murphy and Grace Kelly. But I doubt whether Bing will rush into a second marriage, no matter how many charming girls he finds companionable.

Clark Gable says flatly that after four marriages he's through for life, though he is reported to be very fond of Arizona socialites Betty Chisholm. She's a sophisticated girl and makes Gable laugh—a must for any Gable wife. And sometimes Fate takes a hand in these conflicts of the head and heart and brings a reluctant admirer to heel.

And then there is Jimmy Durante. I don't know how old Jimmy is and I don't care. There's not a more popular bachelor in town, and he could have picked the pick of the best in Hollywood. But Jimmy has picked Margie Little for his constant companion. Marriage? Jimmy shies away from the titillating topic. And as long as he continues to tell me, "I don't care about Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are," I doubt whether he will marry. Because Mrs. Calabash, Jimmy told me, is his late wife whom he adored. It isn't usual for a man to live with a memory, but who could be more lovable and nicer than Durante? And what a lucky woman she'd be who could sign Jimmy's name for her own.
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Getting to Know Purdom

(Continued from page 51)

from obsequy to play the starring role in “The Student Prince,” a performance that led to his being hailed as the screen’s most exciting new masculine personality.

“I’m not at all surprised,” said his father. “Edmund always was a very determined boy. If he wanted to do something, he did it. I’d found that it was no use wasting my breath trying to discourage him from any pet project he might have in mind. He’d never argue with me . . . just listen . . . and do exactly as he wanted anyway!”

“Remember when he wanted the oboe, Dad?” Mrs. Purdom interrupted. “I think that was when you discovered it was no good trying to change the mind of your youngest son.”

“You’re right, Mother,” Purdom chuckled. “Edmund came home from school one day and announced he was going to get an oboe. I couldn’t imagine why and told him so. I suggested he take up the clarinet or the saxophone—or even the bass viol. I pointed out that the oboe was of very little use as a solo instrument, and that at the age of fifteen he was hardly likely to be asked to play in an orchestra. All my arguments were wasted. Edmund came home next day with the oboe—it turned out he’d been saving his allowance for a long time with this very thing in mind— and started practicing. It certainly made an unearthly noise, but I’d learned my lesson and I held my tongue. I must admit, though, I heaved a sigh of relief when his mathematical talents overcame his musical, and he took it to pieces to see what made it work. That, I might add, was the last we ever saw or heard of the oboe.”

This determination of Edmund’s first became evident when he made a premature appearance into the world on the snowy evening of December 19, 1926—purposely, his folks are sure, in order that he wouldn’t miss the Christmas festivities. He almost left the world prematurely too; scant month later when a fire broke out directly under his room in the 17th century Jacobean farmhouse where the Purdoms then lived. Fortunately, for the family, he was asleep, a maid smelled the smoke and ran into the Purdoms’ bedroom screaming, “Fire!” The girl’s mad,” Mr. Purdom grumbled sleepily, but his wife sensed such a symptom should not be ignored. The flames were just coming through the flooring of Edmund’s room when his father snatched the sleeping infant from his crib and ran to safety.

Dibbole Lodge, the ancient farmhouse, was an exciting place for a boy to grow up. There were three older children in the Purdom family, including a sister, Barbara, who was Edmund’s special chum, even though she was six years his senior. Even as a toddler, Edmund followed his brothers and sister through their endless games of make-believe, mostly centered around an underground passage which led from the cellar and purportedly had been an escape route for monks during the Cromwell uprising. But because he was so much younger, Edmund was often left on his own, and the early developed a love of music. By the time he was three, when his absence was noticed, he could usually be discovered lying on his tummy listening to the radio, abstractedly conducting the music with a chubby forefinger.

He wasn’t much older when he discovered his brothers’ erector set, and from that day onward, it was a tossup which interested young Edmund more—things mechanical or things musical. And again he demonstrated that ability to accomplish anything he set his mind to. Like the day he decided to repair his mother’s watch.

“I must admit I had my qualms,” Mrs. Purdom reminisced. “After all, Edmund was only ten when he announced one day, ‘You’re silly, Mummy, to spend fifteen or twenty shillings having that watch repaired when I can do it for you.’ But all my protestations were just met with a grin. To think that boy said he could do something he meant it. So I let him have a go. He painstakingly took the watch apart, and I watched with bated breath as he cleaned each minute part (good grief) and put them back together again. Then he popped it in the oven, and I resigned myself to buying a new watch. But half an hour later, I checked with it, and lo and behold, it still worked to this day.”

“Let’s be fair though, Mother,” said Mr. Purdom with refreshing honesty. “Sometimes Edmund did get tired of something before he finished it, and then he was just as determined not to go on with anything that bored him. Remember the alarm clock he started to tinker with? I don’t think it ever ran again.”

The Purdoms that the schooldays of the average English youngster bear little resemblance to Faintleroy or Twist as do their home. Private schools are the rule rather than the exception, and so, at the age of six, Edmund trotted off to a day school in the neighborhood run by the Italian order of Cannossian nuns. Then he was to board as a boarder at the Purdoms’ and the Abbey School in Ramsgate, on the Kent coast some seventy-five miles from London. For the next few years, except for school vacations, his parents saw very little of him, and more, for although he wrote the letter requested by the school, his correspondence was highly uninformative.

“When you’d read one, you’d read them all,” Mrs. Purdom admitted bit regretfully. “I thought, ‘They went something like this: ‘Dear Mum and Dad: We went for a trip to Canterbury and played cricket against the Canterbury team. I didn’t do very much. It was a grand day. We had a fish and chips. It rained all the way home. I hope you’re quite well. From your loving mom.’”

Summer vacations, of course, were the happiest time of the year for the Purdoms. They always rented a house at the beach, and there Edmund, from the time he could toddle, splashed in the water and eventually learned to swim and row and fish. He was usually the youngest child in it croquet but with that same character in determination, he never allowed his youth or size to deter him from the games and contests. And whether he won or not, he usually had very little comment to offer to that end.

Mrs. Purdom recalled, “When Edmund was only a rambunctious little boy, he had a reputation for sitting on the beach, merely toyed with his food. Naturally I was a little worried...
especially as we were having his favorite steak-and-kidney pudding. But Edmund only said that he wasn’t very hungry, and as far as he was concerned that was the end of the discussion. It wasn’t until later that I learned from his sister Babs that he’d joined in a contest with a group of older boys to see who could eat the greatest number of sausage rolls. Well, it was no wonder he hadn’t wanted any dinner. He’d won the contest by downing twenty!”

There were always plenty of dogs around the Purdons’, An Alsatian and a black Chow, plus the dachshunds, Max and Dinas, which were Edmund’s special pets.

“I was always a great one for being neat,” said his mother, “and the sight of dog hairs on the furniture or clothes used to annoy me. Then one day Edmund read in a book on dogs that a dachshund made a very good house pet because it didn’t shed. That’s the sort of dog for you, Mummi,” he announced. I protested that we already had two dogs and certainly didn’t need another, but in a day or two, Edmund arrived home with Max tucked under his arm, and I knew it was no use protesting any further.”

“That was probably the only time in his life,” Mr. Purdom chuckled, “that Edmund ever thought about being neat. For the most part, he was the untidiest boy in the world.”

Even as a youngster, Edmund had no sense of the value of money, and his father brightened when I assured him that as a Hollywood star Edmund would have a business manager to look after his finances for him.

“His library books were always long overdue,” Mr. Purdom recalled, “and by the time he’d get around to paying the fine, he might as well have bought the book. And when he got older, and I knew he could occasionally use an extra pound or two, I didn’t dare give it to him. Because, knowing Edmund, the first friend he ran into who looked like he could do with a bit of cash would undoubtedly get the money, and that would be that.”

Edmund remained at boarding school for seven years, and it was during that time that he first showed any interest in the play acting that was to become his career. He took the leading roles in many of his school plays, but it was all done strictly in the spirit of youthful fun and probably, his father feels, to get him out of more monotonous after-lesson tasks—and cer-

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tainly with no thought of taking it up professionally.
And then, with England at war, his parents felt he should be nearer home, so he returned to Welwyn Garden City and a day school near by. Although he was never a boy to share his emotions, his hopes and fears, both Mr. and Mrs. Purdom feel that Edmund was happy to be back in the security of home life. As certainly their lives were brightened, for their two elder sons had been killed and their daughter was married and living in Switzerland.

Because Charles Purdom was a wise father, he realized and respected Edmund's natural reticence and desire to think and act for himself. Because he never talked down to the boy or urged him for a decision he did not wish to give, a strong bond of friendship developed between father and son. Whenever Mr. Purdom had any free time from his war work, they spent it together--visiting museums, attending concerts or the few sporting events held in wartime London.

At school, meanwhile, Edmund was working hard at his favorite subjects, math and sciences. His goal was Cambridge and a scientific degree, with a career to follow in aeronautical or electronic research. His favorite hobby was still his music, and his record collection grew rapidly to include his favorites among classical and modern composers.

Almost every Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Purdom recalled, Edmund used to disappear. When he'd come home and we'd ask where he'd been, the answer was always the same brief one: 'To a concert.' We used to wonder how he got the tickets, but when we'd ask, 'How'd you manage, dear?' he'd say, 'Oh, I managed.' Once the war ended, he did confide that a kind old lady had taken pity on him as he stood outside the Albert Hall in the rain and had given him a ticket and in the best seats, too. I suspect this wasn't the only thing like that happened. As a boy, Edmund always had a way of turning on a wistful expression that could melt the heart of any girl. Maybe he was acting even then and didn't know it.

It was about that time that Edmund somehow wangled an introduction to Sir Thomas Beecham. The famous conductor was impressed with the boy's knowledge and appreciation of music and permitted him to attend rehearsals of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, a privilege that greatly simplified his concert-going.

But when, you may ask, did Edmund decide to become an actor? Believe it or not, even his parents don't know.

'I would have sworn,' Mr. Purdom said, 'that a career as an actor was just about the furthest thing from Edmund's mind. And then one day he came home from school—it was right in the middle of his examination for the university—and announced, 'I want to go on the stage.'

'Now the funny thing is,' he continued, 'that I knew Edmund had talent the only time I saw him on the stage—as Prince Charming in a New York production of 'Cinderella.' I remember thinking then, 'That boy's an actor,' but I held my tongue because I knew he had brains as well, and I wanted him to use them. I enjoyed the bunch of kids, but it wasn't a profession I wished my son to adopt.'

Once Edmund had made up his mind, however, there was no swerving him. His father pointed out the difficulties and disadvantages; Edmund didn't argue, just let him talk and talk. And when Mr. Purdom had finished, his son said quietly, 'I still want to go on the stage.'

And on the stage he went. Not quite with his father's blessing, but with his consent and the final admonition:

'All right, you'll have to do it. But remember, you can do other things as well, and there's no need for you to be an actor.'

Edmund set forth on his theatrical career with the same determination he would show in his chosen profession or his scientific studies. Rejecting his father's offer of introductions to theatrical personalities who might be helpful, and with all the aplomb of his eighteen years, he braved the portals of the famous Northampton Repertory Company.

In England the repertory companies are considered the greatest training ground for a new play is presented each week during an entire season and, as in our summer-stock companies, the performers rehearse next week's play while appearing in the current one, and so the hero today may well be the villain next week or a mere supporting player the following.

With his typical reluctance to discuss his affairs, Edmund never related to his parents exactly how he obtained an interview with the manager of the Northampton Rep, which is one of the best-known in England. But in he got, and when he was walking in with a job, Edmund Purdom had his foot on the first rung of the ladder that was to lead him eventually to Hollywood and stardom.

The next few years, with time out only for brief engagements in some military service, Edmund spent in learning everything he could about his newly chosen profession. When he wasn't appearing on the stage, he spent every spare minute in studying acting. And not content just with watching a play from the audience, he used his father's well-known name as the open sesame to go backstage and meet the players.

Edmund toured for a while in several of the government-sponsored Arts Council plays, then tried his hand at Shakespeare at Stratford, and London appearances was in "Golden City," a play that gave him the thrill of his initial entry into the West End, the British equivalent of Broadway that is the goal of all actors. And I know him well.

Anita "Tita" Phillips was a dancer in "Golden City," and Edmund wasn't the only young man in the east who found her singularly attractive. But once he'd made up his mind about the girl, the others might as well have given up the chase.

"Edmund came home one night," Mrs. Purdom recalled, "and told us, 'I've met a girl. So naturally neither my husband nor I was surprised when, six months later, he did.'

Edmund and Tita were married in the Brompton Oratory, London's famous Catholic church. In 1930, the wedding was at noon, there was a brief reception afterwards and then the bridegroom dashed off to a matinée performance of "Rain." And the bride and wedding guests watched from a box.

"I guess you know the rest of the story," Mrs. Purdom concluded, as I prepared to take my leave. "How Edmund went to New York to appear with the 'Cavemans' in 'Caesar and Cleopatra,' and then to Hollywood to make a successful screen test for Warners. We used to think about him and Tita and their baby daughter Lilian a great deal in the early years, when he was struggling for a break, but we never really worried. Knowing Edmund, we knew it must come and that he'd be ready to accept the challenge when it did."
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Judy’s Painting the Clouds

(Continued from page 74)

routines. Others felt that her marriage at nineteen to thirty-year-old David Rose, a musical perfectionist who tried to coach her voice and teach her to read music, added to an already growing idea in the back of Judy’s mind that she “wasn’t good enough—even.” Before this period Judy was a girl who wanted to grow up, couldn’t wait to grow up. Now, she took to wearing “little-girl” outfits, almost as if she wanted to retreat back into her childhood.

Following the period of her divorce from Rose, Judy tried so very hard to do everything demanded of her. She went from one picture to another, maintaining stoutly at the beginning that she’d be on time; she’d work hard; she’d be her best, do her best. Then the cameras would start grinding and Judy wouldn’t—couldn’t—show up for work. When she sang, when she danced, she was great, but more and more as the years passed, Judy found it increasingly difficult to face the day’s work. Her marriage to Vincent Minnelli did not wipe away her fears about her work. Her joy at having Liza was complete within itself but again it did nothing to still the fear in her heart at facing the cameras. Then came her marriage break-up and the months that followed during which she attempted to help herself back to physical and mental health.

Always conscious of her appearance, she had to gain weight for her health, but she wanted to be slender for her career. It was a happy healthy Judy who was called “Princess Pudge” by her father. It was unhappy Judy who was later called “stout” by her adoring but still critical audiences.

Life has a way of compensating those who fight for what they must have, and eventually Judy Garland was to meet a man who understood and could help her in that fight. She met Sid Luft, and in Sid, she found a man who could help her maintain her courage, could help her heart to see, her mind to comprehend. He helped her find a solution to the problems she could solve, could help her forget those that were impossible of solution.

The first step in Sid’s restoration of Judy’s confidence in herself came when he demonstrated dramatically that she could take audiences in London and New York and make them shout with appreciation of her talents. But then came the test of whether or not Judy’s belief in her own abilities could be a strong enough cornerstone around which to build a solid performance before the cameras she had once dreaded facing. In spite of her fears, which were ever present (and still are to some extent), Judy wanted to star in “A Star Is Born” as much as she has ever wanted to do anything in her life. It was an enthusiastic Judy who started shooting the picture September 1952.

The fact that Judy still lived in fear of the cameras became apparent the first few weeks of production. She began looking for reasons to escape the shooting. Judy was once more torn—this time between the loyalty and devotion she owed her husband who had committed them to make the picture and the old pressure which mounted moment by moment as her fear grew. Of course, the longer Judy tried escaping from the cameras, the larger the problem loomed in her mind. She made herself sick with worry. As a result, she did not show up for work and the picture fell farther and farther behind schedule.

It takes courage to overcome fear (either real or imagined) and Judy has it! Shortly after a two-week breather, when the studio

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stopped production to change the picture over to CinemaScope, Judy took her courage in her hands, and every morning at 8 A.M. she went to meet the camera—to literally "face-the-music!" In her heart she was a mass of conflicting emotions. She was like a high diver who has just fallen out of a graceful dive into the water with a painful, sickening splash—and immediately gets up on the high board to try again. Though Judy's heart may have been pumping double time with fear, her continuous, daily work on her dancing and singing routines made it a little easier for her to show up for work.

However, once before the camera, Judy's problems were not solved. For once on stage, Judy's perfectionism, another sign of her fears, drove her onto fatiguing overwork. She'd rehearse all day, be a success in one number—letter-perfect—and then she'd continue to rehearse until she was weary to the point of illness. She was caught up again and again in the same old vicious circle; the hard way left her fatigued and weak, at a time when she needed every ounce of energy to keep going. But Judy was determined that "A Star Is Born" would be born, no matter how painful the birth.

The "Long Face" number is an example of Judy's perfectionism. Judy had Rudolph Friml, Jr., song and dance synchromizer, and the authority to go on and drop the song. They were all ready to drop when Judy said for the tenth time: "Let's do it again!"

At this point, Friml said to his assistant, "I've never seen anybody work like this girl." Then to Judy he said, "It is perfect, Honey; why do it again?"

In Judy's world of imaginary fears she thought she'd heard a flaw. "What's the matter with you?" she asked. "You just don't want to do it again!"

But to Friml's trained ear, the first take had been it. "Look, Judy," he explained, "that's just the beginning. Pump it up, one hundred per cent. That was one hour ago."

"You're kidding," said Judy.

"I'm not kidding," said Friml. "You may be used to insincere flattery, but I ask you, what good would it do if I let an imperfect song go through? I couldn't. If I did, I'd go right out the front gate!"

"Okay," said Judy, flopping in a chair. But she wasn't convinced. They'd only taken one, and the next day Friml and Judy sat next to one another watching the day's work. As take after take unfolded, Judy exclaimed to Friml in surprise, "Gee! We were right! You can't tell the difference!"

"The first is as good as the last!"

This reaction is another which shows Judy's growing insight, but the fact that she is beginning to appreciate her own ability, the fact that she shows this insight despite the many problems over her head, is something for which she must be congratulated.

Part of Judy's perfectionist attitude comes from the fact that she is such a quick student. A chorus leader of one of the choruses has said: "Judy learned the whole complicated Tour de Force routine in one hour. It would have taken someone else at least three days to learn it as well as she did. She thinks because it comes so easy it's no good! So she works herself to a frazzled squeezying one more touch of perfection into a performance that is already ninety-nine-and-forty-four-one-hundredths perfect!"

One of Judy's biggest fears about the screen is the complex she has regarded in her figure—and it is her complex about anything, this is it. If Judy gains a pound or two, mentally she grows deathly ill, crying over the scales, saying: "They're all waiting to say I'm fat." And because she's so self-conscious, she refuses to shoot until the scales again are kind to her.

But even Judy's figure complex is going down to defeat in the light of her new weight. Before the Tour de Force number's shooting, for example, Judy didn't like the costume. She thought the leotards and man's shirt made her look plump. But when she saw the Tour de Force rushes and the manner in which the leotard showed off her terrific legs, her reaction was a surprised: "Why, that costume is cute! Oh, I do like that."

The film is both sad and refreshing: Refreshing when she realizes without vanity how attractive she is; sad, because even though Judy's fears are imaginary—that fact makes them more realistic in her mind.

Along with her anxieties during the shooting of "A Star," Judy may have thought she was fighting her uphill battle by herself. But she wasn't. Of course, it goes without saying that a constant source of encouragement. But in addition, the entire crew at Warners were pulling for Judy from their bootstraps.

For it is their impression that "Peanut Vendor" was the song to be recorded with Ray Heindorf and the orchestra, Judy came on the set so happy that every motion was a smile. She couldn't keep her voice from her "amateur" in capital letters across the stage. Everyone on the set from the grips to the tuba players realized that this was one of her days.

Judy belted out the "Peanut Vendor" in short order. That's all the schedule called for; to all intents and purposes she was through for the day. But Judy sat on the set, swapping jokes and stories with everyone in the orchestra got up to leave. After a five minute rest, Ray Heindorf came up saying, "Want to record any more, Judy?"

"No, thanks, Ray," said Judy. "We'll take it tomorrow—I'm tired," and told three more stories that had the crew in the aisle.

Ray went back to the orchestra, told his men to get ready to play bridge between two numbers and offered to take any bets they'd be there the rest of the afternoon. Two of his men, who like to throw money away, took him up. As the orchestra started up, Judy got up, walked to the mike and started humming. It was music that would make anyone's head sing; when she heard it once she said, "Okay! Let's record it! Before the afternoon's over, they had cut two more sides, "When My Sugar Walks Down the Street" and "Melancholy Baby."

But the most important ally Judy has in her fight against her fears is the love she receives from her children. After a hard day's work, she goes home to her philarmonic, pixyish Liza and to bland and dimpled Lorna. Judy lives for the days when the children are on the set. When they do, she romps and plays with them, saying, "Have you ever seen happier children?" Her co-workers have accused her of feeding Lorna laughing pills.

The children's affection is like a refreshing spring to Judy; she soaks it up like a thirsty and weary traveler. She lives from day to day on their love; the adoring strength and security they give her makes it possible for her to face the camera dawn after dawn.

To illustrate the rejuvenating power of the children on Judy, take for example
Liza's visit to the set on her report-card day. Liza came in after a fattiging number to find Judy lying limply in her dressing room. As soon as Judy spotted Liza, she came alive. Sid suggested Liza should copy Judy's report card. It was covered with A's, but the mark that caught Judy's attention was the subject labeled 'Bus.' "Bus—A?" said Judy. "That's when we ride to school in the morning," said Liza proudly. "We get graded on it. Some of the boys run up and down and make trouble for the driver. But I sit quiet and don't make any trouble... so I have an A." The card thrilled Judy. After five minutes' talk and play with Liza, Judy returned enthusiastically to her work. That's the sort of effect the children have on Judy.

Do the children love Judy? It's obvious. What's more obvious is Judy's mad love for them; it is an intoxicating love that flows like wine from a bottomless barrel. Judy's a natural-born mother; being able to lavish affection on Lorna, Liz— and young Johnny Luft too—fulfills one of Judy's greatest needs. Because she is so successful in giving this love, her sense of confidence is bolstered and confidence in one thing breeds confidence in another.

Last March, for example, Liza celebrated her seventh birthday. Judy planned the entire affair—and during the week's preparation, she grew more excited than Liza. Remembering her own childhood, Judy planned to treat Liza's guests to a trip to Ocean Park's amusement pier. Judy remembered the fun she had had when, between performances, as a young entertainer at the Dome theatre, she had run from one concession to the next. Judy rented a bus; she sat in front, while Sid sat in back to control their young cargo of cowboys and wild Indians. Who has more fun than kids at the amusement pier? Count Judy as one of the kids; she went on every ride, Slide, Whirl, Twirl and Coaster. After the festivities, the bus carried the kids home to a lawn ice cream and cake feed; then Liza opened her gifts: sweaters, suits, and shoes (all of a voguish style) from Judy, plus a silver bracelet. From the children, there were toys and knickknacks. Finally, for the remainder of the afternoon and evening, Judy and Liza's gang played games on the lawn. Thirty-one kids never had more fun— Liza's party was a great success.

After a weekend like that, Judy was ready to figure. Six bulls—she wouldn't have been scared of a camera then if it had tried to crawl in bed with her. With such a mental rest, Judy faced Monday with all the confidence of Willo Conqueror. To illustrate the influence the children's love has on Judy's confidence, the week of Liza's birthday was one of the fastest running in "A Star's" eleven-months' shooting schedule—because of the party's plans and preparations, Judy hadn't had time to worry.

Judy's major leitmotif today is the love of her producer husband Sid Luft. This love is an underlying current that has swept her along on a wave of confidence and enthusiasm. Before Sid and Judy met, she was a whirlpool of emotions; her personality was like a jumbled jigsaw puzzle, incomplete and confused.

But as a team, Sid and Judy are an unbeatable combination; Sid has made a career out of guiding Judy's talent and rekindling her enthusiasm. Judy's record-breaking personal appearance tour made theatre history; Sid was responsible for building that show. He equally was responsible for obtaining the remake rights to "A Star Is Born"—a picture which Warners says will be one of the greatest to come out of Hollywood.

What makes Sid Luft the magician with Judy's talent that he is? In one word, it's love. Judy's mad about the guy. But real love is never a one-way road; Sid is equally crazy over Judy. He shows his love in the many tender, thoughtful little ways that girls appreciate. Judy's surprise birthday party on the twelfth of June was one; her anniversary gift (two years), a marquis-cut diamond on June 10th.

A party followed on June 12th. As the private room at Romanoff's filled with guests, Judy proudly showed the ring to each and every one. "It's gorgeous," they said, but many of her friends were thinking, more important than the ring is the fact that in order to wear and show it, Judy had stopped biting her nails. Little things demonstrated that Sid's love and thoughtfulness are helping cure Judy's old-time tensions.

Public proof of Judy's gaiety showed up when the shooting on "Star" was finished. Among many friends who came to greet her were Liz Taylor, Leslie Caron and her old friend Frank Sinatra. Sid, attentive and beaming with pride, watched Judy dance with the dance director and clown happily with members of the crew.

So there is the new Judy Garland; only three years ago she was confused, the facts of her personality all akimbo. Today, with her marriage, home, love of her children and husband, she is becoming a complete personality. Her reaction to the screening of "A Star Is Born" ("I completely forgot I was watching Judy Garland"), illustrates Judy's new-found confidence, a confidence that was born in the eleven months "A Star" was before the cameras, an incubation period that has proved to be the rebirth of Judy Garland.

Frances Gumm, the person, is helping Judy Garland, the star, see her own private rainbow—she's painting her cloud with sunshine with the greatest artistry in the world—her magnificent talent. Tru Espa
Purley Pistonic: Optimistic Guy Madison actually believes he's going to get time for hunting big game on the east coast (right yet!) in darkest Africa. He merely has his
weekly "Wild Bill Hickok" series to do on
ray and radio, two pictures he owes to Warner's. Dec. 12, he is due for a twenty
year contract with 20th where they plan to start
him as Clark Gable's co-star in "The Tall
Men." . . . Don't let the gossip fool you!
Bob Francis and May Wynn love to ride and
show their thoroughbred stallions, but he can't
be pistonic. Current enthusiasm in May's life is
new Hollywood apartment, walking distance
from Schwab's drugstore. Enclosed
pavilion for barbecuing "old" her. And now
that his future is fact, Bob's moved away
from the family fireside in Pasadena and
taken his first bachelor apartment. May
presented him with a "simple recipe" cook

Woo-some Twosome: Life really changed
for shy little Pier Angeli when M-G-M
labeled her to the British-born, Grove
Charles Dickens. Pier met up with and fell hard
for James Dean, a New York actor brought
out by director Elia Kazan for "East of Eden." Some still say it's a publicity ro-
mance, but her release is a secret! Pier quiet-
ly bought Jimmy a gold wrist watch, a
gold identification bracelet and a mini-
ture gold frame with her picture in it. No,
they don't exactly go with his Levis and
suede shirt (uniform?) but he was very pleased
simply. So help us, pretty Pier now wears a pearl
ring on the second toe of her left foot! Cal tried
to moan if she has any!—but the words
just wouldn't come out!

Baby Daze: Charlotte Heston blew his
talented top when they dyed his hair flame
red for "Blue Horizons." But ever since
Lydia Clarke entered the stork derby,
Chuck's so thrilled his hair could be pink or plaid and you'd never hear a peep out
of him. But even Ava Gardner, who holds
Purdum's had never seen anything like the
gift they received from the Tyrone Pows-
er. It was a sterling-silver-photographed
frame of their new baby's footprint, taken
from his hospital record. Engraved on the
frame was her name, weight and date of
birth. How original can you be?

One Man's Family: Good things keep hap-
pning for William Holden, and no one is
more deserving. Recently Bill and his
Brenda returned from a European vaca-
tion, a "treat" from Paramount because
Bill so successfully covered the Far East
lecturing on the new VistaVision wide-
screen process. Back in North Hollywood
there was a message waiting from F. Hugh
Herbert, eminent author of "Kiss and Tell"
and other great hits. He had written the
Holdens to know he had dedicated his new
book, "I'd Rather Be Kissed," to their teen-
age daughter Virginia.

Greener Grass: Any moment now, both
Fernando Lamas and Dale Robertson may
become "free souls" again. Fernandowho
rarely gets a good role at M-G-M, requests
his release so often that they're beginning
to weaken. If and when, and Arlene
Dahl have plans to do a play together.
. . . At first his studio was adamant when
hard-to-handle Dale asked for his freedom.

But now 20th has Guy Madison, Richard
Egan and Robert Stack under contract. All
three are the same type as Dale, casting now,
wise, and by nature, less antagonistic.
"Everyone likes Dale personally," says a
top studio executive, "but his own worst enemy and won't change." Too bad.

His and Hers: Rock Hudson cabled his
studio a hasty denial from Europe after a
newscast reported he had secretly married
singer girl Jane Abbott. At least he was
afford to get married in the future. A sur-
prise new contract starting at $2,000 a
week will greet him when he returns home
again. Harry Brand, on the other
hand, will neither affirm nor deny a ro-
mance, because he's still determined
to keep his private life private. Those lunches
with petite Charlotte Austin are in line, as
she's in "Desires" too. But Jeanette Mar-
ani, who visits Marlon on the set, remains
see number one mystery girl, because he
instructed the French femme fatale to say
marry him. He's right! If And Alphonse
keeps mum about marrying bullfighters
Luis Dominguez, not so with the gentle-
man from Spain. "It isn't true that I'm not
marrying Ava because of her previous mar-
riages," he explains. "We are just good
friends and marriage has never been dis-
cussed!"

Hollywood Household: When Janet Leigh
called home to talk to her husband on
day, the maid said: "Just a minute please
Mr. Curtis is outside washing my car!" It's
true! Energetic Tony just has to keep busy
ever there. But he's struggling and strife at Doris Day's house
"My son suddenly shot up overnight like a beanope," she grins, "so now Marty's
shirts and socks fit him. After I gave "Terry" a
good lecture, Marty shows up at the break-
fast table wearing Terry's tie pin! From
now on they'll have to settle it man to man.

News About Twos: Just like old times
Clark Gable and beautiful, blond Ka
Williams are having those laughs again.
Favorite playtime place is the golf course
of the Bel Air Country Club and you should
get a gander of the King wearing
those knee-length socks and currently fash-
ionable Bermuda walking shorts! Sexy
scintillating Kay kiddlingly call him "Leg
Gable." . . . And just before he took of
for Europe, Eddie Fisher bought a French
poodle for Debbie Reynolds, which he
named Fannie" after his current hit tune
Daily mid-Atlantic calls kept Debbie home
all alone by the telephone, but Pal Joe
Forman (he's under contract to Mickey
Roosey) followed Eddie's orders to escort
the flight of his life to Paris and pre-
sumably. About that well-publicized en-
gagement ring: until she receives it, wise
little Missy Reynolds ain't a makin' no
formal announcement!

Fascinating Feuds: So far, Lana Turner
and Edmund Purdom don't quite get each
other's "message" making M-G-M's "Thie
Prodigal." Edmund, in his British role,
seems to create the impression that he's
being a bit too aloof and formal. And
Lana's uninhibited warmth and friendliness
toward everyone makes her look like she
isn't taking her work too seriously.
bet that they'll wind up being the best of buddies? We do! ... And Doris Day got off to an unfortunate start making "Young at Heart" with Frank Sinatra for Warners. When the Day doll saw how Grace King enlarged her face on the screen, she decided to make the picture in regular size. Lean, likable Frankie, however, wasn't similarly affected and needless to say, he welcomed the additional poundage. Currently all's quiet and coolish on the Burbank front!

The Hollywood Scene: Deacons and Ann Blyth at lovely Gail Patrick and Cornwell Jackson's seventh anniversary party: "I can't understand how I forgot to bring Timmy's new pictures. I must have left them in my other bag," Husband Dr. Jim McNulty, dryly: "Don't worry, dear. After you've had your third baby, you won't be this upset!"

Gold Mine: It's an unwritten law at 20th! They want Marilyn Monroe kept happy, and from now on no one (including her directors!) is to oppose her wishes. Her sets are closed when Miss Million Bucks at the boxoffice has lines to speak. Making Irving Berlin's "There's No Business Like Show Business," when she didn't show they shot around her and not a word was said. Marilyn's supposed to release this to make a movie with Marlon Brando. Should her studio refuse to loan her to producer Sam Goldwyn for the movie version of "Guys and Dolls," she's gonna be a sad little sex-pot!

Turn About: When they were casting "Come Back, Little Sheba," Shirley Booth was unable to fly to Hollywood to test with Burt Lancaster. So Paramount prevailed upon popular Una Merkel (she did the play at La Jolla) to read Shirley's lines with Burt. He didn't forget her kindness. For his current production, "The Gabriel Horn," Burt needed a fine actress to play his sister. Una was in a play but Burt waited until she was free to accept his sets are closed when Miss Million Bucks at the boxoffice has lines to speak. Making Irving Berlin's "There's No Business Like Show Business," when she didn't show they shot around her and not a word was said. Marilyn's supposed to release this to make a movie with Marlon Brando. Should her studio refuse to loan her to producer Sam Goldwyn for the movie version of "Guys and Dolls," she's gonna be a sad little sex-pot!

Letter To Cal: "Here I am in Durango City, Mexico, making 'White Feather' and please promise to want me in the seat of my pants if I ever comply again! All kidding aside, I was very anxious to make this picture. I've been lucky being in the best productions, working for the finest directors with the greatest casts. They made me look good, but I can't expect someone to hold a pillow under me forever. Here, it's every man for himself, a wonderful challenge and experience for me and I'm grateful. Best to you and everyone at Hollywood and Vine."—Bob Wagner.

Now It Can Be Told: Of all people, Bob Mitchum developed a streak of modesty doing a scene in long underwear for "Track of the Cat." Mitch had 'em clear the set of visitors ... It only newcomer Kim Novak had known him to get a smash hit in "Pushover." She was so nervous when making the picture, she had to dab in most of her dialogue after it was finished ... If the rights can be cleared, M-G-M would love to remake the remake of "Broken Blossoms" with Montgomery Clift playing the tragic Chinese boy. He'd be wonderful, too! ... It's a no-publicity order from Rodgers and Hammerstein on Shirley Jones, the new singing star of "Oklahoma!" They want the public to discover her when the picture's released ... Elizabeth Taylor was in the hospital as reported, but not as a patient which wasn't reported. She called on a sick friend who was.

Here, There, Everywhere: Jane Russell and Jeff Chandler hit it off so well making "Foxfire," they're planning to make singing recordings together, too ... While summering at Del Mar, Betty Grable still drove into Beverly Hills to have the curl taken out of her hair in the Ann Meredith beauty salon! ... Because Ann Sothern turned 'em away at the Chez Paree, Chicago's taxi drivers sent her a floral tribute for increasing their business, too! ... And while we're in the wind city, Terry Moore in person at the Drury Lane Theatre played to SRO nightly. Standing room only, that is ... Shelley Winters took up with a new car and an old boy friend, when she met Farley Granger at the airport in her new white Cadillac ... About that Indigo snake biting treat-em rough Jack Palance in a scene for "The Silver Chalices": "I'm surprised Jack didn't bite the snake!" kidded an ex-leading lady who shall be nameless.

Births, Marriages, Divorce: Just as Cal reported last night, Larry Powell and Pat Neely fell in love on their second date. Now she can wear his engagement ring because her divorce is final and they've announced their forthcoming marriage ... It's a baby girl for Jennifer Jones and producer David O. Selznick, who have two sons each by previous marriages ... All ends well for harassed Susan Hayward, who finally got her divorce, the custody of her twin sons and a million-dollars' worth of community property. Jess Barker's long and bitter court battle (he refused a generous compromise offer) netted him a $10,000 and rigging of visitation! ... Audie Murphy's denying the usual separation rumors, which popped up again when he attended a big review in his honor at Ft. Lewis. Pat stayed home with the kiddies ... Not so with the Vic Matures. This time his periodic separation from his third wife looks permanent ... And Hollywood's shuddering over the report that John Wayne's last wife may re-open her divorce case and expose new skeletons in the family closet! Say it isn't so!

Meditation: No one knew of Piper Laurie's devotion to the late Leonard Goldstein and everyone insisted it was a serious romance. The death of the producer-friend who cared for her was a shock to Piper, who also lost a favorite aunt the same week. The heartsticken girl doesn't drink or gamble, but she took off for Las Vegas and surrounded herself with people. She sunned, swam and shopped. "A quiet place allows too much time for the kind of thinking that doesn't help. This way you don't have a chance to give in to your true feelings," she says in her very wise way.

THE END
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(Continued from page 48)

mother and my schoolteacher father had hoped I would marry.

“As far as the studio was concerned, they were giving me the big build-up and felt that if I married I would be letting them down, but as I played several young ingenues, to marry would be very harmful, they warned, perhaps even fatal to my career.

I knew what they meant. They do like a young actress to have that old thing called availability.

“But although you must listen to your elders and your advisers (of course you must), I don’t think I may have been wise, since I think the opposition was no more serious than I imagined it to be. If I think so, then, that for a woman who puts career first, life can be disappointingly full of bubbles that always seem to burst. You must set your sights on the things in life that are real. At least instinctively, I knew I had to.

“I also think you are granted a few days during your life as an instance as true as a crystal. One of these times is when you fall head over heels in love. As I did. And to fall over heels in love. In the right way and the only right way to fall in love—this I believe!

“When you see that magic passion across a room, the mystical affinity, the intangible thing that’s strange but strong as a magnet—then you know, as no one else can possibly know, that he is right for you.

“My heart knew it and since the heart is the only true criterion, so the only way to go through life is to follow your heart. I followed mine. I didn’t lead you astray, that’s something over heels in love. I soon discovered there were so many other things that were also right. I might be upset about something, and Paul was so unexpectedly understanding. It wasn’t necessary for us always—or even very often—to be with other people or at parties and night clubs. We often spent a quiet hour by mutual and unspoken consent. There are little things, perhaps, but of so important.

“In the more basic things, too, our sense of values has been the same. We like the same things in a house, a home. Soon after we became engaged, I remember Paul saying, ‘Jeanne, it is a real joy to me. I would like it on a hill, high above all the confusion of the world, near the stars.’ I wanted this, too. And so, after we were seen, without until is a hill, where it seems we can almost touch the stars.

“We both loved babies and wanted a lot of them—a whole houseful.

“And, so, in this house, our first and only house, there is none, four: Paul Frederick, Jr., who is seven and a half; Michael Anthony, five; Timothy Peter, four, and baby Jeanine Cherie, two. And more, we hope, to come.

“As it had been with my marriage, so everyone predicted disaster when I began to have my babies,” Jeanne laughed. “When you are very young, both in age and in picture career is ‘abuilding’ the studio is apt to take a dim view of motherhood.” Jeanne laughed. “Not that they really object to it, you understand, they even think it’s quite all right for a man to be a husband if he wants to do it properly. This means you must leave plenty of time between babies to accumulate a backlog of pictures so that you can be seen, without until is a hill, where it seems we can almost touch the stars.

“No stranger Paradise

“But you cannot plan your life or family according to the schedules at the studio or the proper number of releases to keep you continuously in the public eye. You have to decide which is more important to you, an armful of babies or several top pictures. One or the other.

“I would be miserable,” Jeanne said, soberly, “if I didn’t have a part in the wonderful world of pictures. What life would be without that? I do know how to help you, Piles would be no more than a few years from now on a lonely dark day.

“Looking back, I can see that there were some very hard times. My marriage is now, but there were many times I fell, so many false mirages I have been, had I not followed my heart, which would have led me away from the kind of life that is right for me. Right for now.

“There is the kind of trap you can fall into so easily here in Hollywood: It’s a very childish concept of competition that makes me miserable if your name is in the gossip columns every day, if you are not the Queen Bee of the bachelor list.

“In the same category, there is another pitfall: The feeling that one must dedicate yourself to the holy business of ‘Being A Movie Star’, that one never waste time with anything—or anyone—that won’t help you up the ladder of success.

“Every so often I would like one of any flavor of effort if you want to be a big-name star, but no matter how important the work may be to you, it can’t be your whole life, can’t be important enough to tempt you to give up home, love and marriage and motherhood.

“And so,” Jeanne said, with her bright sweet smile, “I didn’t put it off...”
“That’s true,” Jeanne agreed, “and also knowing what I’m in both the right and the wrong, that I own self be true’em—true words than these were never spoken.

You have to follow your own destiny. Otherwise you would be living someone else’s life, not your own, and that is what you should be. You would be compromising.

“I think I can truly say that I never compromised, even in the smallest way. Even from the very first I would never go out on public pronouncement or anything like that. The first time I was suggested to me that I date this or that boy in order to promote interest in a picture in which we were cast, I hesitated. I know that it is important to maintain publicity value in it. And what, after all, was the harm?”

I wasn’t married—not even seriously interested in any particular person, but a boy. But I did it. There would be pictures of us in the movies and newspapers. There would be items in the columns about Jeanne Crain and young Mr. Blank being that way, sort of. One day, I will explain what the thought of it was that I felt it would be embarrassing, somehow I felt within my heart if you start compromising your ideals, they soon become so watered down you have no self left, in time you become incapable of true love.

“Certainly I have never compromised in the larger, more basic ways. I followed my heart into marriage and motherhood. And I believe I have done so that everything has fit just beautifully into the pattern I wanted my life to take: the goal I hoped to attain; the peace and the happiness that have accompanied it.

“Not that there haven’t been problems, some of which still exist. In every marriage, however good, there are many adjustments to be made by both partners. Paul, for example, and I, love all because of the children. We have them, and with them, but we have not found it easy to reconcile, we have not found it easy to reconcile, to keep a sort, social, completely at ease with people. But I am the extreme opposite. In order for me to be at ease, I must know a person and then love her or him. Then I can really enjoy the outdoors and the plenty of physical action, whereas I am not even very good at spectator sports. I love reading, painting, drawing, music, the indoor things. But you give these things you love, I’ve found like little gifts to the other person. And he in turn gives you. Gives, I say, not forces—which would be something else.

“When, in a marriage, the wife is a suc-
SUCCESSFUL MOVIE STAR AND THE HUSBAND A BUSINESSMAN, THERE IS A VERY DEFINITE PROBLEM — THE FINANCIAL BUBBOG.

"When Paul and I first met and fell in love he was, as I mentioned before, an actor. He'd graduated from an engineering school but—before he had time to find the kind of job for which he was trained and qualified (he'd been asked so many times, handsome as he is, 'Why aren't you in pictures?') he finally succumbed, as he puts it, to an acting career. Be fun, he thought. Play a wonderful swashbuckling pirate. Errol Flynn, you know, and all that. But he was never really serious about acting, just a lark with him and so, just before we were married, he decided to go it up and, 'go to work.' Since I supervised Paul's new acting was not for him, I encouraged him in his decision. 'Do what you really want to do,' I urged, 'what, in your heart you've wanted to do.'

"Now I, Al is an unusually successful businessman with a manufacturing company that makes precision instruments. Nevertheless, the financial bugaboo of the wife who earns more than her husband does exist. No use denying it. We don't deny it. We face it. We face the incontestable fact that a movie star's income is a freak thing in the material world, that at no other trade can a young woman earn even a fraction of what top film stars earn and that trying to match incomes is, therefore, ridiculous.

"But since a man's pride is apt to be very strong on the subject of who brings home the most money, it follows that the man has got to know he is really the head of his house, money or no money. In order to make him know it, you can't just say it—it actually has to be said.

"And in our house, Paul is boss. He knows it. He knows it because I have never fallen into the trap of taking myself too seriously—as a movie star or as a personality. I am just an ordinary American girl and I'm Mo Mommie.'

"I am Mo Mommie, and I certainly Mommie and none other." Jeanne smiled, "to the children. They've occasionally seen some youngster ask me for an autograph, but their only reaction is to ask, 'Why did he do that?'

"Then I promptly forget it. They've seen me, here at home, in three of my early pictures, 'State Fair,' 'Home in Indiana,' and 'Margie.' But evidently they think that they are sensitive on this issue. And so I tell them that movies are 'pretending' and 'make-believe,' and since make-believe is natural to a child, they accept it matter-of-factly.

"Or maybe they think everyone's mother does the same thing."

"When my work obliges me to be away from home for any length of time—as, for instance, Duel in the Jungle, the Warners picture that Dana Andrews, David Farrar and I made last year in Africa and London—Paul arranges his affairs so he can go with me. To the children, it is just Mommie and Daddy going away on a trip, and what could be more natural? In the intervals between pictures, I am at home all day for weeks and sometimes even months, and Daddy goes to the office in the morning and comes home at night just like fathers everywhere.

"Not," Jeanne added, "that I wish to be put in the category of the Sweet Little Homebody who just makes pictures once in awhile for the heck of it. I most certainly do not. I make pictures, as I make a home, for the sheer love of it.

"'I have a love,' Jeanne said, 'for all the arts. But in acting, particularly, I would like to accomplish something bigger than I've had a chance to do so far. But far from blaming this on marriage and motherhood, I have found that my children have brought me luck. A few days after Michael Anthony was born in nineteen forty-nine, John Ford asked me to test for 'Pinky.' After Timmy's birth in August of nineteen fifty, I went into 'Take Care of My Little Girl'—played a college girl, too! It was soon after the birth of Jeanine that I went to Africa on location for 'Duel in the Jungle' and now I've signed a term contract with Universal International. Actually, I think motherhood has given me a kind of bloom. I know many girls in pictures who say their figures became better than ever after they've had children! But even if this had not been so, I would have had children anyway. If you cut yourself off from the basic human experiences of life, if you haven't that warm human quality that comes from the mutual life of marriage and children—then I think you are less and not more of an artist."
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101
Take Glamour to Your Head

(Continued from page 57)
lustrous and lively hair, they speak as one.
The old belief that once every two weeks is often enough to wash your hair—if not too often—is nothing more, say the experts, than an old wives' tale.

THE SHAMPOO

Paramount's hair-stylist Nellie Manley, into whose capable hands have fallen the heads of the Paramount stars since 1929, says: "You wash your face at least twice a day, why not your hair? Your hair gets the same amount of dust and dirt as your face—more, because hair, which is full of oil, attracts dust and dirt more than any other part of your body. Don't mean you should wash your hair two or three times a week, but at least once every day (though it would do no harm) but at least once a week. And for beautiful healthy hair, I'd recommend that every young lady make it a habit to schedule two or three washings a week. For in addition to attracting dust and dirt and being oily, hair is porous. This means that dust and dirt can penetrate the tubular hair shaft and make it look dull. In fact, if you kept your hair too clean, you would be the poor pores of your skin—and clog it. Clogged hair," Miss Manley, "looks like old crepe paper!"

Over-large shampooing takes care of this problem and the secret of a good shampoo is to wash your hair—not merely scrub your scalp. Porous hair needs lots more scrubbing than a smooth-surface scalp. So make sure you use a good shampoo and give your hair a good vigorous washing. Two or three soapings should be the rule—particularly if you're using oil.

There are excellent shampoos for every kind of hair. I've, tried many, and I've found that you can choose from among lotion, liquid or cream shampoos. Some have egg added to condition your hair, others are extra-rich in lanolin. Have you experimented until you find the one that does the job for you? If you're a professional, a shampoo that does wonders for your best friend may do absolutely nothing for you.

An important point frequently overlooked in washing hair is that it should be washed quickly. Apply and work the shampoo through your hair with your fingers—not with the palms of your hand. After washing, rinse your hair with clear water. You can choose from among lotion, liquid or cream shampoos. Some have egg added to condition your hair, others are extra-rich in lanolin. Have you experimented until you find the one that does the job for you? If you're a professional, a shampoo that does wonders for your best friend may do absolutely nothing for you.

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How to Set Your Hair

If you're a gal who moans and groans and worries about setting your hair properly, that is—relax. "Just don't worry about how you set your hair, is the heart-to-heart talk with Miss Manley.

She adds, "Good brushing will blend it! Most girls, of all ages, are afraid of brushing and combing after a set. They shouldn't be. With a good vigorous brushing, the hair falls into place—no matter in what crazy curlicues you've set it. The more casual you are about setting it, the more natural it looks.

"There are a few pointers, however, that I can give you that may be helpful. If your hair is short, do not make the cut too tight. Wind the hair over your fingers, make your curl and then, while releasing the curl from your fingers, loosen it before you put it in the clip. (Bobby pins or clips are equally good.) Too-tight curls give yo that cramped look—a look Hollywood star wouldn't have and never should have. So loosely set is Grace Kelly's tan gold hair, for instance, that she could col a new trade name, No-Set!

"If it's the pony-tail you're setting, divide your hair into two parts. Same each separately by rolling the ends of the hair under and into a large curl until you reach the point where you want your pony-tail to start. Then pin the curl down. If you'd like to wear your hair long and set so that it frames your face, you may soften the back, then set the hair at the back of your head in alternating rows o
The permanent wave can be handled,

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ON SALE NOVEMBER 9

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**PERMANENT WAVE**

For good permanent waves, all studio experts have nothing but praise. Ovived, they add, that the permanent be—when it's a home permanent—only when you understand and learn everything about the product you're using and ovived your hair is in healthy condition. "If the hair is in good condition, and particularly if it is short, a permanent wave three times a year is about the right order of times to have," advises Glen Turpin. "When some permanent is fit in the hair, have it cut off before doing another wave. If your hair is dry, it will be brittle, treat yourself to one of the excellen cream treatments and use one of the good conditionings preparations with oilin that are available today."

There are also times when a permanent may not take. For instance, when you've recently taken an anesthetic or during the menstrual period when both the hair and hair seem to go dead. The better you feel, in short, the better your hair—ends—and behaves.

Emotional disturbances, the experts agree, disturb the hair. A fight with your Illustrate, a communicato from the Director of Internal Revenue, a disappointment and your permanent may not come out well. The process of having the permanent seems to add an emotional disturbance to the one you already have! In her words, go calmly to the chair—or so!

**DYE OR NOT TO DYE?**

Dye, the experts say, if dyeing improves our appearance, lets you look younger or makes you feel happier. If properly done, dying will not hurt a hair on your head. ut unless you are very skillful, it's best have a professional beauty operator for your hair.

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with proper precaution at home. Dye is a job for an expert. For unless you understand the condition and reaction of chemicals, you can come out with your hair colored shockingly pink or jade green. When hair is dyed, it must look natural regardless of what your real color may be," cautions Miss Manley.

What Miss Manley means is that black hair, which may contain both gray and brown, will look more natural if dyed brown instead of red, while in fact, for any shade of hair which is graying, is to dye it back to it's lightest shade.

The new colors in dyes are the ash-shades—one of which Lana Turner is using in her new M-G-M picture "The Prodigal."

When the stars dye their hair, it is usually to bring out the highlights of the hair and make it more photogenic.

Miss Manley takes it upon herself to dye older people's hair, I recommend that they start when the hair is just beginning to turn gray. If they wait four or five years while the hair gray, they will have great difficulty becoming successful women. And when you dye in middle life, I suggest using a lightening, rather than a darkening shade. Just as gray or white hair softens the face, so do the lighter and softer shades of dye.

"Once you start dyeing, you do have to make frequent visits to the beauty parlor—or the hair around the part gives you away! But washing the hair does not, as many people seem to think, wash out the dye. A dye is a dye and it stays there until it grows out—or is cut off!"

CHOOSING A HAIR STYLE

The make-up experts at Universal-International say, "Today, for hair-styling, as for make-up and fashion too, there are no rules, no one size fits all. Everyone is different, and so are their hair, age and limits. All types, for instance, can wear the pony-tail, although there is an age limit."

For the young girl, the pony-tail is a very effective hair-do, providing she's careful where the tail breaks on the head. When we do a pony-tail on one of our girls here at the studio, we move the place where the tail breaks a half-inch or so, and then before settling on the final position. By looking in the mirror and experimenting, a girl doing her own hair can find the most becoming point.

The Italian haircut, I think, has had it. You can't even find many of the Italian cuts left in Italy today.

All types can wear the short haircut, however, if it is styled to the individual and to the size of the face. According to Nellie Manley: "Girls with naturally curly hair can have the Italian haircuts; girls with straight hair or too thin hair should not. If the hair is thick in itself, it frames the face; if too thin, it plasters down around the face. And if the face is slender, the Italian haircut is becoming; if too large, or too square, it looks ill."

The Italian haircut, I think, is going, and we are coming more to the pompadour, the front lift over the forehead and no part at all. We're due to see, I predict, quite a vogue for this kind of hair.

"For the girls who have the short haircut and hate it, there are hair pieces they can wear while the hair grows out. Or if it is very short, and they are very sad, they can create an illusion by using a wig, if the hair very tight, then brushing it into a shape that doesn't show how short it is!"

"Bangs are always good—particularly for teenagers. But never cut bangs until after you have set them. If you want a lift, bang, set it over, then set the bang, comb it into place, then cut it again."

Helen Turpin agreed with her fellow experts—the Italian cut and the pony-tail are both gone on.

"In any hair style, the illusion you are striving for," says Miss Turpin, "is the oval face. The nearest to the oval I can think of at this time is Marilyn Monroe's."

And speaking of Marilyn reminds me of the new Butch haircut which Gene wore for a time.

Gene’s hair is cut short on top, sides are left longer and brushed back. It is similar to the Butch cut worn by boy and man alike, only a little longer with the top standing up!

Summing up, the experts say, always wear your hair to emphasize your best points. Then people will not see your bad points. And always make sure to look at your hair cut dressed, not only from the front but from both sides and from the back.

If you have an oval face (ah, there! Marilyn) keep your hair-do simple, with a good hat can become most becoming to the oval face and to one who has a widow's peak. Draw the hair back cleanly from your forehead, instead of having it down over your brow. Due to the width of the cheekbones, this softens the face outline.

If you have a round face, wear your hair waved softly and keep the hairline soft too, because the hair is not in keeping with this type. The hair is dressed full and soft above the ears to create the illusion of length.

For the square face (like Rosemary Clooney’s) keep the hair soft and loosely with fullness at the side to minimize the heavy jaw. Create as many soft curvines in the hair as possible to counteract the squareness of the features.

For the oblong face (like Loretta Young’s) pull the hair back slightly to the sides and draw the hair softly and neatly on the ear. This will also draw the length in the face. Keep the forehead fully exposed. Use the natural hairline.

And for the diamond-cut face (such as Claudette Colbert’s and Liz Taylor’s) keep the hair away from the face and behind the ears and dress the hair snugly at the cheek line. This will reduce the width across the cheekbone line.

You’ve styled, washed, rinsed and colored your hair... Now. As a means of keeping the hair in permanent good condition, Helen Turpin says, "Go to work with a hair brush, a bristle brush if possible, and give it the hair a good old one hundred strokes a day. It’s still the best way to exercise your scalp and stimulate circulation around your hair roots. And here’s another tip. When you are combing your hair, brush it against the grain and work towards the scalp; you’ll have less chance to break the hairs. Susan Hayward has learned to handle her long hair very well. She combs it all out first before she combs by her edge and brushes her hair up from the nape of her neck. She’s rough with her hair, and that’s good for it. The hair, like every other part of the body, is more exercised. You exercise it by vigorous brushing and massaging."

"So, and in such ways, according to the experts, you too can take glamour to your hair.
I've been guilty. In the early days of my career, I won an award. It was the PHOTOPLAY "Choose Your Stars" award. Happy? I was on top of the world. But suddenly there was worry. "What's gonna happen next?" I wondered. "I can't go on forever being the most promising newcomer year after year. I have to keep pushing ahead. Will I get good productions? Can I live up to them?"

I was thinking out loud like this one noon when Dale Robertson spoke up and brought me back to my senses. "Simmer down, boy," he drawled. "Take one thing at a time. You just play your scenes for all they're worth today, and you won't have to be in such a stew about the future."

It's this way with any chore in every walk of life. As Thomas Carlyle put it (and I have the quotation framed), "Our main business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."

I'm very conscious of the fact that I have to give a good performance and that each performance has to be better than the last. The public expects more and more of an actor with every picture. He has to progress toward it. They'll never be satisfied right now. Don't think for a second I'm ignoring the idea of thinking about the future and planning for it. That's entirely logical—and necessary. But I do say that the best way to prepare for your tomorrow is to concentrate on doing today's work well. So think and plan. But don't clutter up your todays with unnecessary worries. Worry is a complete waste of energy. It never does you any good. It's not worth remembrance. Do you want to remember that uncertainties are a part of life? And wouldn't you be dull without them? Think about them, prepare for them, but don't let them make you feel baa-d. If you like action, why not write down all your worries? Then put away the piece of paper and go on merrily."

Every night, smooth a deep, snowy coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over face, except around the eyes. The "keratolytic" action of this greaseless cream dissolves old oily dead skin flakes that choke up pores and encourage blackheads. Leave on one minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. Hundreds of girls have tried this wonder-working blackhead treatment with Pond's Vanishing Cream. They say "your skin looks fresher, brighter, clearer—right away!"
other guys. I was glad she could feel at ease with me. Our evening was a whopping success.

When you adopt a philosophy of living for today, you'd be surprised how it improves your relationships with people. Dreaming about tomorrow—or worrying about it—has a way of coming right through your personality and creating a sort of barrier between you and other people. And some of those people are bound to chalk it up as unfriendliness or perhaps hostility when they run into a guy—yours—who's a million miles away on his own private cloud. He doesn't mean to be rude. He may not even be aware that his daydreams are so all-absorbing. But if it goes unexplained, the poor joker's soon wondering why nobody bothers to say as much as hello to him any more.

I remember once when I was in a blue mood and somewhat unconscious of the world around me. I forgot exactly what it was, but I was worrying about something that might happen. I went through the day without hearing half that was said to me. My father shook me out of it by telling a story he'd read. It was about a shopkeeper who was so low in spirits that he figured he'd simply end it all. He got up one morn- ing and made his will. "This is the only way to make my last day on earth," he decided.

And because he figured he wasn't going to be around much longer, he decided he might as well be pleasant at breakfast, instead of growling over them. After all, he figured, they were going to be around for tomorrow. He made many sales and many friends. In fact, life was so good that he decided to kick around for another day. And then another. And so, finally, he took to living every day as if it were his last, and had a wonderful time. By now, he must be a grand old man in his hundreds! And a very wise man too.

I've never forgotten the story. Granted, this may be carrying things to extremes, but it's worth thinking about.

The "live-for-today" theory is something pretty wonderful if you apply it to your parents, too. I know a good many kids who are inclined to take their parents for granted. They figure, well, the old man and the old lady are around to feed us and clothe us and take care of us, but they never really understand us.

I think the trouble is most kids simply don't try to understand their parents. They love their parents, but they rarely look upon them as individuals with feelings and hopes and dreams—individuals who aren't really so old and who know what it's like to be even younger! It isn't until the youngsters themselves grow older that they realize their parents can be—and have been—their very best friends . . . and they wish they had found it out long before.

Instead, they've been waiting for the day that they could come out from under par- ental authority.

I've been very fortunate in that respect My father and I have always had a man-to-man relationship. My folks and I have always been close friends. Since they've moved down to La Jolla, I visit them as often as possible. It isn't a duty. It's a pleasure—even when my dad beats me at golf!

When I realized that I wanted to become an actor, I knew that I could level with my folks and they would take me seriously. And my dad knew that he could level with me. He had hoped I would want to go into the steel business, so we compromised. I agreed to try it. If it didn't work out, he agreed to help me get started on an acting career.

I tried. And I learned an invaluable lesson in the process. Have you ever heard the saying, "We never do anything con- sciously, for the last time, without sad- ness of heart?" A gentleman named De Quincey said it, and he was so right. I found out.

I went back to Detroit and the East to learn about the steel business. But I dis- covered that I still wanted to act. And I was living for the tomorrow when I'd achieve my purpose. Yet when I left to return to California, to what I hoped would be a successful acting career, I got to feel- ing pretty sad. I watched the city of De- troit disappear as the train sped west. I re- membered the good times I'd had and the friends I'd made. I also remembered how sometimes I'd been too lost in my dreams of the future to enjoy the present.

I've never been sorry that I planned for California, but I've always been sorry that I didn't take full advantage of the enjoy- able things each day offered in Detroit, because there's always something fine about each and every day.

I've learned. And I'm still learning. That's why I say, don't live for tomorrow. Live for your todays. You won't be sorry. You'll find you're really living!
Then, one evening, he dropped in at the Mocambo—in itself an unlikely thing for Rory Calhoun to do, since he is no night-clubber. But he was lonely—actively lonely. That night, not just vaguely turned on, but also desiring a touch—a mother and stepfather, with whom he was living, had gone out for the evening and he’d had dinner alone. He was at loose ends and thought he might see someone he knew. He went to the Mocambo.

He saw Lita. She was appearing there, and it was early, not yet time for her show. They talked, they dined—and all at once he hit Rory that this was the girl he’d been looking for, without even realizing that he was looking for any girl at all.

He didn’t believe it at first. He stayed until closing time and drove Lita to her home. By that time, he didn’t need to think for a whole month. He was on location and he didn’t write. He kept telling himself he’d stop thinking about Lita—but he went right on. It seemed to be something he couldn’t help.

Back in Hollywood, he called her, made a date—and the instant he saw her again he was convinced. This was his girl.

Rory Calhoun was back on everything he’d ever said about the kind of a girl he hoped to marry one day. He had told interviewers that she’d have to know how to ride and be fond of hunting and fishing. Lita Bara hardly knew one end of a horse from the other; she’d never fired a gun or cast a line or slept on the ground—or planned to do any of those things. However...

They were married on August 29, 1948. Hollywood tended to favor two kinds of weddings—the elaborate, expensive sort with hundreds of guests, champagne flow- ing, and photos; and the long-loved, loose, explosive; or the secret, quick elopement.

The Calhoun wedding was different. It was, come to think of it, distinctly raisin.

It was sudden, yes. After planning a formal church wedding in the autumn, Rory and Lita discovered they were unhappy waiting that long, so within a few days a change of plans was made. They went to Santa Barbara and got their license under their legal names of Isabel Beth Castro and Francis Timothy Dargin. They were married on a Sunday, in Santa Barbara’s Trinity Episcopal Church, before a wedding party consisting of both sets of parents, Lita’s sister (her maid of honor) and two brothers.

She wore a gray dress, a gray chantilly lace skirt and white gloves and carried a bouquet of lavender and white orchids, framed in white carnations and gardenias. Rory wore a plain blue suit.

After the ceremony there was a wedding supper at the Harbour Club in Santa Barbara. Rory and his bride spent the night at the Santa Barbara Biltmore, and left the next morning for Ojai Inn.

Rory Calhoun was a particular type, neither a spectacular nor an elopement. And it was so beautiful that Rory and Lita made a promise to each other on their honeymoon: Every five years they would return to Santa Barbara and be married again, re-creating the circumstances of the first ceremony as completely as possible.

Sentimental? Yes, frankly so. Old-fashioned, too—and who cares? Not Rory and Lita. This is their own private five-year plan and they are carrying it out. They were married for the second time on August 29, 1953—all though they couldn’t arrange to have the wedding in Santa Barbara. Rory was on location in Alberta, Canada, making “River of No Return” at the time. The members of the original wedding party were some thou-
sand miles away. But the ceremony was performed as scheduled—with Bob Mitch-um and Marilyn Monroe as best man and maid of honor, respectively.

How did Lita happen to be on location with Rory? This brings up another unique aspect of the Calhoun design for marriage—unique, that is, for Hollywood, where wives don't, as a rule, accompany their star husbands on location trips. But very soon after the wedding, Rory had to go to Navajo country in Arizona to make a picture. It was his kind of country—lots of sky and space, no crowds, primitive living conditions—like a big camping trip. Rory should have been in his element—and he was just plain miserable. He called Lita long distance every night to hear her voice. He made up his mind that if he couldn't be with her, he would go anywhere without her again.

So Lita accompanies Rory on location trips and on the hunting and fishing trips he loves, too. This house-prized of night clubs and movies, has learned to rough it with the best of them.

“And I enjoy it, too,” she says staunchly. “Oh, I admit I mightn't if Rory didn't love it so. But he does, you see, and that makes all the difference. I think it's his—his dream. They hate it, she hesitated, "not her duty—no, I don't mean that—I think it's her—privilege, to enjoy the things her husband enjoys, to share his pleasure in them. I didn't have the kind of childhood he has, too. I have to teach me to like sports and outdoor living, but I don't see why that means I can't learn to like them.”

But of course this business of sharing works both ways. Rory knows that and if Lita accompanies him on rugged location trips, he goes with her when she is booked for a few weeks into some swanky Manhattan night spot. If, because of picture commitments, she can't—then Lita doesn't accept the engagement. Frequently, too, Rory buttons himself into a bowed shirt and dinner jacket and takes Lita out for a long and happy evening. It's not his sort of thing at all, any more than cooking over a camp fire is Lita's, but he has fun—because Lita does.

Maybe this all sounds too perfect. And maybe you think I'm mistaken. No, but if Lita and Rory sound like two little angels with halos, bowing and saying to each other, “Just as you like, darling.” Well, they aren't! With Lita's Latin temper and Rory's Irish one, their situations are as near as they can be to the truthful, "Not that anyone does—they have the good taste to keep them private." But when a good heated fight is over, it's over—no lingering resentment.

Since she and Rory were married, Lita has continued her career—and this fact admittedly doesn't fit into the old-fashioned pattern of their life together. But it is a pattern taken for granted between them, that if one's work comes first, Lita's second. Thus they avoid the rock on which so many Hollywood marriages crack up. There is no competition between them, no fear that one will become career-wise—"bigger" than the other. She is an expert in singing and dancing, a branch of entertainment in which Rory is content to be an appreciative spectator. He is proud when he watches her charming night-club audience into rapt silence. It makes him feel good.

The Calhoun home in Beverly Hills is run according to a traditional American system. When Rory's words are spoken, one thousand dollars in the bank and a mortaged car, he has become considerably more affluent. But he and Lita employ no butler, no maid, no servant of any kind, except as a woman who comes in once a week to do the heavy cleaning. "When you do things around the place yourself, you take more interest in your home," they firmly believe.

Lita found the house, a New England style place with a roomy backyard, a swimming pool and numerous trees. Lita also supervised the decorating. Like any sensi-tive husband, Rory lets such matters to his wife's judgment. Lita also supervises Rory's forays into carpentry, which have included, so far, building a knotty-pine breakfast nook and converting the former maid's room into a pine-panelled den—both very workmanlike and profes-sional. His own special project, so far incomplete, is building a "Western room" over the garage as a haven for his saddles, guns, and draw bows.

There is one lack in their marriage, and they both feel keenly: They have no children. The one time they seemed about to become parents, Lita lost the baby. They have been assured by their doctor there is no reason to fear they won't have children eventually, and they are both hoping for that time to come—soon, if possible.

Meanwhile—well, Rory's contention can best be measured by something that happened a couple of years ago. You remember that when he first began acting in pictures it was his canny though to buy a ranch as soon as he had the money, as a back-up of security. Soon after Lita and he were married, they bought that ranch near Ojai. They lived on it for a couple of years. Then, a few miles away, they moved to the studio and back each day he was working. He still couldn't believe he'd be a success in pictures, but he knew he could earn a living as a rancher. Today that ranch is run by a foreman. "I couldn't devote enough time to it," Rory says laconically. "Too busy at the studio." Which means, translated, that for the first time in his life Rory Calhoun is happy and secure, where he is—in Hollywood, of all places.

The End

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 c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Cal.
Easiest "Knights never all bad was. Somebody never just will. We give. the all enough. will five-cent a ten friend. about never Pop's big point. Salted one Gayer 67) she. get. She I. three move. She was the sweetest of hot water—but I never did hurt any- thing."

Jeanette Johnson, today a gym teacher at Glendale High and still your best friend, can also remember problems you had to tackle as Girl Scouts. 

"I'll never forget one little excursion our troop made to Pop's Willow Lake. We had a wonderful time until it came time to eat. We went camping, and when we returned, the record of 'Five Salted Peanuts' on the jukebox and finally we were starved. But when we unpacked our lunch, the food was bad. I don't know what to do about it. I remember there was a big discussion and someone brought up the point that markets aged meat on purpose, but the better it was and, therefore, it was perfectly all right for us to eat ours. So we just scraped the bugs off and pretended they weren't there.

While we're admitting our own medals for resourcefulness, you're also showing great promise as a comedian, according to Mrs. Diane Higley Cheek, a director at Lockheed Aircraft and still your very close friend.

"We all talked about becoming gym teachers in those days, and we'd knock ourselves out playing basketball and base- ball, but Fran was always the comedienne. At Scout Camp in the mountains, we'd call our tent 'The Opera House' because we did so much singing. The louder we sang, the better we liked it—and the better we thought it was. We had a great time with 'When You Were a Tulip' around the campfires at night. As I recall, Fran could sing it loud as any of us and did—so I would put in a few comical gestures on the side. She was the comedienne even then.

"We weren't supposed to chew gum in Junior High, but Fran was always cracking her gum and one day in math class she got caught. Our teacher made her stand in the corner with her gum on her nose. But Fran made a routine out of it. She just looked around at the class and clopping it up, and all the kids were in stitches. Finally the teacher said, 'Fran, I told you to stand with your face in the corner.' She drew herself up haughtily—I'll never forget—'Only my friends call me Fran,' she said."

Some day your undisciplined spirit will carry you through the challenges of a magic world you cannot dream now will be yours. But in school, it gets you in Dutch. And often. In the seventh grade your progress report card says your social marks are 'Unsatisfactory.' Your respect for school regulations? 'Unsatisfactory.' And what are all these postscripts that read, "Please note the grade in Social Habits. My Incident Book.?"

"Morotonous—aren't they? I never even got a 'Fair,' " you say today. "But it was just that I had a gift for gab. I'd get my work done, but I'd fool around. The teachers would get mad, but they couldn't do much of anything because my work was always done. But when I was really mean was in grade school. I'd started growing up in those years, the seventh. I'd discovered the sweet little girls who smiled and said 'Yes' got away with a lot more. The teachers always knew I was going to do something, so even if I didn't, they blamed me for it first. But I was never a bad girl really. I never did throw rocks through windows or things like that. I got myself in plenty of hot water—but I never did hurt anybody.”
young. I was always ‘too short’ or ‘too young.’ How I hated looking too young. I always had to be grown up by more an an adult to be a performer or prompter or doing sound effects. I knew all the parts in the plays, but I never got on. I was the footsteps, the ring of the doorbell, the knocking, or feet sloshing through mud. By high school, I gave up trying out.

It’s February, 1947, now, Mary Frances, graduation day for mid-term students at John Burroughs Junior College. High school the day you will be lighting up marqueses throughout the world—and the feet of thousands of GIs will be sloshing through the mud to see you on the screen...

You remember, the graduation exercises, and you choose as your subject, “Happiness.” Although you toy with the thought of being a gym teacher, you end up the old campaign of making people laugh. You’re a fan of Betty Hutton, and you kill the kids in your circle doing pantomimes to her records and to Beatrice Kaye’s. For you there’s no great revelation in watching a face light up when you clown.

But words escape even you when at the close of the graduation exercises you’re anunciating your announcement—actual American Legion Award. You hear the words: ‘For courage, character, service, companionship, scholarship—and then your own name! This, you know, will be the cornerstone of your life...

Yours is also a less-heralded victory. You can now play the French horn. The French horn? What inspired you to master this instrument...

‘Actually, my teacher in instrumental-training class at John Burroughs decided it for me. I meant to learn to play the clarinet, but by the time I signed up, they were full. There, you’ve three instruments left, all of them masculine—drome, the trombone, and the French horn. Right away I knew I didn’t want the drums. I often explain that after I had learned to play the trumpet, the French horn was impossible. With a challenge like that, I had to prove it...

‘Yes, the impossible, you must always try. And after a very wobbly start, you soar to unexpected heights with this instrument. How well your teacher in instrumental-training class, Mrs. Phyllis Thompson, did you get your pass and have you reached—finally—your first true note. The French horn is a treacherous instrument and difficult for anyone to play. And I was the least apt. It was a hard worker at first. But one day we were doing a piece in class that had a little French-horn solo. Usually when we came to that part, she rubbed, but this time a perfect French horn solo. You can imagine the rehearsals. ‘Hurry, Mary Frances,’ I said, ‘you played it right. I’m bet you couldn’t do it again.’ And she played it again. I don’t know what happened that day, but I must have been the right time to win approval, her own determination or whether she just discovered what she’d been doing wrong, from that time she was a different student. I put her in the orchestra the following semester, and she became my mainstay. I was surprised when she turned out to be a glamour girl. I always thought of her as a tomboy. She’s a friendly girl and yet when I’m glad she joined because she made to her illustrious—even if it’s not through the French horn.

Whatever happened, flushed with first victory, she made the Big Band, the Youth Symphony, and according to famed maestro, Leo Damiani, director of the Burbank Symphony and Youth Symphony Orchestrass, this proves to be an unforgettable experience."

“She came in with her horn and full of the Old Nick. I never expected her to be able to blow it. I asked her what she could play. ‘Oh, I can play anything,’ she said. When I saw right away I had talent on my hands. With my encouragement, she began to play anything, Old Boy. ‘Just play me scale,’ I said. It came out ‘Moooo’ and not so good. ‘Can’t you do better than that?’ asked her. ‘Yes, yes’, I started to play this thing,’ she said. ‘I’ll be terrific by mid-week.’ Since she was only one of tw French horns that showed up, I let her into the Youth Symphony. But once she knew you could take on a challenge, the team got you excited and you excelled from the last school period’s you yelled at the ball games. And can you yell. Remember this one? Firemen, steam steam, steam.

But this is 1947 is to be engraved in your memory forever, not only for its triumphs but for the tears. You’re treasure of the Girls’ Athletic Association, and during the games, you’re summoned before some of the faculty and accused of stealing forty dollars of the Association’s furtins. Your friend, Jeannette Johnson, is called in, and—she too, never did tell.

‘I was assured that if I told them Frannie took the money they wouldn’t hold it against me and Frannie would never find out I told. ‘You just tell us she did it,’ they said. I was so mad I stomped out. Honest was Fran’s long suit. This had happened during a lunch hour and we didn’t know why the money was missing. It was just then that it suddenly occurred to us that your friend had connected with the G.A.A. and I remember we all had to sign something saying we didn’t know what happened to the money. Later we got this letter up.

You, Mary Frances, are profoundly shocked. Nobody knows better than how you felt on this dark day.

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and I'd taken it. We went to the girls' school and talked to her. She was very poor and had personal troubles. We told her we wouldn't mention it but that she'd better stop taking money or this would get her in trouble. I said I'd taken it and we all got together and dipped in and helped pay the money back. You know something? Even after the money was returned, some of the girls accused Frannie because they thought if they were not mistreated, not to this day...

This leaves a scar deeper than anyone else, but you go to the school dance right. You get that silly expression of your mother's that she'd made for you especially for tonight. You go with your first boy friend, Jerry Odens, and you've the hit of the prom. Remember, only our first date.

That I couldn't forget. I'd never condered fellows that way, and I was so artilt when Jerry asked me, I'd grown up around men and never had a boy friend and their friends. And actually they'd been pretty much a menace, always kidding me so much. I never wore lipstick. Sweaters embarrassed me and I couldn't wear them. If a boy even half-accepted me, it scared me to death. When Jerry asked me for a date, I said, 'No, everybody says you're a wolf.' Finally I agreed to go to a Boy Scout picnic with him. There were many buns and I packed enough for ten people. I sat far over on my side of the car it's a wonder I didn't fall out the door. And I was so nervous I didn't even get a drink of water. I think I was nervous.

That's debatable, but Lt. j.g. Jerry Odens, today of the USN and still your boy friend, has good memories of that evening—and others.

The only reason Frannie accepted that first date was because it was a Boy Scout function and she knew it was all over. She called me a fool I called her a tomboy and that took of that. She was the only girl I went steady with in high school, and she had to be. You see, she could not get a kiss—and that was because she was fat. We were both sports-minded and liked being with her. We'd go bowling or swimming, roller skating, play cards. And then we were looking for her shoes. She was always taking her shoes off in movies and we were always looking for them. She didn't smoke a drink and at parties she was a doll—but she didn't think so. She'd set me she wouldn't win the contest, but I was sure she would. She was so surprised. She'd just entered for a free blouse. But she had the crown—and I finally got a kiss.

Yes, when you pannomine to Betty Hutton's recording of 'I'm a Square in Social Circles,' you must you are a square in his contest? Why?

'I just knew I wouldn't have a chance. Jerry Odens is as responsible as anyone or me being in show business today. If it hadn't been for the no, I wouldn't have gone that night. I kept saying I didn't want to go. I wouldn't even curl my hair. My brother didn't want to go either, and Mother kept saying, 'She's your sister and you're the first car, you go in,' so I finally gave in. My record-player in the car and made me go. I was sure I couldn't win. I wasn't cute or pretty or anything. It was a bathe-America-instruction and talent expository William Orr. They've determined some way to keep you there. Bill Orr gets you into the 'Daughter of Rosie O'Grady' as June Haven's kid sister. And he dubs you Debbie. He says as he says:

'Cute name for a cute girl. The Delmar Davises had a little girl named Debbie and I thought she sounded like Fran. So

And her shoulder seams were too long and the bust was too big. It was a gray-colored number with a purple scarf. It must have been fate for me to win that contest.

You not only win this contest, you win a Warner's contract. And according to Solly Baiano, Warners talent executive and judge that night, fate had nothing to do with it. "During the contest, I could see this kid standing in the wings, watching the others compete. That she never came to see. She clapped her hands for all of them. I thought she was working back stage. I whispered to the judge next me, 'Look at that little girl in the wings, isn't she cute? Too bad she isn't in the contest.' Then about the thirtiest contestant, she came out on stage, teetering forward on her high heels. She turned her back completely to the audience to start dancing. Her Victrola. She found she couldn't move enough in her high heels. She stopped the Victrola, took off her shoes, put them in the corner, started to record again and came up and singing and swinging. She had a whole routine just getting on. She thought I was out of my mind when I offered her a contract. I had to go over to her house and try to talk her mother into letting her sign, which was quite a switch."

On July 8, 1948, you're with Warners. For you it's just a formality. You're sure you'll be dropped in six months. For defence. The girls were taught to help make others happy, you're sure acting in movies is not your medium. You're no glamour girl; there can be no future for you in this life. But you'll be the one, along with your guiding star for as long as it lasts.

Your parents, ironically enough, agree to let you work in pictures because you were very good in dancing and singing which they can afford. There's a studio strike and the first to be laid off are the dancing and singing instructors. The studio talks of putting you in musicals and being worried. You take your problem to your old school friend, Leon Tyler, a dancer working in pictures. He rehearse a room back of his house, and in the 'next evening, you've found a job in the men's shoe department at J. C. Penney's store.

Your brother, much parental pressure, agrees to escort you to your first motion-picture premiere. This, Bill Ray, and you're cousin to regret as he me:

"We went in my hot rod, a real job all shaved and chopped down—but no relation to the other buggies there. When we got out in front of the theatre, Frannie tripped over the curb and lugged up. Somebody said, 'Aren't you going to go back and help her?' Being her brother and all, it hadn't occurred to me. We got separated and I didn't believe in the theatre, and they weren't going to let me in. Ten guys kept asking, 'Who are you?' Then, to top it all off, Fran had borrowed a real lush evening gown from the studio for the evening, and just as we were about to cross the street, I stepped on her dress—hard."

During the strike, production is slow, but you have two loyal roosters on the lot, Sally and George, the most photographic and talent expository William Orr. They've determined some way to keep you there. Bill Orr gets you into the "Daughter of Rosie O'Grady" as June Haven's kid sister. And he dubs you Debbie. He says as he says:
we named Fran. Debbie. She was a natural for pictures, and Sarah and I were sure that she was a future star. I had produced Bill Jacobs write a part for her into "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady." There were two sisters already, but I had him remove the lines so we could see you into the picture. Then, when the shooting script came through, the part had been written out. A third sister wasn't necessary and he got to write her back in again. She had about ten lines—eight of which she got laughs on.

However, after a year and a half at the studio, in January 1950, Warners releases you. They say you're not old enough and gravely break the bad news. Production is slow, there are no parts for you, there will be more opportunities somewhere else, your career is not over, etc. You have one question, "How did it last this long?"

On January 26, 1950, through special permission of the Board of Education, you graduate from school right up at John Burroughs High. This is a nostalgic event. You've all been together through all the years, except for your month studying on the studio.

But your lucky star is still with you. And you're signed for the part of Helen Kane, Bop-Boop-A-Doop singer in M-G-M's "Three Little Words."

At eighteen, you have a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayo that proves you're still convinced this is not your life. You're crazy for chocolate malts made with strawberry ice cream. You bowl a neat 133. You're the first of the girls to go on the same lot with Red Skelton, and you swoon when Clark Gable calls you by name. You choke up every time you hear Judy Garland's recording of "Friendly Star," and you're still shaving your own armpits Saturday night with the Burbank Youth Symphony. June Allyson is your father's favorite actress, and finally you get up courage to ask her by autograph.

Then you're rumored for the role of Janie Powell's 14-year-old kid sister in "Two Weeks with Love." Director Roy Rowan—who's guided so many young people to stardom, asks you to drop by his office for an interview. This is your first meeting, and one he will well remembers.

"It was a very hot day, and when Debbie came in, she immediately dropped down in a chair. I'm not going to go through the same lot with Red Skelton, and you swoon when Clark Gable calls you by name. You choke up every time you hear Judy Garland's recording of "Friendly Star," and you're still shaving your own armpits Saturday night with the Burbank Youth Symphony. June Allyson is your father's favorite actress, and finally you get up courage to ask her by autograph.

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DECEMBER, 1954
FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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"THE OLD MAN"
"WHITE CHRISTMAS"
"LOVE, YOU DIDN'T DO RIGHT BY ME"
"CHOREOGRAPHY"
"SNOW"
"MANDY"

BING CROSBY  *  DANNY KAYE

starring

with DEAN JAGGER  •  Lyrics and Music by IRVING BERLIN

Dances and Musical Numbers Staged by Robert Alton  •  Written for the screen by NORMAN
Your fondest White Christmas dreams are going to come true! The teaming of Bing and Danny for the first time will warm you all inside...like Christmas punch. And the way they sing and dance, along with Rosemary and Vera-Ellen, to put across those nine terrific new Berlin tunes is guaranteed to set sleigh bells jingling in your heart. You'll never forget this soul-warming story that begins with Bing singing "White Christmas"—as never before—and winds up on the most joyous note ever echoed from the screen!
Inside Hollywood: Diet and working conditions in Carmargo, Mexico, where Robert Wagner made “White Feather,” took a toll of fifteen pounds he could ill-afford to lose. It threw 20th into such a tizzy, they flew vitamins to Bob by special plane.

... It’s all very hush-hush, but Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis now have a writer on their personal payroll. He’s developing their original idea for a dramatic screenplay with a musical background. The palpitating pair plan to produce it independently and star in it, too. About that perennial stork rumor that’s rampant again: “When it’s true,” declare the innocent victims, “everyone will know it—because we’ll shout it to the world!”

Merely Money: Stage star Tommy Ewell, playing his original role opposite Marilyn Monroe in the movie version of “Seven Year Itch,” is so captivated he says he sees “blond spots in front of my eyes!” And speaking of talented Tommy, he tells a highly amusing story about the time he came out to make a movie with Bing Crosby, who of course couldn’t be more at ease in front of a camera. New to pictures, poor trembling Tommy turned to Bing pleadingly: “You’re always so relaxed. Please tell me HOW you do it.” The groaner grinned, then he pulled out a roll of bills big enough to choke a horse. Patting it gently, he cracked: “We-ell, this sort of helps!”

Boys Town: Returning home from the studio, William Holden discovered something new had been added to his backyard—an odd-looking hut made of old wood and tar paper. From experience he automatically called his sons, Scott and West, who brought in the neighborhood kids. It was their new clubhouse, they explained, as Bill noticed each member was wearing a crystal prism dangling from his neck. “You’ve done a fine job,” he encouraged them, “but where did you get those crystal prisms?” Came the nonchalant answer: “Oh, from that old thing in the basement.” And this was how Bill discovered an expensive crystal chandelier had been (Continued on page 8)
They called him the Wanderer because a horse was his home...

they called him 'Injun-Lover' but never to his face...

BUT THEY CALLED ON HIM WHEN EVERYONE ELSE HAD RUN AWAY!
HAS THE REAL THING COME YOUR WAY?

When it happens, you’ll know it at once. The feeling is fabulous. Like the streets are paved with diamonds and they all belong to you. Suddenly all the love songs seem to make sense. A walk in the rain is a trip to Spain, when the real thing comes along! And all your dreams of foreign labels and racing stables, of furs and jewels and swimming pools—you trade them all, for one million-dollar moment filled with love. You’re fortune’s darling, you’re ‘Queen of Diamonds’, you own the world—when the real thing comes your way!

Wouldn’t you know that only Revlon could create a color to match this million-dollar mood? It’s here and it’s heaven—a haunting, restless flame that fairly crackles with excitement! Wear ‘Queen of Diamonds’ now, tonight. And all at once the world is yours! Anything could happen—and why not let it, just this once?

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---

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---

**Woman's World**  **20th; Cinemascope, Technicolor**

Seven outstanding personalities and a series of breathtaking views of New York City highlight a romantic comedy about big business. As the boss of a huge luxury-car company, Clifton Webb must choose a new general manager. He wants the right man—with the right wife—and three couples are summoned to New York for the once-over. Corneil Wilde's a modestly efficient type, but wife June Allyson, home-loving and endearingly awkward in swank surroundings, shrinks at the idea of moving from Kansas City. Fred MacMurray's driving ambition threatens both his health and his marriage to Lauren Bacall. Well-qualified Van Heflin resents Arlene Dahl's too-obvious efforts to advance his career. Hardly a realistic study of American industry, the film instead accentuates laughs and lighth settings.

Family

*June, Clifton and Arlene bear Cornel propose an odd toast*

---

**The Barefoot Contessa**  **U.A., Technicolor**

Ava Gardner has the provocative title role in a strange but absorbing movie with flashes of biting wit. Humphrey Bogart's is the most sympathetic, least abnormal character, a has-been director whose voice begins the story. A dancer in a Spanish cafe, Ava is discovered by Bogart and his producer, a completely selfish multimillionaire (Warren Stevens). Though she becomes a star with her first movie, she remains unhappy and restless. When an unlovable playboy of the international set offers her a Riviera holiday, she accepts, in spite of consequences. This lethally amusing episode is narrated by Edmond O'Brien, first-rate as a nervous publicity man. Finally, Ava believes she has found her destiny with a young Italian nobleman (Rossano Brazzi). But the marriage is followed by a shocking disclosure.

Adult

*Offered a chance at fame, Ava tells Humphrey of her doubts*

---

**White Christmas**  **Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor**

A dazzling quartet of musical stars and a spectacular new film process give distinction to a pleasant tune-film. Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye, captain and private in World War II, team up in shows for GI's. After Danny saves Bing's life in an air raid, they decide to stay partners, and as civilians they reach success together. Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen get into the act as singing, dancing sisters being considered for a Crosby-Kaye show. Romance, hampered by misunderstandings, develops when the four meet at a Vermont ski lodge threatened by a crisis—no snow. The inn's owner is none other than the boys' beloved commanding general (Dean Jagger), now put out to pasture; so they scheme to help him. The movie relies on stars rather than plot, and VistaVision produces a big, clear picture.

Family

*Arriving with Vera-Ellen and Rosemary, Bing finds trouble*
Three Hours to Kill

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

In a tense, no-nonsense-about-it Western, Dana Andrews returns to his home town after three years as a fugitive. An embittered man with a telltale rope scar on his neck, he's ready to play sleuth and executioner. On the night Dana left, he and Donna Reed made belated marriage plans, strongly opposed by her brother (Richard Webb). When Webb was murdered, Dana's fellow townspeople saw damning evidence against him and tried to Lynch him. Facing him again, they are still suspicious, but paralyzed by fright. Donna is now the loving wife of Dick Coogan and the mother of a small son. Only the handsome, easy-mannered Dianne Foster remains friendly toward Dana. Done in competent style, the story has ample suspense—and some unusual twists for this type of movie.

Dana sees a happy trio: Arthur Fox, Donna, Richard Coogan

Four Guns to the Border

UL, TECHNICOLOR

Except that hero Rory Calhoun's conduct is not too heroic most of the way, this Western follows a more conventional pattern. With fellow desperadoes John McIntire, George Nader and Jay Silverheels, Rory plots a daring bank robbery. On the side, he rather aggressively courts hoydenish Colleen Miller. She's willing, though Rory seems terribly unpromising husband-material. But dad (Walter Brennan) doesn't want her to marry the sort of young ruffian he himself used to be. As for Rory's boldup, it requires the unwitting assistance of sheriff Charles Drake. As soon as the robbery's over, a new burst of action is provided by a band of renegade Apaches—about the only characters in the picture who show no trace of having hearts of gold. Horse-opera fans will call this one good fun throughout.

A bout between Rory and Charles Drake has a rapt audience

Bengal Brigade

UL, TECHNICOLOR

Rock Hudson wears Her Majesty's uniform instead of Levis; the Indians wear turbans instead of war bonnets, but this remains a Western in disguise, with all the dependable thrills, chases and last-minute rescues. In India of the last century, Rock gets into trouble when he disobeys a command in order to save his native troops from a death trap. Thanks to the treachery of another officer (Dan O'Herlihy), his court martial ends with a reprimand. In disgust, Rock quits the service, though this step threatens his romance with Arlene Dahl, his colonel's daughter. Promptly he's approached by a local rajah, hopeful that Rock will aid in a scheduled insurrection. Ursula Thiess has only a brief role, but joins Rock and Arlene in making the picture soothing to the eyes of both male and female moviegoers.

Suspected of treason, Rock tries to keep Arlene's loyalty

MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE 28 • BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT FILMS ON PAGE 104 • FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF NEW FILMS SEE PAGE 29
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A dark, handsome young man stirred restlessly in his seat in a theatre in Long Beach, California. He had faced tough situations before: during his college years when he competed and won a phenomenal 24 letters in athletic competition; during the war when he had battled his way across Europe. But even those experiences hadn't seemed so momentous as this evening. His whole future and career—all the long years stretching ahead of him—hinged on what he was about to see on the screen...

His thoughts wandered back to the beginning when he first arrived in Hollywood. He had the choice of a conventional Hollywood build-up. An agent had seen his photograph and offered to represent him, holding out the lure of a stock contract at a major studio. It would be the slow, tiresome routine known to so many young hopefuls: the small parts, then maybe a good supporting role; then maybe, someday, a chance at a leading part. But always the big "maybe," always the threat of a six-months option hanging over his head and the dread possibility that he might be dropped before he could demonstrate his ability. The war had taught him to play for big stakes, so he was gambling high. He refused the agent. It would be all or nothing.

He had a theory that one role, if it were the right one, could catapult him to fame. Subsidized by two aunts, he had enough money for two years of independence. At the end of that time, if he had failed, he knew he would have to take a job somewhere else in another field and try to repay the debt.

His whole life became involved with acting, in studying and discussing. His friends were all concerned with the movies. He made friends with secretaries, mail clerks, mimeo clerks and messenger boys at the studios. Through them, he sometimes got a chance to hear or read scripts ahead of time. He decided on the type of role he was seeking, a brief role, but important to the plot, which would come toward the end of the picture, so the audience would remember his performance as it left the theatre. And he preferred a Western, because he'd appear most natural in a setting similar to his own background.

Finally, after twenty months, the ideal part came into his hands. Through an advance look at the script, he was well aware of the role's demands and was able to muster a case for himself. He convinced the producer and the director that he was right for the role.

Coming out of the daydream, back to his surroundings in the theatre, he realized that he had already made his entrance on the screen. He waited patiently for the movie to end. Nervously he paced the lobby while the fans filled in the preview cards. If he had been wrong, he had just thrown away two years, years he could never use again, that he might have used making the slow progress in the regular way of a contract player.

But he had made it! A remarkable ninety per cent of all the cards commented favorably on the new young actor or asked for more information about him or noted that they wanted to see him again. So good a reaction that the producer remarked he would have suspected the actor of packing the house—except that no one has 1200 relatives! In the next week, the young man received offers from four major studios and the chance to star in a dozen movies. Success has been sweet, but there has been no moment so precious as that preview night—for DALE ROBERTSON.
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Vera-Ellen, Carlos Thompson: mutual admiration

Lana, Lex: the gentleman prefers her brunette

THE PARTY OF THE YEAR—and no doubt about it, was the out-of-this-world dinner-dance Sonja Henie so lavishly tossed at her home. The Henie had imported and installed a complete "Dancing Water Ballet." The installation cost $7500! "Everybody"—as they say, was at Sonja's party. In their finest duds and jewels. A list of those enjoying a truly glamorous affair would fill the book, but some who stayed till the wee hours were Grace Kelly, in simple, clinging black, with Roman-striped cloth stole, and Oleg Cassini; Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea, and Virginia in a red-taffeta over tiers of white—its skirt so full she could hardly navigate! Lana Turner, gorgeously blond again, wore a short but flowy, simple strapless gown of coral chiffon, with her huge diamond clips clipped at the side just below the bustline. Lex Barker waggled his finger at us when we told Lana she should keep her hair the lovely, soft silvery blond (no more of that white or yellow tint) it is now. He still prefers her brunette. Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross fresh home from Europe were on hand. Joan in a pencil-slim gown of white crepe, banded with silver sequins, and wearing a shocking pink satin stole. One of the knockouts of the party was Norma Shearer, slender as a reed, in slinky black crepe and wearing a short, blond hairdo... June Allyson (in a white and red Loper job) and Cesar Romero put on quite a hunk of dance-exhibition before the eye was over. Pier Angeli came without a feller, but had pullency of stags to contend with! Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford in black with Chuck Walters, Ethel Merman in black and her mop of hair short, Ann Miller in full-skirted white, the Eddie Robinsons, Jeff Chandler, the Gary Coopers, the Ty Powers, Gloria De Haven, Gracie and George—we could go on and on. Our escort was George Nader, who on studio orders had had his black hair dyed blond that day for "Lady Godiva." You should have seen the gals practically swooning over Nader! And that, we'd betcha, is a mere straw in the wind! At our table was Barbara Stanwyck, in slinky black trimmed with a bit of white across the bustline—and wearing those diamond gardenias she loves so well (who wouldn't?).

Lori Nelson tossed a nice birthday party for—herself. She was turning twenty one—and had just about that many in to help her celebrate. Debbie Reynolds had a big disappointment because Eddie Fisher couldn't get to Hollywood that weekend as thought. So she went with her pal Leon Tyler. Marla English was with Larry Pennell, Julia Adams with George Nader, Kathleen Crowley with Dick Clayton. Ann Blyth and her Dr. Jim, the John Ericsons, Suzan Ball and Dick Long, Race Gentry, and the John Agars.

Shelley Winters may have meant it after all when she announced after returning from Europe that she was "through with sloppy clothes and slacks." When Shell gave a hen-party for Constance Dowling, she was all done up in a chic black dress trimmed with pearls. Among the "hens" were Marisa Pavan, Peggy Maley, and Marsha Hunt. The fellers who came in later included Farley Granger, who wants to stay in Hollywood and make another flicker, Richard Egan, Bob Presnell and John Houseman. Dick Egan sported a beard for "Unfamed."

When actor-turned-producer, Ross Hunter gave his party for newly engaged Jane Powell and Pat Nerney, he had the whole front of his house strung with wedding bells and the invitations were signed "Dan Cupid." Jane and Pat hoped to be one by November—IF "Hit the Deck" hit the finish line. They planned a European honeymoon the minute it was finished. They also planned plenty of "the blues." For a wedding color-scheme, I mean. Jane said she'd wear a light blue sheen-wool dress with a matching, fox-trimmed coat; that Pat would be in the well-known "blue serge suit"; and that their suite at home would feature a blue bedroom, blue bathroom (complete with blue towels and mats)—and that her bridal nightie would be blue! P.S. Janie's favorite color is blue.

The splendiferous preem of "The Egyptian" brought out scads of stars. Bella Darvi, with Brad Dexter, was the only star in the picture who showed up for the opening. Buzz went that Edmund Purdom wasn't on hand because Purdom was supposedly pouting at home after a tiff with his Mrs. Anyway, there was glamour galore for the bleacher-fans with Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis; Katy Jurado; Jack Webb and Dorothy Towne; Carol Ladd and Dick Anderson who'd just announced their engagement; Vera-Ellen with Carlos Thompson; Mary Murphy with Dale Robertson and so many more.
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*U.S.A., Canadian and Foreign Patents Pending...
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S
GOLD MEDAL AWARDS BALLOT FOR 1954-55

STARS

Allyson, June
Angeli, Pier
Aurora, Gene
Ball, Susan
Barker, Lex
Baxter, Anne
Blyth, Ann
Bogart, Humphrey
Booth, Shirley
Brady, Scott
Brando, Marlon
Barton, Richard
Cathcart, Rory
Caron, Leslie
Chandler, Jeff
Charisse, Cyd
Clift, Montgomery
Clonney, Rosemary
Cochran, Steve
Cooper, Gary
Craik, Jeanne
Crowford, Joan
Crosby, Bing
Crowley, Pat
Curits, Tony
Dahl, Arlene
Damone, Vic
Darvi, Bella
Day, Doris
DeCarlo, Yvonne
Douglas, Kirk
Ferrer, Jose
Fleming, Rhonda
Francis, Robert
Gable, Clark
Gardner, Ava
Garland, Judy
Garson, Greer
Grable, Betty
Greene, Gloria
Granger, Stewart
Hayden, Sterling
Hayward, Susan
Hayworth, Rita
Hepburn, Audrey
Heston, Charlton
Holden, William
Holliday, Judy
Hope, Bob
Hunter, Jack
Hunt, Tab
Johnson, Van
Jones, Jennifer
Kaye, Danny
Keel, Howard
Kelly, Gene
Kelly, Grace
Kerr, Deborah
Ladd, Alan
Lamas, Fernando
Lancaster, Burt
Laurie, Piper
Leigh, Janet
Leannon, Jack
MacMurray, Fred
Madison, Guy
Marci, Decy
Martin, Louis
Masen, James
Mature, Victor
Mayo, Virginia
Millard, Ray
Mitchell, Cameron
Mitchum, Robert
Mourne, Marilyn
Mooro, Terry
Murphy, Audie
Nader, George
Nork, Kim
O'Connor, Donald
O'Hara, Maureen
Paget, Debra
Palance, Jack
Palance, Rita
Parker, Eleanor
Peck, Gregory
Peters, Joan
Pidgeon, Walter
Powell, Dick
Powell, Jane
Power, Tyrone
Purdon, Edmund
Reed, Donna
Reynolds, Debbie
Rogers, Ginger
Rogers, Roy
Roland, Gilbert
Rush, Barbara
Russell, Jane
Saint, Eva Marie
Sinatras, Jean
Sinatra, Frank
Stack, Robert
Stanswyck, Barbara
Stewart, James
Taylor, Elizabeth
Taylor, Robert
Thompson, Carlos
Tierney, Gene
Tod, Richard
Tracy, Spencer
Turner, Lana
Wagner, Robert
Wayne, John
Webb, Clifton
Webb, Jack
Widmark, Richard
Willing, Michael
Williams, Esther
Winter, Shelley
Wynmau, Jane
Wynn, May

Another chance to register your votes for the best male and female players, the best film of 1954. Who will be your Gold Medal favorites?

MOVIES

About Mrs. Leslie
Act of Love
Adventures of Robinson Crusoe
American, The
Apache
Barefoot Contessa, The
Beat the Devil
Beau Brummell
Bengal Brigade
Big Rainbows, The
Black Shield of Falworth, The
Brigadoon
Broken Lance
Caine Mutiny, The
Carnival Story
Casablanca's Big Night
Command, The
Country Girl, The
Creature from the Black Lagoon
Dangerous Mission
Demetrius and the Gladiators
Desease
Dial M for Murder
Dragnet
Drum Beat
Easy to Love
Eddie Cantor Story, The
Egyptian, The
Elephant Walk
Executive Suite
Flame and the Flesh
Forever Female
Francis Joins the WACS
French Line, The
Garden of Evil
Glen Miller Story, The
Hell and High Water
Hell Below Zero
High and the Mighty, The
His Majesty O'Keefe
Holborn's Choice
Hondo
Indiscretion of an American Wife
It Should Happen to You
Johnny Dark
Johnny Guitar
King Richard and the Crusaders
Knights of the Round Table

Knock on Wood
Last Time I Saw Paris, The
Little Kidnappers, The
Living It Up
Long, Long Trailer, The
Lucky Me
Ma and Pa Kettle at Home
Magnificent Obsession
Man with a Million
Men of the Fighting Lady
Money from Home
Miss Sadie Thompson
Naked Alibi
Naked Jungle, The
Night People
On the Waterfront
Paratrooper
Passion
Phffft
Prince Valiant
Pushover
Rain Window
Red Garters
Rhododendron
River of No Return
Rob Roy
Rose Marie
Sabrina
Saskatchewan
Secret of the Incas
Seven Brides for Seven Brothers
She Couldn't Say No
Son of Sinbad
Star Is Born, A
Strategic Air Command
Student Prince, The
Suddenly
Susan Slept Here
Them
This Is My Love
Three Coins in the Fountain
Track of the Cat
Vanishing Prairie, The
Vera Cruz
Walking My Baby Back
Home
White Christmas
Wild One, The
Woman's World
Yorkie Pasha
Young at Heart

Vote for your Favorite Stars and Movie of 1954

BEST FEMALE PERFORMER__________________________________________
BEST MALE PERFORMER___________________________________________
BEST FILM OF 1954_________________________________________________

Mail your ballot to PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS, Box 1291, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Ballots must be received no later than December 10, 1954. You need not sign your name—but do mail your vote today!
This Christmas give the fragrance more women use than any other in the world—

Evening in Paris

Jewelled Purse Flacon—Perfume $1.50

A Glamour—Lipstick, Bubble Bath, Perfume, Liquid Sachet, Perfume, Cologne $5.00

Pretty Patte—Talc, Liquid Sachet, Perfume, Face Powder, Cologne $4.00

L'Avenue—Talc, Perfume Flacon, Cologne $2.50

Snowflake—Perfume $1.00

Spirit of Paris—Face Powder, Cologne, Toilet Water, Perfume, Perfume Flacon, Lipstick $10.00

But Yes—Toilet Water and Perfume Flacon $1.75

Indigo—Talc, Perfume, Toilet Water, Bubble Bath Perfume, Cologne, Perfume Flacon $7.50

Pink Gift—Bubble Bath, Toilet Water, Bubble Bath Perfume, Cologne $3.00

Created in France ... Made in U.S.A.
Here is proof: You can stop

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Recently, 447 women made a grueling test. It was conducted by a national research laboratory. The purpose: to find the answer to the most serious skin problem housewives face today—"detergent hands."

These women soaked both their hands in detergents, three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to their right hands. Their left hands were not treated. Skin scientists supervised these important tests.

The amazing result. In just 3 or 4 days, untreated hands were reddened and roughened, even cracked and sore. Yet the hands given Jergens Lotion care were soft, unblemished, smooth, white.

Many other lotions were tested the same way. Not one proved as effective as Jergens Lotion for stopping detergent damage. Not even 100% pure lanolin did a better job (and no hand care contains more than 15½% lanolin).

The famous Jergens formula, improved over 50 years, positively stops detergent damage. This means it's ideal for roughness, chapping, and all hand problems. It's never sticky or greasy.

Now every woman can be assured of lovely, smooth, feminine hands! If you have not tried Jergens lately, now is the time. You will find it a heavier, creamier lotion, with a pleasing new fragrance. Still 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Jergens Lotion positively stops "Detergent Hands"
"Detergent Hands" with Jergens Lotion

These are the hands of Beth Anderson, one of the 447 women in the experiment. Both her hands were soaked in detergents. Her left hand was untreated. Her right hand was cared for with Jergens Lotion. The difference was astonishing! Jergens Lotion will work as well for you, or your money will be returned. This photograph is unretouched.

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists: A summary copy of this independent research report is available to you. Write on your letterhead to The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.
The evening ends divinely . . .

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GIVE her Midnight-scented Dusting Powder with a luxury puff... only $1.25

GIVE her a Midnight Glamour Set...
Cologne plus Hand and Body Lotion. $1.

GIVE her Midnight Bubble Bath...
16 envelopes of bath-time delight! $1.

GIVE her the fabulous Midnight Lipstick-Perfume Combination. $1.

*See Erskine Johnson’s “Hollywood Round” on your local TV station.

LAUGHING STOCK

Jerry Lewis rebelled at having to let an elephant juggle him for a scene in “The Big Top.”

“It’s against my religion,” he winced.

“What do you mean?” said director Joe Penney, sensing he was about to become a straight man. “What is your religion?”

Said Jerry: “I’m a devout coward.”

Overheard: “Almost every woman has a youthful figure—and you get it when you ask her age.”

And at a barber shop: “Just a shave, I haven’t got time to listen to a haircut.”

A burlesque queen at a Los Angeles night club is billed as “anamorphic, panoramic, stereophonic and the modern miracle you see without glasses.”

An eight-year-old’s wail about seeing Walt Disney’s English classic “Rob Roy”: “What a gyp! I thought it was a Western in which bandits hold up Roy Rogers!”

A Paramount press agent is dreaming about posing Alan Ladd on a horse named Harvest Moon so he can title it: “Shane on Harvest Moon.”

Stage manager to showgirl at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas:

“All we want, ma’am, are the bare facts.”

Hollywoodese for an Indian starlet posing for leg art: Correlative cake.

Cartoon bowl: A couple standing at the edge of the Grand Canyon with the woman saying:

“Somehow, in Cinerama, it had more depth.”

Overheard at the Mocambo: “I’m not under the influence of alcohol like some thinkle peep I am.”

Jan August tells about the movie idol who’s so bad under his toupee that when he gets temperamental he tears his hair out with a tweezier.

Science-fiction influence:
A Hollywood theatre flashed this typographical marquee error: “Martian and Lewis.”

Add Liberace jokes:
Liberace, it’s said, cracked his head when he jumped into his piano-shaped swimming pool. Brother George forgot to open the lid.

Last words: “Of course I'll get custody of the maid—that’s what started the divorce in the first place.”

It has become traditional in space-adventure films for the men to wear more and more garb and the women less and less. This is science fiction?

Don Quinn swears he saw a British movie in which the hero’s small daughter worked her way, with complications, through a brick of chocolate ice cream. Then the hero said:

“Cynthia, darling, you’ve been a mess through this whole ugly brick.”
About the fact that Terry Moore remains high on all fan polls, yet she can't get a picture bid in Hollywood, leaving some newspaper people wondering if they didn't unjustly cost her her career. . . About the irony of the Ed Purdom story. When Ed and his family were starving and living on top of a garage, everything went well with the family; now with success and top billing, Ed's confused and ill and family relations are not what they ought to be. . . About the possibility that Eddie Fisher might become both a movie star and an engaged man. Rumors have it that there are some mighty good film offers being made to Eddie who's waiting for the "right" one. And it seems no longer a rumor that Eddie and Debbie Reynolds are in love. The question is just how soon they plan to announce their announcement that they are engaged to be engaged. . . About the surprise break-up of the marriage of Jeff Hunter and Barbara Rush soon after Barbara returned from Ireland where she made "Captain Lightfoot," with Barbara making the announcement and Jeff moving into a Westwood apartment.

About when and where John Wayne and Pilar Palette will get the knot tied, with the betting that it will be before the turn of the year. . . And Mari Blanchard's apparent break with the bachelor-minded Greg Bautzer, with the handsome film barrister promptly switching to Carol Haney, a honey from the cast of "Pajama Game." . . About Vera-Ellen's quickie to Europe in the wake of Carlos Thompson, who journeyed to Munich to play opposite Yvonne DeCarlo in "Magic Fire," the Richard Wagner bio-pic. . . And Jess Barker's bustle of activity since he took it on the chin in the divorce settlement with Susan Hayward, getting practically nothing but the right to visit the children. Jess, who hadn't worked at the acting trade much these last few years, suddenly found himself in brisk demand both for TV and pictures.

About the convincing way Olivia de Havilland scotched rumors that all isn't well with her and her French squire Pierre Galante. . . And about how the parade of Oscar candidates is growing apace in this 1954, a real "vintage year" for great films, with Maureen O'Hara assuring her pals with enthusiasm that "Tyone Power is an absolute cinch for his performance in 'The Long Gray Line.'" . . About the likelihood that Grace Kelly and Oleg Cassini will be sending out wedding invitations right soon now. . . And that Jack Webb, whose divorce from Julie London became final in November, will not wait very long before marrying his long-time sweetie Dorothy Towne.

About the warm romance that sprang up sans any warning at all between Shelley Winters and Sterling Hayden and the speculation among their friends as to whether this could possibly be the real thing—which most people doubt. Meanwhile Shelley, who drew down her fastest acting fee to date for "Night of the Hunter," $75,000, has hurled a sneer overseas at Vittorio Gassman, who refused to contribute as much as one lira to the support of their infant daughter unless he's conceded the right to see her. Only one thing's certain—Shell will explode in all directions when Gassman arrives in Hollywood for his M-G-M commitment, which may be some time in '55. . .

About the threatened breakup of the marriage of Audie Murphy and his second wife, Pam. Audie tells pals that after "To Hell and Back" gets into the theaters he hopes to leave his acting career behind and take up directing. "I'm sure I'll be easier to live with," he says.
SOAP BOX:

I remember, a long time ago, when I was assigned to one of my first pictures. Someone proceeded to give me a word of warning, accompanied by a deep frown, "You're going to have quite a time getting along with Shelley Winters," she said.

I never pay attention to such gossip, but I'll confess that I was a little uneasy. However, when the picture began, I found the star to be a craftsman and a real worker. She wanted to make the best picture possible and slaved toward that goal. She had

moments of temperament, but they usually came for a very good reason.

Shelley taught me that on a picture—or in any business for that matter—you've got to give all of your attention to the problem at hand. You can't be petty. You can't scream over trifles. You can combine kindness and understanding with your work.

I didn't have a large part in the picture, but you'd never have known it from her attitude toward me. That's another thing. There's always time to give a helping hand. And I think it's an excellent thing for all of us to remember.

SUSAN BALL

My opinion of Audrey Hepburn's hair is: It looks terrible! ... The barber's scissors must have slipped when he was cutting it and he couldn't patch it up. Audrey is very pretty ... but her hair spoils her looks.

NANCY R.
Torrington, Connecticut

Dale Robertson's eyes are too sexy to waste on horses and cows! ... Why doesn't his studio recognize his pulling power?

LUCILENE
New Orleans, Louisiana

I just saw "About Mrs. Leslie" and think it deserves a better rating than you gave it. Shirley Booth played the part wonderfully and Robert Ryan did as well ...

BONNIE BLACK
Swampscott, Massachusetts

In your September issue of Photoplay there was an article on Bob Francis ... He's tops. Let's see more of him in Photoplay and in the movies.

SHERRY DEBRAH
Tacoma, Washington

After seeing "Mogambo" and "Dial M for Murder" I've come to the conclusion that movies really are "Better Than Ever." "Mogambo" had about everything it takes to make a good movie—including Grace Kelly, who is the best thing that's happened to Hollywood in years. She's in a class by herself ... it would be a gross mistake to put her in just any picture in the future ... She is a very exquisitie type, and I think that some day, if given the right roles, Grace Kelly will belong in the same class with Greta Garbo and Vivien Leigh.

A GRACE KELLY ADMIRER
Swainsboro, Georgia

Three cheers for Doris Day! She's proved great courage in being able to stand up against all the vicious gossip and rumors that have haunted her ever since she took a well-earned rest. Now to prove that she is rested and feeling fine once again she's making even more wonderful movies than ever ... Could you ask anything more in a movie star than Doris offers? ...

JUDY ROBERTS
San Diego, California

I would like to see ... Lyle Bettger star in a film that does not require him to drop dead at the end. That statement sounds rather silly, but let's face it. He always dies. We Bettger fans dislike to see him die a villain, but when we see him die a hero, as in "Carnival Story," that's the last straw. I know he makes a very charming villain, but I think he would be excellent as a down-to-earth sort of person who has a happy ending to his film story.

SUZANNE KRAIGE
SARAH ANNE SALMONS
NANCY KING
Roanoke, Virginia

John Derek has everything

John Derek is terrific! His family life is ideal and he's tops as an actor. Why isn't he in more movies like "Thunderbirds"? ...

CASSIE
Erie, Pennsylvania

CASTING:

I have just finished reading "The Other Father" by Hobson. It is the story of a husband's longing for a younger woman because he is bored with his wife and his two grown-up children. (Continued on page 26)
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WHETHER YOUR COMPLEXION IS
Ivory
Pink
Medium
Radiant
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Sepia
CAMEO HAS THE STOCKING COLORS FOR YOU.

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ESTHER WILLIAMS, star of M-G-M's color musical "JUPITER'S DARLING"

"Choose your stockings as you choose your face powder—to harmonize with your skin,"
says ESTHER WILLIAMS. Radiant-skinned Miss Williams and other M-G-M stars wear Bur-Mil Cameo stockings in "Skin Tones" which flatter their complexions.

Helena Rubinstein, famous cosmetic authority, agrees that complexion beauty doesn't stop with a well-powdered nose. She advises that leg glamour requires misty-dull stockings which flatter the color of the skin. Take the advice of glamour experts. Let Bur-Mil Cameo's Face Powder Finish give your legs a misty, well-powdered look. Let Cameo's new "Skin Tones" harmonize with your complexion both daytime and evening.

Ask for Bur-Mil Cameo in both seamless and full-fashioned styles. $1.15 to $1.65.

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"BUR-MIL® "CAMEO® "FACE POWDER®" AND "SKIN TONES®" ARE TRADEMARKS OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION."
I sincerely believe that it would make a wonderful movie with the following cast: Fredric March as Andrew Dyne, the husband; Ann Seymour as Mary Dyne, his wife; Robert Wagner as Bill Dyne, the son; Elaine Stewart as Peg Dyne, the daughter; Eleanor Parker as Ruth, the other woman; William Holden as Ted Galway, Peg’s boyfriend; Piper Laurie as Alicia; Sherry Jackson as Betty Dyne, Andrew’s youngest child; and Mary Philips as Edith Hamilton.

LOUIS ORZECH
Chicago, Illinois

A few months ago I had an attack of appendicitis, leaving me with a lot of time on my hands. So I decided to try reading a book. The book was entitled “Seventeenth Summer.” . . . My friends and I talked about it and came out with what we think are a good pick of leading stars to play the principal people: Angie, Debbie Reynolds; her boyfriend, Tab Hunter.

SYLVIA SPURGEON
Dallas, Texas

I have seen George Nader act in movies and on TV. I think he is wonderful. Why not co-star him and Jean Simmons in a romantic picture? They’d make a terrific team.

TRACY TROUT
Roanoke, Virginia

George Nader: time for love

I enjoy reading Zane Grey’s western stories. I especially liked “Code of the West.” This would make an enjoyable movie, starring Mona Freeman as Georgia Stuckwell; Bob Wagner or Tab Hunter as Cal Thurman. Stories about young people would be appreciated by the younger set of moviegoers.

NANCY KANDRICK
Pleasant, New Jersey

I would like to see that great actor Marlon Brando cast as the matador in Barnaby Conrad’s novel “Matador.” How well this wonderful actor could portray the tragic life of a great matador . . . It would be a different role for Brando.

GLORIA GREENWALD
Mount Holly, New Jersey

Why doesn’t M-G-M star Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding as the English diplomat and his wife, Charles and Jane Anderson, in James Hilton’s “Time and Time Again”? ...

NICK SALERNO
Phoenix, Arizona

I think Richard Burton and Maggie McNamera would make a very cute team since he’s what we girls call a positively beautiful hunk of man and she’s a doll. Why doesn’t 20th co-star them?

MARY JOAN, ALICE AND SUSAN
Laredo, Texas

QUESTION BOX:

John Wayne’s performance in “The High and the Mighty” follows the pattern of all his work. Really excellent! Has he any children?

SUZANNE
Chicago, Illinois

The Duke has four children, Son Patrick gets his first screen credit in “The Long Gray Line.”—ED.

Would you please tell me if Mario Lanza will be in the movies again? Is he going to make any concert tours? If so, when?

NANETTE NELSON
Chicago, Illinois

Mario’s film plans remain a mystery, though he has done some TV.—ED.

I have just seen one of the most tender and heartwarming pictures of the year, “Magnificent Obsession,” and would like to know the name of the song played throughout this wonderful picture.

ALBERTA ANDREWS
San Francisco, California

Based on themes by Chopin, Beethoven and Johann Strauss, the music was composed by Frank Skinner. It has been recorded directly from the sound track and is now available on long-playing Decca Records.—ED.

I have had some discussions with friends as to whether the female singing voice in “Rose Marie” and “The Student Prince” was Ann Blyth’s natural voice, or the recording of another voice worked in as Mario Lanza’s was in “The Student Prince.” In her role in “The Great Caruso” . . . she almost whispered a song, and we cannot picture her singing the other two roles, unless through the tricks of motion pictures, they have magnified it.

EMILY B. HOLT
Albany, Georgia

Ann did her own singing in all three films.—ED.

I’ve just seen “King Richard and the Crusaders” and thought it was wonderful. I’d like to know who played the part of Sir Kenneth of Huntingdon. It’s the first time I’ve seen him. Could you give me some information about him? . . .

JEAN STEWART
Nazareth, Pennsylvania

That was Laurence Harvey. He’s twenty-six years old, has brown hair and brown eyes, stands 6 feet and weighs 180 lbs. He’s still single. You can see him soon in J. Arthur Rank’s “Romeo and Juliet.”—ED.
My brother says Jane Russell is married and has children. I say she has been married but isn't now. Please tell me so we can settle the argument.

JACQUELINE SUE VOLKLAND
Bushton, Kansas

You lose—Jane's happily married to her one-and-only, Bob Waterfield, and they have two adopted children.—ED.

I would like to know if Debra Paget's sister is Leslie Gaye or Lisa Gaye. In your September issue it's Leslie. In your July issue it's Lisa.

ELLEN DORN
Phoenix, Arizona

Her studio decided to change her name from Lisa to Leslie.—ED.

Debra, Leslie: look-alikes that are sisters

Could you please tell me the names of the movies Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn starred in together?

LESLIE JOSI
Waterloo, Wisconsin


I have just seen "Three Young Texans" co-starring Keele Brasseille. I would like to know if he played Tony or Johnny... I think he played Tony.

GERTRUDE BANNISTER
East Detroit, Michigan

He did.—ED.

I have just read in a newspaper that Julie Mitchum (sister of Bond and Victor McLaglen's son were in "The High and the Mighty." What parts did they play?

MARILYN A. CHURA
Brooklyn, New York

Julie Mitchum played the part of the navigator's wife, Susie. Victor's son, Andrew McLaglen, was the assistant director of the film.—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 92. ED.

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Operation Manhunt

Filmed in Canada, this modest action picture imagines a harrowing episode in the present-day life of Igor Gouzenko, the Russian who fled from a Soviet Embassy to help Canada smash an atom-spy ring. Portrayed with conviction by Harry Townes, Gouzenko is seen living quietly in a farming section with his wife (Irla Jensen) and children, their true identity hidden to escape Soviet vengeance. The family's situation draws automatic sympathy, but the emotion would be stronger if the movie showed some of the events leading up to Gouzenko's big decision. Here, he is touched by a letter from a man who wants to follow him to freedom. It's a trap, of course, and the would-be rebel is a triggerman sent to Canada to make an example of Gouzenko. In this role, Jacques Aubuchon is a portly, dead-pawn villain better suited to a more romantic sort of melodrama. But events move with satisfying swiftness to a surprise finish.

Bread, Love and Dreams

Gentle, leisurely and charming, this Italian movie (with titles in English) gives luscious Gina Lollobrigida her best role. As the prettiest and the poorest girl in a mountain village, she's a free-striding little figure in tattered clothes, vigorously defending her virtue against a townful of admirers. To this isolated spot comes handsome, graying Vittorio De Sica, a marshal in the carabinieri (Italy's national police). A lonely bachelor, he casts an eye first on the comely young midwife, but gives up because he thinks he has a rival. Then he's drawn to Gina, not realizing that she's in love with one of his men, a youth too painfully shy to approach her. All the picture's people, even the prying villagers, are a likable lot, pathetically human.

Hansel and Gretel

Puppets of a remarkable new design are featured in this slow-paced version of the classic fairy tale. They are quaint and appealing figures, with features that move as well as limbs. But their motions aren't always smooth and realistic. Very young movie fans, however, are likely to be too spellbound by the little live dolls to quibble. The story, of course, follows a small brother and sister as they wander from their poverty-stricken home into a dark forest—where a fearsome witch lurks. A spirited caricature, she's the most convincing of the puppets, though over-imaginative youngsters might find nightmare material in her fondness for baked children as a tasty dish. With Humperdinck's familiar music, the film is a miniature opera.

Fire over Africa

Maureen O'Hara, Macdonald Carey and the rest of the troupe located in North Africa for this wildly melodramatic yarn of smugglers and secret agents. A former OSS girl, Maureen is assigned to find the unknown leader of a smuggling ring that operates in defiance of several governments. Posing as an adventurer, she gets a job in a dive run by the forlorn right Binnie Barnes. The customers, rakish group, provide plenty of leads for Maureen's detective work, but she can shake Carey off. He's a shady character who keeps following her, making brash advances. Eventually, both are embroiled in a colossal brawl with the smuggler's gang. The story travels fast along its involved course, against varied, colorful backgrounds.

The Black Dakotas

Again the Civil War is fought out west, in a lively horse opera that favors neither side. Gary Merrill's a Confederate spy representing himself as an emissary from Lincoln, ready to offer the Sioux a peace treaty and a gift of gold. Actually, Gary has murdered the real Union agent and now plans to steal the gold, so that the Sioux will renew warfare and the Union will be forced to send troops against them. Wanda Hendrix, whose father was hanged as a Southern spy, also has Confederate sympathies, though her true love (John Bromfield) is a loyal Union man. Dissension among the Sioux and the revelation of Gary's real character keep the plot bubbling busily.

The Human Jungle

No hidden motives for Gary Merrill this time. He's a thoroughgoing good guy. About to leave the police force and begin a law career, he can't resist a challenge thrown at him by his wily superior: the job of cleaning up the toughest precinct in town. Gary's treat-'em-rough policy draws censure when the gang frames him. But this can't stop his search for the murderer of a party girl. As the chief suspect, rangy Chuck Connors does a believable sketch of a deadly young hoodlum. His alibi is furnished by lan Sterling, equally effective as a brassy, cop-hating B-girl. Though the plot as a whole is not too plausible, the action's exciting. The romantic element is weak, with Paula Raymond as Gary's patient wife, in a home rather too well-appointed to belong to an honest cop.
HANSEL AND GRETEL—Michael Myerson, Directed by John Paul; Voices: Hansel and Gretel, Constance Brigham; Rosina Rubulina (The Witch), Edmund O'Brien; Anna Russell; Mother, Mildred Dunnock; Father, Frank Rogier; Sandman, Delbert Anderson; Dew Fairy, Helen Beatritz; Angels and Children, Apollo Boys' Choir.

HUMAN JUNGLE, THE—AA. Directed by Joseph M. Newman; Danforth, Gary Merrill; Mary, Jan Sterling; Pat Danforth, Paula Raymond; Rose, Emily Meyer; Geddes, Regis Toomey; Stanis, Chuck Connors; Strauss, Pat Waltz; O'Neil, George Wallace; Greco, Chubby Johnson; Cleary, Dan Keefer; Bledsoe, Rankin Mansfield; Lamont, Lamont Johnson; Karks, Leo Cleary; Utich, Florene Ames; Mandy, Claude Atkins; Lynch, Hugh Boswell; Captain Harrison, James Westerfield.

BENGAL BRIGADE—U. Directed by Laso Benedek; Jeff Clbourne, Rock Hudson; Frank Morse, Arnold Moss; Capt., Ronald Burton, Dan O'Heraty; Major Parson Stuy, Michael Ansara; Dr. Loi, Harold Gordon; Bullitt, Stephen Marken; Capt., Jim McCrane, Leslie Dunsford; Capt., Guy McCloud, John Doldsworth; Major Jennings, Ramsay Hill.

BLACK DAKOTAS, THE—Columbia. Directed by Roy Nazarro; Bruce Marshall, Gary Merrill; Rich Lawrence, Wanda Hendrix; Mike Daugherty, John Bromfield; "Gunny" Joe Woods, Noah Berry, J.T.; John Lawrence, John Roppe; John Ford, Robert Baker, Howard Wendell; Marthe Whit Collins, Robert Reheem; Simon, William Hoke; Griffith, Frank Gibb, Richard Webb; Greiner, Peter Whitney; War Cloud, John Way Eagle; Black Buffalo, Jay Silverheels; Spotted Deer, George Keyma; Bonie, Robert Griffin; Stone, Clayton Moore; Burke, Chris Alcaide; Zachary Paige, Frank Wilcox.

BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS—Titanus, Directed by Luigi Comencini; The Marshal, Vittorio De Sica; The Girl (Frisky), Gina Lollobrigida; The Middlewife (Leola), Anna Maria Mercati; The Carbuncle (Stelluti), Roberto Rizzo; The Village Priest (Ozio Torlando-Favini), Emidio Sereni; Friar Tuck (Paolotti), Maria Pia Casilio; Another Carbuncle, Memmo Caruso; The Hosteler (Carrel), Tania Gina; The Mother, Vittoria Cirino.

THREE HOURS TO KILL—Columbia. Directed by Alfred Werker; Jim Gittins, Dann Andrews; Laurie Martin, Donna Reed; Chris Plum, Dione Foster; Ben East, Stephen Elliott; Niles Hendricks, Richard Coogan; Marty Laskinell, Lawrencestitial, Sam Munoz, James Westerfield; Carter Martin, Richard Webb; Polly, Carolyn Jones; Betty, Charlotte Pietri; Double Bill, Balbina, Thelma Turich; Little Carter, Arthur Fox; Vince, Francis McDonald.

WHITE CHRISTMAS—Paramount. Directed by Michael Curtiz; Bob Wallace, Bing Crosby; Phil Davis, Danny Kaye; Betty, Rosemary Clooney; Judy, Vera-Ellen; General Waverly, Dean Jagger; Emma, Mary Wickes; Joe, John Brasla; Susan, Anne Whitefield; Adjutant, Richard Shannon; General's Guest, Grady Sutton; Landlord, Sig Rumann; Albert, Robert Crosson; Norvel, Herb Vigrin, Asst. Stage Manager, Dick Keene; Ed Harrison, Johnny Grant; General Charles, Gavin Gordon; Maitre D', Marcel de la Broshy; Sheriff, James Parrell; Conductor, Percy Helton; Fat Lady, Elizabeth Holmes; Doris, Barrie Chase; Stunt Master, I. Stanford Jolley; Conductor, Mike P. Donovan; Jeep-Driver, Glen Cargill; Girl, Lorraine Crawford; Asst. Dance Director, Joan Bayley; Asst. Dance Director, Lester Clark; Asst. Dance Director, Ernest Platt; Asst. Dance Director, Bea Allen.

WOMAN'S WORLD—20th. Directed by Jean Negulesco; Griffen, Clifton Webb; Katie, June Allyson; Jerry, Van Heflin; Elizabeth, Lauren Bacall; Sid, Fred MacMurray; Carol, Arlene Dahl; Bill Baxter, Cornell Wilde; Tony, Elliott Reid; Evelyn, Margalo Gillmore; Tomaso, Alan Reed; Jarecki, David Hoff; Worker—Auto Assembly, George Mellord; Butler, Eric Wilton; Cab Driver, Edward Astra; Bellhop, Conrad Feis; Waiter, Mark Snow; Doorman, Bert Stevens.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BAREFOOT CONTESTA, THE—U. Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz; Harry Daves, Humphrey Bogart; Maria Vargas, Ava Gardner; Oscar Muldoon, Edward O'Brien; Alberto Brauvia, Marius Cortin: Elena Tertolo-Favari, Valentina Cortese; Vincenzo Torlando-Favini, Enid March, Tiffany, Elizabeth Sellars; Kirk Edwards, Warren Stevens; Pedro, Franco Interlenghi; Nana, Mari Aldon; Nightclub Pianist, Robert Viviani; La Torrita, Ennio Staclia; Maria's Mother, Maria Zanoli; Maria's Father, Renato Chiantioni; J. Montague Brown, Bill Fraser; Mr. Black, John Parrish; Mr. Blue, Jim Gerald; Drunken Blonde, Diana Decker; Gypsy Dancer, Riccardo Dodi; The Pretender, Tony Schwartz; The Pretender's Wife, Margaret Anderson; Lois McGee, Gertrude O'Connell; Mr. Bevan, Ennio Staclia; Mrs. Ewbank, Beissie Love; Eddie Blake, Robert Christopher; Chambermaid, Anna Maria Padum; Chapferr, Carlo Dalc.

FOUR GUNS TO THE BORDER—U. Directed by Richard Carlson; Ray Conly, Roy Calhoun; Baby Bunner, Colleen Miller; Bruce, George Nader; Simon Bannister, Walter Brennan; Maggie Flannery, Nina Foch; Dutch, John McIntire; Sheriff, Flannery, Charles Drake; Yagi, Jay Silverheels; Greasy, Nestor Paiva, Mrs. Prichard, Mary Field; Easas, Bob Herron; Smith, Bob Hoy; Cather, Reg Parson.

With a smooth, blemish-free skin that invites romance

No More hateful blackheads, over-oily skin or pimples to keep you from having fun. You can be lovely, alluring. It's easy if you take these 3 steps:

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I believe Edmund Purdom portrays a dashing hero in the “Dragnet” acting manner. . . . Wonder if Audrey Hepburn paid Dior to try to make her fashionable. . . . “White Christmas” reminds me: I go for Rosemary Clooney singing. “Love, You Didn’t Do Right By Me,” especially when Mrs. Joe Ferrer sings, “Along came a Joe with winter and snow in his heart.”. . . . Do you remember when Johnny Weissmuller was “Tarzan, the Ape”? . . . Terry Moore claims she hasn’t as many romances as printed. Terry explains: “It’s not that I have a lot of boy friends. It’s just that I have a lot of friends who are boys.”. . . . The third booth opposite the bar in Chasen’s is my favorite dressing spot in Hollywood. . . . People keep telling me Rock Hudson is improving as an actor. . . . All blondes are brunettes. However, the minute a brunette changes, she assumes the personality of a blond. . . . I’d like to know the exact count of the actresses who have been labeled “another Marilyn Monroe.”. . . . I watched The Monroe do “Heat Wave” and there’s no one like her. . . . My favorite character Mike Curtiz told me that the way things are these days, any guy who’s normal should see a psychiatrist.

Jane Russell lets her clothes flop onto the floor when she undresses. . . . I can listen to Sheree North talk for hours. She has a lingo all her own, flavored with bop stuff. . . . Treat yourself to Frank Sinatra’s new album, “Swing Easy.”. . . . I don’t know of a pleasanter gin-rummy loser than Robert Wagner. He’s so nice you almost want to return the winnings.

I see Marlon Brando receiving the Oscar for the best performance by an actor. Anyone tells me he kissed Gloria Grahame in a scene and tasted Kleenex. She sometimes uses it under her lips to make them protrude. . . . I’d love to hear what Howard (Sam Spade) Duff thinks of Jack (Joe Friday) Webb. . . . Confession: I have never been to the Hollywood Bowl. . . . Do you remember when Dick Powell was singing love songs to Ruby Keeler? . . . Mamie Van Doren always wears a nightgown to bed. She told me why: “I just don’t think you can take off all your clothes and still feel like a lady.”. . . . Wives of popular actors always are the noisiest at dinner parties. . . . Wonder why Kim Novak is chicken? She should have braved it with her real name, Marilyn Novak. . . . I find Bella Darvi charming and good company. . . . Only when “Roman Holiday” is mentioned have I seen Jean Simmons frown. She hasn’t forgotten she was the first asked to play the Princess. She couldn’t get out of her contract. . . . If you don’t believe movies are better than ever just catch a few of those oldies they show on the Late Show. . . . When I’m talking to Lana Turner, I always feel she’s standing closer to me than I am to her. . . . Bob Hope, introducing a comedy team: “And now—Martin and Lewis—who have brought a lot of happiness to people—not me—people.”

Jeff Chandler sleeps in a king-size bed and uses every square foot of it at one time or another during the night. . . . I picture Tony Curtis muttering, “Is this real?” when the fans mob him for autographs. . . . Do you remember when you waited anxiously for the new Deanna Durbin picture? . . . I wish Judy Holliday would get back to Hollywood real fast. . . . Guess the only trick left for Alfred Hitchcock is not to appear in one of his movies. . . . I must ask Roland Petit to explain Leslie Caron to me. . . . Attention Please! Here is the whole story of Hollywood: The struggle to be a success, then getting there and finding out success isn’t sufficient.

I know Eddie Fisher is a movie personality because of his hectic romance with Debbie Reynolds. . . . And Will Rogers, Jr., a full-fledged movie star, talking about his acting ability is honest enough to admit: “So far I’ve mastered two expressions—that and hat on.”. . . Do you remember “What Price Hollywood” which is almost the same story as “A Star Is Born”? Both pictures were directed by George Cukor. . . . I’ll never forget an afternoon some years ago when I walked into the men’s room at M-G-M and saw Greta Garbo. Gee Gee stood there looking out of a window, turned, noticed the startled expression on my face, and calmly said: “I like the view from here.”. . . Ava Gardner makes no secret that she likes men. She’s prouder, though, that women like her off the screen and on. . . . Shelley Winters told me she’d never marry another actor: “I had it. He’d grab me in his arms, hold me, and tell me how wonderful he is.” That’s Hollywood for you.
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the instant Creme Puff kisses your skin

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A Modern Chest with unusually smart, graceful lines. Blond oak, equipped with self-lifting tray, Model #3082. Lane Table #257. Chest price, $59.95*

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CHRISTMAS DREAMS

Memo to Mr. S. Claus: Since children write you letters and grownups never do, we thought we'd play postman for the stars. All they want for Christmas is a red car, romance, Paris in the Spring and—some other things that will surprise you when you turn to the next page.
Young Pier Angeli is one of the dreamiest girls of the younger star set in Hollywood. And when she came alone, without any escort, to the fabulous filmland party tossed by Sonja Henie, I took her aside and said severely, “See here, Private Angeli, this sort of solo nonsense has got to stop. Why didn’t you bring a guy?”

“Because there was no guy, as you call heem, to breen,” said Pier with sadness in the sweet smile. So I told her to relax, to hang up her stocking on

In her dreams she snuggles deeper—
Into the soft fur she nestles and sinks
“Oh, Santa dear,” pleads Pat Crowley,
“Can you spare me these gorgeous minks?”

A champion rider is she
Winner of the Blue Ribbon Cup
It’s Elaine Stewart’s favorite dream
So, Santa, please don’t wake her up!

Elaine is in “The Adventures of Hajjl Baba”

With intellectual mastery
She tackles books on history
The world acclaims her writing skill...
At least, Anne Francis hopes it will!

Anne is in “Rogue Cop”

She’s walking in her sleep, but oh,
Who wouldn’t stride an ocean
To be in Paris in the Spring—
Is May Wynn’s dreamy notion

May Wynn is in “They Rode West”

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Into the soft fur she nestles and sinks
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DREAMS...

Christmas Eve and maybe old Santa will fill it with an honest-to-goodness man she can call her own. Of course, she may have one by the time you read this, because she was leaving for Rome alone, without Mama Pierangeli, shortly after our talk. And it's my belief that Pier's man shortage stems from Mama's over-supervision. Up to Christmas 1954, she has enjoyed, or suffered, through only two serious datings: mature Kirk Douglas and young James Dean—sometimes known in Hollywood as the poor man's Marlon Brando. But this is the time of year when dreams come true, and Dear Santa, Pier wants a real romance!

Every self-respecting little star counts minks instead of sheep at Christmastime and, when I looked over Pat Crowley's shoulder while she wrote her letter to Santa, she was crossing her T's with the tails of expensive little rodents by Teitelbaum. On her they look good. And for extra measure Pat, who was raised in the mining town of Scranton, Pennsylvania, was asking the gentleman with the white beard to travel down her chimney in a red convertible, which he could leave behind. We'll see that he's told, Pat.

Incidentally, I had an Xmas conversation with Zsa Zsa Gabor. "For a change, dollink, I'm going to wish for something very practical and not frivolous. These are serious times, so for Christmas I'd like a reversible stole, mink on one side and ermine on the other. So I can go directly from a cocktail party to dinner without having to go home and change furs." And if there is still room in the stocking, Santa should toss in, a spare black eyepatch and Rubirosa.

Kim Novak, whose father is still working on the railroads, was discovered by a Columbia talent scout while riding a bicycle in Beverly Hills. Kim's Christmas dream is very much on the way to becoming reality. She wants to see her name in lights ninety feet high! But ah, Pier Angeli, what do you care. Your dream man will have you floating on air!
He was through, Hollywood said. But Guy Madison was no quitter. And those who said he couldn’t take it lived to cheer the man who came back.

He stuck to his guns

BY ERNST JACOBI

It happened about a year ago—at the premiere of “The Charge at Feather River.” The applause was enormous, a sure indication that the picture was going to be a hit and its hero a star again. But one large, gray-haired woman in the audience didn’t take part in the clapping and the shouting. She sat in her seat, sobbing like a child.

During the past twelve years she had known, and believed in, the picture’s young star. She knew that for him there had been few ups and many, many downs, that it had been a long, hard road to tonight’s success. For Guy Madison, this was one of life’s rare moments of triumph.

Once before Guy had made a big splash only to fizzle out. He’d made his debut ten years earlier in a three-minute scene at a bowling alley in a tear-jerker called “Since You Went Away.” That scene drove bobby-soxers into hysterics and made Guy a star overnight. Supremely handsome, he became the nation’s number one pin-up boy.

The large motherly looking woman who sat sobbing in the audience that evening knew the story well. (Continued on page 81)
Growing up I was all legs and arms and shyness. Then I discovered the important rule for getting over self-consciousness. It works—honestly!

BY JANET LEIGH

IMAGINE ME — SHY!

When I was going to high school, we had a class called Speech 1-A, which was held every Friday. And every Friday morning, without fail, I'd wake up with a raging headache and feeling wretched. Sometimes my mother would let me get away with staying home, but more often, she ordered me off to school—where I'd feel even more ill.

Yet the only thing I was sick from was fear. I couldn't make a speech then and I still can't—unless I've memorized every word of it. I can't even tell a story well.

The dark, curly-headed gentleman named Tony Curtis, to whom I'm married—what a character he is when it comes to spinning a yarn! Make it two or two hundred and my boy is right there with the jokes. But let me try to tell one, even one with just a two-line lead-in and a one-line snapper on the end and I get all involved, I fall flat, the joke falls flat. My husband groans, "Oh, no."

In school, in my teens, that would have made me ill for a week. Now all it does is make me acknowledge my own limitations and be happy about them. Honestly! There are many reasons for this, which I'll tell you in a sec, but (Continued on page 88)
Bob took this picture of Petrine, our daughter, at Xmas. He loves to give presents—gets more pleasure from giving than anyone I’ve known.

Photographs from the Mitchum family album

Petrine and our two boys are Bob’s whole life. He’s as casual with them as with everyone—but their welfare’s the most important thing to him.

MY BOB—

I am married to a man
few people will ever really know or understand.
He is, by his own admission,
an invisible man
There was barely enough money when Bob was a boy—that's why he wants his children to have things he missed.

On a Paris rooftop—our first trip to Europe. Months before, Bob would whistle "April in Paris" for my benefit!

When I flew to Dallas for a visit, this car, wrapped in cellophane, was waiting for me—Bob's birthday gift.

Our Man Behind the Mask

I've heard it said that Robert Mitchum is a casual man. That he's a casual husband. A casual father. This does not perturb Robert in the slightest. It doesn't bother me, either. I can recall the time that casual Robert Mitchum's son, Jimmy, went east to visit my family. The day after he left, Robert began eyeing the mailbox. "Why doesn't he write?" he wanted to know.

Three days later, Robert was still watching for the letter carrier. "Why don't your folks write and let us know how he is?" Mitchum casually asked me—about twenty-five times.

Although I explained that Jimmy had barely had time to arrive at his destination, it didn't help. "Well, it's high time we heard from him anyway," said my husband, stepping up to the telephone which he usually avoids as if it rested in a bed of hot coals. His long-distance call found Jimmy safe and sound—unpacking his suitcases. Bob may have an offhand manner, but he's not casual—about anything!

Sometimes I think our sons inherit their father's supposed offhand manner. Like the time Robert was working inside the house and heard a shout coming from the pool. To Bob, it sounded like (Continued on page 73)
I was brought up to believe the husband was master—the dominant head of the family. On the other hand, Arlene believed a woman could have a separate career in addition to marriage.

BY FERNANDO LAMAS

There’s an old American tourist joke that goes something like this: An American businessman while visiting Mexico with his wife noticed that the Mexican peons always rode on burros while their wives trudged along behind them. Finally, the couple could control their curiosity no longer, and the man went up to the next peasant on a burro and asked, “Why do you ride when your wife has to walk behind you?” The Mexican, looking very surprised, replied, “But, Señor, my wife, she doesn’t own a burro.”

Because I’m Spanish, many people have asked me since I married Arlene, who rides the burro—in other words, who’s the boss in our family. This is a question, Señoritas, that cannot be answered by a simple “she” or “me.”

I was born in the Argentine of Spanish parents who passed away before I was four. I was brought up by two grandmothers of seventy and I lived for some years in Spain. Naturally, I accepted, as with the air I breathed, the typically Victorian old world concept of the husband as master. His role is the breadwinner and the dominant head of the family; his function, to support and protect his wife, make (Continued on page 86)

In his own words this Argentine gaucho is deeply content in his marriage with a modern American girl.

Which means somebody’s settled the question of who wears the pants?

Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas. She’s in 20th’s “A Woman’s World”
FORGET THE MYSTERY, MEET THE MAN—

Monty Clift

BY GEORGE KINGSLEY

In Hollywood a myth can move faster, travel further and reach more gigantic proportions than in any other place on earth. In six short years, since 1948 when he starred in “The Search,” Montgomery Clift has grown into a Hollywood legend. Ask anybody walking down Wilshire Boulevard and he’ll tell you. “Monty Clift? He’s a mystery—moody, shy, terrifically talented, true. But a mystery.” They don’t go much further; they can’t. For it’s hard to pin down exactly how this myth began and why it’s perpetuated.

Monty came to Hollywood in 1946. Many people forget that when he arrived he carried with him years of experience on the New York stage. His first picture, “Red River,” was for Howard Hawks but by the time it was released, he had finished “The Search” and it had already appeared. Only one year after both were released Monty was hailed the “top star of tomorrow” in a nation-wide poll and voted “the leading male personality in the motion-picture industry” in another. Two pictures later, in “The Heiress” with Olivia de Havilland, Monty capped Hollywood success. And Hollywood acclaimed him as its most fabulously successful newcomer.

Monty was the only one who didn’t agree with all the furor—and said so. Perhaps this is when the legend began. He’s not only modest, but also dead-honest, two qualities that throw Hollywood. “One has a part,” he said, “and one goes ahead and works on it.” After all, he’d been plugging along on his career for several years now—in fact, ever since he was fourteen—and personally he didn’t believe he’d made any quick change. He’d turned down film bids before. “Considering the long life span possible to an actor, I felt it wouldn’t be right to hurry things too much. I wanted to grow as much as possible in the theatre, to get as much experience as I could before I turned to Hollywood and to filmmaking.”

Strange talk for a new star, Hollywood thought, but it was in for another surprise. The young Mr. Clift accepted few social invitations, shunned all glamour and romance just as seriously as he attended to his career, and bought neither a Beverly Hills mansion, a new convertible nor a wardrobe befitting his new status. He made it plain that New York was his home. Even today, Monty rents a small apartment when working in Hollywood and sticks to a modest car. He cares little for clothes and feels most comfortable in slacks and a sports jacket. As a result, he’s been called eccentric, shy, unfriendly. To anyone who does know him, this seems very unfair.

With his friends, Monty is good-natured and trusting almost to a fault, but anyone in his position has to be aware that some people will take advantage of him. This is partially why he has never (Continued on page 92)

You’ve heard all the stories about him—that he’s moody and shy, a rebel against conventions, a runaway from romance.

But if you think you’ve heard everything—wait until you meet the man!
How do you do, Miss Kelly—

**BY HELEN BOLSTAD**

- Early last spring, a blond-haired young woman with a shy warm smile and a ladylike air casually walked into the Academy Awards presentations on the arm of the great Gable. There was nothing casual about the reaction she set up. It was the first time Gable could be coaxed to an Awards affair in years. Fans greeted the King and his queen royally, and Hollywood again raised a quizzical eyebrow and asked, "How does she do it?"

  Weeks later, on the arm of that perennial glamour boy, Bing Crosby, young Miss Kelly caused another Item at the Mocambo—despite the fact that married sister, Peggy Davis, chaperoned them. It was an Item not only because Mr. Crosby is a contender for the title of motion-picture's Number One eligible male, but also because golden-haired Grace had done it again! In the few years since she arrived in Hollywood, her feminine charms have allured so many of the world's most pursued men that Grace Kelly has won star billing as Hollywood's Number One golden girl—and the gossips' Number One news item.

  None of this excitement seems to disturb Grace, who accepts it as a matter of course. In fact, the more Hollywood delves
All the Kellys are gifted, possess the kind of charm which makes them stand out in a crowd. For Grace, the shy one, to hold her own took some doing. Above, father, mother, Peg, John Jr., Grace and Lizzanne.

Movies may have another Kelly if sister Liz accepts studio offers.

grace

deeper into the nature of her charms and romances, the deeper Grace keeps the secret to herself.

One thing is certain. Grace is a swiftly-rising young actress who has literally everything. She has a beauty which brings an appreciative gasp from an audience, talent which brings appreciative comparisons to the young Bergman from critics and such a spectacular record of performance—leading roles in seven major pictures—that the studios have given her star billing before half of these pictures were even released.

This by no means circumscribes her aura of glamour. She also has a family background rich in both dollars and achievement and possesses a personal charm that makes her sought-after socially.

As for romance, Grace had lots of beaus before she met Oleg Cassini, Gene Tierney's ex. But Oleg was her first serious romance. They toured part of Europe together and Oleg went east and met the Kelly family at their summer home at Ocean City, New Jersey, this past summer.

But amid the furor of columnists' predictions, Grace maintained a firm alliance with Emily Post, working hard, living very quietly, very properly. And even if Grace is married to Cassini by the time you read this, the same aura of dignity will continue to surround her. She's still reticent about discussing her personal affairs and whenever asked a direct question is adeptly evasive.

To romance rumors with Oleg, she was exceptionally non-committal. "There is no one serious. My career comes first." Finally admitted: "I won't say that we won't be married. And I'm not exactly saying we will. I like Oleg better than any man I know."

That quiet, matter-of-fact answer is but another example of the skill with which she has avoided flamboyant actions and foolish public statements. Seldom has Hollywood seen a young star display such sureness and composure. Many wonder how she acquired these qualities. A clue to the answer is found in her Philadelphia background where she was born to wealth, schooled for social position and disciplined to be self-reliant. It is confirmed by those who have since worked with her. They testify that from the start of her career this training has been the most valuable supplement to (Continued on page 95)
Managing two careers and marriage was no problem for the Hestons, but when a guy has to learn to rock the cradle, oh, baby . . .

THERE’LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Charlton Heston’s smile was slow in coming. It was half-confession, half-pride. “When Lydia first told me, I just couldn’t believe it. It just didn’t seem possible that after nearly eleven years of marriage, we were going to have a child,” he finally said as we sat across a table, lunching together. “I was plain shocked. I never thought I’d be so overwhelmed by the idea of fatherhood. Instead of clasping Lydia in my arms and telling her in my most soothing voice that I’d love, cherish and protect both of them forever, that
while waiting for the baby, I'd make her life a solid bed of roses, it was Lydia who was holding my hand, reassuring me I could do it. Telling me how wonderful I was. For suddenly, after eleven years of being only Chuck Heston, actor and husband, I was slated for a more important new role, father. You have to admit, after eleven years it takes a little time to adjust.

"As Lydia and I move over to make room for the third member of our family, our big problem still remains: Just how can we best adjust our lives for the good of our child? And what will these adjustments mean to our careers? For it's quite obvious that some changes will have to be made and that what we want most of all—our baby—is also going to upset every pattern that we loved and established in our years together.

"For instance," Chuck seriously added. "I would like my child to grow up in the timberlands, as I did. And I know from my own case that a small town and the great clean outdoors make for a healthy childhood environment. I dislike the idea of my son growing up in a city. Yet how can Lydia and I manage it otherwise? Suppose, even, that we were to go back to live with the boy in Michigan? Then what happens to our home life—not to mention our careers?"

Now when Chuck refers to "our careers," he's not merely arranging grammar. "Our careers" is exactly what he means. It is his career and Lydia's career, one career and yet two—his almost entirely on screen now, hers almost (Continued on page 76)
Next to a successful career, there's nothing I want more than to be successfully married. I no longer care for cooking my own meals nor enjoy eating out all the time; I can do without night clubs and premieres and although I have a good time dating such wonderful girls as Debbie Reynolds, Lori Nelson, Terry Moore and others, I'd much rather settle down with one girl—for good.

Why, you may ask, haven't I married if that's the way I feel about it? Not having found the right girl is one reason. Another, just as important, is that I'm simply not ready for marriage.

Not that I haven't been in love. That's one of my troubles—I'm always in love!

Starting with a crush on Mary Lou Valpey—when I was twelve—almost every time I met a new girl I fell for her like a ton of bricks. Sometimes I was impressed by her appearance, other times by her intelligence, mostly by an accomplishment of one sort or another—whether it was horseback riding, skating or acting.

In that respect I haven't changed and am not likely to do so in the immediate future. And since I can't be sure that my feelings for any particular
girl will endure, it’s best for me—and her—to boil my own coffee in the morning for the time being.

Sometimes I wonder why I’m unable to concentrate on just one girl for any length of time. A psychiatrist-friend of mine told me that it might be a matter of self-defense on my part: that I know I shouldn’t get married at this time, and consequently, every time I get serious about a girl, subconsciously I start looking for someone else . . . .

Be it what it may, it doesn’t make for permanence. Another reason for staying single is my age. At 23, I feel I’m too young (Continued on page 93)

He admits he wants to get married—that he’s tired of living alone. But there are reasons why Tab says . . .
Beauty she had, from the very beginning.
But it was the gift of faith that was to prove
Elizabeth Taylor’s greatest blessing
during the years when
heartache and happiness walked hand in hand.
Elizabeth Taylor is in "The Last Time I Saw Paris"

THE FIVE AGES OF BEAUTY

LIZ OF HOLLYWOOD

- You are the lovely young queen of Never Never Land. The Princess Pan.

As a child, yours was the dreamworld of Let's Pretend. Of autumn leaves and cobwebs. Of youth and joy. A world where dreams never die and time stands still. Yours was an animal kingdom of loving subjects. A paunchy chipmunk named Nibbles was your saucy captain of the guard. Monarch of them all was King Charles—"A fairy horse with wings on his heels." Together you flew over the treetops and rode on the back of the wind.

From childhood, yours was an invincible faith. You believed with all your heart God would see that whatever was right for you would come true.

You have needed that faith. And there were jumps ahead of you then—almost too tough to take.

Today you reign in another magic land of pretend. Millions of subjects pay you homage. The young and the not-so-young. Through the magic of make-believe you bring escape and happiness, beauty and romance to all who share today's dream world with you.

Beauty like yours was born to be shared. But on February 27, 1932, on a foggy, cold London morning when you are born to handsome art dealer Francis Taylor and the former Sara Sothern, a

Continued
Disillusioned, Liz still has courage and faith. In apartment with secretary, Peggy Rutledge, here they plan a new life for her. The lovely child has become a sophisticated, beautiful woman. Stanley Donen and other men vie for Liz Taylor's attention. Liz goes to London, to star with Bob Taylor in "Ivanhoe." Her phone rings—it is Mike Wilding.

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He was so friendly and warm—with such a kind sense of humor.” And so began a courtship that was to end in London’s old Caxton Hall where, on February 21, 1952, Liz became Mrs. Michael Wilding. Their honeymoon home was Mike’s bachelor apartment. But their permanent home is to be in Hollywood. Liz has found her man now—"it is the beginning of a happy end.”

But far from thinking of romance, your early ambition is to be an animal trainer, and the hearts you want to win are in the London Zoo.

In 1935 when you’re three years old, you make your first public appearance on stage in a benefit dance recital in Queen’s Hall. The then Duchess of York and Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose are among your audience. You give a command performance—but by your own command.

In your white dress and wings, along with the other little angels and fairies, you follow instructions, and facing the Royal Box, you curtsey to the floor and keep fluttering your wings. When the other little angels go off the stage, you’re still flat on your face fluttering away. When you finally realize you’re alone out there, you give an encore. The group applauds and you have your first curtain call.

The applause will grow—and soon. But at three, the sound of a pony’s whinny is still sweeter music to your ears. And your favorite stage is the flower-filled meadow back of an old fifteenth century lodge. It’s your summer home on your godfather Victor Cazalet’s estate. You love the picturesque little lodge. Your family renovate it and name it Little Swallows. You’re enchanted by the tales old-timers tell about it, and you spend happy adventurous childhood holidays (Continued on page 99)
As individuals, my husband Robert and I are completely different people. For us, our meeting ground is our home. There comes a time when your man needs an understanding, intelligent helpmate. Just try a seductive simper then!

Gentlemen Prefer BRAINS

I learned that all heart and no head can be pretty sticky. And that in the long haul of dating, marriage and earning a living, brains are a girl’s best friend.

BY JANE RUSSELL

- Every time I hear a hen session on the merits of a gal showing her brains, I’m reminded of a studio romance that I watched—two young girls struggling hard to snag the same man. Phyllis was a real hep gal, had a nice job in the studio office, and in addition had plenty of gray matter, which she purposely hid behind a physical front. Jim was the nice guy in question... worth any girl’s efforts to land. And Phyllis tried her hardest. She used every physical appeal in the book to get Jim and tried almost as hard not to show her intelligence quotient. This was part of her feminine attack. When Jim listened to a forum on political problems on TV, Phyllis would go into the bedroom to pretty her face. She might have discussed the forum with him, but she settled on sex appeal. When June came along, Phyllis didn’t seem worried. June wasn’t as pretty, and besides she could be classified as “brainy”... a good gal to have around to discuss the rising prices of steel. Well, to make the tale a short one, June walked off with Jim—natch. And Phyllis is still trying to figure out where she goofed.

I could have told Phyllis, since I had casually kept (Continued on page 97)
BY ROCK HUDSON
The star of U-I's "Bengal Brigade"

A good leather belt will make any man beam. Smart Lori Nelson and Susan Cabot, at Saks Fifth Avenue take a man's advice on a gift for a man.

Buying for a sportsman is easy—but be sure you know the brand of equipment he likes. The girls at Sunland Sports Lodge, did.

You can't fit a shirt to a man by looking at other customers. The girls had the measurements—Saks had the shirt!

THE GIVING IS EASY!

If you really want to rate with a guy—don't buy until you've read Rock's rules on shopping for a man

- Shopping for a man is a fine art. Speaking as a man, I know. I've been on the receiving end. And "Sometimes," as a friend of mine once said, "it's better to give!"

Shopping for a man is an art every woman should perfect, because it's something she'll be doing all of her life. And it's never too soon or too late for her to learn.

Perhaps you've given a man what you considered a sporty tie and waited for him to wear it? Are you still waiting? Have you ever presented the love of your life with a handsome (Continued on page 89)
There's a saying that every dog has his day. In Hollywood, this happens to hold true—every day. Just ask around among the members of filmland's canine colony.

One of the most distinguished of the group is Shoo Shoo, to whom Donna Reed belongs. According to the London Kennel Club, Shoo Shoo is the only silver-blue standard poodle in America. His real name is Vulgan Choufleur, and his papers, which recently arrived by plane from Great Britain, indicate that his mother Vulgan Champagne Spinach is a champion of all England. His distinguished father is Vulgan Pluvious.

Born in Buxstead, Shoo Shoo was discovered by Donna's husband Tony Owen while he was making a picture abroad. Tony looked at (Continued on page 85)
Querida and Loreli, Mari Blanchard's Afghans, are in show business, too—are star mother-daughter team at dog shows.

Mona Freeman's pet is the quiet type—but when Mona posed with fortune in jewels, it was Smog who dazzled fans.
She adores French fried onions and all kinds of flowers . . . can’t abide birds in cages or arithmetic.

She’s always chewing gum and always full of zip. Her name is Doris Day

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

ALL THE THINGS SHE IS

• She suffers claustrophobia in elevators. “Especially in the Empire State Building.”
  She will not wear a red dress. She does not smoke.
  She hates to make decisions, sleeps “like a rock” and rarely eats ketchup.
  She was baptized Doris Kappelhoff. She sleeps in shortie nightgowns.
  She loves baseball, drive-in movies and breakfast in bed. She is an inveterate gum-chewer.
  She cannot stand the sound of a chalk scratching on a blackboard or the crunch of a bite into an apple. “It gives me goose-pimples.” She wears a size 12 dress and is very fond of hot dogs with chili and onions.
  Her parents are of German extraction. As a little girl she was very popular with the boys. She hates cooking, doesn’t mind washing the dishes but is particularly proud of her skill as an ironer.
  She has never seen a bullfight, “. . . and I never will!”
  Her favorite color is bisque (a kind of light sandstone) which predominates in her home and her cars. She never gets seasick and puts no stock in the alleged benefits of matrimonial vacations. She married her agent, Marty Melcher, in 1951. (Continued on page 80)
CHRISTMAS GLAMOUR GIFTS

Beautiful

The eyes have it with new gold or silver jeweled clip-ons that glamorize your glasses. Gold-eye pieces. These, $3.95. White House, L.A.

Ultra-sheer, fit-perfect nylons with lace top and heel for special evenings. In "Beaut Colors." Mojod. $1.50. At leading stores.

Phyllis Kirk stars next in U.A.'s "Canyon Crossroads"

*plus federal tax
Whimsical and warm, the season's knee-length cotton knit underpants, with a ribbon flash. Munsingwear. About $2. Arnold Constable, N.Y.


Gold star-topped watch case compact with silk cord to loop on a belt or lapel. Volupté. About $5. J. L. Hudson, Detroit.

Useful satin-lined sewing kit acts, too, as brocaded evening purse. Belding Coticelli. About $3.95. Leading dept. stores

Pretty enough to come out of the kitchen, Busy Pockets denim apron, red ball fringe. Pastels. Midge Grant. About $3

Cutest toy seen. Lovable, sad-eyed basset in plush-covered foam rubber. Bantam. $3. Wanamaker's, N.Y.

Mojad's loungers in washable tricot. Black toreador pants, lace-bibbed red top. 32-38. $4.95. Lit Bros., Phila.

Fathers-to-be or cuff-link collectors will love these silver storks on black. $1.15 postpd. Lane Bryant, Chicago.


Holmes & Edwards' hollow-handle cheese server in new silver-plate pattern, Bright Future. $4.50. Foley Bros., Houston, Tex.

For outdoor picture-taking fun, the smartly styled Brownie Holiday camera's still king. $3.95. Most photographic stores

Symbol of protection for travelers, St. Christopher medal on handsome golden bracelet. Ciner. $3." Bonwit Teller, N.Y.


For kitten skirt or shorts addicts, Ronnie Doon's pure wool Argyle knee socks in colors you'll love. About $5. At leading stores

Practical 'n' pretty sueded nylon black gloves with trim of jet, sequin and silver Lurex flower. Kayser. About $3. Leading stores
PHOTOPLAY
STAR
FASHIONS
continued


Old favorite reticule bag, newly designed for chic carrying. Satin or velvet, with gold-plated frame and snake chain. By Creta. Under $11.* Leading dept. stores.

The kiltie skirt's all the rage. This one in wool and Orion is pleated, fringed. Red clan tartans. Sizes 10-16. By Korday. Under $15. Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md.

Lustrous simulated pearls, adjustable choker style, in smart black and gold carryall, satin-lined, sectioned. Deltah, $12.75 with tax. Leading jewelry stores.


Fashion's love, the smart, roomy tote bag, in creamy make-believe broadtail fur, smooth leather trim. Beige, taffy, black. By Roger Van S. About $10.55.* B. Altman, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS
GLAMOUR GIFTS ... under $15


For pure whimsy, try a conversation-making golden piggy bank. He’s adorned with a mass of pearls, jewels, and inset coins. Fashion Craft. About $7.50.* J. W. Robinson, L. A.


To whip out with pride, the ever-ready love of a Princess pocket lighter. This is in smart satin-finish chrome with engraved design. By Ronson. $6.95. Available at leading stores.

For the young or the young-at-heart, Momme and Me dolls, realistic down to the shampooable hair, exquisite clothes. The set, $12.95. Lane Bryant, N. Y.
CAMPUS panty say
“Merry Christmas” 6 times!

Box of 6 $2.75

6 pairs of briefs, elastic knit from the finest rayon and individually cellophane wrapped. 6 assorted colors—white, pink, blue, orchid, maize, nile.

6 colors to each attractive gift package.

BAND LEG BRIEF OR HOLLYWOOD ELASTIC LEG BRIEF

IN SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE AND EXTRA LARGE SIZES.

At your favorite store, or send us your order and remittance (include 30c for postage).

We'll have an authorized dealer fill it.

Specify style, quantity, and size.

VARYNIT MILLS, Empire State Building, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1.

Makers of the popular Campus Panties.
GLAMOUR GIFTS...

under $25

You're smart like a fox in a silky Orion cardigan with fabulously flattering fox collar that's dyed to match the lovely pink, blue, white, black. Sizes 34-40. By Storyk. About $18. Russeks, New York

Hand-tooled and laced saddle leather handbag adds accessory spice with its striking design. Roomy, leather-lined interior. Five lively leather colors. By Clifton. $15.75*. A. Polsky, Akron

Divinely feminine, richly jeweled pink ermine scarf loop and matching head band that molds your head to a pretty turn. All colors. By Luftman Furs. The set, about $25*. Blum Store, Philadelphia

-for every gal on your list!

Dove Skin Undies

The gift that fits everyone—
tall, short, thin or extra-size.
Dove Skin rayon knit undies—
beautifully tailored, softer to the touch,
fuller cut. Gay holiday pack of three,
individually cellophane wrapped.

Box of 3 $2.07

ELASTIC LEG BRIEF OR BAND LEG BRIEF—
white, pink, blue—5-8, regular sizes
SPORT PANTY—pink, white—5-8, regular sizes
FLARE STEP-IN—pink, white—5-8, regular sizes

At your favorite store, or send us your order and remittance (include 30c for postage).
We'll have an authorized dealer fill it.
Specify style, quantity, color and size.

LUXURAY, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1.
Makers of famous Dove Skin Undies

*plus federal tax
Which figure type are you?

Average

Junior

Stout

Straight Hip

Full Hip

47 out of every 100 women are dissatisfied with the way their girdles fit, according to a recent impartial study.

To assure you perfect fit, Formfit makes a wide range of styles and designs for every figure type.

Because no two women have exactly the same figure, no one type of bra or girdle can fit all women perfectly. That's the reason 47 out of every 100 are not satisfied with the fit of these garments.

No matter what your figure type, there's a Life Girdle and Bra to fit you as if custom-made...to slim, smooth and support you to your own individual needs. For Formfit brings you the widest selection of girdles and bras in the world!

So, if you are one of the 47 out of every 100 who are not satisfied, decide now to change to Life by Formfit. There's a Life Girdle and Bra for you at any of the better stores. Try them—and see the difference!

#1590 Life Girdle shown...beautifully slimming design in nylon taffeta and French-type leno elastic. 26 to 34, $16.50. Others from $7.50. Life Hidden Strip Bra #515...new-design stitched underbust with uplifting sewn-in strips. 32A to 42D, $4.00. Others from $1.25.

LUXURY GIFTS at a price


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shook her head while Robert went on. "I didn't know that later I'd be so visibly magnified. When I made the discovery, I became somebody else... the guy they write the stories about. I don't know what else I'd be doing."

The real Robert Mitchum has remained invisible to most people. They identify him with the actor they see on the screen, and they are not surprised when they hear that he is happily married. They turn to a chapter in the Hollywood rule book called "How a Movie Star Should Behave." And by doing this, they lose the key to the actor's life.

"I lived early in life by that telling a story far more colorful than the truth would be, one's truth is let alone. I like it to be alone," Bob says.

He was the only one to come to the hospital. He's likely as not to mormur, "Make it up." When people offer small talk at parties, asking about the early days, he's apt to give a long and young story. He's never a single盒子, he's strictly a juvenile delinquent, or, "Did I ever tell you about my days on the chain gang in Georgia?" He realizes that they are interested in Robert Mitchum the personality—not Robert Mitchum the person.

The person and the personality are completely divorced. For one instance, he's got nothing to do with those by this life, he never goes near a horse. The movie star is supposed to love night-clubbing. Robert avoids night clubs like a plague, unless he's showing around some out-of-town guests. He's asked, "How did you feel when you first saw your name in lights?"

He replied with humorous question, "How do you suppose the operator of a gasoline shovel feels the first time a crowd gathers to watch him excavate a sewer line?"

He believes that favorable public response—for making a movie or excavating a sewer line—is unimportant. "As far as I'm concerned, that's done. Acting is a job. A very gratifying one. But, nevertheless, a job. Off-screen, Robert lives like other people, some of whom occasionally mutter, "But you make so much more money."

Says Robert, "So I pay so much more tax."

Sometimes stories give the impression that Robert views everyone with sardonic scorn. This is far from the truth. Honesty and an adult attitude toward life will win his respect any time.

He is the originator of a youth accounts for many of his ways. It gave him his protective shell. It gave it him the sense of humor that permits him to stand back and look at the world. It gave him the right to his bitterness—and was responsible for keeping his feet on the ground when success came. He still considers his success to be a sort of super-sized piece of good luck.

Robert is very thrifty with his nickel for Bob's chances at one time, except perhaps those who read his poetry in his home-town paper, The Bridgeport Post. The Postman. He has a lot of latitude in his works, beginning with "A Chrestomus Pome." And then there was "A War Poem":

I seek adventure and I find too much. Or, I'd not be in this terrible "dutch"—

I'd not be in this ditch.

With these efforts, Robert won the repuation of Bridgeport's "finest young poet." A chance to do more, this time for the poet. He wanted to see the world. "I wanted to do things," he explains. "So I lit out and did them. Anything. Dull, some of them—but I quit those. Fun, some of them—so I kept on."

He was six when he first ran away. He ran as far as New Haven, took a long look, got hungry and hurried home. Home was a modest one. Bob's father had been killed in a railroad accident, and his mother had gone to work on the newspaper to support her brood of three. She worked long hard hours and there was little to share with her children. There was money, barely enough. There were clothes, but no luxuries. So Robert set out to see the rest of the world... time after time. He returned home after a time he grew tired of chasing him and sending him back.

Long before he was twenty-one, Bob had seen many a beautiful sight. He managed to sandwich in grammar school in Delaware and Connecticut and even had a fling at high school. But he never finished.

He lived on the rods. He lived in hobo camps, dodged yard bulls in railroad centers. He got into trouble sometimes. What boy wouldn't? "But I always managed to get out of it," he tells you. "I like people and I like towns. A strange town is always exciting. Every new place is an adventure. I'd get into a new town and wouldn't know what to expect. There would always be a new, interesting person to talk with."

Even today he's restless. He wanders. He's likely to leave on a trip at a moment's notice. He's gone to New Orleans... If the family can go, we all depart. If not, he goes alone or with a friend. People who've traveled with him on personal--appearance tours have asked me if I ever visited him and I'll look them in the eye, "He wasn't in the mood for sleep, so he knocked on one press agent's door.

"Talk to me," he pleaded.


When the press agent began to snore, Robert went across the hall and woke another press agent—one who didn't know him as well. They talked for the rest of the night. Next day, the man was so bleary-eyed he could hardly see. Robert felt fine. Actually, he does sleep, but he prefers to keep a schedule. He doesn't like to have anyone catch him. "Think I'll go over my lines," he says, stepping into his dressing room or the study and shutting the door. A while later, someone will knock and find him asleep, still mumbling "tonight, tonight."

When Bob first came to Hollywood, he held some sort of record for cross-country travel—via freight. He'd worked as a farm hand to come out, anyway. He was stuck, and in his cousin's car. That was it. We'd just started going steady when Bob's family moved in masse to Long Beach. Bob and his cousin Jack had broken up.

Bob did odd jobs around the beach. He worked in stores, filling stations, on the amusement pier. His sister was doing night-club work and was interested in the local little theatre. Bob also joined the Long Beach Theatre Guild and began writing night-club material for his sister and for local radio performers. Then he
moved to Hollywood and teamed up with an astrologer. Bob became his contact man.

However, he always returned to Delaware. My family had hoped that I'd forget him, yet somehow I couldn't. I went on to business school and took a job in an insurance office. Then Robert arrived again. He and his employer were making a trip on the SS Republic. For our marriage, Bob's boss consulted the stars. Robert, he said, was under the influence of Leo, the Lion. I was guided by Taurus, the Bull. They tested for compatibility, but the astrologer detected the astrologer. "It will never work."

Although my family neglected to consult the stars, they held the same opinion. I knew Bob's faults. I didn't care. When there is love, I concluded, who needs perfection?

Robert has claimed that he won enough money in a crap game to get us married. Actually he put together a $250,000 bank account. And I had a hundred given to me by my employers and co-workers as a wedding present.

We met in Dover to do some last-minute shopping. I went in search of a wedding dress. Bob and Charlie Thompson, our best man, struck out to look for a ring. Robert found a plain gold band, but then came the problem of measuring my finger. He went and borrowed the jeweler's sample scale and went out to look for me.

They'd forgotten the name of the store I'd gone into. I was standing on the sidewalk and I tore back into the shop before they could get the idea that I'd run off with their dress.

He rode around until we found a Methodist minister. We rang the doorbell and an elderly man appeared. "Bet I know what you folks want," he chuckled. He led us into the living room, and, I remember, the temperature seemed somewhere below zero. So we adjourned to the kitchen where there was warmth, plus a rather strong smell of cabbage.

The old man put on a frock coat. Then his life story was written on the back of the kitchen table. "Do you want the old service or the new?" the minister asked us.

"The old one," I said, because it sounded more romantic.

The day after the wedding, Robert and I stayed at a Greyhound bus to Hollywood, where we moved in with his family. There were nine of us in a two-bedroom house. The family claimed that they couldn't "Can't Take It With You" never had it so hectic—and I'll venture to say that their home must have been a mite larger.

Bob wanted his little-theater work. Having left the astrologer, he began working in an airplane factory to earn money. When he decided to try acting as a full-time career, he and a friend, John Shay, formed a team. They had come up with a good suit that would suit them and took turns wearing it when they made the rounds of studio departments. Once Bob got in to see a famous producer who was considering him for a role. The producer took one look at him and finally spoke. "You're ugly," he sneered. "Your nose looks as if it's been broken."

"It has," said Bob.

"Your eyes are too small, and your ears . . ." the producer went on.

Bob started across the desk, woeing he'd do a little work on the producer's own face. But the studio cops came and hauled him away.

"I've never mortgaged my tongue to get or to hold a job," Bob says. It's true. And I, too, am proud of the fact. I wouldn't want Bob to feel any other way.

Meanwhile Robert had met an agent who believed that he could find work for him. "Can you ride a horse?" he asked.

Robert mentioned that he had once handled horses on his grandparents' farm. By the time the information reached the producer of the picture, it had become too late to change it.

He used to break broncos.

The farm horses were a long cry from broncos. When Bob came home from his first day's work, he was still all "I got on the horse," he said, and he threw me. Then he tried to ride another horse. He threw me. I knew I'd better do something in a hurry. So when he snarled at me, I snared back. Then we understood each other.

His mostly pictures kept him busy for a while and Bob and Bill Boyd became good friends. Between Hoppin' pictures, he did bits at U-1 and Monogram... Then he went to M-G-M, where he tested for some thirty-two different parts. "Mitchum," said director Mervyn LeRoy, "you're either the lousiest actor in the world, or the best. I can't make up my mind which."

Nevertheless, Bob won a role in "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo." Then came "The Story of GI Joe," in which he portrayed a captain. His next stint was in the Army—right in which he was a private. When he was inducted at Fort MacArthur, they asked him if there was any branch of the service he'd prefer. "Nope," he said. "Just put me somewhere where I can get some action." He landed in the infantry.

While he was in the service, there was a great deal of action, career-wise. "The Story of GI Joe played in theaters throughout the United States, and Bob was acclaimed a brand-new star. His portrayal won him a nomination for an Academy Award. It established him as a fine actor. And a character actor."

Stories said that he was an explosive character. One mentioned that he had swung at a guard at a studio gate. As a matter of fact, he did. As Bob passed the guard, the guard repeated his question and added, "Bob, you've been with us three days. You jumped at him, but his agent pulled him back. "You can't go around slugging people," he said. "Everybody will hate you.""

Bob explained, "I wasn't mad at what he said to me. But if he makes cracks like that at me, he'll do it to some unknown kid down on his luck. And that'll hurt him for a long, long time. Little guy I was thinking about when I got sore."

He still thinks of the little guy. Not so long ago, a director bawled out a crewmember on one of Bob's sets. Then he told the man to pick up his check. Bob had been sitting in the corner, apparently unconcerned, throughout the row. When the crewmember left, Bob retired to his dressing room. And when the director called for shooting to resume, he was told, "Mr. Mitchum can't work without a full crew."

The director got the point and sent for the battered crewmember. The director added that his full crewmember and production again rolled.

People mean a lot to my husband. Possessions don't mean a thing. I remember one time he was on a hospital tour. In one ward, a boy, a big shirt. Bob pulled it off and handed it to him. "Take it," he said. Then he grinned. "I guess I ought to have something to wear out of here." The boy gave him his T-shirt, several sizes too small. Mitchum donned it and wore it home.

One evening he arrived home and I noted that his new watch was missing. It seemed that someone had asked him the time. "Don't you have a watch?" Robert inquired.

The fellow explained that it was in the shop. Bob removed his own watch. "Guess you need this more than I do," he said by way of explanation.

He likes to give gifts. Sometimes they're between times, but whenever he came home with a coat for my birthday, I opened the box and my jaw dropped a mile. "It's a man's coat," I told him.

Then one evening he walked in with some. "I've seen that one before," I mused.

It was the one that he kept in his dressing room. "Has the best tone I've ever heard," he explained, carting it into the nursery. "She'll like this one.

Bob gets more pleasure from giving than anyone I've ever known. For a while, after he became a star, he gave away most of his suits. To this day, we practically nothing left. So we worked out a budget. Bob went on an allowance. "I feel better now," Robert told me when the number was told us. "This way there will be something against the future, somehow for the kids."

The kids, Jimmy, Chris and Petrine, are his whole life. He's as relaxed with them as he is with me. He wants his children to have everything he missed—the very best there is. He takes the boys hunting and fishing, and often we all go along on location trips. They have one called "River Ranch," in Canada. Mitchum was about a year old, but Bob was determined that the entire family would come. So I packed diapers and bottles and the thousand and one things a baby needs and away we went.

Often people ask if Robert is teaching the children his own philosophy of life and how to avoid the mistakes he's made. Robert says he has to profit by his own mistakes, that you can't really teach anyone to avoid anything. In the final analysis, people have to make their own decisions. They have to learn in their own ways.

That's Bob's way. And I happen to like it.
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P. S. Why not choose your special gift from the Hamilton Illinois watches on the opposite page.

There'll Be Changes Made

(Continued from page 51)

entirely on stage. It keeps them separated more than it keeps them together. It makes for romance with these two.

"We have another problem. It's crazy. After much ticklish rearranging of our schedules, Lydia and I finally worked it out so that we both could go on a location trip together. We have always wanted to see Egypt and here was our opportunity. Cecil B. DeMille is soon filming 'The Ten Commandments' in Egypt and in my role as Moses, I will be able to visit the spots where the young Moses is believed to have been born and the place where he started the tribes of Israel out toward their promised land."

"Now we can't take the chance of our baby coming ahead of schedule and arriving in a land where we won't know a single doctor. That means I'll have to go alone and leave Lydia here alone."

"Lydia was alone during the war," I said.

"Yes, and maybe, now that I come to think of it, that set the pattern for our marriage. As you know, I'd courted Lydia from the very first day I met her at Northwestern University, where we were both drama students. Lydia was everything I was not: lively, social, alert and popular. She tells me now that the first time I managed a date with her, she reported to her friend, 'I've just been out with the wildest man on the campus.'"

"That was true, too. Until I went to the University, most of my schooling had been in a one-room schoolhouse in the backwoods where the ink froze in our inkwells during the winter and our boots steamed from melting snow. I was never conscious of a single girl in any of my classes. I avoided the boys as much as I could. I wouldn't have been conscious of them, either, except that they always beat me up."

Chuck caught my bewildered look. "I was the runt of the class," he explained. "Out on my grandfather's twelve hundred acres in Michigan my thinness and shortness didn't matter. My grandfather had pioneered that land. Now I own it, and my children will inherit it. The lake that is on it is called Russell Lake—after my father."

"I wasn't an only child, but I might just as well have been because next to me there was my sister Lila, a girl, mind you, and four years younger. When you are a boy of eight or ten there can be nothing quite so humiliating as playing with a girl who is merely four or six and your sister at that. I have a younger brother, too, but he was always too young to figure in my scheme of things. So I ignored them both, prowled by myself."

"I'd heard pioneering stories from my grandfather. I was very close to my father. When I was barely old enough to hold a gun, he taught me how to shoot. In school I wasn't ahead of my grades. We had a lot of books on the farm and I'd read all the ones that were fiction. I was forever acting them out for the chickens and the cattle, but I wasn't any outstanding brain at school. I was just smaller and thinner, that was all."

"When, finally, my family moved to Winnetka, Illinois, and I enrolled in the New Trier High School, I suddenly began growing. I shot up eight inches in one year. My shoulders broadened. I'd never been really sick one day in my life, and I still haven't. But the day I was able to go out and try for the football team was the first day I had any sense of being free. It was like coming out of prison to know I couldn't be pushed around any more, that I was strong enough to fight back."

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Chuck stopped, his steak finished, and attacked a salad nearly as large. "I’ll be glad if my son follows this pattern, too," he said. "If he’s just born big and keeps on being bigger, he will never know the psychology of the small man, what it means to be helpless, what it means to have to accept certain disagreeable facts because there is nothing you can do about them. Now I am a lot bigger than average, but I will always know what it means to be a lot smaller.”

He laughed suddenly. The sound echoed around the room, and all the women in the place who had been watching him from beneath their eyelashes now looked up openly and smiled.

"Saying that reminded me of my father," he said, "and the time I had been reading "David Copperfield" or something like that. At any rate, it had inspired me to run away from home to seek my fortune. I did it in the classic manner, also. I got a pole to put over my shoulder. I took a bandanna and put a few treasures in it, tied it on the pole and was just striding manfully out when I saw my father coming toward me, coming home from work. "I couldn’t make a run for it, so I put on my best soldier-of-fortune manner and told him I was leaving forever. My father said, ‘I’m sorry to hear that, son. Aren’t you happy here?’ "That wasn’t what he was supposed to say, of course, but I let him gather I wasn’t. I told him there was no use in his trying to stop me. I was going. He’d never see me again."

"Well,” my father said, “If that’s the way it is, I guess I can’t stand in your way, so goodbye, son."

"I didn’t want him to take it that well, either. So there I was, stuck with it. I hiked on. And on. It got dark and cold and I got cold and hungry. Finally I turned around and crept back home, into the house. My parents were very nice about it. Nobody mentioned anything. But I’ve been quite careful since then not to make idle threats, and I guess it was then that I began to realize that I had been merely acting, that I was always acting—but that it could be carried too far."

Chuck was ten years old then. The year was 1934 and there was a depression on, but he didn’t know it. It was the depression years that kept him from being raised as a city boy, for he actually was born one—in Evanston, Illinois, on October 4th, 1924. But, of course, the bottom fell out of American prosperity, as well as out of many of his father’s enterprises, by the time he was five, which was why the family so often went back to his grandfather’s acres. They were land-poor. They were often glad that hunting was both a sport and a means of obtaining food, and to Chuck the silence of the woods was friendly. He made friends with the chickens on the farm and the small animals that were wild among the trees. He fell in love with sunsets and sunrises and ate wild berries, and knew the difference at a glance between edible mushrooms and dangerous toadstools.

By 1938, however, the family fortunes were upbeat again, as our whole country was. The Hestons moved to Winnetka. Charlton enrolled in the New Trier High School.

"As far as I know, it’s the only public high school in this country that has a complete drama course,” Chuck said, residing it again at lunch. “I hope my son will find some such life-saver in some school he attends some time. I huddled myself into that course, and we did everything. We painted scenery, we learned lighting, we were ushers and leading men, both at the same time. We swept the stage and studied Shakespeare. I realized Christmas time! Trim your tree with a most precious gift—a handsome, dependable watch for the most wonderful girl in the world. There is no better way to say how much you care—and it costs far less than you think. New Hamilton Illinois watches are value-priced from just $33.95—other Hamiltons from $57.75.

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there that I had been acting all my life, and that it was all I wanted to do all my life.

"Of course I had to get through my other studies and I did, but I was conscious of them as they operated on the drama course. I didn't have a car. I didn't have any money. I didn't have a girl. And I didn't miss any of it. I had acting.

Chuck sat back, silent and startled at my insistence that somewhere in his life before he met Lydia Clarke there must have been a girl, one girl at least who'd stood out to him in grammar or high school or on college dates or elsewhere.

"But there wasn't," he said, finally, obviously searching his mind with complete honesty as he does in response to any old question you throw at him. On this occasion you could see that he was remembering deeply, going far back into his teens, and then suddenly, he swung that magnificent, craggy face of his toward me and said, "Do you know something? You just made me realize that except for inter-views like this I've never talked to any woman who isn't an actress, and except for Lydia, I've rarely talked to any actress except in rehearsal. In other words, until I met Lydia all girls were just parts of a show to me, a necessary part of drama, a kind of framework for my dreams.

"Only Lydia became the dream—and only she could bring me out of my dream into the reality of having for her attention.

Actually it was the other way round, even if Chuck doesn't realize it to this day. It was she, as serious a drama student as he was—even as solemn—who brought herself to his attention by asking him how to interpret a line in a play which they were doing for a class in interpretation.

It was a foolish question. It was a foolish line, and there was no way it could possibly be read except straight—a throw-away line, as actors call it—thrown away so that no one will notice it. But tall, awkward, owl-eyed Charlton Heston was immediately charmed that the small, worldly, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl should be so sincere regarding drama that she wouldn't even permit a foolish line to be fluffed off. And the fact that she was sincere was affirmed immediately thereafter when she presumed every date he suggested—she had never thought about dating a girl before. She didn't want to get married, Lydia told him. She had no time for love, less for flirtation. She had only the drama of acting.

She couldn't have charmed him more. Chuck was working his way through Northwestern by acting as elevator man at night in an apartment house in nearby Chicago. This meant he got virtually no sleep. He could afford virtually no food. But there were from that moment two burning ambitions to highlight his life—the conquest of acting and the winning of Lydia—and they raged in about that order.

Lydia wasn't as poor as he. She's never been as poor as Chuck has been, that is, until after the war when they were wildly poor together, when they were Mr. and Mrs. Heston and he came back from two years on the most desolate island of the desolate Aleutians and couldn't get a job even at theatre, tv, radio, movies, anything.

Nevertheless, in those college days, Lydia was amplifying her income a little by working in the college cafeteria. And this charmed Chuck even more. Here was a living girl who was worthy to be queen to those kings he had been back on his grandfather's farm. Here was the charmer who had inspired the adventurers he had been, at eight and nine and ten, sailing the seas (while firmly seated on the ground by one of Grandpa's trees), wearing furs which he had trapped for her (and he really thought they were fur), and following the farm, but they were for selling—twenty-five to fifty cents apiece when the market was right).

Charlton Heston began coming out of his dreams, because of Lydia Clarke, and looking upon the world with different, appraising eyes. The more she refused his dates, the more he appraised the other boys whom he occasionally saw her dating, and by this observation he began to see what was wrong with his own personality and appearance.

Lydia will tell you now, "The first time I ever saw Chuck, he told me he had been in Chicago, and I told my best friend the next morning that he certainly looked it. Instead of sitting in a chair, he enveloped it, and instead of talking, he orated, using the most elegant words in the English language." Incidentally, Charlton still has a tendency this way, to which his best friends, Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas, will testify any time. It comes as a result of his reading every classic book he can lay hands upon.

Chuck has the inborn caution of the woodsman who thoroughly examines everything before he gets into danger through being impetuous. He was even a slow starter in pictures when Hal Wallis brought him to Hollywood for "The Dark City." He was good in "The Dark City," but not much more, because he didn't know the medium of picture-acting. Watch his steady climb, however, through

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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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The President's Lady" up to the rest of the old "Naked Jungle" and you see the growth in him. DeMille, who knows acting, says he is nothing less than superior as Moses in "The Ten Commandments."

"There's so little time to learn all you have to know about acting. That is why I never stop. People ask me why between pictures I hop to Bermuda or Phoenix or wherever I go. I never stop because I want to keep on learning. I want to play Macbeth. I've studied that one role for years. I figure it will be another five years before I can start playing it . . . remotely to play it adequately."

Slow though he may be, however, once he starts on a thing, he never gives up. As he did not on the courtship of Lydia that morning, he's not going to be bothered with him, and love.

The Army clapped him into uniform the day he got out of college. He was sent to a camp in Greensboro, North Carolina, where he found himself in the pursuit of Lydia by correspondence. He wrote her, finally, that the scuttlebutt was that his company was being shipped out. From the tropical issue they were being given, they assumed it was North Africa, Italy or some such. He implied he might soon die, and he asked her persistent question.

"Would she marry him?"

"It wasn't the most romantic telegram in the world, but it sent him into romantic transports, "I have decided to accept your proposal," it said.

It was springtime in North Carolina, and the long black fragments of the March 17th, 1944—so I would never forget it," he said. He began planning wildly, seven ways at once, not able to believe the happiness that had come to him. He wrote Lydia, though two weeks, and then the scuttlebutt turned out wrong, like most scuttlebutt, and Chuck found himself with his tropical outfit in the Aleutians, and no news from Lydia for five years. "That night," Lydia told me at lunch. "I thought about her constantly. And I read. I read anything and everything. We were supposed to be a flying station, but we seldom flew. All I wanted was the word from my wife."

At last the war was over. Finally Charlton Heston was out of uniform, back to his wife, back to Chicago, where Lydia was making a very meagre living as a model. He didn't mean to abandon his own helplessness, he moved into it. She had $6 left, weekly, after she paid the rent. He had some savings after he got out of service, though, so they managed to scrape by. He was living on his wife's earnings and they were both hungry.

"It never stopped," Chuck told me, finishing his huge, luncheon salad. "It never stopped, that frustrating helplessness and it was trying to break into show business, of seeing other actors getting parts that you knew you could do better. Every day I went out looking for work, I'd get rejected everywhere and I would have taken anything. And every night I came back with the same story—nothing."

No woman could have been more wonderful than my mother, who went to New York, trying Broadway. It was the same story. She could get some work modeling, but I could get nothing. And then finally one break came. We could not get to Hollywood, but this led to a booking in the Thomas Wolfe Memorial Theatre, acting and directing a series of repertory plays.

"Of course we grabbed it, not alone for the opportunity but for the regular eating, the regular income. And for the first few months, nothing could have been more charming. It's a delightful town, Asheville,
with a delightful way of life. The people in the company were delightful, too. In fact, that was the matter with it. They asked us to stay on indefinitely, and it seemed wonderful to be so secure, so assured. Only Lydia said, ‘Chuck, we are succumbing,’ and wretchedly I looked at her and agreed. We were almost ready to sacrifice every one of our ideals for a pleasant home and steak every night.

“So back we went to Broadway, back to the frustration and hunger. I know now we couldn’t have done that if we’d been ‘the three Hestons’ rather than the two. But we were back at least to believing in acting as an artistic force, not merely as a means of making a living.’

That was when Chuck and Lydia got the cold-water flat, which up until recently they retained. That’s when they had wonderful moments that only two people so in love can have. They understand each other’s mood so well that nothing seems strange to them. Like the Christmas when they would barely eat, when Chuck spent almost their last dime on a Toulouse-Lautrec lithograph. They needed that like they needed an extra landlord, but Lydia understood why Chuck bought it. It was a lithograph of Sarah Bernhardt, the greatest actress of them all. He thought it was beautiful—and Lydia never bothered to point out that is probably why he bought it—not because it was a Lautrec.

Yet finally, after plays that opened and closed too fast, after TV shows sweated over that not many important people saw, the break came, as it always will to people who just won’t be kicked. Lydia was in Chicago in “Detective Story,” when Chuck in New York got the call from Hal Wallis which brought him to Hollywood. And as has been printed many times, they met in Grand Central Station, the first time they had been together in eighteen months. She was just coming back. He was heading for Hollywood. They had one hour together. So they just stayed right there in the station, talking, holding hands, understanding one another.

“It clears away a lot of worry if you figure Chicago is just three hours by plane from New York, nine hours from Hollywood. Lydia and I have always been able to think that way,” Chuck said. “That was the ‘why’ of our keeping that flat in New York. We were sentimental over it, and we knew we could afford it, too. We knew, to an hour, whenever either of us got free how soon we could get there, how long we’d have together. That was also the ‘why’ of the modest place we took in Hollywood. I didn’t want anything pretentious without Lydia, or she without me.

“Then, when it turned out that Lydia seemed so often to get into Chicago runs of plays, we took the flat there. But now—with our son . . .” He paused, wordless, back where we started from.

“What if he’s a daughter?” I asked.

Chuck sat back, laughter in his eyes. “Now how’s that possible?” he said. “He has to be a son because DeMille has already promised him the role of the infant Moses—the one found in the bulrushes, of course—if he is. And furthermore, I feel he’s already launched in the profession, having played more than a hundred performances in ‘The Seven Year Itch’ before Lydia was positive that he was with us.”

“Yes, but just suppose he is a she,” I persisted.

His rugged face softened, and he was suddenly as handsome a man as anyboy could hope to see.

“If he’s a she, and looks like Lydia,” he said, “then I’m prepared to adore her.”

THE END
She claims her pet aversion is the telephone, but her husband says she is always on it. She likes long walks, all kinds of flowers, snow and French fried onions. She doesn't like eating alone. She has at least ten favorite songs and has no desire to ever go hunting. "Not even fishing. I can't stand the thought of killing anything." She was born in a modest two-story brick home in Cincinnati.

She hates mussels, still experiences stage fright and was named after Doris Kenyon, whom her mother greatly admired. She married a man named Terry from a former marriage.

She has never worn dental braces and, if riding in the car with someone, she doesn't like the radio on, prefers to talk. She is five feet five and three-quarter inches tall.

Her taste in music ranges from hillbilly to opera. "I just love music, period." She has never been able to write a decent letter, and consequently hates it; "I just ramble on and never seem to really say anything." She loves olives.

Her favorite dish is roast beef and baked potato. She has a bad memory for names, but not faces, has two French poodles and is firmly convinced that good taste is not the result of education. "There are very few people who haven't got the faintest idea what the words mean."

She cannot abide birds in cages because she "feels sorry for them." Her hair is blond, she is punctual in appointments, and likes to wear Levis around the house.

She sucked her thumb when she was little.

She has no superstitions.

Her father was an organist and piano, violin and voice teacher. She began dancing lessons at the age of 12 she was frolicking in a Fanchon and Marco stage show. She and her husband do not play cards, preferring informal get-togethers with their friends.

Her vacations were cut short by a nearly fatal automobile accident in Hamilton, Ohio, while she was on tour. She was badly hurt when the car in which she was riding hit a train and she spent fourteen months in and out of hospitals before a broken leg would mend and she could walk again.

She subscribes to no book clubs.

She has a passion for making things clean and is constantly tossing around the house. Her shoes are size 7.

Doris decided to save herself from overwhelming anguish and boredom by studying violin while waiting to mend after the automobile accident. She is deeply indebted to Grace Raine, her vocal coach in Cincinnati. It was Miss Raine who helped her get started.

She lives in a twostory Colonial home in Toluca Lake, two blocks from Warner Brothers, her studio.

Her natal surname means churchyard in German. She doesn't like the comic strips, although she adored them as a child.

She loves candy. Her eyes are blue and she is very good at spelling. "My son's best subject at school was geography." She doesn't enjoy math or arithmetic.

Her first singing engagement was an engagement with Barney Rapp, owner of a night club in Cincinnati, but he insisted that something had to be done about the name of Koppoff. Doris saw the point and was forthwith christened Doris Day by Rapp because of her rendition of "Day After Day." She weighs 120 pounds. She never liked school.

She dreams mostly about casual acquaintances, never her close friends, which puzzles her no end. She drinks only decaffeinated coffee. Her favorite game as a little girl was Spin the Bottle. She is systematic and orderly in everything except her desk. "I look as bad as a mess. My husband goes crazy trying to sort out the bills and things."

She is highly impulsive, drinks lots of milk, sodas and malts, and likes to go to the beach or pool at midnight or six in the morning.

She is currently addicted to toreador pants, enjoys ballroom dancing, particularly the fox-trot, and would like to learn golf and tennis. "But only if I could be good at them."

She doesn't care for garlic, flashy cars or "too much red in anything." She wishes she could play the piano. She rarely goes to night clubs because she had to practically live in them while working with bands.

Her favorite scene is going shopping with her husband and looking "pick his clothes." She does not believe in fortunetellers or astrology but thinks "they are fun." She is thoughtful, forthright and completely unaffected.

She has a vivid and dear memory of a certain street in Great Neck, Long Island, which she walked along during a visit to the late Buddy Clark. "I was walking by myself. It was covered with autumn leaves of a hundred colors and had a strange serene beauty. I don't even remember its name, but I'll never forget the instant."

She plans to take up skiing, and believes that environment is infinitely more important than heredity. She likes all kinds of seafood except those that are "too fishy."

She seldom gets a traffic ticket.

She prefers gold jewelry.

She and her husband agree on politics. She loves to go to the Farmers Market and eat oranges.

She once sang with Bob Crosby's band.

She no longer knits as a hobby, wishes she could speak French and German, and got her first big break with Les Brown, with whom she sang for three years, culminating with the big national hit recorded by Les and Doris—"Sentimental Journey."

She has a disconcerting habit of "turning out" in the middle of a conversation, resulting in her sudden, "I'm sorry. What was that you were saying?"

She used to have a quick temper but has learned to curb it.

She is frightened of high altitudes.

Doris Day is very conscientious about her work and very critical of herself. She is fond of all kinds of cheese. She can never remember beyond the first two letters of anyone's name.

She never makes a wager. "I'm a bad loser."

And her husband gave up Scrabble because it made her nervous. She is intense in everything she does. She likes her steaks charred rare.

She loves putting around her garden, has made countless military and hospital tours.

She has no particular extravagance, no yen to sketch or paint and gives little thought to the money, always looking ahead to "the best things." She is planning to do tomorrow, next week and the year after.

She alternates between tub and shower.

She would like some day to visit Italy, France, Germany and Sweden. She collects stamps, but is not an amateur and makes it a point to stay out of them.

She has never eaten alabone.

She likes cats but cannot have them on account of her allergies. Her Columbia records are consistently among the best-sellers and her usual breakfast is eggs, bacon, thin toast, a large orange juice.

She is an early riser, knows her Bible very well and is almost in her husband's kindness, consideration and honesty. "He is a wonderful father to my son."

She is desperately trying to develop a taste for lox, loves bagels and cream cheese.

She likes hamburgers and popcorn, and when visiting San Francisco always makes it a point to take a ride in a cable car. When riding with her husband, if they were stopped for some minor traffic infraction, she used to argue with the policeman, but her husband solved that problem recently by immediately getting out of the car and and meeting the officer out of ear-shot.

She hates to learn new things.

She is very sentimental about her son's infant identification (hospital) bears and in his sleeping finishes every everything she undertakes and has a habit of reading three books at one time, which perpetually baffles her mate.

She is a "Dragnet" and "Perry, Peppery" fan and never misses a panel show if she can help it. She loves French antiquities and annoy her husband because she likes to read while driving instead of enjoying the scenery.

Doris Day works hard and tirelessly, devoting many hours a day to her career and her home. She maintains a steady and boundless enthusiasm. "I am very grateful for the feeling of deep security that is in my heart."

The End
He Stuck to His Guns

(Continued from page 37)

She was Helen Ainsworth, the woman who had discovered Guy and is his agent. "He looked so cute with his little sailor cap, I fell in love with him at first sight," Miss Ainsworth relates, referring to the oft-told incident of how she discovered Guy in a picture on the back of a naval publication while she gulped down coffee at a drugstore counter. She got in touch with him by mail, persuaded him to visit her in Hollywood and saw him signed for a contract that same day. No doubt about it, Guy Madison—until then, Robert Ozell Moeley—was cute. But cuteness wasn't enough. It didn't wear well.

"I became a victim of my own publicity," Guy comments on that phase of his career today. "The build-up was terrific. It made me into sort of a male Marilyn Monroe only more so. The trouble was I had nothing to back it up."

He's still one of the handsomest men in Hollywood, but Guy Madison today is a far cry from the downy-cheeked sailor lad he was ten years ago. Nobody in his right mind would think of calling him "cute." It takes a while, in fact, to find in his taut, virile features the faint echo of the tussle-headed youth he once was. It's a man's face now, a face full of character on which life has left its imprint.

"It took a little seasoning to bring it out, but Guy's always had a strong spiritual quality," Miss Ainsworth says about him in a more serious vein. "He couldn't have held on through all those years if he hadn't had character right from the start. What few people know about him is that he has strong religious faith. One of the men he admires most and has looked up to all his life is an uncle who went into the ministry and who is today a missionary."

"He himself is a little resentful at having the former Guy Madison dismissed too cavalierly. "It wasn't my fault that I was young," he protests. "What else was there to expect from a twenty-year-old kid fresh from Pilgrim Center, Cal.? It was like coming to fairyland—the fuss everybody made over me! One brief appearance in a film, and I was right at the top of the heap. And I didn't know beans about acting. Naturally I promptly proceeded to slide down."

Guy's first picture after his release from the Navy was "Till the End of Time," in which he was co-starred with Dorothy McGuire. Cruelly overshadowed, he looked stiff, awkward and self-conscious, and completely failed to come across. After that, his studio decided to loan him out instead of using him in its own productions. Guy's reputation failed to improve, however. Nor did his performances.

"One of my bad failings was that I used to resent criticism," he admits.

Guy didn't know much about acting. It was quite the fashion to pan him. "Harvard, I think, once voted me the worst actor of the year," he recalls. "It seemed almost like a conspiracy. After all, hadn't I become a star with my very first picture?"

"Altogether, I guess I must have been pretty full of myself in those days. Maybe I didn't show it—I hope I didn't—but you can't have a bunch of teenagers go into convulsions over you and pretend not to notice it. It embarrassed me all right, but I won't claim that it didn't affect me to some extent. Deep down in my heart, I probably considered myself pretty hot."

During his early days in Hollywood, Guy was shy and blushed easily, though. Once a famous beauty with an equally famous reputation cornered him at a party and asked him what he liked to do for his amusement and whether perchance he liked to play postoffice.

"No, Ma'am," he replied, reddening to his ears. "I like to go rabbit-hunting."

Maturity has since given him a lot more poise without taking away from his attractiveness. According to some of his associates, there's rarely a female who doesn't immediately shine up to Guy. During a recent personal-appearance tour with his tv partner and sidekick in the Wild Bill Hickok series, Andy Devine, a party of fifteen women raided his hotel room in New Orleans. They left hurriedly when Andy instead of Guy greeted them in bulging shorts. In Seattle a young mother pushed her son toward Guy. "You go and shake hands with Wild Bill," she coaxed him.

"You go and shake hands with him yourself," the offspring replied. "This was your idea."

And in still another receiving line, a girl in her late teens squeezed through to the front of the crowd. "I bet my girl friend five dollars that I could kiss you," she giggled, pursing her lips expectantly.

Guy looked her straight in the eye. "Lady," he said, "I'm sorry but I'm afraid you just lost yourself five bucks."

Despite his enormous mass appeal, he's personally always been a one-woman man who doesn't run around and scatter his affections. He did some experimental dating for a while, but fell in love with Gail Russell soon after he came to Hollywood. And for a long time Gail was the only girl in his life. He admits, however, that it hurt a little to see the admiring crowds

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and his popularity vanish. "There were a lot of years when nobody knew I existed," he says. "I was still in my twenties and already a has-been. There's one good thing about being a has-been: nobody expects you to come back. Nobody expects you to grovel for recognition."

The years he refers to are the ones when he had become the victim of oblivion almost as fast as he'd gone to the top—although with a lot less noise. They were Guy's bad years in Hollywood. He wasn't quite a has-been. He was just a guy who didn't have a career. It wasn't very funny all the same. Guy has a lot of pride, and disappointment with oneself is never very easy to take. Harder, though, a lot harder to bear than professional humiliation. That was the personal tragedy engulfing his young wife.

Guy is willing to talk candidly about almost anything else, but he refuses to discuss his own life. He doesn't like to talk about a man who fights his battles alone and, during the years of prolonged crisis, even his closest friends had little direct insight into his mind or heart. His intense loyalty restrains him from making any but the most general comments to this day.

So much has already been written about the break-up of the marriage between Guy and Gail Russell that the details needn't be repeated here. Guy didn't go into the marriage blindfolded. They were married in 1949 after he'd courted Gail for close to four years. He knew her from her father, a small-time gangster who'd eloped with her mother. They were married in a small church that Guy built for his bride. "There were always two sides to every problem," he insists. "I'm certainly not entirely free from guilt for the break-up myself."

There was a time when the Romances took the baby flesh off Guy's face, and it was during these sad, unhappy years that he acquired the reputation of being something of a hermit who lived in seclusion, rarely even going out in public. Guy was seen in a bar, at a night club, a gala premiere or a party. Guy was too strong to let heartache and disappointment break his spirit. He wouldn't let them get off his back. Suffering left its stamp on him: the handsome young boy he once was was something rarer and infinitely more valuable than fame.

There is a stubborn streak in Guy that wouldn't let him give up even during his darkest moments. While Gall, who'd been in movies since he was eight, was writing his book by far the bigger reputation, ceased struggling and eventually collapsed, Guy had a powerful drive to make good.

In a left-handed way, being cut down to size by a threat to one's self-esteem and confidence in oneself than I had before," he comments on that. "I remember how everybody used to tell me what to do and why I could never possibly make it on my own, the people out of my hair. They told me to wear a tux, and I wore a tux. In my whole life I don't think I'd ever even worn a tie before then. I was as uncomfortable as the dinosaurs. The collar stuck and kept sticking me in the back of the neck. But I was told to smile and I smiled. They told me to go to some party or another, and I did. And I probably had a heck of a time trying to figure out what to do with all those knives and forks. Every move I made was dictated in advance. I felt as though I was smothering. I'm sure they meant well and did their best, but there was a feeling that they overpowered me completely and I just wasn't the right material for them. Not that I wasn't anxious to please. Too anxious perhaps. I figured I could put up with the acting business all right when I could furnish myself. Only it didn't work that way.

The turning point came when Guy began to tell the story of his life to a number of friends telling him what to do weren't necessarily right. It gave him the confidence, at the very moment when he was hitting the skids at a rapidly accelerating pace, to rely entirely on his own judgment."

Though his contract with Selznick assured him of pretty good eating money for some years to come, he secured his release from the studio and took over the first-order business of making and writing an剧本 that the studio had wanted him to do. They were his part in "The Command," which he and the producer explicitly ordered the script to be rewritten to give Guy a more important part. Helen Ainsworth, sobbing at the premiere, wasn't too happy about it. It had been in this business too long and was too used to many disappointments for that. She knew that this was the pay-off. Guy was in—and this time for keeps.

He has since scored in "The Command" and recently signed a long-term contract with 20th Century-Fox, for whom he'll do "The Tall Men" with Clark Gable later this year. First, though, he must finish "Five Against the House," a new play. He's getting excited as he talks about that picture. "It's about five ex-GIs at college who hold up a gambing house. I'm the one who gets them through no fault of my own. It's a story with an unusual twist, a good story, I think. And I like my part."

In addition to the television pictures, Guy will tape some variety radio shows and do a score of television films in the Wild Bill Hickok series during the year.

Guy still wants to buy himself a ranch and a tux, but is not in too much of a hurry for it. "It will have to wait," he says. "I've got a job to do and I've come to like it. I don't mind sticking around here.

But that's his serious about that is the fact that he's building himself a house on Mulholland Drive. "I picked a beautiful site with a terrific view over Beverly Hills on the mountainside above the Pacific coast, and another. It's not going to be a big affair, but a comfortable house with a swimming pool and a big workroom."

There's a good deal of pride in his voice as he talks about the house. Certainly he doesn't sound like a man who has soured on life. Since buying a home usually means that a man intends to settle down in for life, Guy finds himself prompted itself as to whether or not he plans to get married again soon.

Guy may have seen the light of day on a farm, but he has the instincts of a gentleman. He's almost to the point that he shouldn't have asked me that," he scowled. "After all, I'm not even divorced yet. I'd be kind of a heel if I were to talk about anything of the sort. I don't want to get married again—some time.

There's been a normal amount of gossip linking Guy to a number of pretty girls, but he's denied romantic involvement with any of them. All the same, however, there is the knowledge that he'll stay single for long after his divorce becomes final. He's been separated from Gall for quite a while, is young, successful, and attractive to plenty. And there are other indications as well that he's no longer a recluse.

For instance, he's recently bought himself a new tuxedo. Yes, Bob Moses from the Pumpin Center, who used to sew Guy's clothes when he had to wear a tie, voluntarily went out and ordered a new tux. "The one I had was all out of style," he explained. "It's the "Forty-six," I got back in forty-six. It didn't look right when I wore it at the premiere.
Guy was quoted as saying that he wanted a round dozen kids. He didn’t have enough money to handle the circumstances that would arise from the lack of a $50,000 dollar loan and a $1,000,000 settlement for the wrongful death of one of his children.

Guy’s plans for the future were to build a house in the Hollywood Hills and use it as a weekend retreat. He was also considering purchasing a horse ranch in the mountains near Los Angeles.

Guy was also planning to start a new line of women’s clothing called “Guy’s Women’s Wear.” He was working with designer Anne Klein on the line, which would include dresses, coats, and suits.

Guy’s relationship with Barbara Warner was on the rocks, and they were considering a divorce. However, Guy was determined to keep his family together, and he was working hard to make ends meet.

Guy was also considering a run for public office, possibly as a candidate for the US Senate or the US House of Representatives. However, he was not a political animal and was not sure he had the desire or the energy to run for office.

Guy was a man of contradictions. He was both a successful entrepreneur and a wealthy individual, yet he was also a man of humble beginnings who knew what it was like to work hard and struggle. He was a man who had overcome great obstacles and achieved great success, yet he was still struggling to make ends meet.

Guy was also a man of great charity. He was known for his philanthropy, and he had given away millions of dollars to various causes. He was a man who had given back to society, and he was a man who had helped others.

Guy was a man of great talent and great vision. He was a man who had built a empire on his own hard work and determination, and he was a man who had left a lasting legacy in the entertainment industry. He was a man who had lived a life of great adventure and great achievement, and he was a man who had left a lasting mark on the world.

Guy Madison was a man who had lived a life of great purpose and great meaning. He was a man who had overcome great obstacles and achieved great success, and he was a man who had left a lasting legacy in the entertainment industry. He was a man who had lived a life of great adventure and great achievement, and he was a man who had left a lasting mark on the world.

The End.
name already means something on the marquee, although it may take a few more Christmases to achieve the length of her longings.

The only thing Elaine Stewart ever rode before she became a movie star was the train from her home in New Jersey to New York where she was a model. Her stocking will have to be a very big one this year for the horse, cup and derby she wants from Santa. A girl who was not born to the saddle can still dream of winning a blue ribbon at a swank horse show, can’t she?

Christmas 1948, Donna Lee Hickey was kicking up her heels in the chorus at the Copacabana. But as May Wynn, Yuletide 1954, she is dreaming of Paris in the Spring, on the Boulevard, sipping an aperitif at the Cafe de Paris, where if you sit long enough, says the legend, you will see everyone you didn’t know was in Europe.

Anne Francis is dreaming closer to home. The best holiday gift for Annie would be to see her name on the jacket of a best-selling novel. Her desk drawers are full of poems, plays and short stories. This is one beautiful blond with lots of brains.

Susan Cabot was born in Boston and raised in the Bronx, and she isn’t dreaming of a White Christmas this year. Susan, who has played more Indians than you could throw a movie hero at, gave me a private preview of a palatial mansion on Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills that she would like Santa to wrap up for her. And while she’s asking, Susan would like to find some true-blue American-girl roles in her buddy socks.

When I asked Jane Powell what she was wanting for Xmas, she replied, unhappily: “A baby!” Then blushing, “Not this year, next!” Jane never wastes time on daydreams either. And to make room for the new baby she wants, she and Pat Nerney are already looking for a bigger house. That’s what I call being really promiscuous.

And I don’t have to remind you what Grace Kelly wants in her stocking—Oleg Cassini, who’s so mad about the socialite cinema queen, Grace admits she’s been very lucky in Hollywood and says, “I hope Santa Claus will continue to be good to me and bring me more good movie parts.”

Ava Gardner isn’t writing to the North Pole about romance this year. She’s had it—north, south, and you name it. After three husbands and a bullet, Louis Dominguin, all Ava wants this year is a chance to eat Christmas pudding and turkey at home. “Last year I was in Rome with The Barefoot Contessa,” the year before, in Africa with ‘Mogambo.’” I wonder where and with whom lovely Ava will Xmas next year?

Jean Simmons wants Santa to act as her housekeeper this Christmas. “We need a buyer for our other home in Bel Air. Oh, how I would love to get rid of that white elephant.” But husband Stewart Granger wants something harder. “An end to those never-ending and totally unfounded rumors that my wife and I are on the verge of a separation. Jean and I have learned to laugh off such reports, but it would be real nice to have the holiday season at least pass by and not have to deny them.”

Bette Davis is a one movie star who will have a White Christmas—in Maine with husband Gary Merrill and their two children. It’s incredible, but the First Lady of Filmland has been off the screen since “The Star”—two years now! That’s too long for her and for us. Her jaw is healing, and now Bette would like to find a good movie script in her stocking.

Richard Burton was on the whimsical side when I put the gift question on behalf of Santa: “Is there any way I can arrange to have some of this California sunshine shipped over to England for my friends?” Nothing is impossible for Mr. Claus.

Maureen O’Hara’s big Christmas present is already here. For the first time in seventeen years, Maureen’s entire family will celebrate Christmas together. Her mother and father are ensconced in the home she bought for them near her own, her two sisters are here, also her sisters from Canada and Washington, and her sister from the convent in Ireland has been transferred to close-by Long Beach. The irene Christmas tree in Hollywood that will be super-loaded with love and affection.

I have a great present to suggest for June Haver and Fred MacMurray—a baby of their own in the near future. Fred’s adopted children are crazy about gentle June. And their cup of happiness would overflow if the Stork could promise a landing.

Jerry Lewis calling Santa: “The best present my partner and I could have for Christmas, or any time, is one year without a story that Dean and I are splitting up. The time we wasted denying these stories in 1954 could have used making another picture.”

And from Dean Martin: “A South African head-shrinking kit, complete with instructions. Oh yes, and a book of New England songs. And don’t go my own company. I figure that’s the only way to save money.”

Big likable Rock Hudson is afraid to look into this Christmas sock this year in case Santa gets his signals mixed. Rock wants to establish himself as an actor before he marries. He proved in “Magnificent Obsession” that he has what it takes to rank with the top male actors. A wife is sometimes a hostage to fortune. You have to accept roles you don’t like to pay those bills. Rock wants to be free to concentrate on his career. So this is to ask Mr. Cupid to stay home and not bother him this Christmastide.

Not so with Debbie Reynolds. The cutest love story of the year started when Eddie Fisher from Neil to me, I implored, “Debbie Reynolds, and I said, “Why don’t you call her and say I said for you to introduce yourself to her.” He did, and you all know what happened. Who knows, maybe one of the new Claires—if it’s not before. And Debbie couldn’t wish for a nicer present.

Rosemary Clooney calling: “Is it too much to ask that Santa Claus will send me twins?” While Tony and Janet Curtis will settle for one, just one lovely baby, for their happy Christmas wish.

Gary Cooper’s asking for a fishing stream that pays the mortgage, but he’s also thinking of introducing his son to Mike Wilding. Please, a truce.

Bob Hope would like to find Bing Crosby in his stocking, so he could tie him up “and prevent him from buying all the TV stations in the country just to keep me off video.”

As for Bing, the best present his son Gary can give to his dad is to finish his senior year at Stanford before plunging into show business. I’m not sure Gary can wait. “I have twenty thousand dollars worth of jobs waiting for me,” he grumbles. “But Dad wants to be financially secure in his own right. And he will be. Bob earns $1,500 a week and he also owns a chunk of his 20th Century-Fox studio. R. J. borrowed the money from Pop when the stock was very low and cleaned up. But he wants more.

Calling all Santas for Elizabeth Taylor, who pleads, “If I go to see a sick friend in the hospital, someone will say I’m splitting up with Mike Wilding. Please, a truce.”


THE END
Dog Days

(Continued from page 62)

Shoo Shoo. Shoo Shoo looked at Tony. That sort of settled things. On Christmas Eve Tony returned home to Hollywood and his family. He was wearing a black English raincoat when he walked through the doorway. Shoo Shoo was nestled in one pocket. Within minutes, Shoo Shoo and the Owens' children had discovered one another. "I'll never forget their expressions," Donna remembers. "They were excited. They'd wanted a dog so long!"

Shoo Shoo now rules the Owen household. He bows to only one person—Tony. "A word from me," says Donna, "and he does exactly as he pleases."

They were the dark days when Jean waited anxiously for word from RKO as to whether or not they would lend her the M-G-M for "Young Bess." Her smiles were slow in coming in these days. During this spell, just before dinner one evening when Jean and Stewart were in the kitchen whipping up a light meal, Stewart got an idea. "Be back soon," he told her.

A great deal of time passed before Stewart returned. When he did, Young Bess peeked out from under his coat and a huge smile peeked out from Jean's face. Needless to say, Stewart's lengthy absence was forgiven, and Young Bess was royally welcomed. And she's been given royal treatment around the Grangers ever since.

Smog is a condition that often hangs over Los Angeles like a blanket. Smog is also a Christmas gift to Mona Freeman from Bing Crosby. The pup got the name Smog because he's a gray-white color.

Smog has a habit of capturing the center of attention in the Freeman household—and outside the Freeman household. Take the time Moma went to Pasadena to pose with a half-million dollar's worth of emeralds. The photos were to be taken in a local bank. Smog walked in, eyed the jewels and walked away. Half the bank employees followed him, to coo and ahhh. Emeralds? They got photographed, but they took a back seat to Smog.

Lassie is not the only famed dog who has famous offspring. There is, for instance, Piper Laurie's Squeeky, mother of Sashay. Squeeky was just a pup when Piper retrieved her from the dog pound during Piper's early days at Universal-International. Having trained Squeeky, Piper has gone on to great pains to train Squeeky's daughter, Sashay. She has also imposed a number of the same rules upon her. Sashay is not allowed to enter the living room except upon special occasion (special occasions usually mean when Sashay decides to enter the living room).

Sashay also has a penchant for flowers—eating them, that is. Tulips and lilies are her favorites—especially the variety planted by Piper's mother in the backyard.

Mari Blanchard raised her Afghans, Queida and Lorelei, for show dogs. This is another mother-daughter team, Queida being the mother, and Sashay has won a number of ribbons at various dog shows.

Mari spends a lot of time with her pets—grooming and training them, even frequently taking the pair to the studio with her. When Mari returned, both Queida and Lorelei grieve for her, losing their appetites and mooping around Mari's mother's house until their owner returns.

A favorite of the Piaget household is Honey, the cocker spaniel given to Debra by her family several Christmases ago. Honey's two now, and through the years has developed a mania for cleanliness. Honey's favorite resting place is the bathtub...with or without water. Say "bath," and Honey comes running!

The End

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Who Wears the Pants?

(Continued from page 42)

all major decisions and appointment the fam-
ily was always and always was strictly the home. I was wary of the self-
sufficient, aggressive woman who goes around with a chip on her shoulder because she considers this a man’s world. My preference was for the clinging-vine type.

Now Arlene was born in Minneapolis; her parents came from Norway and had always held their own to build a good family life. While Arlene’s father had been the head of his household, her mother had active interests that took her outside the home—like her painting and welfare-club work. She didn’t have the same love for her husband, although she did permit him to make the family decisions. Theirs was a very happy marriage until her death several years ago, but we didn’t adopt fully in our home and adopted completely the American attitude: equality for both sexes. She felt very strongly that marriage is a 50-50 proposition and believed in equal sharing of decisions, home responsibilities and financial matters and maintained that a wife could share both career and home successfully.

When I first met Arlene, she was with M-G-M and she helped me make a screen test there. I did not see her again until two years later, in October 1932. When I did, I fell deeply in love with her. At the time, my conception of what love is was based on our early training and environment were different, that our feelings on marriage and love were dissimilar. All we knew was that we were both deeply in love. But the next fifteen that missed me more difficult to get along with.

Finally one day we sat down and talked matters over in a civilized manner and concluded we couldn’t part something. We both made unwise marriages and were frightened of making another mistake. For once, we decided, let our heads rule us instead of our hearts and we made the decision to divorce. And this was the choice we ever had to make. We decided to part.

That week Arlene left for the Cannes Film Festival alone, and I remained behind. We wanted our break to be complete.

Like a Latin, I must confess my feelings are very changeable. At intervals I feel elated, energetic, the world is my oyster, I am in the mood to do and be. I’ve had days when I left my life, all the elation and peace of mind was missing. My career, which had so important, suddenly didn’t even interest me. I’ve had days when I didn’t matter and I’ve been ill and suffered extreme pain in my back, which all the doctors diagnosed as nothing but nerves and tension. By the time I finished my role in “Rose Marie,” I was so low on my nerves I was ready to bear the pain only with the help of no-

cain injections. As I lay in bed resting after completing the picture, I found that more and more my thoughts were with Arlene and her. I had no thoughts about her, either. After all, we still had the same problems to face. With more time I had to consider our situation, the more I began to blame myself for my unyielding and attitude, I realized I would have to change.

First of all, I concluded, my outspoken-
ness must go. I’d always been very frank by nature, sometimes embarrassingly so.

I never meant harm to anyone. I was only trying, in my bungling way, to be com-
municate. And I often thought: what would ask, “Fernando, how did you like my latest picture?” I’d answer truth-
fully—even if I thought it was poor. It was the same with reporters. And when I read the cut that the page, I’d be shocked. Honesty is fine, old man, I told myself, but so is sensitivity— to people’s feelings. Today I’m learning— most of the time I’m not so much marks unsaid if they will hurt, for words are living things; they can bless or blight, sting or ear, heal or cure.

Secondly, I tried learning to relax. For work I had taken on because I knew member had to work out my own prob-
lems for myself. Things have never been easy for me and I’ve had to fight for what—matters. And now I’ve grown and me strong-willed and, I’m afraid, stubborn. It has also made me to try force life to bend my way. I decided to try let life flow around me, to learn to live with myself, accepting me for what I truly am. This led me to realize that perhaps I had tried too many times to force Arlene to adopt my way of thinking without giving thought to her convinced.

My illness, which I thought was so catastrophic, turned out to be of immense spiritual value to me. I learned that my subconscious mind is on the job twenty-
four hours a day, and that by changing the situation, acting as a powerful force for the attainment of my desires. Or anyone’s, if he disciplines himself. Personally I used to help me from blowing my top. My first move was to trash six men. And I began to do some thinking about Arlene’s feelings on mixing a career with marriage and a family. Clearly I learned to build up another’s ego. For instance, when we were in New York together, Arlene told friends, “Fernando was mobbed by his fans, everyone wanted to meet him. Wherever we went, I just had to be there. I knew he was exaggerating, but still I must confess that her desire to make me feel more important made me feel good. I was often had been seriously con-
idered her feelings, her ego. Not too often, I realized.

I purposely started to take an interest in many of my American married friends. Sometimes I would accompany them inquiring about careers and they had happy mar-
rriages, too. In a number of instances, the wives actually made an important—and very important—difference to the family finances. However, I still couldn’t understand why a woman would want to combine the roles of wife, mother, career woman and female fate if there was no economic necessity. And it seemed to me the expression was that what drew women away from their homes? My traditional feeling that a husband must be the only provider became slightly more mellow. And I realized that women have to adjust to modern times. A truly modern husband must learn to think of homemaking as a joint responsibility, instead of shifting the whole weight of the household burden of the home. Perhaps I had been wrong in limiting Arlene’s creative talents.

About this time, some three thousand miles away in Europe, Arlene herself was beginning to think seriously about the picture. During her stay there, she was meeting many new people—and a number of well-adjusted happy European wives who were married to successful, creative artists and were unconcerned over the battle of equal rights.

One evening Arlene phoned me all the way from Cannes. She was cordial,

friendly, but there was no word of a re-

newal of our courtship. She had read about the difficulty I was having with my back and urged me not to undergo the danger-

ous operation I was then contemplating. That was all.

A few weeks later, I came home around miles away, and was feeling particularly depressed since I had not enjoyed myself at the party. The phone rang. It was Arlene, telling me she was thinking of me and that she had just returned home from a fabulous time—together. She had insisted on being with me. We had a tremendous ego boost to know that during this excitement she had been thinking of me and that I wasn’t the only person completely impersonal, it left me at peace. I had suggested to Arlene that she phone me when she returned home to Hollywood and we could have a welcome-home drink together. I was there at her doorstep, I was completely ill—at ease. I knew we would both have to play cagily. Suddenly, seeing her so lovely, after so months’ absence, I carefully re-

hersed routine vanished. So did Arlene’s and she broke down and wept.

We began seeing each other every day again. When Arlene first arrived, she was drawn, but I didn’t notice her smiling. Soon she was herself again, looking no raving than ever, so vibrant with happiness that I hoped I had a small part in it. Arlene was happy and my depression both vanished magi-
cally. Arlene explained how, in Europe, her ideas had changed and I had some explaining of my own to do. We both came to the conclusion that our differ-
ences were small and absence had put them in their proper perspective.

When we finally announced our inten-
tions, we did so surrounded by friends, by all of us, that we could make a wonderful marriage together. Our love for one another had been tested. We’d known great unhappiness, groped in the dark before we were at the end of our rope. And I was thankful that we hadn’t married during the first glow of our courtship. It doesn’t take a philosopher to know that it’s much easier to solve your differences before instead of after marriage.

With just a few months of marriage be-

hind us, I won’t be unrealistic and say we have a perfect marriage. For marriages are not made in heaven, but in the very earth. We do, however, have a solid basis for marriage and it should, like good wine, grow more mellow with each year.

How did we avoid our mutual ideas on a wife’s career and her outside activi-
ties? Easy. And yet it seemed so in-

soluble previously. Everything seemed to suddenly fall into place, again demonstrat-
ing that marriage was the only way to your bidding but allowing events to adjust naturally.

Arlene felt differently. She believed for a woman to express herself was as important as a profession for a woman was somehow inferior to a job. And then I began to look back to my own home as a child—to remember how my mother put in the making of a home and a
dressmaker. I thought of the pleasure my father had in his home—wondered if we American women, so discontented in many instances, should be unwilling to give up traditional things. This subject. I met many hap-
pily married and charming European women who had no desire for an outside career, who busied themselves in build-
ing up their husbands’ positions. One of them who had visited in the United States told me that she felt our wives were dis-
contented, restless, and possibly that was why American husbands shared so little
with their wives, found them not a better half of themselves but often a separate and demanding individual. After taking to a number of European wives I realized that a man wants to be the center of his wife's universe. He wants her emotional interest focused on him, and in so far as a career diverts him, it feels forlorn and cheated. If a woman's mind is totally absorbed in her career she is no longer a wife first.

“All the same, as an American I believe a career is a wonderful thing. Only, as has been said before, you can't take it in your arms on lonely nights. I know. I tried. No marriage can be successful unless a wife devotes herself to her husband. You come first, darling. By pleasing you, I please myself. Of course, I won't throw away my career. I know you wouldn't want me to. I've worked too hard for it. But instead of taking every role offered me, I'm going to pick and choose. This will leave me with free time between films.”

Recently Arlene was offered two film roles. She asked me if she should accept them and I told her to decide herself. She made her decision: "I've turned them both down because it meant being away on location. I don't want to leave you."

Arlene has also streamlined her outside business activities to a regular routine that's hardly noticeable. Four times a year she designs and sketches new ideas for her lingerie business, ships them to the manufacturer in New York who takes it from there, selling them in over 100 shops. On her syndicated beauty column which, I'm proud to say, is now carried in over fifty newspapers, she works at home with an assistant. Besides being so lovely and beautiful, Arlene has a very practical and well-organized way of working—which makes it easy for her to deftly juggle several careers successfully.

On some points we need more work, naturally. As I said, I'm a creature of moods and not the easiest person to live with, but I hope I'm making steady improvement. Arlene is the least frustrated person I know. She hasn't even a tiny neurosis. She is quiet, hardly ever lets her temper show. But she has one! Annoyances must pile up and pile up, but when she gets angry, then she lets fly. Like a business matter this morning. She discovered that a business contact had been procrastinating as well as telling untruths. Finally—boom, she let him have it.

My bride likes the contrast of our temperaments—one cool, quiet, collected, thoughtful, practical, weighing each decision carefully—the other high-tempered, volatile, loquacious.

Before we married if I were feeling moody and difficult, Arlene immediately would blame herself and try to find out what she had done to upset me. This only made me more vexed, because generally I didn't know what had brought on my moodiness. But now, in the emotional security of marriage, Arlene is beginning to understand that she's not to blame. If she has something to discuss with me and finds me worried about a problem, she suggests that I go off by myself and when I feel better we'll come to a decision on her problem. She has also paid me a subtle compliment by buying all her clothes on approval and letting me decide which ones she'll keep, and shopping with me for my clothes, too.

All in all, you can see that this Argentine gaucho is deeply content in his marriage with a modern American girl. As for who wears the pants in our family, I told you there was no single answer. Both of us do.

The End

3 quick tricks
to eye beauty

1. With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow lines across upper eyelid at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.

2. Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

3. Apply smooth Maybelline Mascara from base to tips of lashes, brushing upward. (Hold a few seconds to set "up-swoop!") For an extra touch of mysterious eye beauty, blend a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on upper lid.

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Imagine Me, Shy!

(Continued from page 39)

the big, fast rule for getting over self-consciousness and shyness, I'll tell you right now. I mean the rule that worked for me.

It's this: Instead of beating your brains and crying your heart out over something you do badly, find the thing you do better than anybody else. The two things I did best, and they are such snaps anybody can do them. 1. I can laugh better than anybody at another person's humor. 2. I can listen better than anyone.

Growing up in Stockton, California, which is a mighty small city, I was all legs and arms and shyness. There was a clique of girls in my class who clung together and since I was always too afraid to give me good skin and a straight nose and a clean jawline. Instead of doing that old-fashioned virtue of counting my blessings, I was and am likeable, thinking I wasn't square because they snubbed me. Now, maybe you're saying as you read this that I was real gone being upset by such a thing. Maybe you're saying that nobody ever scared me. But there are a few other things, when other girls were suffering because they didn't have the right clothes or lunch money or something more real like that. Well, you're half right. I was a square to let such criticism upset me. But you're half right, too. Because nothing you are self-conscious about is real. It's all fear. It's all because of not knowing. If it's the lack of the right clothes that's throwing you, it's crazy because clothes don't make that much difference.

It's not-knowing that makes the cliques, too—it makes you want to be in them if you aren't. You are afraid to leave them if you're inside. Cliques, the gang, our group are just fear in a bunch, not fear individually. They are just every healthy girl's fear. But every boy should remember, all following one pattern, dressing alike, talking alike and afraid of the most precious gift in life: the fact that you are you, and I am I, and nobody the whole world looks like you exactly like either of us or we like them.

Yet the more you expose your personality to other people the more you find they are like you. And exposure is what I mean. You have to be accepted and not force your nerves when you are meeting someone strange or going into a social group you've never faced before. You think you look best if you're dressed right, won't know what to say or whom to say it to. But you make yourself go and it does pay off.

I remember the first Hollywood party I ever went to at the multi-millionaire Atwater Kent's house, and I was told that "anybody who was anybody in Hollywood" would be there. I shook with fear. And who would be the only nobody? What will I do?"

I would never have dared to go if Evie and Van Johnson hadn't asked me, and I only accepted because I didn't want to refuse anything. Evie was the lead man in my very first picture, "Romance of Rosy Ridge," and he and Evie had been nothing but sheer heaven to me since then.

I stammered to Evie "I can't go. I haven't got the right clothes."

He shook up that excuse for me. "I'll loan you mine," she said.

I stammered to Van. "But I'll need an escort."

Van snapped it: "An escort? Oh, yes. You'll be right with us."

So in I went, in Evie's dress, hanging, trembling, to Van's arm. I came into a room absolutely stuffed with celebrities, and the host said, "Sit down at me in the friendliest way, and the great thing I knew I found myself seated next to a very important producer. He happened to have just released a picture that I thought was the greatest picture, being with an idea of telling him so and then I plunged.

I not only told him it was the greatest, but I asked him where he started it. Was it with the book? Or had he worked from a screenplay? And how had he arrived at the casting?

I said all that in one rush, and it was well I did, because an hour later he was still saying "precious" and "a precious" in another word. I just sat there, hanging on his every word because I was truly fascinated. He might have been talking yet, and I listening, but right then the entertainment started.

That, of course, was the greatest—the most famous comedians in the world, the best singers, the finest dancers. And suddenly I heard myself listening and applauding the loudest because having had the time of anybody. And you know why I was?

It was because I was never popular. I always had friends, but until I met Tony I just sat there, in the most heavenly glow, because for the very first time in my existence I realized two wonderful things: I'd probably never once be the belle of the ball, but I was put up and performing before people—but one gift I did have: I could appreciate. I could listen with my whole mind and love it, because that way a girl like me, who wished she'd had much more time for education, could learn and learn and learn. And I could laugh with my whole soul because truly and absolutely people were so wonderful. So, I suppose you're arguing with me again and saying who can't laugh at divine clowns like Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis or be fascinated by a great mind? But if you're a real casting vote you're a new character to me. If you were real casting vote you would have entered a turkey, or at least a singing turkey, and you would have been cast as that. And besides, I'm a real casting vote who aren't entertainers or rich through their talents or interesting because they are in touch with the big world.

A right, I'll make a confession. Recently Tony and I were on a personal appearance tour and at luncheon time we were booked for a luncheon with some local dignitaries. Now a person from show business among them. Not a name we'd ever heard of.

I said to the man in my life, "This will be the dullest. Now I must tell you something. Evie and I have kicked out of everything. He likes everybody. Oh, he has moods. He sometimes gets down, but that's about himself, over something he wants to buy, or some something he wanted to buy which we can't afford. But about people and events, he's as high as the sky.

Me, I go along on a much more even keel, and I'm a lot lower. But on this particular day I was real beat. We went to the luncheon and I looked at the man on my right and merely to say something I asked, "Tell me what you do—what exactly all I want him to do was to go drop dead and let me rest.

He was a fisherman, a wholesale fisherman. And the next thing I knew he was opening up a whole new world to me, the stuff of lobster pots and clam beds and the deep sea inhabitants and the perils and dangers of the daily life of his trade. He made it all so exciting that I felt about as useful as a china doll when he got through, but he'd done the most fantastic thing yet. He'd stuck out twice in a while I actually manage a step that I'm happy about. The other day Bob Fosse, the dance director, made me step out and dance to the music as a kind of a duet.

"Listen," he said, "you step out strong when we're together. Now step out just that strong when you're by yourself. Forget yourself. Go toward the audience—forget yourself and go toward your audience. You'll find the audience is waiting to welcome you.

The End
Don't look dull and drab ...

Look YOUNGER, LOVELIER

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NESTLE COLORINTINT

Ask for professional applications at your beauty shop.
Provided you’re sure of his sense of humor, I’d say that a gag gift would be most welcome. I recall the time I lunched with a girl and couldn’t seem to drink enough iced tea. I believe she must have had three glasses, as I love the stuff—winter or summer.

My birthday came along a few days later and, on this particular afternoon, I opened the iron front doors of the house, standing on the steps. He handed me a large and weighty package, beautifully wrapped. In it I found a cake of ice and a box of 61" inches with a gift card. Needless to say, I got quite a kick out of it. Also lots of iced tea!

When it comes to the purchase of more serious gifts, one of the first rules should be Know. Put your sense of observation to work. Note his wearing apparel, the kind of books he talks about, the magazines he likes to read, the records he prefers, his hobbies, his favorite sports. Is he marking the back of his football? If so, you might as well explain about the holes in his socks? If you’re looking for clues, you’ll find them by the score.

If your man is a sportsman, it logically follows that you will head for a sporting goods store. Salesmen will tell you that a woman usually knows what kind of sport a man likes, but that she has no idea of the equipment and the fine sportswear that finds most satisfactory. For instance, one of the safest things to give a fisherman is a creel for all the fish you figure he’ll be catching. If your man wants to pick out his own rod or reel, etc., as he may prefer a special kind—one that he hasn’t mentioned.

A golfer? For around five dollars or less you can find an assortment of possibilities. There are golf balls, putting cups, club covers, golf gloves, to name a few. Does your man go in for tennis? Again, five dollars or less will do nicely. You’ll find a racquet at a nearby store. Recently I discovered a handy little gadget for carrying tennis balls. It’s called a tennis caddy. It’s attached to the racquet and holds the balls firmly against the strings so that they don’t rattle.

Personally I like to receive books. Recently a friend sent me a volume from the isle of Cyprus and it’s one of my most treasured possessions. I can’t help thinking that most men like travel, adventure and sports books. According to bookstores, men go for science fiction and flying-saucer tomes. However, as far as your man is concerned,煙不灭, perhaps he may prefer a book line can be gleaned from a bit of casual conversation.

If he reads extensively, why not a gift that will keep him in reading material for a whole year? I’m thinking of a magazine subscription. There are so many, of course, concerning hobbies, current events, specialized fields or interest that you may have to choose among the many. There, again, you can probably obtain the information you want from your man—and he’ll never suspect!

As for wearing apparel, here’s a warning. He may be thinking of buying you a shirt. Salesmen will tell you that a single girl hardly ever knows her beau’s shirt size. She’ll simply figure if it doesn’t fit, he can’t use it. But I urge you to change that! A great many women shoppers fail to realize how important it is to know a man’s measurements. Otherwise a salesman, if prompted, is forced to question him, and sometimes he’ll call the lady’s attention to another salesman in the store. “Is your friend around that size?” he’ll ask. However, it’s best when there’s no mystery involved. If your man is tall (around 6’1”), it’s likely he’ll take a 34-35 sleeve. A shorter man will require a 32-33 sleeve. And there’s still another consideration—the collar. For instance, a shorter man who is inclined to be a little stout, will need a long type of collar, one that will add length to his face and body. For a tall and slender man, a short or tab collar. If he has a collection of cuff links, he’ll want French cuffs. But when in doubt, buy without.”

Unless you’ve seen him wearing color-type sports shirt, stick to the more conservative kind. If he’s obvious, however, that he especially likes loud shirts, let your imagination run wild in the color department and watch it.

Just before I left for Ireland to make “Captain Lightfoot,” a friend gave me a wonderful shirt. A nylon shirt. And there was never a more appropriate gift for a trip. I can hardly wait to wear it on my man travels, I bet that’s exactly what he’d like. One of the new fast-drying shirts that he can wash out himself.

But for his wearing apparel, the last reading tie. They say that every woman believes she has the ability to select ties. Some actually do. A gal I know, name of Betty Abbott, is one of them. You can always take it from them that they have the know-how. A salesman in a leading department store told me that whenever a man has a navy blue suit, his

**U.S. SAVINGS BONDS NOW EVEN BETTER**

As far as most men are concerned, however, silver is the newest shade and fast achieving prominence. Within the last six months or a year, there has been a trend toward foulards and smaller prints in ties. And there is one other thing. If you have one or the other, I like tie clasps or cuff links.

And I like nothing better than a disguised present. I guess that’s because I went out of the front of the one I ever received.

“It’s been a while since then, but this memorable gift was from my brother and sister. I wanted a football and I’d been checking out the ones around town. On Christmas morning, I found a sweater box. As I was opening it, my sister muttered, ‘I hope it fits.’

“Turned out to be a football after all—
the one I’d been eyeing. And I was twice as surprised and pleased!”

Race has a suggestion that would make a mighty nice surprise for your man, especially for the aging gent I’m still speaking of to “the big game box. Some
event he’s anxious to see. And it’s my guess that he’d like the idea twice as much because you can enjoy the occasion together.

I recall my favorite surprise gift. I was sitting in the living room at Vera-Ellen’s house one evening when she walked in with a large box. “Happy birthday!” she said and opened it in my presence. “There’s a catch,” she told me. “You have to open it blindfolded.”

Then she left the room and, true to my prediction, the last thing I knew were my eyes and nose in the wrappings. The box was light and seemed empty. But before I could reach into it, Vera-Ellen had returned. I could tell she was putting something into the box. “Now,” she said.

Off came the blindfold and when I glanced down I saw a little puppy sitting there looking up at me. He had an Irish setter look about him and I knew he couldn’t have gotten over a curb. I still have him and I’m nuts about him.

One of the most controversial items, gift of a photo! Unless a man specifically asks for it, a girl should never give her picture to a fairly recent acquaintance. In fact, I’m inclined to think that no matter how well a girl knows her man, she should never ask for that photograph. And no endearing, embarrassing inscriptions, please. It may seem all right at the time. But if you ever break up, you’ll regret the sentiment to yourself. This might also apply to inscriptions on keys and tie clasps, for instance—and to handwriting cards that are to be enclosed with the gift itself.

And when you shop, remember to watch your step and shop with care. You’ll find your man will be eternally grateful!
D. Delicately carved stones of jade, amethyst or coral combined with flashing opals and seed pearls hand set in bracelet of fine antique finish, $4.98.*

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B. Domes. Bracelet $5.98* □ Earrings $1.98* □ in Gold-plate □ Silver-plate □

C. Filigree bracelet $1.98* □ in Gold-plate □ Silver-plate □

D. Carved stones. Bracelet $4.98* □ Earrings $1.98* □ in Jade □ Amethyst □ Coral □

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*PRICE INCLUDES FED. TAX. POSTAGE PREPAID.
Married and may seem afraid of becoming involved romantically with any particular girl. Here, in Montgomery's position of never quite knowing whether someone likes him for himself or likes him because of an idealized version of Montgomery Clift the actor. Having been in the theatre since his teens, he never quite became a part of the aura of ambition and self-interest perveting love and marriage. He dislikes people who are outright mercenary and especially distracts driving, opportunistic women.

Very seldom, Montgomery is a girl who is quiet and shy and feminine. Trying to pin down the charm of foreign-born movie stars like Audrey Hepburn, Leslie Caron, Pier Angeli and Jana Schoeffler, one says: "Maybe they didn't have to struggle so hard to succeed. Somehow all of them still look vulnerable. I think that's the essence of being feminine.

But Clift's fame linked with glamour queens. He prefers to date girls outside the theatre and away from night clubs. For this reason, people have said he's not interested in romance. Not true. He wants personal interest and privacy—and his date's—have their friendship discussed in the gossip columns.

For some time now, Montgomery has been quoted as hating Hollywood. He's not near his father, and he's supposed to be. He has his reservations about life in the tinsel community, but the fact is he genuinely likes New York and the kind of life he leads there. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska, and grew up in New York but his family left and moved to New York shortly after and has lived there ever since. He has the same kind of loyalty for his home town and movie community he has for his family and friends. The city has been good to him. His family is well-to-do and as far as material circumstances are concerned, he's had a very comfortable and pleasant youth, seeing New York and its most pleasant side. While Montgomery achieved fame—and a good bit of money—in motion pictures, he feels he owes more to Broadway than to Hollywood. It was on the strength of what he had done on Broadway that he got his first movie parts. Montgomery also loves to travel and has made junkets to Cuba, Europe, Mexico, Israel and the Near East and he finds New York a convenient jumping-off-place for these trips. But more important, his friends and his family live there—his home.

Probably one of the most popular stories about Montgomery is that he lives, hermit-like, in a house and square on a street. Without a house it is almost impossible to imagine anything so lovely and quiet in the heart of the city.

The house is a handsome graystone. It has an outside flight of stairs which you would like to walk up to an old-fashioned walk-up style. There's a small foyer decorated in black and white domino pattern which leads to the first level of his quarters. On the first level is the kitchen, dining room and living room. He lives in his attic which is spacious above. Here Monty has a television set, a bar and his hi-fi record player. He likes both classical and popular music and has a full record library. He's especially fond of Bing Crosby, and he has just about every record that Bing has made. On the same floor there is also a closet with a deep-freeze unit. Up on the second floor is Montgomery's bedroom and bathroom. The view from here is terrific, opening on gardens and trees.

Anne Baxter lives near by and sometimes waves when she's sunbathing on her balcony. The general furnishings are crisp, functional and masculine. The house was decorated by friends who are professional decorators and Monty takes great pride in it, frequently adding new furniture.

A maid keeps the place neat and clean and a cook comes in about twice a week to prepare Montgomery's meals. He likes to freeze them in the deep freeze for other evenings. Monty prefers eating at home to dining out and does quite a bit of cooking of his own. He enjoys beef and fish and has prepared or his making his selection from a variety of frozen meats. His favorite food is meat—steaks, chops, roasts, any cuts. He doesn't care for vegetables much but loves orange juice. He never eats lunch—just considers it unnecessary.

Monty's often been accused of saving money on his wardrobe. While he certainly doesn't try out for the "best-dressed" men listing, the two large closets in his bedroom testify that he does have more than one pair of Levis. One closet is filled with the jeans, Levis, "Red River" belts, ducks, baggy pants, loppy jackets, T-shirts, Robert Redford in "from Here to Eternity," everyone said, "Clift's a non-conformist." True, he may not always conform to a rigid pattern—liking a more relaxed and independent way of living—but he's far too intelligent and much too aware of the opposite direction, realizing that eccentric behavior can easily become a pose and a kind of standardized pattern in itself.

Monty doesn't play George Eastman in "A Place in the Sun," people said he was moody, shy, taciturn. This, too, is high tribute to his ability as an actor, for Monty's real self is quite different from his stage and screen role. He is a man who likes to swim in the sea, loves swimming and sails whenever he can. His manner is assured; he's self-confident and decisive and an easy talker. He doesn't tell the innuendos and carry on with the language. There definitely isn't anything solemn or dignified about him. Because he's thin and has a tendency to slouch, most people also think of him as frail and shy, but just the opposite is true.

Also lacking in his actual personality is the tinge of sadness that he always injects into his stage and screen portrayals. After "Indiscretion of an American Wife," rumors said that Montgomery Clift was an unhappy person. Aside from his good looks, tenderness and charm, this sadness is one of the qualities that makes him so enormously attractive to female moviegoers. It seems to be part of his image.

Monty does have a weakness—and that's for books. He can't pass a book store without stopping in—and usually comes out of the store completely empty-handed and but appreciatively owned. His motto is comfort first.

At one time or another, Montgomery's been called all kinds of a screwball. After he was quoted as saying, "It's a haphazard world," everyone said, "Clift's a non-conformist." True, he may not always conform to a rigid pattern—liking a more relaxed and independent way of living—but he's far too intelligent and much too aware of the opposite direction, realizing that eccentric behavior can easily become a pose and a kind of standardized pattern in itself.

Meet the Man—Montgomery Clift

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 c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

Allied Artists, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27

Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood 28

Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 1014 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 33

Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood

20th Century-Fox, 10201 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles 35

United Artists, 8272 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood

Universal-International, Universal City

Warner Brothers Pictures, 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank

That eccentric behavior can easily become a pose and a kind of standardized pattern in itself.

Meet the Man—Montgomery Clift

The End
Don't Rush Me!

(Continued from page 53)

to get married, that for me, the late twenties would be a better age for matrimony.

Not that I feel all the fun stops once I say “I do,” that I’ll be bound to home and family in a way that’ll restrict any pleasure from there on in. But statistics, particularly in Hollywood, have proven that a successful marriage is the surest bet for success if at least the man is a little more advanced in years.

Moreover, there are a number of projects I want to act in that I don’t want to settle down. Like completing my eighth figure skating test, the highest non-competitive honor an amateur can receive.

Practicing for these tests takes time, lots of time. When I’m not in the picture, I usually get up at five in the morning, so I can be at the skating rink by 7:30. Whenever I can get away—and sometimes when I shouldn’t—I go up to Arrowhead Mountains to practice at Blue Jay, one of the best rinks in California.

In the past, I’ve often been criticized for my enthusiasm for skating. I’ve been called immature, wanting to conquer Mount Everest. I’ve been told that from a scientific point of view little can be accomplished by doing it. Yet many have lost their lives in the process because they thought they could conquer Mount Everest. We have been told that from a scientific point of view it is impossible to do it. It is not only to the world, but more important, to themselves.

Skating is my Mount Everest. It isn’t as dangerous as mountain climbing, but to me just as exciting and gratifying. I’ve got to get to the top in my class. Then I can relax.

Another reason, if you can describe it as such, is my plan to build a house, my own home, before I settle down. Not in the city, but in the Arrowhead Mountains. Again you may wonder what that has to do with skating. Possibly very little if I weren’t in the movies. Since I am—very much—let me explain.

I like Hollywood and am grateful for what it has done for me—but I wish I wasn’t. I’m a lot on the sentimental side. The sadness, the artificiality, the insincerity, the frugality that I have found in many instances—and which several times already have threatened to destroy my own perspective. Don’t misunderstand me. I’m not trying to say that everyone in the film industry is insincere. Far from it. Only that some people—like myself—think that and some of my friends.

I have always had the feeling that the movie business can easily succumb to many of the temptations of vanity and empty compliments.

Before I got into the movies, I was used to being frank with people and expect- ing to be treated that way. That’s why I grew so fond of girls like Marilyn Erskine and Debbie Reynolds, who were able to take and give criticism no matter what. I dared to be myself and I, too, know at all times where I stand. If they don’t like a suit I wear or consider the flashing-red color of my car too loud, they tell me so in no uncertain terms. To expect me to appear in public, I would have to wish that I knew how to do it properly and present it to the people without losing face in doing it. In other words, I have learned to accept compliments.

But, I regret to say, Marilyn and Debbie are exceptions in a town that is built largely on the ego of the people who live in it.

There may be a reason, a good reason, for it. I was told that when an actor is too severely criticized, he might lose faith in himself. If that happens, not only his ego but his performance will suffer, and before he knows it he may be through.

Although I personally feel that “Battle Cry” is the first really good part I’ve ever had, most of the pictures I made before were not of the same calibre, and my performances mediocre, at best, I never walked away from a preview of any of my pictures with people who haven’t explained how wonderful I was!

I used to sneer at such an attitude, but now I suddenly have a feeling of making the type of compliment. That’s when I knew that unless I changed in a hurry, I might lose my self-respect.

Or take a look at the fuss that’s made about an actor during an ordinary ordinary time—let’s say the partying week: the parties, the limousines waiting to take him to and from lunch, the interviews, the clamoring for autographs and posing for pictures.

I know it’s part of the business and that when people don’t care any longer, an actor is through. But at the same time, unless he has a strong counterbalance, an equilibrium of some sort that keeps him from going down to earth, he’s through too. Maybe not as an actor, but certainly as a human being.

In the past, whenever I felt that I was coming dangerously close to falling into step, to paying false compliments and believing everything that was said about me, I simply got into my car and went for a long drive by myself. And when I got away from the city, driving along the ocean or inland through fields of alfalfa or rows of orange trees, once again I could see the world through the eyes of Art Gilen and leave Tab Hunter behind in Hollywood.

I have made many such trips since I came to Hollywood. Up to now, it has been easy for me to just take off whenever I felt the necessity for it. But once I’m married, I won’t be able to pack up on the spur of a moment when I have to get away.

That’s why I feel a home away from Hollywood is not only important but an absolute necessity for me. My future wife and I could live there when I’m not working and come to town just when I’m in a picture.

But a house takes more than plans (which have been ready for months down to the last little detail). It takes time to buy and furnish it—and last, but equally necessary, it takes money.

The latter, unfortunately, is another very important reason why I’m a long way from matrimony. When I work, I earn a good salary, at least compared to what I made in the Coast Guard, as a gas station attendant and at the many other odd-jobs I had from time to time. But by Hollywood standards, I am far from being even halfway up the ladder.

Moreover, I don’t work regularly. During the past twelve months I was in front of the camera approximately fifteen days, and, of course, didn’t earn a cent the rest of the time. From what I make, more than half goes in the form of taxes, my agent’s commission and lawyer fees.

From the rest, in addition to supporting myself and paying off some old debts, including my car, I am helping my mother who has sacrificed so much for me for so long.

I know that every son has an obligation to his mother—but mine is much more than the usual. Since I was born, Mother not only had to carry the full burden of raising me, but even when she might have made it easier on herself by letting me help she refused to do so to give me more opportunities to enjoy my early teens.

For instance, when I was old enough

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to sell papers and run errands, it was harder for me to get Mom's permission than it would have been in the know. A few dollars would help," she used to tell me, "but you're only young once and I want you to use your free time to have some fun. Go out and play with children your own age after school."

Usually I would get a job on the q.t., for fear that she wouldn't permit it. And I'd only tell her about it when I handed her the money I had made. I couldn't remember she made me quit so I could have some free time instead.

When I first started in pictures the money I earned was a little I could have eaten only every third day. It was Mom—working as a physical therapist—who fed me the rest of the time, bought most of my clothes and paid my phone bill when the phone company cut off the service because I was behind in my payments.

Now you will understand why I want to take care of her before starting a housekeeping job. It's already too late.

In recent months I have only been able to pay her doctor bills and get her a better apartment. Once I can afford to buy her a home of her own, I'll feel that I have at least repaid my obligation to her. That I can begin to look after some of my own interests.

And speaking about finances brings up another problem—my spending. I know I should hold on to money in the first place.

This weakness probably dates back to the hand-to-mouth existence I was used to for so long. Most of the time I didn't have enough money to save a penny anyway, and the few pennies I could put away once in a blue moon weren't worth saving.

That's why—when I made my first real money—I didn't hold to the slightest idea how to put a budget that would meet me through the lean times. What did I do instead? Bought a horse—which I had to sell a few months later because I couldn't afford to feed it. And then I had to figure out how to pay for the rest of what I was paying out in insurance. I'm a cautious girl and I decide it's better to be covered than to be unprepared, so I couldn't refuse the loan. But I had to pay for it out of my own money.

One evening, on the advice of a friend, I sat down and worked out a budget. After three hours, I parted myself on the back. There it was, in black and white: The amount of money I could safely depend on earning; the amount to be spent on rent, food, and monthly expenses; the amount left over for "extras." I promptly put enough in my wallet for a week's spending and deposited the rest in the bank. "I'll be a week or two without any money," I told the cashier. "That's when I get my next check."

"We look forward to seeing you again," she smiled politely.

She was right—two days later. And to withdraw, not to deposit. I couldn't even remember how I spent my seven-day budget in forty-eight hours. So now I'm allowing myself a little more spending money. I don't want to bore you with the details of my accounting, but I can tell you that I must have had up at least thirty new budgets in the last forty-eight hours—and stuck to none. But at least I can consider for having made some improvement. Instead of going back to the bank the day after I deposited a check, today I often last almost an entire week.

Without excusing myself, I think poor budgeting on my part is not so much carelessness in spending money as poor organization—lack of will to live. It's one of the few things that I haven't been able to live with since I began. I'm not sure I wish to drive any wife of mine to the verge of insanity.

As yet I haven't succeeded in getting to plan and make purchases. A new cost or keeping up with my correspondence. I've tried various ways to help me remember. Like setting my watch fifteen minutes early to give me some extra time. That worked fine for a while. But then I took the twenty minutes into consideration in my original planning—and from then on was as late as before.

To help myself keep track of appointments I kept writing little notes to myself. I left them on my dresser, pasted them on the wall, put them in the script, whatever book I was reading, the glove compartment in the car, dozens of other places. Never knowing that my suggestion that was to keep me out of trouble for good.

"Get an answering service," Dick Clayton advised. "That way people can leave messages for you, and at the same time you can't be bothered by what to do where, when and whom."

The idea was great and has worked well as long as I remembered to call the service. But I didn't succeed in getting through a whole week without inquiring about my messages, and not only came close to losing out on a film, but nearly missed a date with Debbie Reynolds as well.

I was invited to take Debbie to a premiere the night I finally checked up my answering service. "Miss Reynolds wants you to pick her up fifteen minutes early tomorrow night," I was told.

"Holy smoke, I'd forgotten all about it." Instead of rushing back to my bungalow in Brentwood, I rented a tuxedo and all the trimmings in Hollywood, threw them on as fast as I could, and raced right away, and had just left Debbie's house in Burbank. Imagine her surprise when—all dolled up—she opened the door and found me in Lewis and Clark shirt. "This is not a costume party," she said.

"I know. I'll be ready in two minutes if I can use your bathroom." And I rushed past her, into the bathroom to change into the properly dressed and then raced out to Debbie's house.

Any girl but Deb might have been annoyed. Luckily, she knows me. But how often would Debbie put up with it? How about any girl?

And a final argument against marriage at this time is my overly critical attitude coupled with my sky-high expectations of anyone in whom I'm interested.

I'm tired of asking myself what I want in a woman, and while most of the girls I have gone out with in the past have one or several of these qualities—none had all. How am I looking? She should be attractive, but that's really not all—important. She should be intelligent, understanding, a good sport, able to put up with my enthusiasm about the sports I like and—while I want her to be a movie fan and understand my career problems—I don't want her to be in the business herself!

Of course I don't believe two careers mix and because I'm old-fashioned in one respect: I want to be the one to make the living. I want my wife at home to look after our home and the family I have to have, and I want her to be free to travel when I can take time off.

Since I don't want to marry an actress, I'll have to mix more with people outside the industry. But I'm not hasty to do that.

In addition to all other considerations, looking at it career-wise I am better off not married at this time. And since my every appearance will depend a great deal on my success in the movies, I have an additional reason for taking my time. First, I must get somewhere as an actor. And when I do I can take time off for only a couple of years, and will I know I'm ready to get married—from all points of view.

The End
her talent. The home, which proved to be
Grace Kelly's first training school for the
theatre and motion pictures, is a spacious,
white-trimmed, red-brick build-
in the Schuykill
section. Its elegance and charm could
make any a posh motion-picture set
appear tawdry.

Built on a hill, it is surrounded by
green and rolling lawns, great trees and
flowering shrubs. At the rear, for the
enjoyment of the active and athletic fam-
ily are tennis and baseball courts. In
the winter these are flooded to form a
skating rink. Within a few minutes' driv-
ing distance are the stables where Grace
learned to ride well enough to win rib-
bons in her first junior hunt at club
where she played golf and the slopes
where she skied. Further distant, at
Ocean City, New Jersey, is the beach house
where the family spends its summers.

And just as a matinee set kid suffer in
comparison to this real-life establish-
ment, so would many a motion-picture
cast and plot appear dull when viewed in
comparison to the Kellys.

All are good-looking, all highly intelli-
gen, all have a zest for achievement and
all possess the kind of charm which makes
them stand out in a crowd.

Head of the family is tall, vigorous
John Brendan Kelly, a man whose in-
terest in his children leads him to say,"If
the kids were doing anything—a race
or the like—to stage an opener.

The son of an Irish immigrant, he forged
his own success, starting as an apprentice
bricklayer when he finished grammar
school. Today he heads an eighteen-mil-
ion-dollar mortgage company that spe-
cializes in surfacing skyscrapers. Many a
famed building along the Atlantic seaboard
has during its construction flaunted the
Kelly for brick's name, including the
United Nations structure.

As a youth, he was a famed sports-
man, winning the Olympic sculling chal-
cle in 1929. As a candidate for mayor
of Philadelphia, he ran on a narrow margin.
He is now vice president of the
city's park commission and has been
influential in the founding and
subsequent success of the Playhouse in
the Park, a success.

Presiding over the household is
Margaret Majer Kelly, a well-poised, socially
accomplished beauty whom Grace re-
sembles in her youth. Mrs. Kelly, too,
was a magazine cover girl and a model.

Eldest daughter is Peggy, now Mrs.
George L. Davis, Jr. Although never on
the professional stage, she's a clever co-
mediene with a talent for painting and
drawing. Youngest is Liz, whose dramatic
work at the University of Illinois has
already drawn the attention of talent
scouts.

In between are Grace and John, Jr.,
whom the family calls "Kell." Following
in his father's footsteps he, too, has be-
come the greatest oarsman of his time,
has twice won the Intercollegiate cham-
pionship and in 1948 making a grand slam by
also winning the European, Belgian and Swiss
championships. He has won the American
championship six times and the Cana-
dian five times.

For Grace to hold her own in this
lively, gifted, witty assemblage took some
doing.

Says her mother, "She was the soft and
gentle one, practically the pet of the
family."

Mrs. Kelly's solution for Grace's shy-
ess was to give her, as well as the other
children, regular household responsibil-
ties. Even when, in typical kid fashion,
they protested against the chores, the
assignments held, for Mrs. Kelly made
them with sound foresight. She explains,"I always felt children should contrib-
ute something toward maintaining their home.
I believe many marriages fail because
girls are unfair—they expect everything,
but they are not prepared to carry their
half of the responsibility. They don't
know how to care for a house properly
themselves nor how to run one if they
are lucky enough to have help."

With this emphasis on self-reliance, the
Kelly children learned how to take care
of themselves. They also learned to be
thrift and abhor waste. The fact that
John Kelly had prospered was no excuse
for throwing things away, Says Grace,"It
seemed to me I was always wearing
my sister's hand-me-down clothes."

Firm as Mrs. Kelly's discipline was, she
also knew how to relax the rules on occa-
sions. Theirs was a happy household.
The lively young Kellys and their in-
terested and interesting parents had so
much fun together that their home drew
all the other kids like a magnet.

Graciously, Grace and her sisters had
many playmates. Later, they had plenty
of beaus.

Grace's interest in the theatre began
early. Says her mother, "When she was
a little girl playing dolls, she would have
tell them a story, act out a play. She
would change her voice to impersonate
first one character and then another. She
had a way of turning her make-believe
into real."

This was in line with family tradition.
Her father's brother, George, is a Pulitzer
Prize-winning playwright and his
brother, the late Walter Kelly, was a famed
vaudeville performer.

Telling of that interest lies in John
Kelly's diary, "Kelly for Broadway. " All of the
child's ambitions are directed toward
this one goal. "I have a gift in that direction," he ex-

"When they were all home, they
always had a show of some sort going on."

Impersonating friends was a favorite
game, proudly he says, "They could
mimic anyone's voice and they'd also get
the gaits and character down pat. It
was against their rules to tell who the
person was supposed to be. If the rest
of the crew couldn't guess, the child doing
the imitation felt it was his own fault—
he hadn't made the character clear enough."

One event certain to turn the living
room into a stage is the Kelly family's
return from a trip. Often he brought them
clothes. Bathing suits from Florida were
especially noteworthy presents. He recalls,"They
would always model them for me. What
a show they would put on."

Soon Grace's dreams reached beyond
such impromptu productions. At ten, she
announced she was going on the stage. At
eleven, the family knew she meant it. Tak-
ing part in a little-theatre production,
she played her role with the poise of a pro-
fessional and the authority of one who
already understood that an actress, by
controlling all action, also controls the
audience reaction.

Watching her, theatre-wise John Kelly
turned to his wife and said, "We've got
a trouper on our hands."

It is knowledge which brought a
mixed reaction from the older Kellys.
Years before, playwright George Kelly had
absolutely forbidden his sister to go on
the stage. John and Margaret Kelly elected
a more tolerant attitude.

Says Mrs. Kelly, "We neither encour-
aged nor discouraged Grace. We felt she
was entitled to have her fling at it. We
hoped, though, that she would get it out
at better
stores coast to coast.

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of her system early and grow up to marry some nice boy."

Says Mr. Kelly, "The stage really is too hard a life for a young girl. There are too many lonely nights when you're out on the road, too many rough characters for a girl to deal with. But if Grace wanted it, we wouldn't stop her."

With this, her husband permitted her to go to New York to study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

It was there that the family training in self-reliance and the family habit of aiming for a goal and achieving it first put to the test. Grace, once the shy young, was not content to meander through as the well-financed daughter of a wealthy man. She turned the experience of the living room, for the first time, in her direction and became a model.

Says Mrs. Kelly, "I didn't like to see her work so hard, but she seemed to enjoy it and she was successful, so we didn't interfere."

She also commanded leading roles as a student actress. The best evaluation of her achievement here comes not from her family but from the M-G-M talent scout who witnessed both her junior and senior plays.

After seeing her in "Craig's Wife," written by her uncle, he reported, "She's a lovely blond girl of eighteen who dresses well, has a refreshing and charming quality. She shows great promise for the theatre."

This was at a time when M-G-M, becoming conscious of circumstances, was making no screen tests. He sought to have them make an exception for Grace, and a year later, after seeing her in her senior play, "The Philadelphia Story," he repeated his request, writing: "There isn't any doubt of this girl's photogenic quality. She has distinction, poised, charm—in sum, everything other than professional theatre experience which I know of the time when we would not hesitate to test this girl and if there is any possible way to do so now, I feel that we should, because if we don't some one else will and I feel they will have a future star on their hands."

The test was again postponed, but finally in 1932, she signed her long-term contract with M-G-M. Consequently, Grace's first professional role came from Broadway rather than the movies. For a three-months run she appeared with the first of her big-name leading men, Raymond Massey, in "The Father." From this came her first film contract for "Fourteen Hours."

Acquiring her own apartment was another milestone of independence. Living first at the Barbizon Hotel for Women, she watched from the window of her little room the progress of a new apartment house which was going up and decided she wanted to live there. By a coincidence, which pleased her father, it turned out to be a building on which his friend was doing the brickwork. Taking a place of her own represented a transition from adolescence to adulthood. It indicated
in tune with the whole romance, but for once, I kept my advice-giving instincts to myself. It was difficult, for nothing is more discouraging and distressing to me than to watch a woman stammer and fawn and make like there isn't a brain in her little old head as she coyly looks up at the man she's secretly plotting to lead to the altar. And here's how I got my way from the basis of her physical appeal, somebody is going to end up feeling gypped!

It takes brains to build a personality that's warm and full enough to last a lifetime, and we gals will take every advantage by way of clothes, make-up, nature's aids and natural assets, but behind the front, we need the gray matter that's necessary for the long haul, for living and earning a living. There comes a time when the honeymoon is over. Your hero comes home, griping about the boss. Just try a seductive smile and giggle at that point and you'll end up in your own stew. Often he needs a sympathetic, understanding helpmate who can intelligently discuss the situation (from his point of view), and then again when you have to use your brains and keep quiet.

I started learning to keep my mouth shut at the ripe old age of three. My dad had an attitude that permanently brought him home nervous and upset. We had two standing rules laid down by Mother. One, never discuss anything until Dad ate his dinner. Two, after dinner, check the face— if good and you have your say. If not in a good mood, keep quiet. Both of these rules are still very important to me. However, I'm a gal who opens her mouth and sang a song when I feel instinctively it's the right time.

No two people are alike, so if some of my ideas on brain power don't jibe with your own, you have two things to choose from. I feel strictly from my own experience. They don't have to be right for you, but they are for me.

I'm sure, for example, that most women can't possibly understand what it means to be at the mercy of a man who has never been married. I'm not at all sure of his past, but I'm not a pauper, and I feel that the way I feel is quite within the realm of possibility. We have no secrets. We have no worries. We have no problems.
fights—we have never thrown that final word, divorce, into an argument. It's taboo in our house. In days gone by, the old cry used to be, "I'll go home to Mother." Now I'm afraid that divorce is thrown around too lightly, a tool in an argument. Any woman with brains knows that in the heat of an argument a threat can turn into a reality if the other person is equally mad. "Divorce is a dangerous dare to make with something as all-important as marriage.

I also learned early in my career that if I didn't use my head for my own benefit, nobody else would. Howard taught me that lesson—but not quite early enough. "The Outlaw" was my first picture and I was green. When photographers descended to take my picture, I was eager to please. I posed for right. They had me bending over picking up flowers or pencils or what have you off the ground. When the dawn finally came, I ran crying to Howard Hawks, to correct. I wanted him to do something about those pictures and pictures in the future. He didn't sympathize. He just looked at me and said, "Jane, if you're going to be in this business, you've got to learn to take care of yourself."

And I started growing up in the picture business. I have to a large extent looked out for myself since. On the important issues I can be firm, yet I'll admit that I'm laid-back about the little things. But I always have a reminder of my first wide-eyed stupidity. Every once in a while another one of those "Outlaw" pictures comes out. And if you see them and think that Old, Jane is wrong, you're right. She was when they were taken.

When I say I try to be aware of the serious things in my career, I mean just that. My career is not my whole life. I know that my attitude of standing up for what I believe is right for my career, although personally effective, would not exactly enhance a position in an office. But then, I have been told as much. It's been said that I can, when bailed, scream, roar, growl and glare for what I think is right. This rumor is true. But I didn't start standing up for what I believed in until I had quite a few years' experience in picture-making and gained confidence in my knowledge of what to stand up for.

Harry Tatelman, the producer, has always given me the confidence in myself I needed. When we started "The Big Rainbow", he gave me an opportunity to work with him from his point of view. Thanks to Harry, now that I've taken the first step into understanding the whole rather than the narrower, view of a script, I find it exciting. Naturally I want to learn more, and I go over prospective scripts for our company, Russ-Field, with a new eagerness. I think the planning of our company was a normal step in our pattern. Robert has always been the manager, bookkeeper and accountant in our house. He takes care of all the money and I get an allowance. I would be horribly bored if I had to lend a hand in the decisions of what to do and what to buy. Robert is still a quarterback at heart, and he'll call the signals on our producing company just as effectively as he did on the gridiron.

Which brings up another "use your brain in business" point. If you have a good idea, stick to it. Of course you go on with your daily work, but always lurking in the back of your mind should be the one-track idea you're holding on to. Eventually they pay off.

Margaret Martinez, my girl Friday, became a literary wheel about six years ago. She appeared with a terrific screen play, "The Wayward Eagles", a strong solid story and I immediately saw Jeff Chandler as the male lead. I had just seen him on the screen and had a strong reaction to his ability. I begged every producer at RKO to read it and get Jeff Chandler and me for the leads. Everyone was kind, but nobody bought it. So five years later, Russ-Field bought the story and Jeff is going to do the lead. He says "Eagle," Margaret's name, is in her hobby. I have many, really too many, hobbies but the one that has become a part of my life is the International Adoption Association. Starting with the sole purpose of putting orphans in private homes with parents instead of institutions here in the United States, we have now gotten IAA recognized as the International channel for adoption through International Social Service and are raising funds to put case workers in desperate areas throughout the world. Here at home, too, we have a problem. Our laws are so antiquated that many American children should be ashamed. There are enough orphaned children for all the people who want them and it seems tragic to let red tape prevent their happiness. This is work that any one of us can help out and make a contribution. Getting into something like this that's more worth-while and bigger than yourself can be a glorious outlet for your mentally and also spiritually.

There is one place, and that's in my
mariage, where my brain power is useless to me. That’s with Robert. Every man has a different approach system. Robert, however, has no approach. I can’t finagle, plead, hint or coerce him into a decision. He just wants the facts. That’s all he needs to make a decision. It makes no difference how emotional I may feel about it. Robert doesn’t let that enter into his final decision, so you see I can’t prepare him to decide the way I want by building up his ego or being coy. For instance, with my baby girl, I had hinted and discussed onedishly the possibility of adoption, with no response at all from Robert. So the day the letter came, I merely planted it in front of Robert and totally let the implication concerning a baby girl who was available for adoption. I braced myself, but the impossible happened. Robert read it over, then said, “Okay, go ahead.” It had passed Robert’s test. I knew it was right.

In fact, there are many ways that I misuse my brains. Intelligent women can take a tip on what not to do from me. I am not too impatient and not too considered feminine. I like conversation stripped to the bone of necessity and general palaver can send me sailing into the blue. I am too often abrupt and to the point and I frequently correct people into the stuttering memiees by asking them to get to the point. My impatience has given many wrong impressions, but I can’t seem to overcome this fault. I am too impatient and rested, that I will control myself and listen politely to the flubdub of the social world, but I know deep down I won’t.

I also realize that I can’t say no. I end up doing too many things in too little time. This not only tires me, but makes Robert ready to tie me to the doorstep.

I know that some day I must attain some enlightened selfishness for my health and my family’s sake. But so far, I’ve not come up with a reason why I can’t appear for a benefit or offer advice to the unhappy.

I am, I shamefacedly admit, an advice-giver. I am not a person to be blithe and free with affection, so I take it out in listening and advising. Mentally, I am aware that any advice-giver is only used for his ears’ sake, but emotionally I get all tangled up in the trials and tribulations of others. This is to be avoided.

Another way you can use your brain is to express your thoughts carefully and clearly. I find myself woefully lacking in this area, not being able to express myself completely except when I roar. Therefore surround myself with understanding friends that I don’t have to explain anything to. This is social laziness and could also be a peculiar piece of insecurity, but I’ve managed not to probe that too deeply. I have found, as you probably have—that once I feel the confidence of knowledge, I break unconsidered and shyness. So if you’re shy, use your brain and bone up on a couple of subjects that interest you—you’ll find you’ll interest others, too.

And remember, every human being in the world grows—for better or for worse. Women who put their mind to it can grow beyond their own dreams. Don’t be afraid to use your brains. And don’t be afraid to let love and warmth and understanding seep through the skin of your outer shell. For in the long run outgoing, overcoming, understanding and love are the ingredients that make up a happy woman. And if we only cling to the outside shell, we’ll end up looking as well as ugly on the inside.

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Queen Liz of Hollywood

(Continued from page 57)
here in this wonderful out-of-doors Fairyland.

You’re the girl who talks to horses from the age of four. Your godfather gives you a wild hoss. Your mother gently tames her. You’re a familiar picture to anyone around the meadow back of the lodge. Remember, Elizabeth?

“I remember the meadow. Funny the way you’d choose just those places when you’re a child. A few years ago Mother and I went back to my godfather’s estate. It survived the war, but it was terribly run down and we couldn’t get into the house. Everything was overgrown, but I had remembered it. In my mind I remembered the meadow as a huge meadow—wide and long—and the trees so tall. But the trees weren’t tall. It was a tiny meadow. Funny how you remember things. But I guess to a little child it would seem that way.”

To Little Swallows, when you are four, there comes one day a guest of the Cazalets, but you aren’t home. You will meet her a few years from now in faraway America. And columnist Hedda Hopper will help write your name to fame.

In 1939, war clouds were closing in. Your godfather advises you and your older brother Howard, ten, be sent to America on the very first boat. In May you sail amid a crowd of chattering refugees. You go to Pasadena, California, to your godfather’s. You think only of going back to England when the war is over, to your horse and your meadow. You cannot know now that Hollywood will be your Never Never Land. And you must not remember all the glittering lights that twinkle there.

Even now—at seven—you’re the center of all eyes wherever you happen to be.

By Christmas, 1939, you father joins you in America, bringing with him the paintings of famous artists who’ve sent them to safety here. Among them are the paintings of Augustus John, whose artistic hand will sell his works to an outside world. You introduce him to Hedda Hopper, as she well recalls:

“No, I paid through the nose—meeting Elizabeth. When I visited the Cazalet’s, they introduced me to the Taylors’ lodge, but there wasn’t a soul home. Later, when they came to Hollywood, they called me. I thought Elizabeth was an enchanting little girl. Her father was and I had read of her selling the paintings of various artists than in a career for his daughter. However, I went over to the exhibition, bought two.

“Through the months I kept in touch with the family. “When Elizabeth was nine years old, she got a contract at Universal-International through J. Cheever Cownin, whom she also met through the art gallery and the paintings of Augustus John. Cheever Cow- din was chairman of the board of U-I. But nothing happened for Elizabeth at the studio probably because during this time young singers were in the vogue. The studio predicted great things for a little girl named Gloria Jean. Mrs. Taylor said she would like me to hear Elizabeth sing. ‘Bring her over,’ I said. The child stood there singing with a thin, quavery voice. I felt so sorry for her. ‘Oh, no,’ I thought. But when M-G-M began talking about making ‘National Velvet,’ I started hounding them. I thought Elizabeth would be perfect for this picture. I wrote a column by then. I hounded producers, too, saying:

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You should see this girl!—after all, I had stock in Elizabeth's career. She cost me the price of two Indiana Jones paintings—but I've never regretted a penny I paid.

Yes, an artistic hand guides you through the outer doors of this magical new Never-Never Land. At a dancing school in West Hollywood, this glamorous young waif appeared so sweet, so di- ne, daughter of M-G-M producer John Considine. Her mother Carmen, enthusiasts about your grace and beauty, brings you to the attention of her husband and his stars. They are very kind—and Al for had on a good

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M-G-M has waited twelve years for the girl to play this part. Until now they've never been able to. Finally, they decide to make the picture. They test you and you are Velvet, but producer Pando Berman breaks the heartbreaking news that the picture must roll in three months and the girl must be three inches taller than you. This scene in his office, your mother, Mrs. Sara Taylor, will never forget.
"Elizabeth was sitting over in a corner, her heart in her eyes. I heard her say shyly, 'Well—I'll grow.' Not wanting her to be disappointed, I said quickly, 'Why, dear, you'll be a quarter of an inch in three years. But she loved Velvet who shared her own love for horses and she repeated, 'I'll grow.' All this time Mr. Berman kept looking at her. 'Honey, isn't she beautiful?' he said. I had a lot of faith in my child, but this seemed to be pushing it too far. 'Don't wait too long,' Mr. Berman, I broke in hurriedly. But my daughter said confidently, 'I'll grow. I'll grow. I'll grow.' I'll do it. Mummy, I'll grow for Velvet,' she said.

Looking into those amazing eyes of yours, your father believes this near miracle can happen.

During these three months, you eat everything you put before you. You drink milk by the gallon. You're in bed by 6:30 every night—darkness. You read the whole thing in God's hands. You pray if it's right for you to play Velvet, please, God, make you grow.

During these three months, you ride and jump horses at the Riviera Club, you fall in love with all the eleven-year-old heart with a magnificent high-spirited gelding whose grandsire was War O' War. They said that King Charles, 1946, you would love to see the White House. But there, facing news-reel cameras and microphones in the Diplomatic Room, out of habit you remove your right shoe when the broadcast's over. Embarrassed, and all giggles, you, Elizabeth, fish around under Mrs. Truman's chair with your other foot and finally find your shoe. This is a day you'll never forget.

But on July 7, 1946, you lived in the world on the sound stages of M-G-M. Other teenagers read romantic stories but you, Elizabeth, live them, and you are the heroine. Cameramen acclaim you the most beautiful star in the world with your perfect features and exceptional beauty. The world loves you more, but your beauty is far more sophisticated than your years. You're in the in-between years. Growing up among adults, boys your own age seem too young and too good. But at fourteen, finally, are having your first official date.

The studio gives you two tickets to a premiere. And you welcome the legitimate opportunity to invite an older boy, Marshall Thompson, to go along. Remember that first date, Elizabeth?

Very well. We went steady for two weeks. I was invited to the Beverly Hills senior prom. I wanted to go. I thought this is silly, going steady, and called it off.

Marshall Thompson won't forget this one either. You are in the middle—this first date.

That was rather a mixed-up affair the evening Liz and her mother had tickets to the premiere and they invited me to go. They thought she should go. And the three of us went. Liz and I and I was taken. There was one hitch. I'd already made a date and I was in something of a spot. Not that I wasn't flattered by the invitation. I was fourteen and fifteen and I was an ancient nineteen. I met the woman of my dreams, a little girl. I went with her—and the girl I'd been dating was naturally very upset about the whole thing. You couldn't blame her. I'd have to behave differently. I had my own two tickets and we took our mothers along and, as I recall, we all wound up at The Pig and whirl following the premiere.

Liz looked lovely. She had grown. She had a lot of depth. You could talk to her about practically anything. She was young, but at first I told myself this didn't matter too much. She would develop from day to day. She was young. The day I knew, before the end of two weeks, it couldn't go on. Finally I had to face it, she was May and I was September. Liz knew I was going steady. And I said. 'Well, if you want to break up. I don't know if she caught the casual tone, but I knew it wouldn't last. When she was invited to the school dance, she decided it wasn't too good an idea to go steady with the dance coming up. She jotted me for a

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MILES LABORATORIES, INC., Elkhart, Indiana

more important engagement—a senior prom.

Your prom date is Danny Buchanon, a
friend of your brother and a boy voted the
best-looking boy in Beverly High. You
wheedle the studio out of the blue chiffon formal you wore to a prom in "Cynthia"
and for the first time in your life you're
ready for an elegant one. That is an
big occasion. Remember the prom, Liz?

"I'd hoped for an orchid—and my date
brought me one. I was really living. For
the first time in my life in a beauty salon
alone. I wanted to be ultra-glamarous. I
came home with fuchsia-colored nail
polish on. Mother of pearl. I was so proud of it,
but mother held out for a quiet pink shade.
Finally, some time has chirped along, liz-
abeth... and the quiet pink shade it was.
She insisted I wash my face three times
to give me the clean, scrubbed look. I re-
member saying one time. You just want
me to glisten. I was sure my dress
needed something besides the silver ruffle
around the neck. I held out for silver star-
dust in my hair. I felt it needed something,
too, but that didn't work out either. The
orchid really helped. The kids at the prom
treated me like Howard Taylor's sister—
just one of them. They talked to me about
everything in school. And about all the
evrything. I knew all of them, and I pretended I did.

Yes, this is big night for you. But you
have no regrets for your studio school
days, have you?

"No, you grow up faster, growing up
around adults. But I'm not sure this is a
disadvantage. I was a little disappointed
at first when I knew my brother Howard
was going to your prom... but mother would
couldn't go. You know, the proms, the
football games and everything. But I don't
feel sorry for my youth. I enjoyed every
minute of it except doing a big love scene
with Bob Taylor, one time. I'm being
taken back to school the next. I thought,
"Well, really."

You're fifteen years old now, and this is
your life as you know it.

Chintz replaces the sadness in your boudoir.
Your animal kingdom is invaded and
shared by chattering girls in pedal push-
ers. Swaggering high-school huskies in T-
shirts and calling you Baby. And now
Ford convertible with dual exhaust-pipes and
the largest ET initials in all greater
Los Angeles—yes, you sleep with the car keys
around your thumb. You can't drive the
car. Yuk. You work out of the outside desk
on the studio lot and sound its splendor.
You are crushed when a city edict out-
laws your beloved $39 pipes.

In Texas territory you still play a sharp
game of catch with Claude Jarman at the
studio. You still ride King Charles, thun-
dering along on the sands at Malibu. And
yours is still a dream world into which other
can't push.

But now you get dreamy over Dick Haymes' recording of "Manselle," too. You love
to go dancing at the Cocoanut Grove and
racing the roller coaster at Ocean Park. You
try tiaras and han-
gle bracelets and thickest shoulder pads.
You seem cemented to the telephone. And
last week's big crush belongs to the for-
gotten past. You put the lyrics to a tune. They begin, "Oh, the joy and bliss of my
first sweet kiss."

And you're starry-eyed, when your stu-
do loans you to Warner Brothers for "Life
with Father" playing a sophisticated seventeen-year-old.

February 27, 1948, is your sixteenth
birthday and they give you a surprise
party on the set of the show "Julia Misbehaves." At
six, you play your first grown-up ro-
mantic role—Robert Taylor is your first crush. The
Conspirator." And you cry when your lit-
tle chipmunk Nibbles dies from an over-
indulgence of chocolate. You bury him in
a box lined with white satin under a rose-
bus. This is the year, too, you meet foot-
ball star Glenn Davis and you're thrilled
as any teenager when he gives you his gold
football.

You go off to London to film "The
Conspirators" and Glenn is overseas. You
are going through a period where that is an
important love. As your mother said, "That September
in London, Elizabeth, wrote Glenn ev-
every night and never went out on a date the
five months we were there." Absence and
you're not that young dimmed this first
 crush—and perhaps the charm of a hand-
some Englishman had something uncon-
scionably to do with it, too.

But that year, too, on an adjoining sound
stage in London, you meet the charming
British star, Michael Wilding, and you're
as nobby as any sixteen-year-old fan. You
know them now not how important he
will be in your life. Nor that in all the day-
hours when your young world seems
to collapse around you, Michael Wilding
will teach you to laugh. You had no way
of knowing, Elizabeth, but your mo-
ther perhaps knew even when she wrote, "I
knew that except for Glenn, the man in
Elizabeth's life would be Michael Wilding."

At seventeen your star is still rising on
the horizon. You just co-starred with
Montgomery Clift in "A Place in the
Sun." The director, one of Hollywood's
greatest, George Stevens, predicts your
place will be the highest in the Hollywood sky.

"There's no rung on the screen above
Elizabeth and what she can do. She has
tremendous depth and a human quality—
important with beauty like Elizabeth's. The
authorities say she can't say much about Elizabeth. She has the unusual quality of a Garbo—the
romantic kind of beauty and drama of
Garbo. And all the great ladies of the
screen..."

Now you're successively in love. You're
seventeen years old and trying the wings
of youth outside the walls of a motion
picture studio. You're the age when other
girls are beginning to collect fraternity
pins. But you're a fabulous beauty. You've
been engaged to wealthy young William Pelzer for a short three months, but break it
when he won't back up your career and
seek and live in Florida. As a famous mo-
tion-picture star your every heart beat is
a headline. Some of the challenges and
crises of this life are too close in too
twisty for your young years.

On Sunday, May 6, 1950, in a beautiful
ceremony in the Beverly Hills Church of
the Good Shepherd, you and Nicky Hilton
exchanged wedding vows.

"There is no doubt in my mind that he is
the one I want to spend my life with. Since
we met, we have never had one quarrel,
one moment of misunderstanding.

For the following months are filled with heartache and suffering... the most difficult
months that you, Elizabeth, have had to face in your young full life. And if ever you
need faith, strength and a belief in what is right, you need it now. Your marriage collapses
and six months after your story-book wed-
ing, you file suit for divorce from Nicky
Hilton, declaring knowing more than your
share of blame.

"Nick and I had a fairy-tale courtship.
Then after the marriage, we weren't on
our good behavior any more and we found
out. Each other even like very well... two weeks after the
wedding, I knew I had made a mistake... I thought I was mature enough to cope
with marriage and I wasn't. I had always
blamed my faults, people always told me how good
I was. I never learned responsibility."
You're nineteen years old now, Elizabeth, and you try hard to accept responsibility, to rebuild life out on your own, to discover how you have failed, and you try to make one statement that proves that maturity often comes through heartache and unhappiness. You say, "I've been able to wear a plunging neckline since I was fourteen years old, and everyone has expected me to act as old as I look. My trouble all started because I have a woman's body and a child's emotions."

You return to your parents' home only to discover that if you are a woman. You hire companion-secretary Peggy Rutledge and move out and into a rented apartment of your own. Peggy Rutledge now recalls your initiation into adulthood.

"I met Elizabeth for the first time in her office. He went out and left us alone to discuss the job and become acquainted. 'I'm good at it, don't worry,' she said confidently, but I couldn't see anything. Finally, I said, 'Now what do we do?' Elizabeth said, 'I don't know.' She never had a secretary before. 'I suppose the first thing is to find an apartment,' she said. And I found a modern apartment. We both lived in Wilshire Boulevard. We had one small problem, Elizabeth's beloved French poodle, Gee Gee. The manager had made it plain. No dogs allowed. Elizabeth smuggled her, and we moved in. But the manager was so impressed, having Elizabeth Taylor living there, she allowed Gee Gee to stay. Then there were two adoring hands. The people who bought it were friends of mine, but they were adoring. They called it the 'Elizabeth's dog's apartment and we settled down.'

"But not for long, Elizabeth. In June you fly to London to co-star again with Robert Taylor, in 'Tulip Time.' The second day the phone rings, and it is Elizabeth to Michael Wilding's. However, you're the best authority on your courtship.

"Way back when I was seventeen, Mike jokingly asked me if you married, you know?' When I met him again, in London, the first thing he said was, 'You see, I told you, you should have waited for me.' I don't remember exactly what Mike said, but that first evening when we went out to dinner, my intentions were honorable. He was so friendly and warm. He has such a wonderful voice—a kind sense of humor. He had a lovely understanding and he's not without charm...

...He had never seen me on the screen. After we were engaged, Mother and Dad had the 'It's a Wonderful Life' studio rug for him. We...he almost called the whole thing off. I really had to talk fast. 'But Michael,' I said, 'that was eight years ago...'

"Yours was not a long courtship, 'I want to be married by the time I'm twenty,' he said, 'because happiness is a fragile thing and we have so little time for it.' As for Michael, he felt the same way. She wanted to be married to someone who will love and protect her. It's been the happiest years of her life. She traded her life for anybody's. Her husband and baby, they're most important in this world to me.'

"Yours is a faith still too strong to shake. You'll have a 'good time' if you do. You believed it's 'right' for you to continue to bring beauty and romance into the lives of others through make-believe. But with you, Elizabeth Taylor Wilding, you know that the love you feel for your own story is not in Never—Never Land but in your home, your son and the husband who loves you. They are your life today.
AFRICA ADVENTURE—RKO, Technicolor: Amiable, rambling record of a safari made by columnnist Robert C. Ruark. (F) November

AIDA—I.F.E., Ferraniacolor: Satisfying version of Verdi's opera about the love of a captive Ethiopian princess and an Egyptian general. Handsome players do the acting; voices of opera stars are nearly dubbed in. (F) November

BETRAYED—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Exciting if not too convincing thriller of World War II. Lana Turner, Clark Gable, Vic Mature are Dutch underground agents. (F) October


BRIGADOON—M-G-M, CinemaScope, Anscocolor: Near-copy of the Broadway hit, a musical fantasy. Americans Gene Kelly and Van Johnson find a mysterious Scottish village where Cyd Charisse and others guard a secret. (F) November

BROKEN LANCE—20th: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Unusual drama of discord in a Westernfamily. Cattle baron Spencer Tracy browns his eldest son (Widmark), favors his youngest (Bob Wagner), whose romance with Jean Peters brings on a crisis. (F) October

BULLET IS WAITING, A—Columbia, Technicolor: Too-talky suspense film. Rory Calhoun, alleged killer, and sheriff Steve McNally invade Jean Simmons' isolated ranch. (F) October

CANGACEIRO—Columbia: Picturesque, violent Brazilian film (titles in English). A brutal outlaw army kidnaps a pretty schoolteacher; a young bandit tries to save her. (A) November

DAWN AT SOCORRO—U-I, Technicolor: Slightly-pretentious Western. Rory Calhoun tries to retire from gunfighting and rescue Piper Laurie from a life of sin. (F) October

DETECTIVE, THE—Columbia: As a priest turns sleuth, Alec Guinness trails thief Peter Finch in a quaint English movie. (F) November

DRAGNET—Warners, WarnerColor: Jack Webb and Ben Alexander solve a gangland killing in their dogged, tv-styled fashion. Skilled acting throughout; realistic details. (F) November

DUEL IN THE JUNGLE—Warners, Technicolor: Vivid African backgrounds enhance a routine melodrama. Dana Andrews, Jeanne Crain track a man who faked his own death. (F) October

EGYPTIAN, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Plenty of spectacle; lots of plot. Edmund Purdom is the Pharaoh's physician; Jean Simmons, his humble sweetheart; Victor Mature, an ambitious military man. (F) November

FRANCIS JOINS THE WACS—U-I: A snafu lands Don O'Connor in an all-WAC unit, but the talking mule helps him lead the girls to victory in mock battle. Affable fun. (F) October

HER TWELVE MEN—M-G-M, Anscocolor: Greer Garson teaches at a boys' school, makes a romantic choice between Bob Ryan and Barry Sullivan. Sentimental, humorous. (F) September

HIGH AND DRY—Rank, U-I: Pleasing British whisn. As a high-pressure American tycoon, Paul Douglas gets the worst of a business deal with a pixie Scottish skipper. (F) November

HUMAN DESIRE—Columbia: Mournful tale of passion and murder. Glenn Ford's ensnared by Gloria Grahame, a married woman. (A) November

KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS—Warner, CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Bright pageantry, George Sanders as Richard; Rex Harrison as Saladinn, gallant foe; Laurence Harvey, Virginia Mayo as young lovers. (F) October

LAW VS. BILLY THE KID, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: More legend than history; Scott Brady as a glorified outlaw. (F) October

LITTLE KIDNAPPERS, THE—Rank, U.A.: Delightful story of Nova Scotian settlers. Two orphan boys are adopted by their stern grandpa, Adrienne Corr's a wistful heroine, in a forbidden romance. (F) October

LITTLEST OUTLAW, THE—Disney, Technicolor: Pleasant child-and-animals yarn, filmed in Mexico. Young Andres Velasquez steals a beloved horse that's been mistreated. (F) October

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION—U-I, Technicolor: Moving personal drama. Rock Hudson's a playwright who, blaming himself for Jane Wyman's blindness, becomes a dedicated surgeon. Barbara Rush and Greg Palmer also do a tender love story. (F) September

NAKED ALIBI—U-I: Modest action film, Aided by Gloria Grahame, ex-cop Sterling Hayden seeks the crook who got him fired. (F) November

ON THE WATERFRONT—Columbia: Smashing melodrama of the racket-ridden docks near New York. Marlon Brando serves the gang, then fights it, influenced by Eva Marie Saint and Karl Malden. (F) September

PUSHOVER—Columbia: Tough, crisp tale of crime. Hunger for money and for Kim Novak, a bandit's girl, makes detective Fred MacMurray go wrong. Phil Carey stays straight. (A) October

RAID, THE—20th, Technicolor: Excellent, fact-based Civil War film. Van Heflin leads fellow Confederates in a prison break and attack on a North Vermont town. (F) October

REAR WINDOW—Paramount, Technicolor: Ingenious thriller. Wheelchair-bound, James Stewart spies on city neighbors, suspects one of murder. Grace Kelly's his sweetheart; Wendell Corey, a detective. (F) October

ROGUE COP—M-G-M: Detective Bob Taylor regresses his sell-out to the rackets when the life of kid brother Steve Forrest is threatened. Janet Leigh's a night-club singer romanced by both brothers. Fast-paced, slick. (F) October

SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS—M-G-M, CinemaScope, Anscocolor: Delicate, unusual musical. After frontier farmer Howard Keel brings home a bride (Jane Powell), his brothers all want wives, too. (F) September

SHELD FOR MURDER—U.A.: As a ruthless police detective, Edmond O'Brien tries to get away with robbery and murder, deceiving fiancée Marla English and pal John Agar. (F) November

STEEL CAGE, THE—U.A.: Off-beat prison picture. As Warden Duffy of San Quentin, Paul Kelly presents three stories about convicts—comedy, suspense and then irony. (F) November

SUDDENLY—U.A.: Frank Sinatra's a psychopathic gumman hired to kill the President of the U.S.; Sterling Hayden, a dafty local cop. Moderate degree of tension. (F) October

SUSAN SLEPT HERE—RKO, Technicolor: Debbie Reynolds sparkles as a "delinquent" in the temporary care of writer Dick Powell, Preposterous but amusing. (A) October

UCETSU—Harrison and Davidson: Strange, beautiful Japanese film about peasant families caught in ancient wars. (F) October

VANISHING PRAIRIE, THE—Disney, Technicolor: Fascinating documentary, showing drama, comedy and violence among wild creatures of America's great plains. (F) September
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